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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

Adventure on the Plains.....	24
Aurum Potabile.....	45
Argolis—Three Days In.....	62
Austrian Salt Mines.....	181
Annexation.....	188
At Rest.....	194
Amazon, Valley of.....	272
A Biography—Part I.....	569
A Day in the Great Cemetery.....	615
American Epics.....	659
Boarding-Schools, French and other.....	164
Borodino.....	279
Big Buck, (The).....	438
Confessions of a Young Artist.....	89
Catastrophe at Versailles.....	71
Conqueror's Grave, (The).....	94
Cocked-hat Gentry.....	261
Connecticut Georgics.....	356
Chat about Plants.....	427
Car and the Sultan.....	502
Cruise of the North Star.....	546
Cosas de España.....	492, 588
Cumt's Philosophy.....	621
Cock of the Walk.....	672
Dick Pastel's Story.....	692
Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles.....	811, 845, 460
Eastern Question—What have we to do with it?.....	514
Editorial Note—Special—To the People South of Mason and Dixon's Line.....	843

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I. American Literature.

New MS. Corrections of Shakespeare—Memoir of William
Creswell by his Father—Elliot's and Clark's Lectures
to Young Men, &c.—Fenelon and Madame Guion—Bury
Moments of an Idle Woman—History of a Wasted Life
—The Blood Stone—Shelton's Letters from up the
River—Holiday Books—Webster's Wild Scenes, &c.—
Homes of American Statesmen—Tuckerman's Month in
England—Valentine's History of the City of New-York—
Hoover's Dictionary of English and French Idioms—
Bond's Minnesota—Invalid's Own Book—Flower of the
Family—Simms's Yemassee—Miss Chesebro's Little
Cross-Bearers—Mrs. Lee's Pierre Toussaint—Spiritual
Visitors—Grimm's Household Stories—Hickock's Moral
Science—Brillat-Savarin's Physiologie du Gout—King-
ley's Hypatia—Sir Hudson Lowe's Letters, &c.—Reli-
gious of the World, &c.—MacLewin's Memoir of Aber-
nethy—Leigh Hunt's Religion of the Heart—Landon's
"Last Fruit"—Alien's Europe, volume second—Huf-
eland's Art of Prolonging Life—Turnbull's Christ in His-
tory.....

Mrs. Mowatt's "Autobiography of An Actress"—Poole's
Index—Grace Greenwood's "Haps and Mishaps"—Taylor's
"January and June, &c."—Old Sights with New
Eyes—Fennell Flowers—Morris's Poems—Martineau's
Translation of Comte.....

Chase's "English Serfdom and American Slavery"—
Inge's "The American Planter"—James's "The Church
of Christ not an Ecclesiasticalism"—Brown's Philosophy
of Physics—Hassett's Outlines of a Mechanical Theory
of Science—Campbell's Works—Hickcock's Outline of
Geology—Hempel's Manuals of Homoeopathy.....

The Barriers of Boston—Harris's Epic of the Starry
Heavens—Maurice's Theological Essays—California
Monthly Magazine—Fratelli's Homoeopathy—Stere-
otypes of Bryant's Poems—Hempel's Homoeopathy—Ro-
gen's Thesaurus of English Words—Herbert's Transla-

tion of Weiss's History of the French Protestant Refo-
gees.....

Anti-Uncle Tom Novels—Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's Plan-
ter's Northern Bride—Gurwaki's Russia As It Is—
Guizot's History of Oliver Cromwell—Types of Manhood
—Agassiz and Gliddon.....

Reprints of English Classics—Bartlett's Personal Nar-
rative—Dod's Electro-Psychology—Professor Keyser's
Religion of the Northmen—Homer's Poems—Trials
of an American Housekeeper—Wier's Winter Lodge—
E. F. Greeley's "Violet"—Meyer's United States
Illustrated—California Academy of Science—Jackson
vs. Gibbons—Shelton's Crystalline—Haverhill's History
of "Old Hundred"—American Novels—Uncle Sam's
Farm—Durham Village—Country Merchant—Tempest
and Sunshine—Wendley—Martin Merivale.....

Reprints—My Schools and Schoolmates, by Hugh Mil-
ler—Smyth's Year with the Turks—Cummings'
Church before the Flood—Plurality of Worlds.....

II. English Literature.

Forbes's "Norway and its Glaciers"—Bartlett's "Pil-
grim Fathers"—Cherry and Violet—Mrs. Bray's
"Peep at the Pixies"—The Church of England.....

Rowland's Work on the Human Hair—The Athenaeum—
Dickens's Readings—New English Magazines.....

Books on the Eastern Question—Colonel Chenev's Cam-
paigns of 1825-'28—O'Brien's Danubian Principalities in
1833—Cunningham's Buddhist Monuments of Central
Asia—Arnold's Poems—Blackie on Mr. Ruskin and
Greek architecture.....

F. Tennyson's Days and Hours—Lady Bulwer's Be-
hind the Scenes—Miss Mitford's Atherton—Cherley's
Modern German Music—Milman's History of Latin
Christianity—Col. Markman's Shooting in the Hima-
layas.....

III. French Literature.

Cochet's "La Normandie Souterraine"—French Copyright
Litigation—Edgar Quinet's "Les Esclaves"—Violet le
Duc's "Dictionnaire Raisonné"—De Barante's "Con-
vention"—Gustave Planche in the "Revue des Deux
Mondes"—Zaudo's "Russie en 1850"—Tagoborski's
"Etudes sur les Forces Productives de la Russie"—Vio-
let le Duc's "Jeune Homme en 1797"—Tallandier's Es-
says—Begnier's Œuvres complètes—Arago's Posthu-
mous Works—Villemain's Autobiography—French Trans-
lation of Dante.....

Troussac's Meteorology—The Revue des Deux Mondes—
Bellegarrigue's Femmes d'Amerique—Mirecourt's Con-
temporains Hommes des Lettres, &c.—Lamarine's His-
tory of the Constituent Assembly—Kelmanson's Napoleon
—Catalan's Manuel des Honnetes Gens—The Athenaeum
Francaise on Lucretia Maria Davidson—Killemain's Sou-
venirs—Noble Action of Branger—Abbe Feller's l'Eg-
lee dans l'Amerique du Nord—Saghiers Olympia—The
Academy of Science in Paris and Dr. Brinard.....

Villemain's Souvenirs Contemporains—Literary Treaty
between France and Spain—Cousin's History of the Sa-
leons of the Seventeenth Century—Gerozes's Essai d'
Histoire Littéraire—Souvestre's Canaries Historiques et
Littéraires—Fremy's Journal d'une Jeune Fille—Thier-
celin du Mariage Civil et du Mariage Religieux—He-
quet's History of Madame de Maintenon—Saxons'
Etudes Littéraires—The Athenaeum Francaise on Haw-
thorne's Blithedale Romance—The Compte Rendu of
the Academy of Science on Aluminum—Saint Bonnet
De l'affaiblissement de la Raison—Texier's Contes et
Voyages—Garnier's Histoire du Canada—Wey's Les
Anglais Chez eux.....

Nettement—Histoire de la Littérature Sous la Restau-
ration—Le Desert et le Soudan—Une Ambassade
Francaise en Chine—Amoureaux et Grands Hommes
—De l'influence de Luther sur l'Education—Voyage
Pittoresque en Russie—Souvenirs de Voyages et
d'Etudes.....

IV. German Literature.

Tachidi's "Thierleben der Alpenwelt"—Kaschner's The-
strelitzung—Haxo on Raising Fish—Von Raumer's

Historisches Taschenbuch.—Prof. Leu's Pamphlet—Meyer's Astronomy—Klippel's "Lebens-und Charakterbilder"—Taschnitz' edition of Kimball's St. Ledger.	559
The Drei Maerchen.—Alt-christliche Bendenkmale—Schluser's Russian Grammar—Venedey's Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes—Auerbach's Schwurwaeelen Dorgeschichten—Goethe's Correspondence—Zann's Grammatica Celtica.	543
Grimm's Deutsche Worterbuch—Boemer's Christlichen Lebens—Vishoff's Goethe-Kappler's Sechs Jahre in Surinam—Krause's Kirchenselung—Burmeister's Geschichte der Schöpfung—German Translation of Theodore Parker—Gunter's Translation of Horace—Ehrnberg's Mikroskopische Geologie—Portraits of the Parents of Luther—Nosch's Friedlander in der Religion.	454
Die Moriscos in Spanien—Wanderungen zwischen Hudson und Mississippi—Eine Welt-Umsegelung—The Atlantia.	697
V. Music.	
Le Prophète—The First Philharmonic—Mademoiselle Cabal.	115
The Philharmonic Concerts—The New Opera House—National Taste—Fry's Music—Willis—Bristow—Dwight's Journal—National Art—Professor Duggan—Meyerbeer—Rubini—Roudo—Dwight's Journal of Music—The Musical World and Times.	543
VI. Fine Arts.	
Powell's Painting of De Soto.	117
The National Academy—High Art—Portrait Painters—Historical Pictures—Elliot's Portrait of Ex-Mayor Kingsland—Hicks—May's Cardinal Mazarin—Church's Landscapes—Defects of Annual Exhibitions, &c. &c.	544
Mr. Lawrence's Portraits—Our Valhalla.	643
— Books Received.	544, 680
— Death of Kit North.	568
Fire-side Travels.	579, 478
Fitness in Oratory.	417
Great Cemetery, (The).	549, 615
Gambling Houses of Paris.	508
Garden Walk, (The).	553
Glimpses of Munich.	649
Hayti and the Haytiens.	58
How I live, and with Whom?	330
Henry Clay as an Orator.	492
Literary Piracy.	96
Latest Historic Doubt.	503
Lost Prince, Problem of.	503
Letter to the Editor.	553
Letter on an Important Subject. By ———	
Brown, Esq.	441
Lamennais An Hour with.	466
Modern Prophets.	33
Modern Greek Customs.	185
Memoirs of Dr Veron.	158
May Flower, (The).	195
Men of Character.	267
Missouri Iron Mines.	296
Manners with a Squint at Chesterfield.	609
Musical Glimpses of.	649
New York Public Buildings.	10
Illustrations. New View of City Hall—City Hall, Front View—City Prison—Lower Arsenal—Croton Reservoir, and Mount Hope Bridge.	
— Plans of Amusement (Illustrated).	141
— Private Residences.	233
Illustrations. College Place and Murray-street—Waterville Place—Laquette Place—Corner of University Place and Fourth-street—Corner of Fifth Avenue and Third-street—Fifth Avenue, corner of Twelfth-street—East Twelfth-street from Fifth Avenue—Fifth Avenue, outlet of Fifteenth-street—Corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh-street—West Eleventh-street, near Fifth Avenue—East Sixteenth-street, opposite St. George's Church—St. George's Rectory, Sixteenth-street—Block in Twelfth-street, corner of Sixth Avenue—West Twenty-first-street from Fifth Avenue—London Terrace, West Twenty-third-street—Bowery Savings' Bank—Corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh-street.	
National Inventory.	16
Notes from My Knapsack, No. 1.	170
" " " " No. 2.	252
Battle of the Presidio—Costume—Mexican Diet—Climate—A Duel—Law—Military Blander—Review—Colonel Harney—Head Quarters in Motion—Castroville—The Ladies—Night and Morning—Snakes.	
Notes from My Knapsack, No. 3.	365
Nance—Soap Plant—Junction with the Advance—Midnight Cry—Military Engineering—Owls—Camp on the Nueces—Perilous Passage—Fricky Fear—Vegetable Monsters—Our Flag—Taranalis—Rust—Race—The Rio Grande—White Flag—The Presidio—Women and Children—Problem in Political Economy—Military Funeral—Forting—Mexican Embassy—The Alcalde—The Padre—New Camp—Traffic—Population—Administration of Justice—False Alarm.	
Notes from My Knapsack, No. 4.	660
March Renewed—Nana—Saverita—Norther—San Fernando—Arbolado de los Angeles—Frente del Tajo—A Chase—Dialogue—Passage of the Alamos and Sobino—Capitulation of Santa Rosa—Trophies—Mining—Dramatic and Diplomatic.	
Nebraska.	457
New England Spring Flowers.	585
Our Exodus from Jericho.	424
Paris Café, Sketches in.	47
Pot Pourri of Poetry and Parody.	196
Paris Cafés.	386
Plants, A Chat about.	437
Peschiera.	522
Puns and Punters.	108
Palankeen.	654
Review of Reviews.	408
Sketches in a Paris Café.	47
Stage-Coach Stories.	80, 212
Shakespeare, text of.	280
Sorrento.	355
Sehnsucht.	364
Shakespearean Notes and Queries.	443
Stage-Coach Stories, No. 2.	505, 595
Shakespeare v. Perkins.	558
Sonnets on the Death of a Friend.	671
Three Days in Argolis.	71
Toss-up for a Husband.	396
Two Angels.	416
Valley of the Amazon.	373
Vanderlyn.	593
Veron's Memoirs.	158
Visit to Iron Mountains of Missouri.	296
Vision of Hacheseh.	403
Washington's Early Days.	1, 131
Illustrations. Site of Washington's Birthplace—Washington with his Father in the Garden—Washington as Peacemaker—Washington Drilling his School-Boys—Residence of the Washington Family—Primary Lessons—Washington's Surveying Expedition—The Surveyor's Camp.	
Who is He?—A Reply to Quevedo.	606
Who was Juliet's Runaway?	380
Without and Within.	426
Without and Within, II. The Restaurant.	559
Winter Evening Hymn to my Fire.	323
Yay-nis of Yan-ki, Translated from the Chinese of Tsy-kin.	523

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WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS.

THERE may, perhaps, be among our readers, especially the younger portion of them, some who are not as conversant as they would desire, with every particular of the early life and character of him whom it is our pride and happiness to call the Father of our Country. For the benefit of such we propose to give one or two papers about his boyhood, thinking that the little that is known of a life so interesting and important to us and to the world, can never be brought before the public in too many forms. With no ambitious but rather a patriotic aim we do this. It is a character we love to contemplate, to dwell upon; one that we think Americans of the rising race might profitably study more closely than they do. We find many intelligent persons who have only a very vague notion of the Washington they admire; they take for granted his perfections, but put off the examination into him to some other time, or perhaps lack courage to attack the large volumes in which authentic lives of him are mostly shrouded. But our Monthly travels as on the wings of the wind; and modest and unassuming as it is, wins easy way into parlors and workshops, ships and factories, wherever our tongue is spoken. Let it then be the bearer of a few words about our country's hero, words so few that every body will find time to read them, just to give a zest to real, full, satisfactory histories now existing or soon to be. We shall make use of all the authorities within our reach, not even rejecting tradition, which is often the vehicle of important truth where character is to be estimated. We dare not promise any thing new, but we shall try

VOL. III.—1

to omit nothing that is interesting or illustrative; and if, on this modest plan, as may well happen, we fail to be "graphic," we shall be provided with what will more than supply the deficiency, in the aid of Mr. Darley's unfailing pencil, which is to accompany our sketches with such lifelike presentation of striking points and incidents as our readers will know how to value.

Fortunately for us, Washington needs no embellishment from his biographer, nor invention in his illustrator. A simple recital of facts best shows the distinction between him and common men. It may be said that this difference is not discernible in his youth; that he was a boy among boys, and that an idea of his early excellence is merely a romantic deduction from the eminence of his virtue in after life. But even the few simple records that remain, plainly show that he was marked from the beginning; and the theory that his youth gave no promise of his future, seems to us as little sustained by wisdom and experience as the wildest notions of a precocious virtue would be. It is only to be regretted that the discernment of those about him should not have sufficed to make them treasure up every fact of his conduct and every particular of his conversation, that we might at least have tried to train up other boys to be the Washingtons of our days of peace and prosperity.

Washington was born in the State of Virginia, county of Westmoreland, at a place called Pope's Creek, near the banks of the Potomac, that happy river, whose every tree and wave seems now to be glorified by close association with his memory. The dwelling was humble—

looking, no doubt, on that 22d of February, 1732, for it was a very ordinary Virginia farm-house of that time; so ordinary that the family, who soon removed from it, did not think it worth preserving, but allowed it to perish; and

at the present day only a slab of freestone, placed there by the pious care of Mr. Custis, shows the site of an event whose importance can hardly be fully appreciated. The form of the dwelling is, however, known by Mr. Custis and others,



Site of Washington's Birthplace.

who describe it as a plain, four-roomed farm-house, with a chimney at each end, which chimney was carried all the way up on the outside, as is the case with many a building of the same date still standing. The surrounding landscape has few features of interest, being graced with little natural variety or careful cultivation. Its trees are very ordinary trees—wild figs, pines and hemlocks;—the land has no extraordinary fertility, but shows plainly enough the effect of imperfect tillage and *laissez aller* habits in the people, who make one suspect that the energy and determination which might have served the entire region was absorbed by George Washington, model as he was of promptness and thoroughness in all things, from the greatest to the least. But what a charm hovers over the whole! What other spot on earth makes the soul thrill like this? A vine-leaf—a sprig of cedar—a pebble, from that hallowed ground, is a possession, not only to the American but to every noble heart. The poet's words, so true to nature, rise unbidden to the memory as we pace those silent fields and

woods. We do not wrest them from their highest meaning when we apply them to the place consecrated by the memory of Washington.

Call it not vain—they do not err
Who say that when the Hero dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say that hill and forest lone
For the departed Chief make moan;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

One needs little stretch of Fancy to hear the name of Washington whispered in every breeze that ruffles the bosom of the Potomac he loved so dearly.

He always lived near it when he could. It was ever in his eye at home, and in his heart when he was absent. All his dreams of quiet happiness—and he cherished such through life—were connected with its banks. It doubtless influenced his character, as every great feature of nature must influence those who study and delight in her as Washington did. His father re-

moved soon after his birth to another plain farm-house, situated on the Rappahannock River, not far from Fredericksburgh, and not very far from the attractive Pottomac. This house, too, has been destroyed, but a drawing of it exists, showing it to have been not exactly what a gentleman farmer of the present day would be satisfied with; plain even to homeliness, and scarcely affording what we think decent accommodation for a large family. Mr. Augustine Washington was twice married; he had by the first marriage four children, and by the second six, of which last George was the eldest. Two of the first family died in infancy, and two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, remained. Of the brothers and sisters of George Washington, "Betty" became Mrs. Fielding Lewis; Samuel was five times married; John Augustine married the daughter of Colonel John Bushrod; Charles married Mildred Thornton, daughter of Colonel Francis Thornton, of Spotsylvania County; and all left families, which intermarried in every direction, and spread the connection all over the country, so that one would think Virginia must be well inoculated from this excellent stock.

The ancestors of the Washington family came from Northamptonshire, in England, about 1657, during Cromwell's time. The name of Washington appears as early as the twelfth century. The family name was originally Hertburn, but William de Hertburn, about the latter part of the thirteenth century, assumed the name of his property, the manor of Wessington, afterwards written Washington. Deeds and monumental inscriptions still extant show the wealth and importance of the original stock at that early day. In 1692, Joseph Washington, an eminent lawyer, translated from the Latin one of Milton's political works, a fact which must be accepted as an indication of his political sentiments. Another of the family, Sir Henry Washington, is renowned in English annals, as having defended the city of Worcester against the Parliamentary forces, in 1646, so there seems to have been at least a balance of conservatism among them. The mother of this gentleman was half-sister to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In 1539, the manor of Sulgrave, near Northampton, was granted to Laurence Washington, to whose memory and that of his wife, is found in the parish church there, a monument with an inscription, and "effigies in brass of four sons and seven daughters." The manor of Sulgrave continued long in the family, and

came to be called Washington's Manor. If the first proprietor of the manor had eleven children, his eldest son was yet more fortunate, having been blest with sixteen, and his eldest son, again, was the father of fourteen,—seven sons and seven daughters. The second and fourth of these sons were John and Laurence Washington, who came to Virginia about 1657. This John Washington was the great-grandfather of the greatest of the family. He was employed as general against the Indians in Maryland, and the parish in which he lived was called after him.

General Washington himself took but little interest in his pedigree. When he had become famous, Sir Isaac Heard, then Garter King at Arms in London, took some pains to trace back his ancestry, and wrote to him for such particulars as might be in his possession. In the answer, Washington observes, "This is a subject to which I confess I have paid very little attention. My time has been so much occupied in the busy and active scenes of life from an early period of it, that but a small portion could have been devoted to researches of this nature, even if my inclination or particular circumstances should have prompted to the inquiry." When family affection and kindness were in question, he seems to have been active in tracing relationships; but we can discover no research inspired by pride or ambition. Perhaps the occupations and services which make every little item of his history so important to us, preserved him against unbecoming solicitude about reflected honors. He had neither time nor inclination to turn aside to visit the tomb of any superfluous Jupiter Ammon of the old world. We should have been surprised to find him opening a correspondence with the King of the Heralds.

The first wife of Augustine Washington was Jane Butler, the second, Mary Ball, characterized on her tomb and known to history as "Mary, the mother of Washington," a sufficient distinction. She seems to have been a woman of strong understanding and decided will; kind and gentle through principle rather than feminine instinct; and noted for judgment and self-command. Her husband, a man of large landed estate, dying at forty-nine, left her in full control of his property, which she managed for her children till they successively came of age. All that is known of her, including Washington's life-long respect and duty towards her, speaks well of her, but that all is little to what we could desire to be told. She declined in her latter

days becoming a resident of her son George's family, saying that her wants were few and that she preferred being independent; and when her son-in-law, Mr. Lewis, offered to take charge of her business, as she was failing in health, she told him he might keep her accounts, because his eyes were better than hers, but she chose to manage her own affairs. Tradition says she used to be consulted by the neighbors on the management of their farms and other business, and also that she mingled but little in society, finding her pleasures as well as her occupations within her own doors.

Mr. Weems says, she was a beauty in her youth, and, making due allowance for his somewhat luxuriant imagination, we find little difficulty in supposing the report to be correct, since her eldest son, at least, was a symmetrical being, in all respects; having a face full of expression, a rich complexion, a clear blue eye, a winning smile, and a fine, erect, athletic figure. His sister, Mrs. Lewis, can hardly have been as handsome, for a woman; for we are told that she was so like her brother, that, with his military hat and cloak on, she might have claimed the usual honors from the sentinels in his stead. Yet there was in Washington's face, especially as he grew older, an expression of modesty and even of tenderness, which might well become that of a woman, though we can never know whether that was derived from his mother. He honored her, however, and perhaps the formality which appears in what we know of their intercourse may be due, in part, at least, to the manners of the time. It is recorded that at their last parting he wept and trembled, while his mother maintained, so far as we are told, her usual self-command.

Besides the inestimable blessing of a good and reasonable mother, we have various reasons for believing that Washington had a man of sense and virtue for his father. So deep-laid and well-built a foundation of right-mindedness as was evinced in the life we are considering could hardly be accounted for else; so we may accept the result as in some measure confirming the tradition, even though the tradition be suspected of having been modified by the result. Tradition loves the marvellous, and therefore might as easily have presented Washington as the miraculously excellent product of bad antecedents, like Eugene Sue's heroes and heroines. As good authority as we have for the famous story of the hatchet which brought to light a love of truth well

known to have characterized Washington in every conjuncture, gives us one or two anecdotes, not quite so threadbare, which go to show that Augustine Washington, the worthy descendant of a long line of English country gentlemen, was not one of those parents who leave to chance the prompting of good thoughts in the minds of their children. An occurrence mentioned by good Mr. Weems,—"formerly Rector of Mount Vernon parish,"—who professes to have gathered his materials from the lips of people familiar with the Washington family, we shall quote here, since it seems characteristic and is certainly picturesque:

"On a fine morning in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington, having little George by the hand, came to the door"—(an old lady is the narrator)—"and asked my cousin Washington and myself to walk with him into the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewn with fruit, and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters like grapes. . . . 'Now George,' said his father, 'look here, my son! Don't you remember, when that good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters, though I promised you that if you would but do it, God would give you plenty of apples this fall?' Poor George couldn't say a word, but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground. 'Now look up, my son,' continued the father, 'look up, George! and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes, you see the trees loaded with fine fruit, many of them, indeed, breaking down, while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat in all your lifetime.' George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit, and lifting his eyes, filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said—'Well, Pa, only forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more!'"

We must allow Mr. Weems the praise of a good narrator, and his generous enthusiasm makes him an inspiring one. As to his facts, we must accept them as honestly believed by a gentleman and a clergyman; and many of them can claim the benefit of internal evidence. If not literally true, *'Ils méritent bien de l'être.'* Take an-



Washington with his Father in the Garden.

other, which might have been written by Jean Paul or a Flemish painter: it describes a little scheme of the father to suggest to the future guide of millions the first and most important of all truths.

"One day he went into the garden and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name in full. Then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up and smoothed all over nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside of a gooseberry walk, which, happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to

burst with great news—'O Pa! come here—come here!'

"'What's the matter, my son, what's the matter?'

"'O come here, I tell you, Pa! come here, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime.'

"The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"'There, Pa!' said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment; 'did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?'

"Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George."

"But, Pa, who did make it there—who did make it?"

"It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, Pa! O no, no! it never did grow there by chance. Indeed, *that* it never did!"

"Heigh! why not, my son?"

"Why, Pa, did you ever see any body's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well but, George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa, but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name before; now, how could they grow up so as to make *all* the letters of my name, so exactly! and all so neat and even too, at top and bottom. O Pa! you must not say that chance did this! Indeed somebody did it, and I dare say, now, Pa, you did it, just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

"His father smiled and said, 'Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it, but not to "scare" you, my son, but to learn you a great thing which I wish you to understand.'

"But, Pa, where is God Almighty? I did never see him yet."

"True, my son, but though you never saw him, he is always with you. You did not see me when ten days ago I made this little plant bed, where you see your name in such beautiful green letters; but though you did not see me here, yet you know that I was here."

"Yes, Pa; that I do know, that you was here."

"Well, and as my son could not believe that chance had made and put together so exactly the letters of his name (though only sixteen), then how can he believe that chance could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good? That my son may look at every thing around him, see what fine eyes he has got! and a little pug nose to smell the sweet flowers, and pretty ears to hear sweet sounds, and a lovely mouth for his bread and butter, and O the little ivory teeth to cut it for him! And precious little hands and fingers to hold his playthings, and beautiful little feet for him to run about upon. And when my little rogue of a son is tired with running about, then the still night comes for him to lie down, and his mother sings, and the little crickets chirp him to sleep; and as soon as he has slept enough, and

jumps up as fresh and strong as a little buck, there the sweet, golden light is ready for him! When he looks down in the water, there he sees the beautiful, silver fishes for him, and up in the trees, there are the apples and peaches, and thousands of sweet fruits for him; and all around him, wherever my dear boy looks, he sees every thing just to his wants and wishes; the bubbling springs, with cool, sweet water for him to drink; and the wood to make him sparkling fires when he is cold; and beautiful horses for him to ride, and strong oxen to work for him, and good cows to give him milk, and bees to make sweet honey for his sweeter mouth, and the little lambs, with snowy wool, for beautiful clothes for him! Now these and all the ten thousand other good things more than my son can even think of, and all so exactly fitted for his use and delight, how could chance ever have done all this for my little son?"

We need not carry our extract further, since George's full assent to the conclusion his father wished him to draw from this beautiful picture of God's doings may easily be taken for granted. It is not difficult to recognize the warm poetic fancy of the narrator in this sketch, but we are quite willing to accept it, even as an "Imaginary Conversation" of old times, wishing it were modernized, in some shape, in every family of intelligent children.

This good father was cut off by a sudden illness, before he had reached his fiftieth year, and George, with a large family of brothers and sisters, was left to the care of his mother, who was his father's second wife. Each child had an estate, for the father was rich in lands; but the proceeds of all were placed wholly within the widow's control during the minority of the children—a circumstance which speaks plainly enough the husband's confidence in her judgment and kindness. Two sons of the first marriage were young men at the time of the father's decease, but Mrs. Washington had five children of her own, of whom George, at that time about eleven, was the oldest. He was absent, Mr. Weems says, when his father was so suddenly summoned, and arrived at home only to find him speechless, and to witness his final departure. The family seems to have been very much united, and George and his half-brothers were ever firm friends. After his father's death he lived for a while with the younger of them, Augustine, in Westmoreland, the place of his nativity, which had been bequeathed to the second son. Here he went to school, to a Mr. Williams, who, Mr.

Weems says, "knew as little of Latin, perhaps, as Balaam's ass," but who was able to give him the elements of common school knowledge, which were happily enough in this case. We need not doubt the report that he was very soon the natural head of the school, not so particularly by means of scholarship as through certain other qualities, so amply exhibited in after life. He was the umpire in all little school quarrels, the boys having implicit faith in his justice; he was easily the leader in all athletic sports, through life his delight; and by some strange, prophetic instinct — prophecy often works its own fulfillment—it was his pride to form his schoolmates into military companies, with corn-stalks for muskets and calabashes for drums, and these he drilled and exercised, as well as commanded, and led to mimic battle. He is said to have been famous for hindering quarrels however, and perhaps his early developed taste for military manoeuvres was only an accidental form of that love of mathematical combination, and extreme regularity and order of every kind, which characterized him through life. But there was a political bias, too; for the boy-army was arrayed in two bands, one of them personating the French, always an antagonistic idea to the English, and at that time obnoxious in the colonies,—and the other the English; the former commanded by a lad named William Bustle, the latter always by George Washington. It is rather remarkable, that so exciting a sport did not end in quarrels, if not in lasting enmity; for the temperament of Washington was impetuous, and his passions were fiery, though we are little accustomed to think so, from our habit of contemplating only his after life, so marked by self-control. He was, nevertheless, known as a peacemaker, even thus early, and we have every reason to believe that peace continued to be his darling idea, through all the struggles which duty led him to engage in.

He was also noted for running and wrestling, pitching the bar, and leaping with a pole. Whatever stirred his blood and brought into exercise the stalwart limbs and muscles with which nature had endowed him, was his delight. His young lady cousins complained that George cared nothing for their company, but would always be out of doors. And an old gentleman, a neighbor, is quoted as saying—"Egad! he ran wonderfully! We had nobody, hereabouts, that could come near him. There was young Langhorne Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded

clean made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner too, but he was no match for George."

Colonel Lewis Willis, his playmate and kinsman, had "often seen him throw a stone across the Rappahannock, at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg,"—a feat, it seems, not very likely to be equalled in our degenerate days. This great strength was inherited from his father, whose fowling-piece—still extant, it is believed,—is of extraordinary weight, confirming the tradition of the old planter's muscular powers.

But there are proofs of another kind of interest felt by the schoolboy in those early days;—books, dating from his thirteenth year, in which his lessons in arithmetic and geometry are written, treasured by his mother no doubt, as showing her boy's application and neatness; and of an earlier period still we have one, into which the driest business-forms were copied, under the title "Forms of writing"—bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land-warrants, leases, deeds and wills, all written carefully and in imitation of lawyers' style. This is doubtless a monument of Mr. Williams's teaching, for we have seen similar books written as exercises in boys' schools long since that day. But in George Washington's book there are also copies of verses, "more remarkable" says Mr. Sparks, "for the sentiments they contain and the religious tone that pervades them, than for their poetical beauties."

Still more valuable, as showing that "the child is father of the man," is another portion of this precious volume, thirty pages in which are maxims, regularly numbered, to the extent of a hundred and ten, under the title of "Rules of Behaviour in Company and Conversation." The import and value of these rules are various, ranging from a caution against drumming on the table, to a recommendation of reverence when the Highest Name is mentioned. It is evident from his after history that these very rules, copied and conned at thirteen, were inwoven into Washington's habits of thought and action; and that, having once secured the assent of his taste, reason, and conscience, they continued effective throughout his life, and seemed to guard him against instinctive selfishness and the assaults of his own passions, as well as against any encroachment on the rights or feelings of others. When we reflect how striking was ever the courtesy and appropriateness of his behavior under the most difficult circumstances, it becomes most inter-



Washington as Persecuted

esting to read, in the stiff, boyish hand of that early time, such rules as these:

"Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness. Take all admonitions thankfully,

in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them. Mock not nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver any thing witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precepts. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all cases of passion, admit reason to govern. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor maketh one dish of meat

at a feast. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents though they be poor. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience."

From what repertory these and all the other maxims in the collection were drawn, we know not; they wear the air of having been culled from various sources. Their having been copied fairly into a book would not of itself be worthy of remark, since such things are often dictated to children by their teachers; but the striking correspondence between these precepts and the after life of the writer, makes them interesting as proving him.

Endued

With sanctity of reason—

to keep unbroken that connection between convictions and conduct, the severing of which causes half the crime and wretchedness of the world.

That his efforts to live up to his own notions of right began very early, we must conclude from the interest that he inspired in his half-brothers,—not the most likely persons, as the world goes, to overrate him,—and they seem to have been ever his warmest friends. The eldest brother had been an officer in the war against the French, and served at the siege of Carthagen, and in the West Indies, under General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon. He was residing on the property left him by his father,—that



Washington Drilling his School-fellows.

farm for ever famous, which he had called *Mount Vernon*, in compliment to the gallant Admiral; and here George went to live with him, soon after leaving school.

This was in his sixteenth year. Before this time he had shown a decided predilection for geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, which, as the profession of a surveyor was at that time particularly profitable, his friends had encouraged, and he had pursued the requisite studies with characteristic earnestness. The last two years of his school-life were chiefly given to the theory and practice of the art which laid the foundation of his fortune, not only by the opportunity it gave him of purchasing new lands advantageously, but by the habits he then acquired of calculation, accuracy, and neatness, so conspicuously useful to him through all the important affairs which devolved upon him in after life. When by way of practice he surveyed the little domain around the school-house, the plots and measurements were entered in his book with all the care and precision of the most important business; and if an erasure was required, it was done with a pen-knife, and

with such care that scarce a trace of the error can be perceived.

"Nor was his skill," says Mr. Sparks, "confined to the more simple processes of the art. He used logarithms, and proved the accuracy of his work by different methods. The manuscripts fill several quires of paper, and are remarkable for the care with which they were kept, the neatness and uniformity of the handwriting, the beauty of the diagrams, and a precise method and arrangement in copying out tables and columns of figures. These particulars will not be thought too trivial to be mentioned, when it is known that he retained similar habits through life. His business papers, day-books, ledgers, and letter-books, in which, before the Revolution, no one wrote but himself, exhibit specimens of the same studious care and exactness. Every fact occupies a clear and distinct place. * * * * *

The constructing of tables, diagrams, and other figures relating to numbers or classification was an exercise in which he seems at all times to have taken much delight."

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF NEW-YORK.



End View of City Hall.

NEW-YORK has not much to boast of in the splendor of its public buildings, numerous and extensive as they are, with the exception of the City Hall, which is an architectural wonder; not intrinsi-

cally, but relatively, standing as it has, until within a few years past, a marble oasis surrounded by a desert of bricks and mortar. The marvel of it is that such a building could have been built at all in the infancy and poverty of the city, and that it should have stood nearly fifty years without exerting the slightest influence upon the tastes of our people who were continually building and rebuilding. It was only another proof that education in taste, as in morals and science, must be progressive, and that a community must learn their alphabet in art, as well as in letters, before they can learn to read and understand the productions of enlightened minds. We know when the City Hall was built, and by whom, but how it was, why there should have been such an outbreak of taste and public liberality just then, so disproportioned to the exigencies of the times, without antecedents or followers, has always been to us a subject of especial marvel. Even at the present day, when the wealth and popula-



City Hall.

tion of the city have increased ten-fold, the new public buildings are comparatively mean and barbarous. There stands the beautiful City Hall, with an offspring of hideous Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic structures, without a lineament of the graceful features or elegant form of their progenitor. It is marvellous that the city fathers should have passed in and out of the City Hall day by day for half a century, and never have been imbued with a feeling of love for the beautiful edifice which was their official home, nor have imparted something of its grace and elegance to the new structures which they erected for municipal uses. But such, unfortunately, is the fact; and the City Hall remains a splendid exception to the tasteless and uninformed character of the other civic buildings of the metropolis of the New World. But, something of the wonder which the existence of such a building as the City Hall excites, subsides when

we find that it was during the mayoralty of such enlightened men as Edward Livingston and De Witt Clinton, that the building was planned and completed. The corner stone was laid in September 1803, and it was nearly ten years in building. The front and two ends are of white marble, but the rear is of a very fine dark brown sandstone, not used, as has been ignorantly supposed, because its back was to the then rural districts, for the builders of the City Hall were not so cramped in their ideas as to imagine that New-York would never extend itself higher up than the Park; but for the same reason that Cologne Cathedral is unornamented on its northern side, because it lies always in shadow, and the warm tint of the stone is more suitable to its aspect than the cold glitter of white marble would be. Let any one look at the City Hall with this thought in his mind, and the brown stone of the rear will no longer look incongruous or improper.

Though we can make this apology for the rear of the City Hall, which is as beautiful as the southern front, we have none to offer for its rusticated, brown stone basement, nor for its awkward wooden belfry, which has been recently added. The names of the architects were Macomb and Mangin, and as they left no other evidences of their genius, the City Hall must be regarded as an inspiration.

But, the City Hall of New-York is an exceptional institution in more respects than its architectural exterior, and as respects all other public buildings in the Union. It is in this Hall that has been commenced a permanent gallery of historical art, which, even at the present time is of great value; but, to our posterity, it will prove a precious treasure; in it are preserved the portraits of all the governors of the State, and of the mayors of the city; they are hung in the noble suite of apartments known as the Governor's Room, and in other parts of the building are the portraits of many of our eminent men and military heroes. This plan of preserving the portraits of the chief magistrates of the State and city, is one which should be imitated, not only by the nation, but by each of the States and cities; it would be a cheap way of encouraging art,

and establishing galleries of incalculable value in a historical point of view.

In the Governor's Room are full length portraits of the twelve governors of the State, from Lewis down to Fish, including Tompkins, Clinton, Van Buren, Marcy, Seward and Young; two of them are by Trumbull, and the rest by Catlin, Vanderlyn, Inman, Weir, Page, Elliott, Gray, and Hicks; there are, also, the portraits, *en buste*, of twenty-two mayors, and full lengths of Presidents Washington, Monroe, Jackson, and Taylor; Lafayette by S. F. B. Morse, General Monckton by the same artist; and Generals McComb, Brown, Scott, and Swift; Commodores Perry, Decatur, and Bainbridge; there are also original portraits of Columbus, Governor Stuyvesant, Bolivar, Hendrick Hudson, and Paez, General Williams, and of Mr. Valentine, who has been many years clerk of the Common Council. In the Chamber of the Board of Aldermen, a very beautiful apartment, are full length portraits of Washington and George Clinton, painted by Trumbull, and of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, by Weimar; in the chamber of the Assistant Aldermen, a department of the city government which has been abolished by the new Charter, are full lengths of Commodores Hull and



City Hall.



Lower Arsenal.

McDonough by Jarvis; in room No. 8 is a half-length portrait of the renowned High-Constable, Jacob Hays, and, in the Mayor's Office is a half-length portrait, painted by Mooney, of Achmet Ben Ahmed, the captain of the Imaum of Muscat's frigate, which visited New-York about ten years since. In the Governor's Room there are marble busts of De Witt Clinton and Henry Clay, in the chamber of the Board of Aldermen there are busts of John Jay and Chief Justice Marshall, and in other parts of the Hall there are busts of Thomas Addis Emmet, and Chancellor Kent, and marble tablets in honor of several distinguished members of the New-York bar. Until within a few years past there was a noble banqueting room in the City Hall, where the city feasts used to be held on occasions of high public festivals, such as the Fourth of July, when the Mayor presided at the feasts surrounded by the Aldermen and their distinguished guests, and mighty bowls of punch were quaffed, and enormous tureens of turtle soup eaten for the good of the city. But these civic feasts have fallen into disuse, and the magnificent apartment, with its crimson curtains, has been made into two mean-looking court rooms, by a dingy partition. In one of the rooms is kept the City Library, the mere existence of which is hardly known

to the majority of our citizens. But it contains many valuable books, and a very choice collection of rare engravings and interesting works of art, which were presented to the city through the agency of Mons. Vattemare by Louis Philippe of France, and other foreign rulers. The Law Library of the New-York bar is in one of the lower apartments of the Hall, but it is only accessible to members. The famous "tea-room," where the Aldermen used to feast at the public cost, is a rather dingy apartment in the occupancy of the keeper of the Hall, the tea-room expenses having been denied by law. The tea-room was so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for the potations most indulged in, in that convivial apartment, were mostly champagne and brandy. The City Hall was sufficiently spacious to afford offices for all the municipal business of the city, besides rooms for the United States Courts, but it is now insufficient for the accommodation of the municipal offices alone, and, besides appropriating the entire extent of the old Alms House in the rear, a spacious Hall has been erected in which the newly organized Council under the reformed charter will hold its sessions; at the east end of the Hall is the Hall of Records, the old debtor's prison modernized with porches and columns. The buildings used for municipal offices, which are

clustered together in the rear of the City Hall, are of a very miscellaneous character, and appear to have been dropped down by accident, or to have been placed there temporarily with a view to some future arrangement. One of them, as we have mentioned, was, originally, an alms house, erected before external ornaments were considered as essentials to that class of public buildings; another is a circular house, which was originally put up for the exhibition of a panorama; another was a rough stone building, in which poor debtors used to be incarcerated for the crime of poverty, but it has been stuccoed, and pedimented, and pillared in the style of a Greek temple, while there are two new edifices, both constructed of brown freestone, but, to keep up the general

confusion, made of unequal dimensions, and as little in harmony as possible. Not far above the public buildings in the Park, is the City Prison, commonly called the Tombs, from the sepulchral style of its architecture. It occupies an entire square, with its principal front on Centre-street, as represented in the engraving. The ponderous and gloomy character of Egyptian architecture harmonizes esthetically with the purposes of a prison, but it is both barbarous and costly, and there is no good reason for erecting in the midst of a city an object which has such a nightmarish influence on its neighborhood. The ground on which the City Prison stands was once a swamp, its cells are damp and unwholesome, and the whole interior is dark and dismal; it is con-



Croton Reservoir, 42d Street.

structed of huge blocks of granite, which are oppressive to look upon, and must have a chilling effect upon the nervous system of passengers through Centre-street, who have within them undivulged crimes; in it is held the Court of Sessions, and all public executions take place in one of its courts.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Egyptian Tombs is another building equally gloomy in appearance, but of a different style of architecture, if such a word can be applied to a building that is devoid of style.

The New Armory, or down-town Arsenal, stands on the corner of White and Elm streets, with a frontage of one hundred and thirty-one feet, by eighty-four feet. It is built of a dark blue granite,

with square-headed, narrow windows, a battlemented parapet, and flanked by square towers. It is employed as a receptacle for the ordnance of the first division of the State Artillery, the lower story being appropriated for a gun room, and the second floor for a drill room. It is wholly devoid of ornament, but is substantial, and, if it should ever be needed as a place of refuge it could resist a very strong force. But, we imagine that its capacity as a fortress will never be tested by a siege. On the roof is a telegraph pole intended to communicate by signals with the State arsenal further up town.

But the greater number of the buildings belonging to the city are not to be found in the streets and avenues; the hospitals, prisons, alms-houses, and nurseries, are

built upon the beautiful little islands in the East River, whose green slopes rise from the rapid current, near Hell Gate. On Blackwell's Island, the largest of the group, are the Penitentiary, the Lunatic Asylum and the City Alms Houses; on Ward's Island are the extensive hospitals for diseased immigrants; and on Randall's Island the nurseries for the city orphans.

One of the most prominent of the structures belonging to the city is the Croton Reservoir, between 40th and 42d streets, which is sufficiently familiar to all the visitors to the Crystal Palace. This immense granite structure, built as solidly and likely to endure as long as the pyramids, is the beaker out of which a population not much below a million drink their daily draughts; it is the great fountain of health and comfort to the entire population of our mighty metropolis, whence their fountains and hydrants are daily supplied. It seems scarcely possible that such a reservoir, vast as it is, should contain a sufficient quantity of water to feed the almost innumerable drains that are constantly running from it. But this Egyptian reservoir on Murray

Hill, which looks so vast, holds but twenty millions of gallons of water; a mere punch bowl, compared with the receiving reservoir lying between 79th and 86th streets, covering an area of thirty-five acres, and containing one hundred and fifty millions of gallons, while this, again, is but a wine cooler in comparison with the first reservoir at the Croton River, forty miles distant, among the breezy hills of Westchester, which is five miles long. These immense reservoirs are trifling when compared with the whole aqueduct, which is forty miles in length, and, by the side of which all aqueducts of ancient and modern times are dwarfed. The most impressive and majestic of the visible parts of this splendid work is the High Bridge across the Harlem River. This aqueduct bridge is the most magnificent structure which New-York can boast of; it is 1450 feet in length, and 114 feet above the level of high water; through this lofty artery flows the daily life of nearly a million of inhabitants, and it is appalling to think of the consequences of an accident to so important an agent in supplying the daily needs of so vast a population.



High Bridge.

THE NATIONAL INVENTORY.

A COLUMN of figures is said to be, and undoubtedly is, dry,—as dry as an old logarithm—and yet, there are circumstances in which one may get from it a deal of succulent nutriment. The merchant, no doubt, who finds his long array of numerals with a balance on the right side of his ledger, thinks these more interesting than the best romance of Dickens or a poem by Longfellow. He relishes them, revels in them, rubs his hands over them, reads them several times, and is a happy man. A political candidate, too, the morning after an election peruses the endless lines of decimals, in his daily paper, with the intensest zest, forgetting the startling news on the next page, and quite unconscious, shame upon him, of the fine moral disquisitions of the editor in the very next paragraph. On the sum of these figures, perhaps, hangs his life or death, the success of his long-cherished and splendid schemes of ambition, or the extinction of his hopes for ever.

Figures, therefore, are not always as fleshless as skeletons. They have a very present life in them, and may carry with them a fascination beyond figures of speech. It is a simple work, perhaps, the putting them together, but once rightly arranged, they hold the most significant meanings.

Our census, it must be confessed, has been a long while coming. It was taken in the year 1850, and has just, at the opening of 1854, come from the printer's hands. Doubtless it has been a severe and laborious task to bring it into order, to compute and collate the separate returns of the marshals who were deputed to gather the facts; but severe and laborious as it must have been, we are forced to believe that there has been no adequate occasion for the delay. We ought to have been in possession of it, at least one year ago; and we would have been, if the business of the bureaus at Washington were conducted with the economy of time and the rapidity of action, which characterize the business of individuals. Alas! public employments are the rewards of serviceable partisans, and not the duties of competent men; every kind of official service is turned into a job; and the interest of the functionary in maintaining his place soon supersedes his interest in public business. Mr. De Bow, the superintendent of the department, we suppose, and his predecessor before him, Mr.

Kennedy, have been as industrious as they could be, under the circumstances: we say nothing against them; but, whatever the cause of this protracted gestation, we complain of it, with the loudest emphasis.

The United States is the last country in the world, where such dilatory movement ought to be allowed; because it is precisely the country where changes and advances of all kinds are effected with such celerity, that a census four years old would be almost as much out of date as a four years old almanac. A story is told of a gentleman of Chicago, who spent two years in travelling in Europe; that when he returned, he was compelled to hire a porter to conduct him to the street he lived in, and the next day he confessed that he knew less of his own town than any he had seen in the whole course of his travels. Thus, our cities and their populations, and industries, grow out of our remembrance in the course of a few circles of the sun, and unless the inventories of them are published as soon as they are ascertained, they lose half their value, and pretty nearly all their truth. We expect, consequently, to hear the representatives of the West declaim indignantly, in Congress, during the present session, against the injustice that has been done by the false and inadequate statement, put forth in regard to their districts and the numbers of their constituents.

Let the reader, then, bear in mind, that in all the facts we shall present them, from the census, we refer to the year 1850—a long while ago, if we reckon by the speed with which we move, and not to the present year, when we must be considerably ahead of the conditions of that remote period.

We must, however, now that we have vented our feelings of disappointment as to the delay which has taken place in its preparation, do Mr. De Bow, or the persons concerned with him, the justice to say, that they have presented us a most valuable statistical work,—the best clearly that has yet been prepared under the auspices of the Government. It contains some twelve hundred crowded pages, every one of which has some table or calculation that supplies indispensable information to that part of the public who would know the real facts of our national condition and prospects. The original plan, as it was sent to the marshals, em-

braced inquiries on the following heads:

1. The population in all its relations of wealth, age, sex, nativity, color, and employments; 2. Industry, in all its relations to produce, implements, machinery, capital vested, and persons employed; 3. Social statistics, embracing property, real and personal, colleges and schools, libraries, newspapers, paupers, criminals, religious worship; 4. Vital statistics, such as the rate and number of deaths in each locality, diseases, births, marriages, longevity, &c.; and, 5. Miscellaneous statistics relating to taxes, wages, valuations of estates, &c. It will be seen, therefore, that the inquiries covered sufficient ground; but in the returns made, there appear to have been many deficiencies. Whatever relates to population, agricultural industry, and certain social statistics, is tolerably complete; but the exhibition of our manufacturing industry was so imperfect, that Congress would not authorize it to be included in the printed syllabus, while the greater part of the vital statistics, though published, is either so carelessly or so inadequately rendered, that it is comparatively worthless. Mr. De Bow, however, promises to rectify the manufacturing returns,

in another year, and to furnish the public with the results. He has already, in his remarks on the various tables, and in the several appendices, entered upon many important and useful generalizations, and gathered from remote sources instructive illustrations and comparisons. Statistics, though perfectly correct in themselves, are often of little use for the want of these comparisons and remarks, and Mr. De Bow is therefore entitled to our special thanks for his laborious services in these respects. We should like to lay before our readers copious extracts from his deductions, but as we have a thought or two of our own to present, we must content ourselves with simply referring to the seventh, which, we presume, will be within reach of our readers almost as soon as this number of our Magazine.

In spite of the delay we have spoken of above, of one thing we may be quite certain, viz., that the United States have not increased materially in extent, since 1850, unless the Sandwich Islands should have been annexed while this paper is going through the press. Colonel Abert, of the topographical engineers, has stated the territorial extent, in this wise:

	Square Miles.
Area of the Pacific slope of the region watered by rivers falling into the Pacific	778,266
Area of the Mississippi valley, or of the region watered by the Mississippi, Missouri, and their tributaries	1,237,311
Area of the Atlantic slope proper	637,100
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico west of the Mississippi	183,646
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico east of the Mississippi	145,830
Total of the Atlantic slope of the regions whose waters fall into the Atlantic	967,576
Total area of the United States and their Territories in 1853	2,971,158

But an examination of the various official reports of the General Land Office, Congress, and the State Department, shows that this calculation is behind the truth, and the aggregate statement of the census is 3,220,572 square miles. The territorial extent of the republic, then, as Mr. De Bow remarks, is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark together; one and a half times as large as the Russian empire in Europe; one sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty empires, states, and republics of Europe; and of equal extent with the Roman empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles; while it ought to gratify the propensities of the most rapacious filibuster, to know, that more than one million miles of this territory have been acquired within the last ten years, *i. e.*, since 1840.

VOL. III.—2

Now, size is not a quality of much importance in itself, as every body knows, who has read Dr. Watts' verses which end with declaring "the mind the standard of the man," and *a fortiori* of nations. The little states of Greece might have been rolled up in one corner of some of our own States, yet their immortal arts illuminate the entire track of the last two thousand years. Rome was not bigger, in her early and more vigorous days, than an average Virginia corn-field,—yet Rome arrested the course of the world by her arms, and impressed her laws so deeply upon human civilization, that at this hour, at this distance of time, they are still operative in all the leading nations. The island of Great Britain may be walked over in less than a month, but Great Britain has made all other nations tributaries to her wealth, upborne by a magnificent practical energy and adorned by a glorious literature. Size, then, is not an indispensable condition of greatness; on the other hand, it may be a

source of weakness to a nation, as it unquestionably was to the later Rome, or is now to some of the South American states.

It is, doubtless, pleasant for an American to feel that he has room to turn round in, that he possesses space enough to expatiate over, in the indefinite future, but the character of his territorial dominions which ought to excite his hopes or his pride, is not its extent,—not the fact that it reaches without a barrier from the northern snows to the tropics, and from the tempestuous Atlantic to the golden gates of the Pacific,—but the other fact that it is so peculiarly adapted by its physical features, to the residence and growth of a united people. The vast chains of the Himalayas in Asia separate its inhabitants into hostile tribes, who stagnate in their isolation—unconquerable and unconquering, alike they leave no history. The Alps or Pyrenees interposed in Europe, “make enemies of nations,” or if not enemies, divided races without true community of life or a general mutual intercourse. But in this new world, the physical structure of the entire continent is different. Vast fertile plains, numberless navigable rivers, great chains of lakes extending from the ocean far into the interior, afford prodigious facilities of communication unimpeded by obstacles, and evidently designed for the seat of a homogeneous civilization. Add to these a climate not rigorous, like that of the poles, where man engages in a hopeless struggle against a niggardly nature; nor luxurious, like that of the tropics, where the energy of the body relaxes, and the very soul fosters with over-ripeness, but temperate and bracing, the true golden mean, demanding and admitting a healthful activity, inviting to constant exertion, but seldom to desperate battle, and encouraging free life, but never despondency or a fatal leisure, — add, we say, climate to the physical arrangement,—if you would acquire a just conception of the real grounds of our territorial eminence. Politicians may rant about the dangers of disunion, but we think that nature has wisely provided against any possible failures on that score.

Well, it is into this simply-organized, permeable, and ocean-washed inclosure that a motley mass from the Old World, representing every variety and degree of civilization, has been pouring for some two hundred years, and one of the most interesting studies that can be imagined, relates to the laws of its increase and interfusion, the methods of its industry, its modes of life, its systems of physical

refinement, and its means of intellectual and moral culture. It is our signal fortune that we are permitted to see the progress of human growth in its beginnings as well as in its results,—to be present at the birth of nations, to rock the cradle of their infancy, and to see them well put forward in the career of life. Every day almost we may see some little germ of a future manhood deposited in its sustaining bed, where it gathers accretions of nutriment from all sides, unfolds gradually into an organized vitality, and finally expands into full-blown strength and bloom. The older nations were begun in the far-off ages, they grew by a scarcely appreciable increase, and all their habits and life-methods having been formed for them, they are now quite unconscious of change.

The whole number of inhabitants in the United States, on the 1st of June, 1850, was 23,263,483, which may be classified in this wise. Whites, 19,621,728; free-colored, 428,661; slaves, 3,213,094. But of the free inhabitants, 17,753,305 are natives, and 2,210,828 were born abroad, viz.: 961,719 in Ireland, 573,225 in Germany, 278,675 in England, 147,700 in British America, 70,550 in Scotland, 54,069 in France, 29,328 in Wales, and 95,022 in all other countries. It is noticeable, too, in respect to the distribution of foreigners, that 1,963,518 reside in what are termed the free States and only 245,310 in the slaveholding States. Of the entire population, 2,728,116 are in the New England States, which are six in number; 8,553,713 are in the middle States, also six in number; 5,557,572 are in the six slave States in the south; 5,167,276 are in the six central slave States; and 2,734,945 are in the five northwestern States.

As to the ratio of increase, which is an important point between these several classes and localities, we deduce the following results. The greatest increase in our total population has been in the decade since 1840, when 3,794,622 people have been added to us, or an increase of 30.25 per cent. Of this gain the whites were 3,434,892 showing an increase of 28.25 per cent. The free-colored have increased 42,860, or only 11.41 per cent. The slaves have increased 847,770, or 26.41 per cent. In respect to foreigners, the net increase is not satisfactorily stated yet, but it appears that the proportion is within the several countries contingent to the total foreign immigration, &c. viz.: Ireland, 47.14 per cent.; Germany, 21.41; Scotland, 12.46; British America, 10.41; France, 3.07; Wales, 1.34.

and others, 4-47. But, during the last two or three years, according to the Custom-House returns at New-York, the Germans have been rapidly increasing

upon the Irish, and will soon constitute the largest class of immigrants.

The following table exhibits the above results at a glance:—

CLASSES.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.
Whites,	4,804,459	5,802,004	7,861,987	10,537,378	14,195,695	19,553,068
Free Colored,	108,395	185,446	233,524	319,599	886,303	494,495
Slaves,	898,041	1,191,364	1,588,088	2,009,048	2,487,455	3,204,315
Total free,	4,412,884	6,048,450	8,195,461	10,856,977	14,581,998	19,987,563
Total colored,	1,001,436	1,877,810	1,771,562	2,328,642	2,873,758	3,698,808

It may be interesting now to compare with these results the similar results obtained in Great Britain by the census of 1851. The number of people in Great Britain and the small adjacent islands, in 1851, was 20,959,477; and the men in the army, navy, and merchant service, and East India Company's service, abroad, on the passage out, or round the coasts, belonging to Great Britain, amounted, on the same day, to 162,490. The population of Great Britain may, therefore, be set down at twenty-one millions, one hundred and twenty-one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-seven (21,121,967.)

The annexed table exhibits the distribution of the people:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
England,	8,281,734	8,640,154	16,921,888
Scotland,	1,375,479	1,513,263	2,888,742
Wales,	499,491	506,230	1,005,721
Islands in the British Seas,	66,854	76,273	143,126
Army, Navy, and merchant seamen, at sea or abroad,	162,490	..	162,490
Total,	10,286,048	10,735,919	21,121,967

The population of Ireland, as enumerated by another department was 6,533,357. The following table gives the population of Great Britain and the Islands of the British seas, exclusive of Ireland, and including the army, navy, and merchant seamen, as enumerated at each census from 1801:—

Years.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1801	5,368,704	5,548,730	10,917,433
1811	6,111,261	6,312,859	12,424,120
1821	7,095,058	7,306,590	14,401,648
1831	8,193,446	8,490,692	16,684,138
1841	9,292,418	9,581,368	18,873,786
1851	10,286,048	10,735,919	21,121,967

It will be seen by the foregoing table, that the population of Great Britain has nearly doubled since the commencement

of the present century, notwithstanding the great number that have annually left the country, and settled in the United States, in the colonies of North America, Australia, and South Africa. The increase in the last fifty years has been 93-47 per cent., or at the rate of 1-329 per cent. annually, the increase of each sex being about equal.

The annual rate of increase has varied in each decennial period; thus, in 1841-51, the population has increased, but the rate of increase has declined, chiefly from accelerated emigration.

The emigration from the United Kingdom in the ten years 1821-31 was 274,317; in the ten years 1831-41 it amounted to 717,913; and in the ten years 1841-51 it had increased to 1,693,516.

What a roving set we are! In the older countries it is not uncommon to meet with many persons who have never been beyond the town or commune in which they were born; Londoners, for instance, who never saw the green fields, except of the parks; Parisians, who never saw Versailles; rural people every where, who think the hill which bounds their little village homes the *ultima thule* of space; but of our 17,736,792 free inhabitants, 4,112,433 are settled in States in which they were not born. About 26 per cent. of the whole population of Virginia has migrated; South Carolina has sent forth 36 per cent.; and North Carolina, 31 per cent.; yet the New Englanders, particularly of Vermont and Connecticut, are the most discursive. They are in fact every where—at the south, the west, in the territories, on the Pacific—wherever there is space for a blade of grass to grow, or a spindle to turn, or a shop to be opened, or a railroad to be built—in short, wherever an honest penny is to be picked up, by any kind of industry or ingenuity. There are, for instance, 18,763 Massachusetts men in Ohio, 9,230 in Missouri, 55,773 in New-York, 4,760 in California,

and 350 in Utah. There are 133,756 New-Yorkers in Michigan, 67,180 in Illinois, 58,835 in Pennsylvania, and 101 in New Mexico. Virginia has sent 85,762 of her people to Ohio, 41,819 to Indiana, and 10,387 to Alabama. Thus, a perpetual interchange of inhabitants is maintained between the different States, which has a grand moral effect in fusing their separate prejudices, in producing a common sentiment, in interweaving bonds of affec-

tion and amity, and in rendering the improvements and advances of each locality a stimulus to the exertions of all the rest. A common language, and common political institutions, are incitements to unity; but the reciprocal influences of trade and intercourse are the life-blood of our nationality.

Striking results are given by the table below, which shows the increase per cent. of each class of inhabitants for the last sixty

CLASS.	1790 to 1800.	1800 to 1810.	1810 to 1820.	1820 to 1830.	1830 to 1840.	1840 to 1850.
Whites,	35.7	36.2	34.19	33.95	34.7	33.28
Free Colored,	83.2	72.2	25.25	86.55	20.9	10.26
Slaves,	27.9	33.4	29.10	30.61	23.5	35.81
Total,	35.1	36.45	33.12	33.48	32.67	36.28

years. We see by it that the white inhabitants are growing nearly 10 per cent. faster than the slaves, and that the free colored are dwindling out. The increase of the whites, per cent., in the slave States, we should add, is 34.56, and in the free States, 37.67. Thus, the total increase in the United States is about 3½ per cent. per annum, while in the most favored countries of Europe it is only 1½, and in the less favored, a fraction of 1, per cent. No wonder that those old monarchies make big eyes when they read of the prolific doings of the young republican giant: no wonder that they get so apprehensive about the future, and the least whisper of a possible descent some of these days upon their shore from this side the Atlantic.

We are rather used to these enormous strides; but when we take a look into the future, we confess ourselves a little awe-struck at the prospect of what the thing is coming to. We discover the reason, too, why Providence has provided such a magnificent domain for us beforehand, and why the instincts of the people, always in the long run wiser than the deductions of philosophers, begin to inquire whether there be any room outside—whether Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and perhaps Japan, are likely to furnish the necessary accommodations.

Old John Adams was not, so far as we know, a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but simply a sagacious and discerning statesman, and yet he wrote, on the 12th October 1755, that "our people will, in another century, become more numerous than England itself,"—it wants but two years of the time, and we now know his prediction will be fulfilled. We have

now 2,000,000 more white people than England and Wales, and as many as England, Wales, and Scotland together, while before the two years of John Adams's century are expired, we shall nearly equal them, with Ireland thrown in. According to our past progress, too, it will only take forty years to enable us to surpass England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. The close of the existing century will swell our numbers to one hundred millions—not, however, of such miserable, degraded wretches as are crowded together in China, or as were packed down in some of the ancient cities, but, as we shall prove in the sequel, of free, educated, industrious, refined, man-loving, and God-fearing men. If it were not so, the contemplation of our future would be terrible; as it is, under the agencies and instrumentalities at work, in the heart of our society, we have every reason to look forward with confidence and deep joy.

One curious study suggested by the census is, that relating to the relative rank of the several States, as determined by their total population. In 1770 for instance, the order in which they stood was this: 1. Virginia; 2. Massachusetts; 3. Pennsylvania; 4. North Carolina; 5. New-York; 6. Maryland; 7. South Carolina; 8. Connecticut; 9. New Jersey; 10. New Hampshire, &c. But twenty years afterwards, 1810, the following was the order: 1. Virginia; 2. New-York; 3. Pennsylvania; 4. Massachusetts; 5. North Carolina; 6. South Carolina; 7. Kentucky, (the 13th in 1790); 8. Maryland; 9. Connecticut; 10. Tennessee (not formed in 1770). Twenty years afterwards again, 1830, the relative position was still more changed.

and stood thus:—1. New-York; 2. Pennsylvania; 3. Virginia; 4. Indiana (which was the 20th in 1810); 5. North Carolina; 6. Kentucky; 7. Tennessee; 8. Massachusetts; 9. South Carolina; 10. Georgia. Finally, at the time the census was taken, 1850, the arrangement was this:—1. New-York; 2. Pennsylvania; 3. Ohio (which was the 17th in 1800); 4. Virginia; 5. Tennessee; 6. Massachusetts; 7. Indiana; 8. Kentucky; 9. Georgia; 10. North Carolina. It will be seen then, that the States which have grown the most rapidly in rank are New-York, Ohio, Georgia, and Tennessee. In respect to the absolute increase of the whites of the different States during the last ten years, it appears to have been in the following order and percentage: Wisconsin, 89-11; Iowa, 347-02; Arkansas, 110-16; Michigan, 86-74; Missouri, 82-78; Florida, 68-92; Mississippi, 65-13; Louisiana, 61-23, &c; while the increase of some of the older States has been only: New-York, 28-14; Pennsylvania, 34-72; South Carolina, 5-97; Vermont, 7-61; Connecticut, 0-28. At the same time the slave population has increased, for the last ten years, in Arkansas, 136-26 per cent.; Mississippi, 58-74; Florida, 52-85; Missouri, 50-01; Louisiana, 45-32; South Carolina, 17-71; Virginia, 5-21; Maryland, 0-7; while in Delaware it has decreased 12-09 per cent.; in the District of Columbia, 21-45, and in New Jersey, 64-98. The slowest increase appears to be in those States bordering on the northern middle States, or Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky.

It would seem that the people of this country are variously occupied, although agriculture is thus far their chief employment. At the time the census was taken, there were some 4,000,000 engaged in cultivating the land; 1,050,000 in manufactures; 400,000 in commerce; 100,000 in mining; 60,000 in fisheries; and 50,000 in the forests. The total annual product arising from agriculture is set down by Mr. Andrews, in his report on the Lake Trade, at \$1,752,583,042; that from manufactures, in the census, is \$1,020,300,000; that from commerce may be estimated at \$225,000,000; that from the forest at \$50,000; and that from the fisheries at \$10,000,000. The grand total of production in the United States is therefore immense.

We possess 118,457,622 acres of improved farms, and 184,621,348 of unimproved, the cash value of which is 3,270,733,092 dollars. The farming implements and machinery on these lands are worth 151,569,675 dollars. We raise from them 100,503,899 bushels of wheat,

592,326,612 bushels of Indian corn, 146,567,879 bushels of oats, 14,188,639 bushels of rye, 215,312,710 bushels of rice, 199,752,646 pounds of tobacco, 2,468,624 bales of cotton at 400 pounds each, 65,796,793 bushels of Irish potatoes, 38,259,190 bushels of sweet potatoes, 5,167,016 bushels of barley, 9,219,975 bushels of peas and beans, 8,956,916 bushels of buckwheat, 313,266,962 pounds of butter, 105,535,219 pounds of cheese, 221,240 gallons of wine, \$5,269,930 in garden stuffs, and \$7,723,362 in orchard products, to say nothing of the hay, hemp, flax, hops, clover, silk, and grasses, and nothing of the cattle, sheep, and horses they feed. Our real and personal estate is worth \$7,135,780,228.

We possess also over 100,000 manufacturing establishments, over the annual value of \$500, consuming raw material to the value of \$550,000,000, paying out for labor \$240,000,000, and using a vested capital of \$530,000,000. Including, in that statement, all varieties of labor leading to valuable results, the aggregate production of this species of industry would amount to \$2,932,762,642. This amount divided by the number of inhabitants, free and slave, gives \$126 as the average annual production of each person, or, taking the proportion of adult males as one to four, the annual production of each is shown to be \$504.

For the circulation of these products we have 1390 steamboats, measuring 417,226 tons; some 3000 miles of canals, of which those in New-York State alone carry annually 3,582,733 tons; 13,315 miles of railway completed, whose commerce is valued at \$1,081,500,000, besides 12,681 miles in progress. Our total lake, river, coasting, canal, and railroad trade is valued, for 1852, at \$5,588,539,372. Add to this the value of products and manufactures exported, \$154,930,947, and that of foreign merchandise imported, \$252,613,282, and we shall get some idea of the enormous internal and foreign commerce of the United States. Our whole inward and outward tonnage is 10,591,045 tons, of which 4,200,000 tons is owned at home—the largest tonnage owned by any nation of the globe except Great Britain, whose marine supremacy, at the present rates of increase, we shall soon surpass.

It might be inferred—as not a few foreign tourists in America, indeed, have inferred, from the exhibition of the immense industrial activity of our people, that they are wholly absorbed in the process of creating wealth. Yet such an inference would do them considerable injustice.

They are devoted to the dollar, it is true, but they are apt also to spend the dollar in a liberal manner. Their activity in the various spheres of intellectual and benevolent enterprise is not a whit less remarkable than their physical activity. They take care of their unfortunate brothers, of the insane, the idiotic, the mute, the criminal, and the poor (of the latter of whom they have happily fewer than any other nation) with as sedulous a care, and as generous a provision, as the most advanced people in Christendom; they print and read an incredible number of books, and fifty-fold more journals and magazines than any other people; while in respect to education and religion, their efforts, because they are voluntary, put to shame those of other people. Take a few statistics in regard to the latter points. They show that a large proportion of the children of the United States of a suitable age are in attendance upon schools. The whole number is 4,089,507—of which 4,063,046 are whites—26,461 free colored—3,942,681 are natives—147,426 are foreigners. The number of males is 2,146,432, and of females 1,916,614. Of the whole, New-York is set down for 692,321. Ohio comes next with 514,309. Pennsylvania follows with 509,610.

The total number of Colleges in the United States is 234. Number of teachers 1,651; pupils, 27,159. Annual income \$1,916,628. The total number of Academies and Seminaries in the United States is 6,032. Number of teachers 12,207; pupils 261,362. Annual income \$4,663,842. Besides these, there are 80,991 Public Schools, which are attended by 3,354,173 scholars.

The whole number of periodicals in the world are distributed in this proportion. Asia 34, Africa 14, Europe 1094, America 3000, of which 2800 are printed in the United States, and have an annual circulation of 422,600,000 copies, or, taking the account of the leading states and empires only, the numbers stand: Austria 10, Spain 24, Portugal 20, Belgium 65, France 269, Switzerland 39, Denmark 85, Russia and Poland 90, the German States 320, Great Britain and Ireland 519, the New England States 424, Middle States 876, Southern States 716, and the Western States 784. It will thus be seen that the newspapers are a pretty good comparative index of civilization, for just in the degree in which we average from the more despotic and stationary conditions of society, we find these means of intellectual intercourse and entertainment increasing in number,—the United States and Great

Britain standing first on the list, and Austria and Russia the last.

Then, again, as to churches, it appears that there are 36,221, exclusive of the territories and California, or one church for every 557 free inhabitants, or one for every 646 of the entire population, with a total value of Church property to the amount of \$86,416,639. We might append as appropriate here, the returns of the libraries, the lyceums, the scientific associations, and the various charitable and religious societies, but that we feel that our readers have had a sufficiency of figures.

Now, all these results are highly gratifying; but why are they so? Is it because we Americans have a silly schoolboy vanity, as it is sometimes charged, in the magnitude of our wealth and power? Not at all,—if we understand the spirit of those who rejoice with us,—not at all! We have other and better motives; we exult, because these facts confirm, by an irrefragable and resistless demonstration, the political theories to which we are devoted; because they prove the great and vital truth of the necessary connection between a democratic constitution of society and the welfare of the whole people. A controversy is now going forward, among the nations of Christendom, as to the respective merits of a liberal and despotic system of government, and we throw our experience, with all its grand results, into the liberal scale. We say to the absolutist who distrusts the people, who fancies that governments were made to rule one class of men with a rod of iron, and to support another in luxurious authority, "come and see!" Behold a people who govern themselves, making Justice and Freedom the ends of their institutions, allowing to all the choice of what they shall do and think; and behold, too, the beneficent effects! The facts are before you, and judge for yourselves; but do not suppose that in making the exhibit we are moved by an inordinate and foolish pride."

The secret of the prosperity and growth of the United States, it cannot be too often repeated, is in its social and political constitution. By ordaining justice as the single object of its government, and securing to the masses the most unlimited freedom of action, they have unsealed the fountains of human progress, they have solved that problem of social destiny, which has puzzled philosophers so long, and revealed to mankind, the momentous but simple truth, that just in the degree in which you reduce to practical applica-

tion, the golden rule of Christian equity, "Do unto others as you would be done by," you win from Heaven all its richest temporal and spiritual blessings.

The operation of the law is this; that, in restricting the political power to its legitimate function of maintaining justice among men, you generate in each individual, a perfect sense of the security of his person and property; he is made certain of the reward of his labor, and he applies himself in the most effective manner to multiply his necessities and comforts; he enriches the community by enriching himself; his accumulations become the seed of future accumulations; while, being thrown upon his own resources, not only for his maintenance, but his position in life, he exerts his every faculty to the highest degree, to improve his state. He tasks his ingenuity to increase production;—to invent machines, to facilitate processes to economize time, in short, to make the most, both of himself and his opportunities. An English gentleman, one of the Commissioners to the Crystal Palace, observed to a friend of ours, that the fact which had impressed him most strongly, in reference to the industry of the Americans, was not its activity so much as its indescribable knowingness, its ability to meet all emergencies, its readiness under difficulties, its quick facility in applying means to ends. "You have a thousand little convenient contrivances, in all departments of arts, and even in all the appliances of living, that we know nothing about, and should never have devised." In other words, we may say that the *quality* of our labor is better than that of the people with whom government or society perpetually interferes, and consequently more effective. It realizes more than any other labor from the same expenditure of means. The Greeks and Romans we are told valued the labor of a slave at half that of a freeman, and we know the reason of it; for as Homer himself sings,

"The day,

That makes man slave, takes half his worth away."

But there is another effect of that security and freedom of labor, that springs from just government,—pointed out by Mr. Carey,—which, in our opinion, is the most important truth contributed to Political Economy since the days of Adam Smith. It is this, that where the industry of society is left to its own development, while the gross product of it is increased, a larger proportion of it goes to the laborer, and a diminished proportion to the capitalist; whereby the value of the laborer constantly rises, the number of the unpro-

ductive classes grows smaller, a greater equality of conditions is produced, and all men are stimulated through hope, to the improvement of their intellectual and social condition. The misery of the older nations is that the earnings of industry are distributed, by means of the innumerable interferences of laws and institutions, with the most flagrant want of justice. The working class, which is the most effective of all the agencies concerned in the production of it gets the least part, while the capitalist, and the official functionaries take the rest. Thus, the stimulus to active industry is so far forth withdrawn, overgrown fortunes concentrate in particular families, and an excessive expenditure, going to support large classes in idleness or sinecureships, debauches the action of government.

In the United States, on the contrary, the share of the laborer in every joint product, increases relatively; he is enabled to rise in his condition, to take one step upward, and, with every generation, to devote a larger portion of his time and means to the improvement of his mind, and the refinement of his tastes. The consequence is, that society, as a whole, is levelled upwards; the few are not pulled down, but the many are elevated; the circle of intelligence and culture widens, and the disposition as well as the means, for patronizing art and promoting charity, become the common privileges of larger and larger numbers, instead of being the prerogatives of a favored minority. Moralists, therefore, are short-sighted, who lament what they esteem to be the excessive devotion of our people to practical life; for, it is a precursor of their general enlightenment and elevation. It is preparing the masses, in spite of all the apparent materialism and worldliness of the process, for a higher civilization. It is multiplying their wants and their methods of satisfying them, which are both elements of a larger and better life. Consider the demand for books, and generally the best books,—for music, and the best music,—for lectures, and the best lectures,—in short, for all kinds of intellectual and moral incitation,—how it is diffusing itself through all classes of our people, in the midst of the tremendous bustle of work and trade! Where is there a nation in which the masses of the community have a more living and growing interest in whatever gives dignity and grace to human relations? Have the towns of New England a parallel, for intellectual activity and moral integrity, in Europe? Yet the towns in New England are

haw, the Cheyenne, the "Digger," and the Lord only knows how many more tribes of Indians, nor held a pow-wow with these unsophisticated aboriginals; and my long cherished purpose to do this must be gratified. Besides, I wished to shake hands with my friend Brigham Young, and get a peep into his Harem—not knowing but the sight of the sacred plates, or of some Mormon beauty, might convert me to the latter revelations, and salt me down on the borders of the great lake of that name.

But, whatever brought me there—there I was, on the aforesaid 20th, in the desert, about a day's journey from New Fort Kearney, on the military route to Oregon, and about three hundred miles from my starting point on the Missouri River. I was well equipped for such a journey. A light carriage, drawn by two thoroughbreds, which as yet had shown no diminution of mettle or bottom, led the way. This was a regular *multum in parvo*, constructed after a plan of my own, at considerable expense, and was provided with appliances of comfort, means of defence, and sources of amusement, that would make the uninitiated wonder. Not a square inch of its interior but was hung with munitions of war, fishing tackle, books, &c. &c., not omitting all the essentials to a dear lover of the weed—alas! all destined, with the exception of my splendid meerschaum,—now hanging in triumph over the mantel,—vehicle, and all, to be scattered in fragmentary confusion along the route. A large, four horse caravan-looking wagon, filled with provender for man and beast, cooking utensils, bedding, &c., followed. Besides these I had some spare animals for the saddle, and to supply the places of any which might give out. My companions were three active and hardy sons of the West, whom I had engaged to go with me for "aid and comfort."

The day had been cold and disagreeable; and warned by the black and lowering sky, and the gathering clouds, which portended a coming storm, I concluded to stop some time before the approach of evening. My tent was therefore pitched, and every thing made secure for the night, the horses turned out, and our hearty meal of bacon and hard bread concluded. It was not yet dark, when an infatuated desire of "passing an evening out" began to possess me. The monotony of the journey had become somewhat oppressive; my internal resources had begun to fail; Shakespeare did not seem quite so original as usual; and no one, who has

any more impressibility than a Turk, can smoke all the time. My restlessness was undoubtedly increased by the knowledge of the fact that there were other encampments, in my immediate vicinity, of fellow-travellers wending their way California-ward, on the same graceless errand with myself, who had also been admonished to secure quarters for the night before the storm broke upon them. I had formed the acquaintance of some of them, in the excursions which I was accustomed to make from my own party, on horseback, in search of amusement, and of the "variety which is the spice of life," especially on such a journey. The previous day I had thus fallen in with a Dr. C—e, of St. Louis, and his amiable and accomplished lady, who were braving the fatigues of a journey "across lots" to San Francisco, where I trust he is now reaping a rich harvest of professional success. His tent I supposed to be about a mile from my own, and I pined for the society I had found so congenial. So, encasing myself in an India Rubber suit, and paying no heed to the warnings of my companions, or the still, small voice of presentiment in my own breast, I set out on foot for the Doctor's. The ground over which I had to pass was undulating and broken, and meeting several ravines filled with stagnant water, I was compelled to make quite a detour in order to reach his camp. I found my friends "at home," and was received with a most cordial welcome and graceful hospitality.

The evening passed away rapidly, in familiar and pleasant talk about home and friends, our mutual adventures and future prospects, and afforded a social enjoyment of which civilized balls, routs and reunions can give but a faint idea. The increasing storm, however, which made itself heard above our cheerful voices, and which shook with violence our frail canopy, admonished me that it was time to return to my own camp, if I designed to go at all that night. My friends urged me to stay; but, as a person occupies more space lying down than sitting up, I doubted the feasibility of the project, as there was no peg to hang on, or post to lean against. So I said, "no, I thank you," with a most determined tone, though not without some little faintness of heart, and sallied forth upon the invisible expanse. Oh, and such a night! It was darker than Erebus and Egypt together. The wind was blowing in fierce and fitful gusts, the rain pouring down in torrents. Altogether, it was as fearful a storm and as uncomfortable a night as had ever fallen within the

range of my experience in different quarters of the globe. Few pedestrians would willingly encounter the fury of such a storm even in the streets of a great city.

On first emerging from the shelter of a good tent, I was saluted by a blast of wind and rain that actually staggered me, and drove me temporarily back. My hospitable friends then absolutely insisted upon it that I should pass the night with them. It would be a suicidal tempting of Providence, they said, to think of reaching my camp, and I would certainly lose my way. But a foolish feeling of pride would not allow me to listen to their pressing entreaties or warning remonstrances. I was an old sailor, I told them, and my nautical experience would enable me to find my way, especially as I had carefully noted the direction of the wind as I came along. Besides, I thought it was not altogether improbable that a stampede of my own animals might take place on so tempestuous a night—in which case I should be sorry to be absent. Alas! how little I dreamed of the suffering and anguish which my reckless self-confidence and foolish conceit of my own skill were to cause me!

"Let him who wanders by a devious way,
Look to his reckoning—or wide astray
His barque may veer on peril's fatal track."

The Doctor, finding that I would not be persuaded, held a lantern for me at the entrance of his tent, that I might occasionally look back and take my "departure" from it. So I wrapped yet closer my *poncho* about me, and set forth on my perilous journey with a stout heart and a cheerful "good night." I designed to keep the wind about "two points on the starboard quarter" of my nose, but I was obliged to deviate from a straight line to avoid the *gulches* of which I have before spoken, which soon caused me to lose sight of the cheering and guiding light behind, and I had no other resource than to keep on to the best of my judgment, though I could not help the growing feeling that I was decidedly "in for it." As I was walking along at as rapid a gait as was consistent with proper caution, I suddenly felt the earth crumbling beneath my feet, and, before I could recover myself, was precipitated some fifteen feet down a ravine, and landed in a ditch, the water of which was nearly to my waist when standing up, which was not exactly my position when I touched bottom. I came down with a perfect facility—but to scramble up the steep and slippery bank, like the ascent from a more classic region—*hic labor, hoc opus fuit*.

After several ineffectual attempts, which resulted in a mortifying failure, and which considerably damped my courage and pantaloons, I at length succeeded in reaching *terra firma*; and there I was—lost consciously, as I had been before in reality—my pride all gone—and my courage oozing, with the water, out of my dripping garments. Need I be ashamed to own it? I bellowed most lustily for assistance; ringing reiterated changes upon help! fire! murder! and all the similar exclamations which have been canonized in the use of respectable distressed persons since the invention of our mother tongue.

I knew that there were camps not very far distant, and had a slight hope that the occupants of some one of them might hear me. But the hope was vain. Though I called—nay, even howled—"they answered not again." At length, to my inexpressible relief I heard, as I supposed, the whining of a dog. Was it indeed this? or did my ears deceive me? No—in the lull of the storm, I heard it yet more distinctly. In such a place, on such a night, the bark of "mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me," would have seemed friendly, and I followed the sound. As I advanced, however, it appeared to recede, until a growl that I well understood filled me with consternation. The audible *ignis fatuus* that I had been pursuing was a prairie wolf. I knew well that this animal seldom, if ever, made an attack upon a man, except when rendered desperate by hunger; but still, to a lost traveller, in the midst of Egyptian darkness, and in such a lonely and strange spot, wolf-tones are calculated to create any thing but agreeable sensations, especially when he is familiar with voracious accounts of their chasing Russian sledge-drivers and tasting their quality.

There was no hope of rescue for the night, and the only thing that remained to me was to make myself as comfortable as I could, where I was, until morning. I sat down, made a sort of marquée tent of my *poncho*, by drawing it over my head and putting my arms a-kimbo, pulled out from the capacious pockets of my large vest, made expressly for this journey, the inseparable companion of all my excursions, mine incomparable meerschau (I had it "jury-rigged" at such times, as the long, *Weichsel* stem was inconvenient to carry), some tobacco, and a bunch of matches which were well protected from the water, and soon surrounded myself with the comforts of an Irish cabin, the pleasant volume rolling

up, as if intimating the speechless gratitude of the smoker.

Fitz-Boodle in enumerating the various times when a good cigar is most consoling—"after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or—at any other moment you choose to fix upon"—never passed such a night as I did, amid the wild waste of such a wilderness, or his "confessions" on this subject would have been more specific.

After sitting till my limbs were chilled and stiff, I would get up and walk about, in as near a geometrical circle as I could describe, so as not to wander far from my position, and then sit down again, light my pipe afresh, and with the aid of the same match (for a prophetic economy was stealing over me) look to my watch, in utter astonishment that the long hours I supposed had passed were hardly a short half one. Sages are supposed to see charms in the face of solitude; but they would have found it very difficult to see any if they had been in my place, and they certainly would have preferred "the alarms" of any habitable part of the globe to the "rain in that horrible place." Men have been known to moralize under the gallows—my peril, though without shame, was little less—and I moralized. I thought to myself what a devout charlatan in sentiment Cowper was, and wondered whether he would have been willing to be "shut out from all noise and rumors of the world," in the same manner that I was.

The wearisome night at length wore away. The violence of the storm had abated, but there was a drizzling rain and a thick fog, and I dared not move from my tracks. I waited as patiently as I could for several hours, but as the fog did not light up any, I again attempted to find the camp, though without success.

I must have wandered far from my right course during the night, in my perambulations to keep warm, as I could discover no trace of the road or the camp, and no answer came back to my repeated shouts. I then began to feel seriously uneasy. I knew my own men would not wait for me. My positive instructions to them were always to harness up in the morning and "move on," if I did not make my appearance at breakfast, as I was sometimes absent from the camp over night, and I knew that the different companies must have all passed on. I then

endeavored to find the road by pursuing a zigzag, Virginia rail-fence sort of a course; going two or three miles in one direction, and then striking off from it, at a greater or less angle, in another. I walked in this way several hours, but all to no purpose. During the whole time I had been observing carefully the ground, if perchance I might discover the imprint of a hoof, a broken twig, or any sign of the grass having been fed—but not a solitary vestige could I perceive of living thing.

Then it was, for the very first time, that the thought flashed like lightning across my mind, in all its terrible distinctness and significance, that I *might* fail to find the road, and perish from hunger. Great God! what mental agony this caused me! I had a full sense of the danger of my situation, and felt that I must summon all my energies for a desperate effort to save myself. My clothes were heavy; so I took off my coat, trousers, boots, which were very thick, and stockings, and threw them away. I could not afford to be encumbered and have my progress impeded by superfluous weight, for was I not running a race against time, and was not dear life the stake!

I would have thrown away my money belt, containing a few hundred dollars in gold, merely to be relieved of its weight; but my experience, even among New Zealand cannibals, had taught me that gold has a magic charm for the savage as well as the white man, and that it is awkward to find one's self minus, not only in the heart of a great city, but even in the midst of the desert of Sahara. I accelerated my pace almost to a run, and giving up as futile all attempts to find the road, I started anew, with the determination to proceed to the Platte River, and follow up its windings to the Fort. The sun all this time "disdained to shine," and my only guide was the wind, which I judged from its keenness to be blowing from the North—though I learned by subsequent inquiry, from the Surgeon of the Fort, who kept meteorological tables, that the wind had been East, which at that season of the year is colder than one coming from the North. I had a general idea of the geography of the country, and of the relative course of the river and the road, and hoped—though it was but a hope—that I might be able to reach the former.

I had not gone far before I came to a deep valley, a most wild and sequestered spot—probably never before trodden by the foot of a white man. It was, as near as I could judge, about five miles in diameter, and

enviored by high bluffs. This was literally covered with buffalo bones through its whole extent, and was evidently a spot where these animals were in the habit of gathering in the fall, before their usual period for migrating to the South, and where, tempted by the late grass and sheltering hills which shut out the bleak winds, they had been heaped in by thousands, until the severity of the winter warned them to leave; when the deep snows in the passes prevented their egress, and they must have perished from hunger and cold—leaving their bones to whiten there in the sun and rain.

"A ghastly place of sepulchre—where yet no human head
Perchance had pillowed."

No language can give any idea of the fearful desolation of the place. It filled my heart with a nameless dread. I could think of nothing but the valley seen in prophetic vision, and I almost expected to hear the awful voice breaking upon the solitude—"Can these dry bones live?" My course lay directly across the valley, and hardly looking around me, I ran at full speed, without stopping, till I had passed it, which I must have done in an almost incredibly short space of time. I continued my way, walking and running, as fast as I could, guided only by the wind, which must have actually veered all round the compass; for, after travelling what seemed to me about twenty miles, to my inexpressible horror, there lay before me the valley of bones, and what was worse, I found that I had come back again to within a hundred yards of the spot whence I had started, which I readily identified by a singular collection of bones I had stopped to examine when speculating upon the anatomy of the buffalo in the morning.

My fatiguing journey of hours had been lost. My heart now fairly sank within me, despair stared me in the face, and I threw myself upon the ground in a bitterness of soul too deep for tears. Here, then, thought I, is to be my final resting-place! In this great charnel house of the wilderness, my bones are destined to moulder without sepulture! Oh, if I could but perish in some fierce encounter with man or beast, or in some desperate struggle with the elements, it would be some relief! If a savage Indian would rise up before me, tomahawk in hand and yelling his startling war-whoop, how grateful would be the sight, and how gladly would I grapple with him in the death struggle! But to die like a dog—a lingering death of exhaustion and star-

vation—alone, without the presence even of an enemy to connect me with my race—the thought was insupportable! I tried to banish it, but in vain! The ghost which my excited fancy had conjured up would not down at my bidding. In a paroxysm of despair, without thought, without settled purpose, hardly knowing what I did, I grasped my pistol, cocked it, put the muzzle to my head and pulled the trigger; but it had been filled with water, and I was saved from an act abhorrent to my principles and feelings, and upon which—though almost involuntary—I cannot look back without a shudder of remorse. I could not but regard it as an interposition of Providence in my behalf, and feelings of gratitude and submission filled my heart. Thoughts of loved ones at home came stealing over me, and I breathed an earnest prayer for their happiness. The bitterness of anguish was gone, and a delicious feeling of calm and resignation succeeded. The touching monody of the poet kept vibrating in my memory and even rising to my lips.

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

But the ground was very damp, the rain was pelting, and the air quite cold, and I soon awoke again to the full consciousness of the fearful dangers which enviored me, and the necessity and duty of making one last, resolute effort for self-preservation. So I arose, took out my ivory tablets, pencilled a few lines of kind remembrance and farewell to my family, in the faint hope that if exhausted nature should fail, and I should perish on the way, perchance some stranger might find my mouldering remains; and then addressed myself anew, if not with hope yet with a stern courage, to my toilsome journey. I found myself, however, exceedingly lame—my feet were blistered, and full of briars and the thorns of the prickly pear over which I had been walking all day, and I could not make great progress. Night soon overtook me, but it was of no use to stop, and I kept on—on—on—like the Wandering Jew, through the long and dreary hours of that memorable night, watching the heavens, with the utmost intentness, for a single star to send a ray of light through the gloomy and funeral pall that overhung me, to guide me on my way.

I have kept some wearisome watches in my life—one of four hours at midnight off the pitch of Cape Horn, on the lee yard

arm, trying to furl a frozen and refractory sail, with the driving sleet cutting my face and hands till the blood came—and another, I well remember, of a long day in a shattered boat on the desolate coast of Kamtschatka, our ship hull down to leeward, when three of my companions perished, one after another, of cold and exhaustion, before we were picked up—but never a watch like that of this fearful night! Eternities of thought seemed to crowd into the space of its few brief hours.

Morning, though long delayed, at length came; and still rain, rain, fog, fog—there was no “lodge in this vast wilderness,” but what “a boundless contiguity of shade!” enough to have satisfied the most ardent aspirations of any poet of solitude. Every thing was dreary and desolate, and gave no hope of better weather. Still the light of day, though dim, was pleasant and my courage somewhat revived. As I trudged along I tried to relieve the tedium by calling to mind passages from my favorite authors, especially those applicable to my condition. “Never say die,” was often on my lips. I recollected, too, that “while there’s life there’s hope,” and I blessed the memory of Pope for the sentiment, “hope springs eternal in the human breast”—but then the striking passage “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” would obtrude itself on my thoughts. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that the quotations were three to one in my favor, and accepted it as an omen of my chances.

I had not, as yet, eaten any thing except a few mushrooms, and a sort of wild pea-pod I had gathered as I walked along, and these not to satisfy my hunger; for, strange to say, I felt no craving for food; but because I knew that nature needed sustenance, and that my strength could not hold out without it. I did not know whether the pea-pods were poisonous or not; and to tell the truth, at first I did not much care, and rather hoped they were, preferring a death by poison to one of starvation. I afterwards ascertained that they were perfectly harmless and not without nutriment. The water I greedily drank from stagnant pools was sweeter to my taste than the clearest spring, or the most delicious drinks, which the ingenuity of man has concocted, ever were to me before. During this day I saw an elk, a few antelopes, some score of wolves, to say nothing of plover and small game; one of the antelopes came within half a pistol shot of me, but I had no weapon to molest him. The timid animal seemed

aware of the fact, for he gazed at me with an air of wonder, and, on my nearer approach, snuffed the air quite unconcernedly, and moved off very much at his leisure.

The agitation of my mind and the excitement of my situation not only rendered me insensible to hunger, but also to pain and almost to fatigue. I felt the strength of a giant, and longed for some occasion to exercise it. At one time, in my reckless and defiant mood, I gave chase to a gaunt wolf which crossed my path, and followed him to his hole, at the entrance of which I waited for some time, in the hope that he would come forth, and that I might grapple him with my naked hands. I could have torn him limb from limb, and drank up his warm life-blood with a savage joy. With the fear of starvation and the prospect of a lingering death before me, I should have been endowed with superhuman strength for the conflict. The instinct of the brute, perhaps, taught him that I was an enemy not to be trifled with, and acting on the principle that discretion is the better part of valor, he refused to come out; after giving him a reasonable opportunity to do so, I “moved on.”

The day passed without any incident worthy of mention. The face of the country through which I passed was very striking, and exceedingly lonesome. It somewhat resembled a vast rolling prairie, though the elevations were more distinct and irregular—rising in fact into high bluffs, bleak and bare, which seemed to hem me in on every side. There were no wooded spots, and not even a solitary tree appeared to relieve the eye or break the monotony of the scene. When I had toiled up one ascent in the hope of gaining a more extended prospect from the summit, perhaps of seeing the termination of the prairie, still another bluff, seemingly higher than the one I stood upon, rose up before me, and so on in an apparently endless succession. I walked with great rapidity, making only the short delays I have mentioned, alternating between hope and anxiety, though on the whole I kept up as stout a heart as could be expected under the circumstances, and this enabled me to make a progress which, doubtless, was the means of my ultimate salvation.

As the day declined, the heavy clouds began to roll away and the sky became lighter. At length the disc of the sun faintly showed itself, for a moment, through the intervening cloud and mist, just above the edge of the horizon, and

never did Persian devotee gaze upon it with a more fond idolatry, or shipwrecked mariner look up to it from amid the surging waves of ocean, with a more exultant heart, than did I at this time. It was to me an omen of safety—the pledge of a providential guidance—the benignant face of love—for the casual glimpse I caught of it assured me that I was not mistaken in my course, and that I was travelling in the right direction to come to the river. “Now came still evening on,” and the sober shades of night slowly gathered o’er earth and sky. The cloud had mostly passed away, and Venus, bright evening “star of hope,” shone out, with its cheering and animated ray, from the tranquil heavens.

“A beam of comfort, * * * * *
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.”

And surely never was its guiding light more grateful to the benighted, lost traveller, than it was to me on this third night of my wretched wanderings. I travelled with hardly a moment’s rest, till morning, and when the sun rose, which it did in all its refulgence, my straining and delighted vision caught the reflection of its beams in the placid waters of the majestic Platte. I had been quite hopeful all night—had hummed snatches from familiar operas, and repeated all the passages I could remember from favorite authors, and even enjoyed, in anticipation, the comforts and pleasures which awaited me when I again should reach the haunts of men—but when the glad sight met my eye, and the conviction burst upon me that I was saved—saved from perils nameless and fearful, which had almost frozen my life’s blood with terror—saved from a death of agony, unsoothed, unpitied, unwept, my remains uncoffined and unblest, and no stone to tell where, in the pathless wilderness, they should lie—no one, unless he has passed through a similar scene, can conceive of the strange tumult of my feelings, in which an overpowering joy was predominant.

I was wild with exultation and excitement. The excess of happiness actually bordered on pain, and I could find no way to give vent to my struggling and pent up sensibilities. I laughed and cried by turns, shouted, danced, and committed all sorts of extravagances. After a while, becoming more collected, I started on a full run for the river, at a rate that would have done credit to an Indian, and did not slacken speed till I found myself near its banks. I have looked on many scenes of surpassing beauty and wild magnificence in our own and other lands, but not

one of them ever swelled my heart with half the rapture I felt as I gazed upon the clear and placid waters of that silver stream, and cast my eye along its winding and wooded banks. It was not distance, but association, which lent enchantment to *that* view. I was disappointed in not having crossed the old Fort Kearney road, and was about to plunge into the river and swim to the opposite shore, where I knew there was another route to the Fort, when I discovered the road running along the very edge of the bank, within a few feet of me, and, what was more, there were the fresh imprints of hoofs and human feet upon it, and the prospect of rescue was changed to its certainty. I was near to—I should soon see again my fellow-men! The excitement, the revulsion of my feelings, perhaps the unconscious fatigue I had endured, were too much for me, and I sank fainting upon the ground. How long I lay there, without consciousness, I know not—probably not a great length of time, so far as I could judge by the height of the sun. When I recovered and found the use of my limbs, I commenced to drag myself along the road, wearily and with the sense of exhaustion, in the direction of the Fort. I had gone but a little distance before I caught sight of a camp about a mile ahead. I quickened my pace and soon was in its midst. My first thought was food. The pangs of hunger, which I had hardly felt before, became now perfectly uncontrollable. I rushed up to a man who was cooking something over a fire kindled on the ground, kicked off the hot cover of a baker with my naked foot, and snatching the half-baked bread it contained, began to devour it with the eagerness of a famished wolf. The man, upon recovering from his surprise, not exactly comprehending, in my case, the necessity which knows no law, and perhaps thinking the loss of his meal a rather serious joke, attempted to interfere; but, exhausted as I was by abstinence and fatigue, I threw him from me as easily as if he had been a child, and kept on eating, trying to intimate to him, between the mouthfuls, that I might prove an ugly customer if molested—that I had been lost, and that my funds (pointing to my money belt) were at his service. The whole encampment, men, women and children, were soon around me, with wonder, suspicion, amusement and alarm, depicted on their faces; and well might my sudden apparition have startled them, as they afterwards confessed it did not a little. My wan and haggard looks—my un-

kempt and dishevelled hair—my apparel, approaching the simplicity of primitive times, if not in character yet certainly in quantity, consisting only of my vest and a torn and dirty shirt—my limbs lacerated by briars and covered with blood, and my feet swollen to an unusual size from treading on thorns and sharp stones—must have made them hesitate whether to set me down as flesh and blood or “goblin damned”—I certainly had come to them in a most “questionable shape.” However, when I was able to tell my story, I experienced from them the most kind and hospitable treatment. They were a company of Oregon emigrants, who were “laying over” the Sabbath, to recruit themselves and animals. My feet were carefully dressed, my hunger was allayed—it could not be satisfied—though I wonder I did not kill myself with gormandizing; but thanks to a good digestion, and the absence of any of the faculty, I experienced no inconvenience from the quantities of bread and bacon which I had eaten. I was provided with a pair of nether integuments, somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, but affording, at any rate, a relief to my distressed modesty.

After luxuriating awhile in the comfort of being found, and answering an indefinite number of questions about my sensations while I was lost, I fell into a train of sleepy reflections, of which I only recollect thinking how many more charms there were in the human face divine, whether clean or dirty, handsome or ugly, old or young, than in the face of solitude—and that there were more things in heaven and earth than Zimmerman had ever dreamed of in his philosophy; from which reflections I was roused by an invitation to retire for the night, or day rather, and soon found oblivion of all my troubles in a good feather bed—taking “mine ease,” if not “in mine own inn,” yet in my host’s wagon. If ever I enjoyed the privileges of that “blessed institution” of sleep, it was then and there, and the way I paid “attention to it,” for the next twenty hours, or so, would have astonished old Morpheus himself, if he were living in these days. I was at length awakened by the arrival of a party, headed by one of my own men, who, becoming alarmed at my long absence, had been out searching for me in every direction, and had finally struck upon the river.

I found, upon inquiry, that the distance, in a straight line, from the point where I diverged from the Fort Leavenworth military road, to the place I reached on

the old Fort Kearney road, was not more than thirty-five miles; but the circuitous route I took could not have been less than one hundred and fifty miles—judging by the time I was out and the speed with which I travelled. At any rate it was a comfortable stretch, and I can only recommend any one who is disposed to regard it as a trifle, to make a like excursion under the same circumstances.

Dulcis est memoria præteritorum malorum, says the adage; but with the exception of a slight sketch of the adventure I wrote at the time, I have felt little inclination to indulge in the sweets of its recollection.

Upon reaching the Fort, I found that the news of my having been lost had preceded me, and had excited a general alarm. I was greeted with a most hearty welcome, and found myself an object of no little curiosity and interest. Every one congratulated me upon what was considered an almost miraculous escape from a frightful death. The commandant at the post, Captain Wharton, of the 6th Infantry, as also his estimable lady, were most kind and friendly to me; and their warm sympathies and hearty hospitalities, as they were most grateful in the reception, so they have lost none of their value in the remembrance. They invited me to their house, and in the enjoyment of every comfort—of every luxury I might say—of graceful attention and of most delightful society, I soon almost forgot the perils and sufferings through which I had passed, or learned to look back upon them as a disturbed dream.

I desire here to make grateful mention of the attentions I received from the surgeon and chaplain of the Fort, with whose families I formed a most agreeable acquaintance. Their kindness will not be forgotten.

My health was not in the slightest degree affected by my toils and privations, and after the rest of a few days I was as hearty again as a buck. I should not in gratitude forget to add, that Captain Wharton had a detachment of soldiers and a party of friendly Indians ready to go in quest of me, in case the various companies of emigrants who were seeking me had not succeeded in finding me on the very day they did. I here learned that two other emigrants who had strayed from the road a fortnight before, in pursuit of game, had been lost, and their lifeless remains—they having been starved to death—had been discovered by the Indians. The Pawnees and Cheyennes had also been quite troublesome, and had

committed sundry depredations upon the emigrants—stealing their stock and killing one man—which so recent occurrences did not serve to allay the apprehensions on my account. Indeed Captain W. had been obliged to send a detachment of troops to the principal village of the Pawnees, with orders to lay it waste in case the fullest reparation was not accorded and the offenders brought to justice. I afterward learned that the Indians, when they saw the preparations made against them, were most willing to accede to the terms imposed upon them.

There are hundreds of persons now living in California and Oregon, and numbers who have returned from thence, to whom the adventure I have narrated so imperfectly, and which excited some little interest at the time, will be familiar, and who will readily identify the writer as the "great lost," if these pages should ever meet their eye.

I have often been asked the questions, why I did not do this, and why I did not do that; why I did not go back to the Doctor's camp, why I did not fire off my pistol to give the alarm, &c., &c. To all of which I reply that it is very easy to do this or that, sitting down coolly at home, and quite another thing to meet the actual difficulties which present themselves in such a case. I did try, of course, to find my way back to the Doctor's—I did think of my pistol, but I doubt if it could have been heard beyond the reach of a clear and manly voice; and, as the event afterwards proved, the pistol was useless. All I can say is, I did the best I could, and I do not believe any one would be willing to put himself in a similar condition in the confidence that he could do better. Place any man in an open field, blindfold him, lead him off a few hundred yards, turn him about three or four times to settle his recollections and fix the points of compass in his mind, and then let him try to return to his starting place, and see how far he will diverge from the right direction. My situation was precisely the same as this

when I was first lost, added to which I was not fully aware of my danger, and did not take the precautions I otherwise might.

I make no pretensions to be a Fremont or a Kit Carson, but I very much doubt if their skill and experience would have been of any avail, if they had been lost as I was, in such a country as I have described, without sun, moon or stars, shrub or tree to guide them. In one respect they would have doubtless been more sensible than I was—they would not have got lost at all. At any rate, I succeeded in getting out at last, for which I live to be thankful, and—"that's something."

I have recently related this adventure, with more of detail than would be suitable to the pages of a magazine, to a highly esteemed friend, Captain Marcy, of the U. S. Army, who has been lost and found so often—so often killed and brought to life again, by the newspapers, during his last tour of exploration on the plains (an interesting and valuable report of which is, by order of Congress, in the course of publication), and who is probably one of the best frontier men in the country; and I have his testimony to the exceeding difficulty and peril of my situation, and to the perseverance and courage which resulted in my deliverance.

In concluding the narrative of this personal adventure, let me give the reader, who has been interested enough to follow it to its termination, two words of advice. The first is, that if he should ever have the hardihood to undertake the toilsome and perilous journey to California overland, he should beware of ever leaving his camp or the road, without first pretty well understanding how he is to get back, and without having a compass in his pocket. The second is, not to go by the overland route at all. It will not pay. There is nothing to compensate for the fatigue, exposure, and expense. It is much better to cross the Isthmus, to go by way of Nicaragua, to make the voyage round the Horn—and better than all, to go—in a horn—i. e., *STAY AT HOME!*

MODERN PROPHETS.

JOAN D'ARC.

THIS age of ours does not seem to be exactly fulfilling the promise of the godfathers who stood foremost at its baptism. The promise was, that the old faiths and enthusiasms were to be done entirely away, and all things were to be made new in the clear light of exact science, and by the strong hand of mechanical art. The French Encyclopedists supposed that they were exhausting human wisdom in their cart-load of quartos, and that after them no sane man would presume to assert any conviction which the five senses could not verify, or the calculus could not prove. The whole problem of the universe was solved into the simple facts of matter and motion; thought was evidently one of the secretions of the brain, fancy a gambol of the blood, and religion a device of priestcraft, in conspiracy with the morbid humors of a dyspeptic stomach. The men of letters in France, who were too sagacious to fall into such bold atheism, were not much above the atheists in their interpretation of the religious history of the race. Voltaire, the keenest of them all, saw nothing but imposture in the leaders of every popular faith; and he who scoffed at the Divine Nazarene could make nothing but a magnificent cheat of Mahomet, and nothing but a crack-brained driveller of Joan d'Arc.

No men of any intellectual mark read the history of the world in this frivolous spirit now. Even the writers more distinguished for their rhetorical brilliancy and keen insight than for any devout enthusiasm, treat religion as one of the great facts of humanity; and when they undertake to expose a superstition, they carefully separate the pernicious error in its composition from the great sentiment of faith with which it has been combined. To say nothing of historians as free as Michelet and Macaulay, we might show that even the most cold and analytical school of art has learned reverence under the guidance of Nature, after the manner of its august master, Goethe, who, in his "Confessions of a Fair Saint," exhibited the devout affections as tenderly as if he had learned them at the feet of Theresa or Zinzendorf. Does not the best thought in recent literature prepare us to accept the position, so well illustrated by all the creative ages and creative minds of the world, that the highest of all power

known by man is that which moves him rather than that which he himself moves? In distinguishing between genius and talent, that sagacious thinker, De Quincey, has defined the former as the state of mind in which the will is passive, under the influence of ideas, whilst talent is defined as the state of mind in which the will deliberately does its work. No honored authority is needed, however, to prove, that he who is possessed by his subject is above him who boasts of possessing it; for any child can tell the difference at once, as soon as he compares the speaker or writer who is all on fire with his subject, with him who deliberately sets it forth as a substance quite foreign to his own soul, however much under his mastery. This fact gives us the key to many a strange problem in history, and must be kept in sight in interpreting our own times. The leading question to be asked concerning a man is not so much "what plans does he set in motion?" as "what are the powers that possess and move him?" If not by genius, certainly by a power practically more efficient, the world has been governed, and is likely still to be governed, through the influence of men who are mastered by commanding ideas, and capable of possessing other men with the enthusiasm which possesses themselves. We believe, that the most noted leaders of mankind have been moved by a power that seemed to them more like a visitation from above than an invention of their own, and that even the history of conspicuous delusions, if correctly written, would serve to illustrate emotional capacities, that were created for benign uses. The prophet, whether true or false, is he who speaks as he is moved—an *out-teller*, as well as claiming to be a *foreteller*; and the history of false prophets should lead us to interpret reverentially the faculty which they pervert, and the function which they desecrate.

We are going on somewhat quietly now, and our civilization seems to rest upon a basis of scientific fact. We build houses and ships, we plant fields and orchards, we plan roads and canals, we think that we have almost reduced social science to an exact law, and the age of passion and enthusiasm is at an end. Yet who will presume to say that there are no depths yet to be opened in human nature, and that no new facts are to transpire to

baffle the plans of the political economist? Calculation does great things, but not the greatest. It helped Columbus in the discovery of America, but did not give him his commanding motive, nor did the New World with its master spirits. Statesmen have wished to break down the barrier that has shut China against Christendom; but no diplomacy kindled the fire that is now consuming the Mantchou throne, and bringing religious enthusiasm into combination with the old Chinese nationality, to throw open the gates of that mysterious country to the commerce of the world. The greatest events in human history bring their own letter of introduction, and do not ask men leave to come before they appear. Great follies seem to follow something of the same law. Thirty years ago, who would have supposed it possible that a system so monstrous as Mormonism could prosper in a country whose boast is in its freedom and light, and that it would bring a State into our Union under its own sway? In the view of most persons, mesmerism of all kinds belongs to the same category, and the old school of thinkers stand aghast at the claims of judges and senators to hold communication with disembodied spirits.

Our thoughts have been drawn into this channel by reading a charming and instructive little volume, from the pen of the learned and accomplished Karl Hase, of the University of Jena. It is entitled, "*Modern Prophets*,"* and is made up of a few graphic historical papers, read at reunions of ladies and gentlemen at Jena and Weimar. The fascinating narrative in the text, with the rich learning in the accompanying notes, gives the book great value, alike for what it teaches and for what it suggests. Without being trammelled by his pages, we will take from them some hints that may throw light on certain of the illusions of our own day. It needs no great sagacity to draw from the researches of this profound church historian, proofs that our America, in this nineteenth century, is not wholly different from France, Italy, and Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Let our first illustration be from France, and from the career of that singular being who is usually portrayed more as a creature of romance than as a historical personage—Jean d'Arc. Fascinating, however, is the garb in which poetry has arrayed the heroic maiden, in the plain

guise of sober history, she wins far more upon our pity and admiration. The story of her condemnation and of her posthumous acquittal, with all the legal documents and historical memorials connected with her career, recently published, for the first time, by Jules Quicherat, in Paris, gives Joanna a far higher moral and philosophical interest, even, than the splendid drama by which Schiller so powerfully vindicated her name from the ribaldry of Voltaire and his school of scoffers.

To find the home of the heroine who was to rescue the nationality of France from the rapacity of England, in the fifteenth century, we look to the little village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She was born, in 1412, of respectable parents, who won a frugal livelihood, by their own labor, upon a little land with a few cattle. The child was brought up with the other children of the house and the village, and when of sufficient age, she worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed and spun. Her playmates often joked her upon her compassionate and devout sensibility; yet, in spite of their jokes, she would often go apart by herself in the pasture, as if to talk with God. Her passion for almsgiving was so great that she sometimes gave away her father's property, and occasionally she resigned her own bed to the poor, and slept upon the hearth. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write, and her mother taught her the Lord's prayer, the angelus, and the creed. Nevertheless, she was a most resolute devotee, went every morning to mass, knelt reverently at the vesper bell, and every Saturday she walked up the woody hill above Domremy to the chapel of the holy virgin of Vermont, to whom she lighted a taper, and, when the season allowed, she offered a bunch of flowers. She was thirteen years old when the strange appearances came to her which shaped her destiny. She was walking in her father's garden on a fast day, when she heard a voice coming in the direction of the church, and attended by a great brightness. She was at first alarmed, but afterwards became assured that it was the voice of the archangel Michael. Announced by him, St. Catherine and St. Margaret also appeared, and often returned. These saints told her very simple things, quite in the manner of a child's fancies; she was to go from time to time to confession, and was to be a good girl.

* *Die Propheten, Drei historische-politische Kirchenbilder. Von Dr. Karl Hase, Professor an der Universität zu Jena.* Leipzig, pp. ix, 367.

The little devotee clung rapturously to this stolen communion with heaven. She received her celestial guests upon her knees, with clasped hands; she kissed the ground which they touched; she wept at their departure, and crowned their statues in the church. Before, she had taken pleasure in dancing with the villagers, every spring-time, about the old beech tree—the fairy beech near the chapel of the Lady of Vermont; but, after that visitation, she forsook the old sports, and would not sanction an amusement that had grown out of a heathen superstition. No girlish love affair appears ever to have touched her heart, although a subject so much talked of by the village maidens was no stranger to her thoughts, and she kept her virgin freedom only by the most decided refusal of all overtures, maintaining that the two saints had received her vow of virginity, and had promised to lead her to Paradise if she kept the vow. Schiller has departed from the truth of history in ascribing a romantic passion to his heroine, and the Duke of Weimar pleasantly defended this fiction on the ground that those gentlemen, the poets, had a right, like the Creator, to make something out of nothing. Hase well replies that the Creator, who made all things from the beginning, understands also what poetry is, and that the real Maid of Orleans has fought a much severer battle in her own heart than the maiden of the romantic tragedy, and her fate is still more tragic.

Turn from this picture of rural innocence, and look at the fearful strifes that were rending France. The storm that swept over the nation was at last to reach the gentle lily that bloomed unseen in that quiet vale. A constant quarrel between France and England had been kept alive by the fact that the Kings of England, as Dukes of Normandy, were vassals of the French crown, and were constantly tempted to solve the problem of sovereignty by the sword. Driven from the very field of their noted victories, and crowded into a few strongholds on the sea-coast by the rising spirit of French nationality, the English were led to revive all their old hopes, at the beginning of the 15th century, by the incapacity of the king, and the discord of the royal family, of France. At last Paris was occupied by English troops; and before the judgment-seat of the feeble old king the Dauphin was arraigned for the murder of the Duke of Burgundy, and excluded from the throne, which was made over to the King of England, as the rightful heir. The end

of the Empire of the Lilies seemed near, and France to be destined to become English, without any native sovereign. Soon after, the feeble old king died, Henry V. of England was also taken away, and his son, Henry VI., an infant of nine months, was proclaimed Sovereign of France and England, under the regency of his uncle. The north of France, with Paris, the bourgeoisie, and the Burgundian nobility, saw in the dominion of the English the end of strife; but the south, the country people, and a part of the nobility, stood by the lineal heir, Charles VII., and by the old nationality. It was a dark day for France. A single fact is enough to state. The people of Paris broke into the prisons, murdered all the prisoners, to the number of three thousand, and in one winter night the wolves came into the streets of the city and devoured the carcasses.

At this time Joan d'Arc grew up, and shared all the loyalty so characteristic of her village. There was only one villager there who favored the Burgundian faction; and the Maid confessed afterwards that she would have liked to break his head, if it had pleased God. It is not clear at precisely what time she received the call to devote herself to the nation; but there can be no doubt of the remarkable character of the alleged communications which came to her. The archangel told her, she thought, in the most explicit way, that God has great compassion for the French people—that she was to be a good child, and to go to the aid of their king. Her saints also offered to open the way. Weeping, she said: "I am but a poor maiden, and know nothing of riding or of war." The saints replied that she was to go to Vaucouleurs, where she would find a captain of the royal army, who would lead her to the king. She afterwards said that she did not speak of these voices to any one in Domremy, although it was not forbidden her. Enough of what was going on in her mind, however, escaped her lips to alarm her father, and probably to make him dream about her going away with soldiers—an idea which struck the old man with such horror, that he declared to his son, that he would sooner have her drowned. By stratagem she at last succeeded in escaping to Vaucouleurs with her uncle, under the pretence of taking care of his sick wife. The uncle first, however, named her project to the king's captain there, who told him to give the jade a couple of good boxen ears, and send her home to her father. But she was not to be de-

red; and, following her uncle to the
in the plain red dress of a peasant
in, she formally demanded of the captain
is escort to the king, since the Lord
ould secure to him the throne. Still
epulsed, she remained with a citizen's
ife, with whom she went daily to mass.
Her devout life and enthusiastic confidence
gradually won believers within her little
circle.

She said—"I must to the Dauphin, although I would much rather sit with my poor mother and spin—for the King of heaven has intrusted me with this mission, and by Mid-Lent I must be with the Dauphin, even if I creep along on my knees." Old legends of the salvation of France by a woman of Lorraine came to strengthen her conviction, and to add to the excitement, which went so far that, somewhat to her amusement, she was thought by some of the people to be a witch. Joanna, however, did not prevail upon the captain to attend her to the Dauphin; and she returned to her uncle, but found no peace. Again she came to Vaucouleurs, and again in vain. She induced her uncle to go with her on foot to the royal camp; but it occurred to her on the way, that she could not be received at court without a letter of recommendation from home, and she went back to Vaucouleurs.

The faith in her divine mission so grew, that the Duke of Lorraine sought her aid in a mortal sickness, when she said that nothing was revealed to her upon that point—yet she would pray for his recovery; and she demanded his son and troops to lead her to France. Finally, two noblemen volunteered to conduct her to the king, and the captain consented. "Come what may!" he said as he took his departure. He had given her a sword, and her adherents had provided her with a horse and with the dress of a knight. She kept her calm confidence during the dangerous journey, through a hostile region; wished to stop to hear mass; and on the eleventh day, shortly before reaching the camp, she heard three masses before the image of her saints, and sent word to the king, at Chinon, of her approach. It was doubted whether his Majesty could with propriety receive an adventurer like this girl; but his despair of human help forced him to rely upon preternatural aid; and Joanna, as soon as she reached the Loire, and entered the public street, was preceded by the cry that a young shepherdess, sent by God, had come to free Orleans, and to lead the king to Rheims. After other days' consultation and examination, she was admitted to the castle of Chinon, and knelt before the king. He

had stood aside to test her prophetic gift, and when she knelt before him he pointed to one of the lords in the great hall of audience, and said—"That is the king." She replied—"By my God, noble prince, you are he, and none other." Upon this, the king asked her name. "Noble Dauphin, I am called Joanna the Maiden, and the Lord of heaven bids you, through me, to be crowned in the city of Rheims, and be a lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is the true King of France. God has pity upon you and your people, because Saint Louis and Charles the Great are upon their knees before Him, and pray for you."

Joanna stood bravely, and often answered very smartly the questions of the University, and Parliament of Poitiers, to whom the king referred her claims, and the very dignitaries who had pronounced the whole affair the merest fantasy, said after the interview that she was surely a marvellous creature of God. One eye-witness testifies that she appeared at Court as if born there, whilst another asserts that she seemed as humble as a shepherd girl. Both witnesses agree in the opinion that, respecting her mission, her speech was grand and noble; but otherwise it was that of a poor child of the people. She was eighteen years old at this time, and if we may venture to complete the traits drawn from authentic sources by the less authenticated testimony of an ancient statue, she was rather large for her sex, very strong, yet slender and delicate in shape, countenance pleasant, complexion uniform and very pale, eyes large and almond-shaped, the apple of the eye, light brown, with a greenish tinge, in expression somewhat melancholy, but unspeakably lovely, the forehead of moderate height, the nose straight and a little thin, the lips finely cut and red, the hollow between the lower lip and chin strongly marked, rich chestnut brown hair, put back over the temples, fell upon the white neck, but was cut rounding in the knightly fashion.

Such was the fair creature who went forth in mailed armor to fight the battles of France against an enemy whose hate had grown with centuries, and whose invading force was now strengthened by French factions. At Blois she unfurled her banner, and the great host there assembled were inflamed with new enthusiasm, as they saw upon its pure white folds the figure of the Saviour, two angels kneeling with lilies on each side, and underneath, the inscription, Jesus Maria. The way towards Orleans lay by the

banks of the Loire, through that garden of France, in the very bloom of spring; and preceded by chanting priests, and escorting large herds of cattle for victualing the city, the army had the appearance of a peaceful pilgrimage. What poet could create a scene more expressive of whatever was noblest and fairest in those old ages of chivalry and devotion! It was but the faith of the times incarnated in one whose sex and purity every Ave Maria had taught the people to adore; it was the spirit of the prevalent Mary-worship carried from the sanctuary into the camp, and stirring the fiercest of passions by the gentlest of affections. Need we say that this vision of light must go out in darkness, and that nothing but a perpetual miracle could keep a human creature upon the ethereal height where Joanna stood? The story of her destiny is too familiar to repeat. Soon Orleans called her its deliverer, and there, and in other cities in quick succession, the lilies of France waved loyally from towers so lately insulted by the invader's flag. In spite of all opposition, the Maid insisted upon pushing to Rheims; she stood with her banner by the altar at the coronation of the Dauphin, and was first to kneel at his feet after he received the crown. This was the meridian of her glory. This simple girl of Domremy was now the foremost personage of France, and history itself plays the artist in telling us that her father, and brother, and uncle were witnesses of her honors, contrasting thus by their presence the splendors of the Court with the simplicity of her native home.

As rapidly as her success her downfall came. Who does not know of her rash attack upon Paris, the misgivings that began to question her inspiration, and the series of disasters, ending in her capture at Compiègne, and her execution in 1431. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser arts; and never did a holier light shine out from the crackling fires of a martyr's pile, than when this lily of France was cast into the flames. The attendant priest heard her, as the fire was doing its deadly work, invoke her saints—and her last word was her Saviour's name. The cross afterwards planted upon the place of execution at Rouen was a fitting memorial of her self-sacrifice, and of the penitence of her murderers.

Never more interest was attached to the character of Joan d'Arc, as a philosophical study, than now. It is very easy to call her a half-crazy enthusiast.

and set down her story in the vulgar annals of superstition. But the candor and good sense of our age seeks a worthier solution, and no fair-minded student of history is willing to allow so interesting a chapter to pass by without connecting its lessons with some traits of our common nature. The Maid of Orleans was a human creature like ourselves, and the mind which in her was so strangely moved was essentially the same organ that we possess. That she was an impostor no sane thinker will now assert, for it would be far more remarkable for an ignorant, sensitive girl to carry out such an imposture in the camp and Court, at the altar, and even at the stake, than to have received the supernatural commission which she claimed. Nor do we explain the chief fact in her career when we ascribe her influence over France to the force of religious and martial enthusiasm, so inflamed by her pretensions or her faith. She herself is the great problem, and we cannot settle it without some due recognition of the emotional powers of our nature in connection with religious influences. Nothing can be clearer than that she thought she saw visions and heard voices which moved her to her most conspicuous acts. We do not mean to say that there were external objects corresponding with those vows and visions; but that such impressions as she insisted upon declaring were actually made upon her perceptive organs. Before her inquisitors, when severely threatened, she sometimes wavered in asserting this; but her misgiving at last wholly ceased, and in prison and at the stake she maintained the reality of the communications. Now we do not feel bound to explain all the strange experiences of the soul any more than the strange phenomena of Nature, and we are ready to allow that there are many dark nooks and corners in the human mind, in spite of the doctors and metaphysicians. We may nevertheless connect Joanna's visitations with those of a large class of minds similarly constituted, and who are still to be found. The old devotees thought little of hearing voices and of seeing visions in the open day, and a man of exact science like Swedenborg could be as familiar with the people of his day-dream land as with his acquaintance in the street or social circle, noting down the words of Plato or Luther as readily as his own table-talk. It is very clear that if, in the ordinary state of the system, external objects are needed to act upon the nerves of sight and hearing, there may be an extraordinary state of the system in which internal

convictions or emotions convey external impressions, or affect the organs of sense precisely like external objects. There is no more decided illustration of this fact than the case of the English artist, Blake, who died in 1812. In youth his powers had been severely tasked, and through life his days were given to the most engrossing labor. His ideal faculty, so little exercised by the drudgery of engraving and ordinary painting, would revel in a world of its own, and when the day's work was done, he hurried to the interview with his phantasmal guests, by the sea-shore, as eagerly as a *bon vivant* goes to his boon companions. He met the shades of Pindar, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and so distinct was the impression upon his senses, that he frequently made sketches of their features,—and in one case he wrote down a poem dictated to him by Milton—a poem not extant in Milton's lifetime, and apparently bearing the same relation to his muse that would be expected by all who are familiar with the recent issue of poetry and prose from the mighty spirits that wait upon the rapping conclave. In another instance he saw the form of the hero Wallace, and while sketching him, he was interrupted by the shade of Edward I., who disappeared too soon to admit of a complete sketch, and allowed him to go on with the Scotch hero's portrait. This artist's experience certainly illustrates a law of the human constitution, of which every day-dreamer has some slight knowledge, and it enables us to explain without miracle Joanna's voices and visions of angels and saints. The thought that so haunted her mind may have projected itself before her senses in the form of the saint nearest her affections. Bred up in one of the strongholds of ancient loyalty, her devotion may have been influenced by the familiar legend that a woman of Lorraine was to be the deliverer of France; and her nerves, so delicate from her habits of fasting, may have readily lent their service to her fancy, like the chemist's silvered plate presented to the play of the solar light. She did not claim preternatural guidance upon all subjects; but only in what concerned her main duty to France, and the salvation of her soul. If in many points her alleged visitants left her in darkness, it must be allowed that some of their predictions and promises were remarkably fulfilled. Let us bear in mind, however, the fact that their communications turned upon one commanding idea, and all the power of her contagious enthusiasm would therefore tend to turn promise into pro-

phesy by securing the result indicated. Hase sagaciously remarks that this angel—this Saint Catherine—is her own high soul unconscious of itself, like the *dæmon* of Socrates; hence she was led by her counsels, and she said very naively of her saints—"I am always of their opinion." We are not disposed to deny the many instances of wonderful presentiment which history and biography record. With all our explanation of Joanna's mission upon the ground of known principles, she remains still a wonderful creature of God, and an aureola of mystical light still lingers about her head. We understand enough of her to claim a place for her among the daughters of men, and to discern in her, traits that are acting still upon the destinies of our race. Her career proves how much stronger the emotions are than the calculating understanding, and that still, as of old, "out of the heart are the issues of life." She was not a perfect saint without human temper and foibles. She had her little fits of pettishness, and could sometimes scold, like others of her sex, railing at the English as a set of God-dams, as she usually called them, and threatening to kill the Hussites in a bunch if they did not return to the true faith. It is precisely this natural impulsiveness—this mingling of childish naïveté with heroic inspiration—that gives her the chief hold upon our wonder and admiration.

Our idea would be fitly carried out by adding to this sketch of the Maid of Orleans some description of two characters unlike her, and unlike each other except in the point of their reputation as prophetic leaders. We mean Savonarola, whose majestic presence so long saved Florence from aristocratic oppression and democratic license, and who under his monkish garb bore to the scaffold in 1498 the seeds of religious liberty which Luther afterwards planted broadcast among the nations; and to step forward nearly a half century in time and to descend infinitely in the moral scale, we mean also John of Leyden, the tailor prophet and king of the Anabaptists of Munster, who, amid his seraglio of sixteen wives, mingled a sincere fanaticism with the most monstrous self-indulgence, and like the Apostles of Mormonism, sent out disciples to summon the world to allegiance from a court rivaling the Turk's in licentiousness. But we cannot enter into these subjects now without going beyond our limit, and we have said enough to indicate our purpose and illustrate its main idea.

When we read these and the like pro-

sages of history, we are very apt to congratulate ourselves upon living in these days of common sense, when the rule of reason has set all such hallucinations aside. Let us not be too sure of our exemption; we may have a madness of our own, even in the absorbing passion with which our shrewd schemers pursue what to them is the one thing needful, and we doubt very much if one of our keenest money kings could, when tried by the standard of true wisdom, make out a clearer proof of sanity than any of the mystical dreamers of the old days of superstition. He, certainly, who is so busy with getting a living as never to have time to live, whose imagination is haunted with visions of gold and merchandise which exist merely in his fancy, whose soul is shut out from the great realities that sages have loved, has little right to make merry at his fellow-madmen who have made the noble mistake of losing sight of things present in their dreams of the worlds unseen. If we could catch a good specimen of the Wall-street type of worldly wisdom, who lives among fancies of the financial kind, and have his claims to sanity tried before Rhadamanthus, in comparison with one of the old monks who entertained angels or exorcised devils, we should be little disposed to bet on the Wall-street side. Surely we have our own madness, and Mammon is the god who gives the afflatus to the new divination. We have not seen the end of it yet, nor can any man tell how far the hallucination of the dominant materialism may go until the reaction begins, and perhaps some new age of enthusiasm leads off the future of our race.

One thing is very certain, and with stating it, we end our prosing. He is a

happy man whose mind at the outset of his career is so possessed by a true, brave purpose that it moves him to the last, and beneath all his thoughts and plans, shapes and exalts his whole future. That is the best education which most duly recognizes this truth, and aims to train youth not merely to act truly but to be truly acted upon, by looking as well to the unconscious motive springs as to the conscious and deliberate plans of conduct. A far higher place must be given to the emotions and imagination, those powers that have an almost prophetic function in our destiny, and which can lift us to the heavens or drag us to the dust. Prepossessed by true ideals, the chamber of imagery filled with forms of beauty and wisdom, the affections pervaded by a noble love, and the whole soul trained in true relations with the divine kingdom, our rising youth may unite the fervor of those old centuries with the keen science and the mighty art of our time. Sagacious men may have Savonarola's prophet-like fire without any surrender of their reasonable hope for humanity to wild dreams of the fifth monarchy on earth, and fair women may keep all the sobriety of their judgment and the propriety of their sex without falling short of the high hearted enthusiasm and spiritual receptivity that gave such fascination and power to Joanna of Arc. If the guides of education who hold the future of Christendom in their hands, do not make more account of the ministry of the emotions and the imagination, it may be that the power of these faculties will be illustrated upon a grand scale in a much baser form, and some John of Leyden catching the passions of the age, may mingle war, lust, and avarice into a new fanaticism, of which the Mormon prophet is but the tame precursor.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG ARTIST.

IN my childhood I was very intimate with a portrait of a gentleman—my uncle John—which hung in our parlor. This parlor was not often used, for we always sat in the kitchen, unless we had company; but I stole in there every day to gaze upon that interesting countenance. What particularly gratified me was the blueness of the eyes, the very long eyelashes, each one separately painted—just like life—and the way in which the dimple in the chin was shaded; so that it seemed

as if I could put my finger into it. I tried to do so several times, and ran some risk of making a serious hole in the canvas.

In this portrait art first dawned upon me; but to my boyish eyes it seemed to shine in its full glory, when I went one afternoon with my mother to take tea with her friend, Mrs. Brown, and I could scarcely pay any attention to the cakes and preserves placed before me, so bewildered with delight was I by a pic-

ture of Jephthah meeting his daughter, which hung opposite. Jephthah, in a very plummy helmet, starting back on very strong legs. I thought very expressive of a father's feelings. His tall daughter, arrayed in a lilac mantle, and pink dress with a long train, immediately became my ideal of unattainable female beauty. The attendant damsel, with her willowy figure, and white dress. I thought extremely pretty also: I knew a slender little girl who wore a white dress and blue sash to church, whom she looked very much like.

The next day I made a fine drawing of this picture on our barn door. Jephthah was drawn in a black tunic, with red chalk legs. The daughter's mantle was stained lilac with iris-petals, her train pink with rose ditto. The maiden was drawn in white chalk with bewitching grace. I could not make Jephthah stand very firmly on his legs, and start back at the same time; but Miss Jephthah's train gave great steadiness and composure to her figure. This spirited sketch was the admiration of all the neighboring boys, and they came every day for me to draw them in warlike positions, to represent Jephthah's army standing around him. One day I made a hasty sketch of my dog, Skyblue, in his favorite attitude, and, stepping back to mark the effect, found he was biting the heels of Jephthah. How the boys laughed! I made a new drawing of the augmented father, and greatly improved upon the hands, spreading them out like Mr. Plamdown's, when he was giving the parting blessing to his congregation, only opening the fingers wider to express consternation.

One day one of the boys brought an artist, who was boarding at his house, to look at my frescoes. He laughed, and told me if I would come to his room, he would paint Jephthah for me. With a feeling approaching awe I watched him creeping into life the well-known forms. Yet I was not wholly satisfied with the result. I thought Jephthah's figure was not thrown back enough to express his emotion with sufficient force, and that the daughter had lost much of her queenliness with her train. The damsel who followed was no longer white, and did not look in the least like Fanny Ann.

Mr. Ochre went away the next day, but left me a few paints and brushes, and told me I would come to New-York in the winter, he would teach me something. This now became the height of my ambition, and I tried to devise schemes by which I could earn a little money to pay

my board there. "I could live out at some farmer's, and earn good wages by my labor," I told my mother,—I was just twelve years old.

She smiled, and told me they would only give me my clothes.

"I can draw, and sell my drawings."

She smiled again.

"Well, then, after I have improved a little, I can take portraits, and be paid for them."

She smiled approvingly this time, and I felt that my way lay open before me.

I wished to run directly to Fanny Ann's house—into which I had never yet entered—and ask her to sit to me; but I felt a little timid about it. I might not take a good likeness, and she would laugh at me—girls did laugh so! I had better take private sketches of her at church in the hymn-books, I thought, and practise upon my mother first, who immediately proposed putting on her black silk dress, which she had worn for the last ten years on state occasions; but her everyday short-gown would be more picturesque, I thought. She could not be quite reconciled to this. The villagers were accustomed to the black silk, and she thought it due to them and to me that she should be taken in it. However, the portrait was painted in the short-gown; but the villagers never saw much of it. It was not considered a very good likeness, for somehow I got a dark frown about the eyes, and a very dejected expression about the mouth. My mother never frowned, and looked particularly smiling while I was painting her.

I had a hard time of it that winter: so many brave designs launched forth upon the tide of hope, and run aground upon unknown bars. In the summer Mr. Ochre came again and taught me how to steer my way better. He told me that faces should not appear to be pasted flat to the canvas, and that a dark outline all round them was not perfectly true to nature; that lips were not exactly vermilion, nor cheeks pure lake; and eyes were not made of stone; that shadows were not a distinct feature of the face; and lights did not consist entirely of white paint. I learned a wonderful deal from him in a few weeks; and having painted many portraits of the worthy people about me, which sold for two dollars a piece, and scraped together a little money, I went to New-York in the winter with a bounding heart—perfectly conscious that I was the great American genius.

The first thing I did in New-York, after settling myself in the little attic

room Mr. Ochre had engaged for me, was to find my way to a picture gallery. I neither shouted nor jumped when I entered; but was certainly very much dazzled. It was partly the picture frames, I thought—they were so very bright. I immediately saw the importance of gilt frames, and that without one no painting could be of any value. I wondered how much they cost, and whether I could afford to buy one for my portrait of Fanny Ann, which I had brought to the city with me. I knew at once there was no painting in the gallery equal to that; and walked along with the proud consciousness that I was the creator of that gem, which only needed a fine frame to be instantly brought down from my attic, into the public gaze, for the delight of every one. However, I did pause a moment before one little head—the head of a child with a smile in her eyes, and life upon her lips. I looked into the catalogue to be sure that it was good. It was by Copley. "An old-fashioned painter," I thought. "I shall do better things soon."

Then I came to a young lady in a green dress and black waist, turning her head towards the spectator, and stepping into a brook. "Excellent!" I exclaimed. "That looks a little like Jephthah's daughter, only she is not quite so tall." Then came a very puzzling head: I could not tell to what race it belonged—"Indian, I suppose." It was named, "Portrait of Judge G." He could not have been an Indian; it must be the shadows. What infatuated young artist could have sent that here?" Then came two little girls holding a kitten between them. Sweet little innocents! *That* looked like one of my own pictures, and I looked for the name: "Infancy, by P. Pinkall." "I shall certainly make Mr. Pinkall's acquaintance," I thought. Then came a young lady looking over her shoulder in the loveliest manner. Such golden hair—such blue veins—such a rose-tint on the cheek—such heavenly eyes! Such a transparent creature altogether! I stood enraptured: that *was* better than Fanny Ann. "Fancy head, by T. Sully," I found it to be. "Oh, what a fancy!" I exclaimed, in boyish enthusiasm, "*That* I can never surpass."

A young man was copying it, and I immediately resolved that I would do the same. Mr. Ochre came into the gallery at that moment, and I hastened to meet him. "I have found the most exquisite painting!" I exclaimed, leading him eagerly towards it, "and I know you will approve of my copying it."

"What,—that waxy little thing," he said. "My dear child, do you not know better than that, after all my instructions?" and he took me back to the head by Copley, and told me I might copy that if I could. "But you had better not copy any thing," he added—"draw from nature, my boy. Go on as you have begun, only do not make your faces pink and white, and get Fanny Ann out of your mind as fast as you can." I wondered how he knew that I thought about Fanny Ann; I had never mentioned her name but twice in his presence, and then almost in a whisper.

So I went to Mr. Ochre's studio every day: and Irish boys were hired from the street to sit for me and the other pupils. Very unfit subjects for my brush I thought them, until I chanced to see a picture of a beggar boy by Murillo, and then they rose in my esteem. I had heard that Murillo was a very great genius, and if he painted beggar boys, why should not I?

Well, I painted Irish boys and German boys, until I knew I had learned all I could from Mr. Ochre, and that it was time for me to set up my own studio, and patronize American ladies—immortalize them as only a genius can. "R. Gumbo, Portrait Painter," was the golden name upon the sign that decked one corner of a doorway, which led to a flight of stairs, which led to another flight of stairs, and so on to the fourth story, where I sat in state, awaiting my unknown visitors. My studio was furnished with a skylight, an easel, an old shawl with a very effective border, covering a table on which stood a torso, a small Venus, a chair for the sitter, and two for friends, a lay figure, six new, suggestive canvases, and my paint brushes. "Now, I am ready!" I exclaimed, wielding my maul-stick and making a thrust at the portrait of an Irish boy eating an apple. "My dear little fellow, you will soon see what beauty and grace will appear." I had gone to my studio at nine o'clock—I stayed until dark: I ate two crackers for dinner, and an apple, like the Irish boy, and nobody came. I wondered at it very much. Two of my best portraits were in the Exhibition, and I thought the public were dying to be taken. "But they cannot know I am here," I meditated. "One little sign in a city full of signs attracts no attention. I ought to advertise my number; but advertising is so expensive. I wish some one would buy my pictures in the Exhibition; but there is no love for art in this country. Rosewood and buhl

are more valued than genius. Oh Italy!" I sighed, and locked my door, and went home to my attic.

I thought my pictures might have sold, if the subjects had been of more general interest. "No one wants portraits except relations, and the relations of these cannot afford to purchase such luxuries," I said. "If I paint a composition, it will find a ready sale,—what shall it be?" My imagination was filled with the remembrance of Jephthah and his daughter; but I did not care to attempt the warrior, and the daughter alone would hardly suffice; so I determined to paint Iphigenia as priestess at Aulis.

I draped my lay figure with a sheet, and commenced. The treatment was purely classical. The garment fell in dignified folds to the feet, broken only by an invisible girdle at the waist: it was fastened on each shoulder by a burning gem,—I painted them from two brass brooches, set with crimson glass, which I bought for the occasion. One hand rested lightly upon an altar, represented by my table and the bordered shawl—the other was pressed upon her breast. The arms were very white, and one of them quite round. The face was raised, and the expression of pious resignation was very well given. The hair was beautifully dishevelled. The blue Mediterranean in the distance led the eye to the horizon, and the mind to reverie. The figure was half-size, and I was a whole week painting it. I worked quite steadily, fearing visitors might come if I went out. Occasionally, exhausted by the inspiration of my subject, I took a short walk; but always pinned up a paper to say that I should return immediately, and placed a chair outside my door, thinking ladies would be out of breath coming up so many stairs, and would wait longer if they found a resting-place. When I returned, I always felt quite sure that some one had called during my absence, and I regretted that I had been out.

When my painting was finished, I doubted whether I had better ask Mr. Delme to come and look at it, or not. I knew there was great jealousy among artists, and feared he might not be pleased to find his pupil had become his rival; but I told him in an off-hand way, one day, that I had a picture on my easel he might like to stop in and look at some time when he was passing; and he came.

I saw a smile quivering upon his lips as he stood before it. He walked about my studio, looked at the torso, praised my Venus, asked me where I bought my paints, approached the priestess, and

burst into a loud laugh. "I can't stand it, Gumbo," he exclaimed: "It is too good!"

I knew it was good myself, but its merits had a very different effect upon me. I was astonished at his laughing; I had intended that the painting should produce exalted emotions, mingled with sorrow. "How did you make the folds of that drapery so straight?" he said; "you must have ruled them, and there are no limbs under them. The arms are like chop-sticks; they are not half so good as those of little Patrick Mahone, you painted six months ago. The head is stuck on with a skewer, is it not? Nothing else could keep it up so. And the figure does not stand—a breath of air would puff it all away. No, no; this will never do. You must keep to real life; your fancy pictures are absolutely good for nothing." And he turned to me with what he intended for a good-natured smile, I suppose; but I saw that jealous look in the corner of his eye.

"The public shall judge between us," I said, quite grandly.

He looked at me as if he would laugh again; but laying his hand on my shoulder, said—"Come, my boy, I see how it is. You think you have done something very good, and that I am envious of you. I assure you by all I know of art that the whole thing is ridiculous. Place it in the exhibition, and you will see that it is so considered; but send it anonymously, I beg of you. I should not like to have your name laughed at."

"Yes," thought I; "he wishes to have the credit of it himself; and it is a little in his style, certainly."

"And now I will tell you what I will do for you," he continued. "A little cousin of mine wishes me to paint her before her father's birth-day; but I have too much on my hands just at present. You shall do it. You can sometimes hit upon a likeness,—and if you do not satisfy her, why, I will paint her afterwards. She is rich, and can afford to pay for two pictures, and ought to encourage young artists,—she has a fancy for these things herself. She has some beauty, and if you treat the subject artistically, you can make a pretty picture of it. I will make the proposal to her this evening, and let you know her answer, if you will call upon me to-morrow." And taking my half-reluctant hand, he bade me good morning.

"Very patronizing!" I thought. "He will paint her himself if I do not succeed! I will have nothing to do with it. But,

young, and beautiful, and fond of these things—it is a temptation. I will make up my mind what to do in the morning.” Meantime I considered the style in which I should paint her. “I succeed so well in heads looking up,” I thought, glancing at Iphigenia. “But I should not like to have two pictures alike even if they were both very good. I might have the face looking down, and a blue mantle on the head, and the hands folded. Ochre would certainly call that treating the subject artistically, so many old pictures are painted in that style. She probably has pretty hands,—if not, I can make them so.”

The next day, while I was yet hesitating whether to go to Ochre’s or not, I heard ladies’ voices and a gentle knock at my door. I flew round to arrange my studio; threw a cloth over the Priestess, to give her a mysterious effect—only a few folds of her robe and a sandalled foot were visible; placed a sketch on my easel, and opening the door made a low bow to the ladies, with my palette and stick in my hand. I flattered myself *that* effect was artistic.

The elder lady introduced herself as Mrs. Beljay, who had brought her daughter to sit to me. Actually there—my first sitter! She was soon seated in the chair with a blue mantle thrown over her. I asked her to incline her head slightly and to fold her hands—they were very pretty ones. “Do I not look like a wounded dove?” she asked her mother, and they began to laugh.

I begged her to keep her face still, and going across the room for something, carelessly brushed the cloth from Iphigenia, hoping the sight of that sorrowful countenance would give a more subdued expression to hers, but they both laughed very much, although evidently trying not to do so. They made little jokes and pretended they were laughing at those. Miss Beljay said she thought she could maintain the expression I wished if she had knitting with her, and other silly things; but a wild fear shot through me that they were laughing at Iphigenia, and I suddenly took it away. Then they became very quiet, and I made an excellent sketch. They wished to see it, but I could not permit them to, so soon. Mrs. Beljay said she did not think it could be like, for Fanny had never been so still in her life before. I started at the name. “She also is Fanny!” I thought, “but not my Fanny Ann.”

When they were going away Mrs. Beljay told me they were to have a little party in the evening, and she hoped I

would come with her nephew, Mr. Ochre.

There was an opening into society! I had a nice dress coat and light vest that had belonged to my father, and had been made over for me by my mother, two years before. I bought a new cravat, and spent two hours trying to brush the curls out of my hair and make it look as smooth as that of the young gentlemen I had seen in Broadway. I went to call for Mr. Ochre, very well pleased with myself; I certainly looked much better than he did.

Upon entering the room I was at first dazzled, as I had been by the gilt frames at the Exhibition. There was a great crowd of people, a great deal of noise, and light, and bewilderment. I withdrew into a corner to regain my composure; taking care, however, to stand where I could observe Miss Beljay, for even in the confusion of making my bow, I had seen at a glance that she greatly resembled Jephthah’s daughter. I had thought so a little in the morning, but now I was sure of it; she was so tall and dignified when she was standing, and had on a pink dress too, very long and flowing,—nothing was wanting but the blue mantle.

While I was thus gazing in silence she brought her father and introduced me to him. They conversed with me some time, and were evidently much pleased with me, for they invited me to dine with them the next day.

I was invited there very often during the three weeks Miss Beljay was sitting, much to my own satisfaction. On my way thither one evening with Ochre, he said to me, “It is a good thing to visit in the family of a sitter, you have so many chances of studying your subject. It was on this account that I advised Mrs. Beljay to invite you to her house.”

To him, then, I owed all my invitations and not to my own attractions. I had a great mind not to accept any more, but such opportunities of seeing Miss Beljay were not to be resisted.

At length I announced that the portrait was finished, and Mr. Ochre came with the ladies to see it. He looked from the painting to Miss Beljay and back again to the painting, smiling a little because she smiled, as young ladies often will when looked at. “The mantle is pretty good,” he said, at length, “and the mouth is a little like.”

I believe I should have made some very fierce reply if the ladies had not been there. As it was I turned with great calmness to Mrs. Beljay, and asked her what she thought of it. “It is a little like her,”

she answered, "only much more pensive."

"Fanny, will you please to sit in the chair and hold your head down," said Ochre. "Now let me see. You have made the nose too straight; Fanny's, although a very good one, is not Grecian." There she fairly laughed. "You must have been thinking of some ideal of yours. Neither do her lids droop so heavily; you should have opened the eyes with a more sunny expression. The mouth is a little like, as I told you before, and so is the outline of the face. The mantle hides the fine turn of the head and the beautiful hair. The hands are well enough, only they have not the usual allowance of joints. As for the coloring—it is like plaster of Paris, but that is because you wished to paint her pale, à la Magdalen, perhaps. You must have chosen this style before you had seen her, I think." (I felt a guilty consciousness that I had done so.) "Let me show you how I think she should be drawn."

He sketched in a head, lightly set on the throat and turning with an arch expression as the figure moved away. The hair, softly waving on the forehead was knotted behind, and a flower fell gracefully on one side. The whole figure was airy and elegant.

"There, that is my cousin Fanny as I know her. What do you say, Aunt Julia?"

"It is Fanny herself—nothing could be better!"

I could not but admire the sketch, so free, so characteristic, so lovely, so like the beautiful form which had been before me day after day, and had been hidden from me beneath the mantle of my own misconception. After they had gone away I looked at my poor head, so weak, so spiritless, and turned it with its face to the wall. "All, all wrong!" I exclaimed, and before my face in my hands I should have wept if I had been a boy—but I was a girl, as you told, and could not indulge in that. I remembered all the happy, hopeful days I had passed in painting, all the apparent kindness that had been heaped upon me, and now they had gone, and would never think of me again, or only laugh at my foolish endeavor. I should have known that I would never touch a brush again, and going out wandered about the streets all the evening, with the cold heart.

The next day I could not return to my school. I walked down Broadway and round about the Battery. The waves were breaking against the stones, and I

thought I would go to sea. I walked up Broadway and went into the Exhibition; I saw my two portraits and wished I could shoot them. I looked at every picture in the room, to see if there were any as bad as mine, and found there were many, but was not encouraged by them. My eyes seemed opened by magic. I saw how poor most of them were even in promise, and appreciated the good ones as I had never done before, remembering many things Ochre had said about them, which I had scarcely noticed at the time. I saw that difficulties had been conquered of which I had never dreamed, and that all I had hitherto done was mere child's play. I went toward Ochre's studio, and thought I would go in and ask him to take me as a pupil again, but feared he would not think it worth while. While I paced to and fro on the side-walk, Miss Beljay and her mother came down the steps. I knew she had been sitting to Ochre, but they did not tell me so. They shook hands with me, and Mrs. Beljay said I must send home the picture as soon as it was ready; remarked that it was a pleasant day, &c.; hoped I would be at her reception in the evening; I must come every Thursday, she said, when I was not otherwise engaged.

How the sun shone—how very pleasant the day had become! I ran up into Ochre's room and asked him to take me back. "Gumbo," he said, "you know I would not for the world extinguish the least spark of genius in you or in any one, but think for yourself. You have been painting three or four years, and what does it amount to? You cannot paint a picture that begins to be good. I know you have some talent, but many have as much who do not think of painting as a profession, because they know not to excel in it is to fail. I know I am not a good painter myself," and he looked sadly round his studio. "but will you ever be even so good a one? If not, to devote yourself to Art will be to throw yourself into a sea in which you cannot swim. Would it not be wiser to choose an occupation in which you will be master of your faculties, than one in which you will be the victim of endless hopes, delusions, and disappointments. Think of your mother, too, who can ill spare the money she sends you. For her sake, as well as for your own, I advise you to accept an offer which Mr. Beljay is about to make you. He has occasion, he says, to employ an honest, intelligent young man in his business, and thinks you are such a one as he wants. You will still have some

time for drawing, and if you keep your hand in practice and have much genius, it will burst out at some future day."

Here I saw that smile again, but was not hurt by it now; I smiled also, and told him I knew he was right and I should accept the offer.

With melancholy determination I took down my sign, its gilt letters still untarnished. I carried my easel, my lay figure, and all my valuable possessions to my attic, and took a last fond look of the sky-light which had been the confident of so many aspirations.

My new business was one that was valuable and interesting in itself, as well as profitable, so that I felt I was doing something besides merely making money, and I could not but confess that I was happier while actively employed among other men, than when waiting, and waiting in vain, in my lonely studio.

Yet I sometimes looked back with regret to those days of sweet delusion, and retain such an affection for Iphigenia that I carried it home with me when I went to visit my mother. She regarded it with maternal pride, and gave it an honorable place in her parlor, opposite Uncle John. I laughed very much when I saw that delight of my childhood, so meek and cadaverous it now appeared to me, but I turned to my own picture, and thought it almost as absurd. There

seemed to be a family resemblance between the two—Iphigenia and my Uncle John!

I went with my mother to see Mrs. Brown for the first time since that eventful day on which I was so enraptured by Jephthah's daughter. I sat in the same place at table, and had the same quince, I believe, but could eat it now with perfect composure. I was highly amused to see how flimsy the daughter was in her lilac mantle and pink train, and how very thick Jephthah's sandalled legs had become. The white damsel also was no longer a phantom of delight.

The next morning I called upon Fanny Ann. She was playing a singular tune on a rickety piano. She welcomed me with sweet timidity, and had many pretty little airs and graces; but her hair was in curling-papers, and I did not stay long. I presented her portrait—that gem of art—to her grandmother, whose sight was almost gone, and the good lady was very much delighted with it.

But the river, the hills, and the wide-stretching fields were as beautiful as ever, and I told my mother I should build a pleasanter house on the old place, in a few years, and that she should come and live with me, and—some one else. "Fanny Ann!" said my mother; but I thought of another Fanny.

AURUM POTABILE.

I.

BROTHER Bards of every region—
 Brother Bards, (your name is Legion!)
 Were you with me, while the twilight
 Darkens up my pine-tree skylight—
 Were you gathered, representing
 Every land beneath the sun,
 Oh what songs would be indited,
 Ere the earliest star is lighted,
 To the praise of vino d'oro,
 On the hills of Lebanon!

II.

Yes, while all alone I quaff its
 Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its
 Topaz waves and amber bubbles,
 Still the thought my pleasure troubles,
 That I quaff it all alone.

Oh for Hafiz! glorious Persian!
 Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion
 Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;
 Oh for wreathed Anacreon!
 Yet enough to have the living—
 They, the few, the rapture-giving!
 (Blesséd more than in receiving,)
 Fate, that frowns when laurels wreaths them,
 Once the solace might bequeaths them,
 Once to taste of vino d'oro
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

III.

Lebanon, thou mount of story,
 Well we know thy sturdy glory,
 Since the days of Solomon;
 Well we know the Five old Cedars,
 Scarred by ages—silent pleaders,
 Preaching, in their gray sedateness,
 Of thy forest's fallen greatness—
 Of the vessels of the Tyrian,
 And the palaces Assyrian,
 And the temple on Moriah
 To the High and Holy One!
 Know the wealth of thy appointment—
 Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment;
 But we knew not, till we clomb thee,
 Of the nectar dropping from thee—
 Of the pure, pellucid Ophir
 In the cups of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

IV.

We have drunk, and we have eaten,
 Where Mizraim's sheaves are beaten,
 Tasted Judah's milk and honey,
 On his mountains, bare and sunny;
 Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us
 Never more to leave Damascus;
 And have sung a vintage pæan,
 To the grapes of isles Egean,
 And the flasks of Orvieto,
 Ripened in the Roman sun:
 But the liquor here surpasses
 All that beams in earthly glasses.
 'Tis of this that Paracelsus
 (His elixir vitæ) tells us,
 That to happier shores can float us
 Than Lethæan stems of lotus,
 Straight restores when day is done.
 Then, before the sunset waneth,
 While the rosy tide, that staineth
 Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,
 We will take the fortune proffer'd,
 Ne'er again to be re-offer'd—
 We will drink of vino d'oro
 On the Hills of Lebanon!
 Vino d'oro! vino d'oro!
 Golden blood of Lebanon!

SKETCHES IN A PARIS CAFÉ.

"AND besides, Monsieur, all the talents dine there!"

"I will certainly come. Where shall we meet? What say you to the Galerie d'Orleans, for there one's sheltered from the vicissitudes of this fickle season, and, in its winter's throng, the faithless watches are never execrated. But what hour shall we meet? which is the best hour for seeing 'all the talents' at your restaurant?"

"Six o'clock. God protect you!"

"Until our next meeting." *

Some two winters ago, chance placed me at the right corner end of the large half-circle the orchestra makes in its middle, in the Grand Opera. The musician nearest to me was a young violinist about twenty years old. The opera given that night was M. Auber's failure (Homer himself sometimes sleeps) *L'Enfant Prodigue*. It had then reached its thirtieth night. The orchestra were long since tired of it. It is the custom of the artists of the orchestra when they feel little or no interest in the evening's piece to pass away as much time as they can by reading some book or another. They have heard the piece so often (for before it appears to the public it has been rehearsed many hundreds of times), that some of the older musicians never think of taking their eyes off their book during the whole evening, but when they have to play, they install the work they are reading on the stand by the side of the score, and play away with all their might while they are devouring some pictured page of Sir Walter Scott or Fenimore Cooper, or some animated and brilliant story of M. Alexandre Dumas. There are some *ennuyés* in the orchestra these authors no longer divert. An old bass-violinist has been pointed out to me as having mastered the Hebrew language while thus whiling away his time. A kettle-drummer (the one on the extreme right of the stage) is noted for his knowledge of the Russian. The cymbal-beater has made a considerable progress in the Sanscrit, and the triangle man is a proficient in the Coptic language and hieroglyphics.

I observed that my neighbor, notwithstanding his youth, was one of the *ennuyés*; although I several times wiped my eye-glasses I could not see what book formed the solace of his hours as he so covered it with his music, that neither its page-top nor its back was visible; besides,

the type was of a very small character. Our arms touched several times during the evening: the interchange of civilities these accidents produced was more than enough to afford facility to engage in a sustained conversation. After remarking upon the weariness he must feel by hearing the same music every day and night for months, I soon had an opportunity to inquire the name of the book he was reading, and having been long accustomed to the ruthless murders the Frenchmen commit on foreign names, I instantly recognized in "Weelyam Shaaspee" the great dramatic bard of England. The young violinist had exhausted his maternal literature, and he had (so he said) made sufficient progress in the English language to dare to swim through Shakespeare's pages uncorked with a translation. He, of course, thought Shakespeare sublime—every body does. I did not take the trouble to inquire if he understood him; I have abandoned for many years making those inquiries of Frenchmen as being a mere waste of time. I have since had reason to think that his knowledge of English extended a very little ways beyond "Yes," and "How do you do."

Our conversation lasted, with short intervals, some hours; he talked with the freedom of youth, of artist's youth, glad to find a patient ear to listen to its story; while I, talking enough to draw him out, listened and talked with the interest I feel in every thing in this world, except the Multiplication Table and the Rule of Three. Before the curtain fell, we exchanged cards, and I went the next day to see him. Our acquaintance ripened soon into something like intimacy. One day happening to have rather more money than I usually can boast, I determined to dine at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, partly because I was tired of the fixed-price restaurants and desired a change, and partly, I suspect, from a lurking hope that money, finding how cordial a reception I gave it, would visit my purse more frequently than it did. As a dinner for one person costs at the *Trois Frères* exactly the same sum of money as a dinner for two (the single *portion* being more than enough for two persons), I determined to invite my friend the violinist to dine with me. What a merry time we had of it! Was it not worth all the money it cost! To finish the evening gayly, we took our gloria at the *Café de Paris*, and

about midnight we separated, feeling at peace with the world and full of good will to all men. There's nothing like your Burgundy for enduing men's breasts with the milk of human kindness. As he held out his hand to me: "Come next week and dine with me," he said, "it will be something new to you; and besides, Monsieur, all the talents dine there."

As I have said I accepted his invitation, and punctual as a king I was pacing the animated Galerie d'Orleans while the Palais Royal clock was striking six o'clock. There is always a throng in the Palais Royal, and especially during the winter; its long arcades afford an agreeable walk in the inclement weather, the miniature shops with all their contents fancifully and tastily arranged in the immense and perfect plate of glass which, barely leaving the space sufficient for a door, covers the whole front of the shop: the unnumbered variety of the shops, the motley complexion of the promenaders, the pretty shop girls, the mirrored and gilded eating-houses with their displays of all the costly luxuries of the season, or rather of the wealthy, for they know no season, give a constantly novel and agreeable scene to foreigners and to Parisians. They are both, too, attracted thither by its offering within its vast parallelogram, restaurants, suited to every variety of purse, from the fixed-price restaurant at twenty-two cents, to the bill restaurant with an octavo volume of several hundred pages; and four theatres; and two musical cafés. The Galerie d'Orleans is the microcosm of the Palais Royal. It is an arcade running across the end of the garden of the Palais Royal, and separating the Palais Royal proper from the shops which line the garden; built entirely of glass and iron, lined on both sides with brilliant shops constructed of the same materials; entirely protected from the weather, it is so favorite a promenade, between six and eight o'clock in the evening, it is almost impossible to move in it except in the cadenced march of the crowd which fills it. The Place Saint Marc in Venice, (the only sight in the world which can be compared with this) is far inferior in brilliancy and gayety to the Palais Royal.

Even if my friend had been less punctual than he was (the fines inflicted by the Grand Opera for tardiness, are admirable correctives of artists' negligence of time), I could readily have amused myself in the Galerie d'Orleans, although I have been for a good many years a daily frequenter of its marble pavement. "Come,"

said he, putting his arm in mine, "are you ready for my artist-dinner; you contemplate it without trembling." "*Allons donc!*" said I, "know, my dear fellow, that when one has eaten his A. B. at college commons, where, as Weelya-an Shaas-pee would say—

Rats and mice and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for many a year,

he cannot be alarmed by any thing found in a kitchen."

We strolled by one of the external arcades of the Galerie d'Orleans, gayly down to some of the numerous entrances of the Palace, and plunged into one of the narrow streets imprisoned between two giant lines of eight-story houses, until we reached a brilliantly lighted door, painted gorgeously, its decorations being all the presents the earth, air, and water give to the kitchen. Coming suddenly from the dimly lighted street to the gas lighted gilded, and mirrored restaurant, if I was almost blinded by the light, I was completely stunned by the clatter. The ground-floor was as full as it could be; every body was talking as fast and as loud as they could talk; the servants (who had a large number of guests to wait on) shrieked out their questions and answers; the master of the house roared in tones which would not have thrown discredit on Boanerges, the whole bill of fare, which was interlarded with jokes whenever he caught the eye of some stanch *habitué*, who was never guilty of the "indelicacy" of asking for credit;—jokes which were received with loud applause of laughter, which I attributed (for the jokes can only be called jokes by that charitable courtesy which takes the will for the deed, it was evident from his face he intended them for jokes,) partly to our masculine proneness to flatter authority, and partly because his absurdities from their colossal exaggeration, seemed caricatures of absurdity. Add to all this confusion confounded, the distant thunder of the cooks' buns; and the sum total of each guest's dinner, bawled interrogatively by the woman at the counter, to the waiters, and that for eighteen cents, you had soup, two plates of meat, a dessert, a half bottle of wine and bread *à discretion*—you will admit that this was decidedly a cheap restaurant. Wonder that Frenchmen should despise life, when life can be maintained so cheaply!

According to the bill of fare, I eat Julianne soup, a beef-steak and potatoes, a mutton cutlet and potatoes, and plums and almonds—what I really eat, I have much less knowledge of than I possess of

Eleusinian Mysteries. After seeing the nourishment of French literary men, I have lost the surprise I felt at reading their works. I am only astonished they are not worse.

It was quite a masquerade of poverty. I vow if I had met any of those *habitués* on the street, I should have taken them for men of property. Every body had handsome kid gloves, and gold watches and chains, and the majority wore patent leather boots. If regard was had to the narrowness of their incomes, their very wardrobe demanded the exertion of consummate genius. The larger number of the guests were young men. These were "all the talents," who were persuaded (and generally with reason) that fortune was a mere question of time to them. There were young musical composers among the frequenters of the restaurant, and young actors, young painters, young scribblers, young musicians, and some shop-boys—and of both sexes of all of these stations of life. Most of the persons present were husbands or wives by brevet. The *pro hac vice* wives bore the names of their "husbands" with as much ease as if the mayor and the priest had taken their parts in the transmutation. The waiters, who were quite young, were on a footing of equality with the guests, and joked and laughed and patted them on the backs; they never thought of saying *Monsieur*; in many cases the waiters were richer than the guests. There were no disputes, no quarrelling, no impertinencies of any kind, the "ladies" were treated with a marked courtesy; every one was gay, every one was merry,—how could it be otherwise when all were so young.

I had scarcely exchanged the ordinary civilities with my friend's "Madame" (who was waiting for us when we came in) when I heard the notes of a guitar: turning to the door, I saw standing under the clock, and between the door and the window, a tall scrawny woman; she was dressed shabbily genteel, and every thing about her gave evident indications that she had long and still painfully struggled with poverty: she must have suffered acutely, during the conflict, for besides the lines rising on both sides of her nose, and running around her mouth, and the furrows on both cheeks, from the cheek-bone to a level with the mouth, she was one of those constitutions which suffer the most from the ills of life, as they can bear more of them before breaking, than any other temperament. She was tall, thin, nervous; her limbs and her head were small, her hair was black and ill

dressed—not from carelessness, but as if her hands had many a time in the course of the day pressed it back to give more air to her fired brain; she kept her eyes fixed on the floor, and sang three or four of the merrier popular songs of the day. No attention was paid to her, unless I except the impertinent way the waiters snubbed her, and the rude jests the landlord made with her. After her songs were ended, she went around from table to table, holding out a small tin box for some recompense for her labors. I suppose she received in all some fifteen cents. In a short time after she left us, two mere lads, violinists, came in, and gave us something as much like music as they could make it. They handed around a cup, which received as liberal a donation as the poor woman's box. Then we had a harper.

With the music, the strange sights around me, the queer exclamations which met my ears, the beauty of "Madame," the youthful and artist's gaiety of my friend, and the two bottles of extra wine he ordered (and a glass of which the waiter expected as of course), our dinner went off merrily enough—so merrily I have dined there several times since—and at my suggestion we all went to my room, (after my friend had paid the bill, fifty-four cents, and given three cents to the waiter), where his "Madame" made coffee, while he and I arranged some cakes I had bought, on some plates, and blew up the fire, and we felt as happy as lords, for all we were up so many flights of the stairs of the spiral staircase.

"Don't think," said he, "that our restaurant is the lowest in Paris. There are some where you have soup, two plates, a dessert, wine, and bread *at discretion*, for twelve cents; indeed, outside of the *Barrière du Mont Rouge*, there is one where you may get all of that for ten cents—though I would not engage you to try it, for one of my friends, the 'serpent,' told me that he eat there before he entered our orchestra, and after the Italian opera season closed, one day he asked for fricasseed chicken, and he found the bones of it were those of an ox's tail. *Du reste* one may live at those places—I mean, one may keep starvation at arm's length at one of those places and without danger,—so the 'serpent' says,—if he eats only vermicelli soup and vegetables, for the bread there, as every where in Paris, is excellent. But it is a droll place though! The "serpent" says they have all of our musical entertainment, and a great deal more noise than we have (for in Paris the noise made in the restaurants, increases

as the prices diminish), and spouters of Racine, and Corneille, and Victor Hugo; scarcely a day elapses, says he, that they do not have Thérèse's *récit*, Augustus's soliloquy, Athalie's dream, or the soliloquy of Charles V. Then the names of the dishes are, or rather were, before the *coup d'état*, very odd; there was soup à la Robespierre; beef à la Marat; mutton ragout à la fraternité; chicken à la République, and heaven knows what other democratical names. You had but to ask one of the frequenters for his favorite dishes to divine his politics: tell me your dinner, I tell you who you are. You saw there, as you see at places like it in Paris, all the stone-masons and plasterers of the neighborhood; one would think their trades indurated their bellies as hard as their hands, for the 'serpent' says they partake freely of all the dishes of the place, without giving immediate symptoms of discomfort."

"The restaurant you and Louis dined at the other day," said Madame, "was a very different sort of place from the *gargotte* of the Barrière de Mont Rouge, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! And you must some day dine at the Trois Frères with us. It is more than worth the vulgar money you pay for the dinner, large as is the amount of the bill. The Trois Frères is unquestionably the best eating-place in the world; it occupies the rank the Rocher de Cancale, Very's, and Véfour's held some twenty years ago. You remember the account Tom Moore gives of them in the book from which I read to you the other night—and De Balzac's description of the Rocher de Cancale, may be justly applied to a dinner party in the *salon* up stairs of the Trois Frères: at half-past seven, a magnificent service of plate, made expressly for the dinners, where vanity pays the bill with bank notes, shone upon the table of the handsomest *salon* of the establishment where all Europe has dined. Torrents of light made cascades on the edges of the carvings of the silver and the glass. Waiters—a stranger would have taken for diplomats, but for their age—behaved themselves with all the seriousness of people who know themselves to be extra paid. We will all dine there together New Year's Day. I will go there in the morning and order a soup *parée du gibier* (the only thing we need order beforehand), and retain one of those cosy little rooms on the *entresol* so well sofaed, and cushioned, and lighted, and at night I'll introduce you to all their delicate luxuries, from the soup to the grapes, without omitting a bechamel de

turbot, their famous *fricandeau*, their cocks' combs, their truffles, their wonderful *salmis* of game, and those thousand other made dishes the genius of Vatel and Careme have given to their successors. You may judge then for yourself of the splendor of the service, and the excellence of the viands, and the genius of the cooks, and the polished obsequiousness of the carefully dressed waiters. But—for the privacy of the *cabinet de société* has some drawbacks—you must consent to lose the splendor of the ground-floor room, and the brilliant company generally assembled there."

"I will pay for the dinner on condition you tell me all the news about the fashions—I want to hear all the news, and I shall be exacting, for Louis has told me that you live with the best mantuamaker of Paris."

"Ah! most willingly. The return of necklaces is spoken of as certain this winter in the fashionable circles, and hair ornaments are much sought after for necklaces, ear-rings and bracelets. The workmanship is beautiful, and the effect extremely good. Fichus, worn with redingotes, and high dresses, have almost invariably the *cal mousquetaire* trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace. Small tucks are much in favor for tulle or muslin chemisettes; but whilst there can be nothing prettier when new, they are generally spoilt in the washing; to obviate this, narrow flat braid is run into each tuck, which gives firmness, and keeps them in their straight lines. Lace berthes are much in favor; application, guipure, or Alençon, are most in demand, they are fastened with narrow ribbons or ends of lace, called *bons hommes*: the trimmings to the sleeves and flounces match the lace, of which the berthe is composed. Brooches are much worn, to fasten the berthe on the front of the body. Winter-pardessus are occupying the attention of our most skilful artists, but nothing very definite has been as yet decided on. It may, however, be mentioned, that velvet trimmed with deep lace will be worn for full dress, the pelisse for morning dress, the Talma cut on the bias, and the manteau Baridant, in cloth and trimmed with velvet braids for promenades. The *sorties de bal* are very elegant; the most *distinguées* are made of white poul de soie, lined with pink or blue satin. A large hood lined with plush to match the satin, with a full bow and long ends, is indispensable, and Illyrian sleeves complete this useful and beautiful manteau. Taffetas glacés dresses, with three skirts

or three deep flounces, are much in favor. Bows of ribbon are placed upon the flounces. Small beautiful coins de feu of velvet and satin, with deep basques, and back like the paletot, richly embroidered with braid mixed with jet, are very popular. Feuille morte colors are the favorite shades for dresses. Bonnets for negligé or promenade, are composed of velvet, either green, violet, blue, or soft brown drab trimmed with black Venetian lace, mixed with flowers and foliage, or feathers the same color as the velvet. Visiting bonnets are the demi-capotes composed of bands of pink or blue terry velvet, separated by rows of white blonde frills. The trimmings of these capotes are often a single flower, the shade of the terry velvet with long foliage in blonde or crape; or small white feathers tipped with the color of the velvet. Have I earned my dinner at the Trois Frères? *Tiens!* it is twelve o'clock."

"Yes, indeed, you have! But stay—don't go yet; the porter expects his fee, and as you have to pay him, you should get the worth of your money. Come, pour out some coffee; I want to read you the impressions Paris made upon an Arab of the Sahara. Don't you like to hear how they regard a civilization, which is so different to theirs? and to remark how singular many of our luxuries and customs appear, when seen by eyes whose observation has not been blunted by long and daily familiarity with them?"

"You do not pray—you do not fast—you do not perform ablutions—you do not shave your heads—you are not circumcised—you do not bleed the animals which you eat—you eat hog's meat—you drink fermented liquors, which transform you to beasts—you are guilty of the infamy of wearing a hat different from that worn by Sidna-Aïssa (our Lord Jesus Christ); these are the vices for which you have to reproach yourselves. But then, you make excellent powder; your *aman* is sacred; you are guilty of no exactions; you are polite; you do not lie a great deal; you like cleanliness. If, with all that, you could once say with sincerity, 'There is no other God but God, and our Lord, Mahomet, is God's angel (messenger),' none would enter Paradise sooner than you. What I especially admire in France, is that there is a severe government established. One may travel there by day and by night without fear. Your buildings are beautiful; your lighting is admirable; your carriages are comfortable; your smoking boats and your iron roads are unsurpassed by any

thing in the world. One finds there food and pleasures for all ages, and for every purse. You have an army organized like steps, this man above that. All of your cities have foot-soldiers: your foot-soldiers are the ramparts of your country. Your cavalry is badly mounted, but wonderfully armed and equipped. Your soldiers' iron shines like silver. You have water and bridges in abundance. You understand agriculture: you have crops for every season. The eye is as little fatigued looking at your vegetables and your fruits, as your soil is tired producing them. We have found, in your Garden of the Baylie (the Garden of Plants), animals, and plants, and trees, which even our old men have never heard of. You have enough to satisfy all the world in silks, in velvets, in precious stuffs, and in precious stones. And what the most astonishes us is the promptness with which you know what takes place in the most distant places. . . ."

"*Mais* there's one o'clock! Good night! good night!"

After my lively guests had gone, I returned to a book which I have been reading, M. Roederer's Memoirs, and in the course of the evening I remarked several reports of his conversations with Napoleon, which appear so interesting to me that I will transcribe a passage or two. During the first days of Brumaire, and while the confidential circle were discussing with detail the Revolution which was to be made the Eighteenth, Bonaparte said to Roederer: "No man is more pusillanimous than I am when I am framing a military plan: I exaggerate to myself all the dangers, and all the possible evils which may arise under the circumstances. I am in a painful agitation. This does not prevent my appearing serene before the persons around me. *I am like a girl on the eve of child-birth.* And when my resolution is taken, all is forgotten except that which can make it succeed." In 1804, on the eve of the establishment of the Empire, Bonaparte, talking with him in the Tuileries, thinking aloud, and expressing his impatience of the injustice of Parisian opinion at that moment, and his annoyance of the obstacles thrown in his way, even by some of his nearest relations, said: "Besides *moi*, I have no ambition (and then correcting himself)—or, if I have some, it is so natural to me, it is so innate in me, it is so intimately attached to my existence, that it is like the very blood in my veins, like the air I breathe. It does not make me go more quickly or differently than the natural

springs in me. I have never had to combat, either for or against it; it does not go faster than I do; it only goes with the circumstances and the *ensemble* of my ideas." At another time, led to speak about war, of "that immense art which includes all the others," of the innumerable talents it requires, and which are very different from personal courage, and which cannot be given at will: "*Militaire, je le suis moi, I am a soldier,*" exclaimed Bonaparte, "because it is the particular gift I received at my birth; it is my existence—it is my habitude. Wherever I have been, I have commanded; I commanded, when I was twenty-three years old, the siege of Toulon—I commanded in Paris, in Vendémiaire; I carried away the soldiers in Italy, as soon as I appeared to them. I was born for that. I always know how I stand. I have my accounts always present to my mind. I cannot get by heart a single Alexandrine line; but I never forget a syllable of the accounts of my situation. I like tragedies; but if every tragedy in the world were there, on one side, and the accounts of my situation on the other, I would not even glance at a single tragedy, and I would not omit a single line of the accounts of my situation, without having read it attentively. To-night, I shall find them in my chamber, and I shan't go to bed until I have read them. (*It was then nearly midnight.*) Perhaps it is a misfortune that I command in person; but it is my essence, my privilege. . . . I have more mind. . . . What do I care about talents! What I want is the *esprit* of the thing. *There is no fool who is not good for something—there is no mind which can do every thing.* The love of kings is not a nurse's tenderness. They should make themselves feared and respected. The love of nations is only esteem. I love power, *moi*; but it is an *artiste* that I love it. . . . I love it as a musician loves his violin, to draw from it sounds, words, harmony. The military art is a freemasonry; there is among all of them a certain intelligence which enables them, without mistake, to recognize

each other, seek each other's company, and understand each other; and I am the grand-master of all their lodges. There is nothing about war that I cannot do myself. If there is nobody to make gunpowder, I know how to make it; if cannons are wanted, I know how to cast them; I can teach all the details of tactics, if there is nobody else to teach them. In administration, I alone arranged the finances, as you know. . . . There are principles, rules which should be known. I work always; I meditate a great deal. If I appear always ready to guarantee every thing, to meet every thing, it is because, before undertaking any thing, I have long meditated, I have foreseen what might happen. *It is not a genius which suddenly reveals me secretly what I have to say or to do in circumstances which, to others, are unexpected; it is my reflection, my meditation.* I am always working, at dinner, at the theatre; I get up during the night and work. Last night I got up at two o'clock. I sat in my long chair before the fire, to examine the accounts of the situation the Minister of War gave me last night. I found out and noted twenty faults, and I have sent my notes to the Minister, who is now busy in his office correcting them." I am persuaded you will read with interest Napoleon's opinion on the contested question of the unities. Benjamin Constant had just published his tragedy, *Walstein*. "Benjamin Constant has written a tragedy and some poetry. Those people try to write when they have not even made their first literary studies. Let him read Aristotle's *Poetics*. Tragedy does not limit the action to twenty-four hours arbitrarily; but it is because it takes the passions at their maximum, at their very highest degree of intensity, when they can neither bear any distraction, nor support a long time. He makes them eat during the action: eat, indeed! when the action commences, the actors should be agitated; at the third act, they should sweat; at the last, every body should be bathed in perspiration."

HAYTI AND THE HAITIANS

MY first view of Hayti was from off the "Mole St. Nicholas," the northwest point of the island. We were perhaps twenty miles east of the point to be doubled in order to enter the bay of Port au Prince. A bold, mountainous shore presented itself as far as the eye could reach, and far in the interior we could see the cloud-capt summit of "Monte au Diable," towering more than five thousand feet above us. Being awakened suddenly from sound sleep it was as if the island had sprung in an instant, by magic, from the depths of the wide waste of waters by which we had been for many days surrounded.

The scenes of that early morning hour are engraved indelibly upon my memory, and are among the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Daylight had but just dawned, and the bold shore towered before me draped in the gray morning mist, and covered with a wealth of verdure such as I had never seen before. There is a luxuriance, we can almost say a prodigality in the robes with which nature here decks herself, that amazes and bewilders one who, for the first time, opens his eyes upon a tropical scene. The air was more delightful than I had ever imagined that of the most genial climes to be. I stood hatless, near the stern of the ship, gazing spellbound upon the scene before me; and as we were borne along by a gentle breeze, the mild soft winds played with my, as yet, uncombed locks, and fanned me with a gentle dalliance, even the memory of which is delicious.

Doubling the "Mole" we sailed in a southeasterly direction down the bay, about a hundred miles, to the city of Port au Prince. A range of bold highlands skirts the shore, now with bald and jagged summits, burning and glowing under a tropical sun, and now retreating farther into the interior, and covered with the most rank and luxuriant vegetation.

In going down the bay we pass a beautiful little island about twenty miles in length, called Gonare. Nature has lavished upon it her bounties with the same rich profusion that characterizes all her works here. Mahogany, logwood, tropical fruits, and other productions abound, and it seems a fit residence for fairies; yet no human being is allowed to dwell upon it. Passing this island we were in full view of both shores of the bay, which present the same magnificent appearance. Near the city of Port au Prince the bay

is dotted with several little islands, which, however, add more to its beauty as a scene for a painter, than to its convenience or safety for purposes of navigation. The mountain ranges terminate nearly with the bay, and a level country opens up beyond the city which lies at its head.

Thus much for Haitian scenery; now for an introduction to the people. As we near the city a boat approaches, rowed by two blacks, hatless and with a scanty allowance of clothing, bringing a more respectably attired personage not less black. It is the pilot. As soon as a pilot touches the deck of a vessel, he is in full command; the responsibility of the captain is at an end, and he is only as a passenger. It was very amusing to watch the queer and comical expressions upon the faces of our sailors when their new superior came on board, took his station, and gave his orders, "Port," "Steady," "Starboard," &c. It was evidently not easy for them to yield him all the respect due to his station; but certain significant looks from the captain kept all in order, and we were taken safely to the harbor. Soon another boat came alongside, and we were boarded by three other officials. These were the captain of the port, rather a short stout man (a thorough black), in military dress, composed of a flat crescent-shaped cap, epaulet, blue broadcloth coat with figured gilt buttons, &c. Next came the captain of the pilots, a tall well formed man, in official dress. He had spent some time in the United States and now acts as interpreter, the French being the language of the country. And last, the clerk of the port, a young man several shades lighter, in citizen's dress of the latest Parisian style. Broadway does not often furnish a more perfect "exquisite." These received the ship's papers, went through the forms of entry to the custom-house, and placed a black soldier on board as a guard against smuggling. The captain and myself (the only passenger) were then conducted ashore to "La Place," the office of the governor of the city, where after registering our names, and going through a brief form, we were dismissed and at liberty to go on shore when and where we pleased.

The first few hours spent upon any foreign shore will not easily be forgotten. When after an hour or two I was again on board of the vessel for the night, my mind seemed to have been moved and excited by more new and strange emotions,

membered, has most closely followed the black Emperor in the method he has taken to reach his present position) will remember that the honor came upon him most unexpectedly. Parties were so nearly balanced that neither of them was able to succeed, and after several unavailing ballots, he was taken up as an available military candidate, and moreover as one that the leaders thought could easily be managed. But they soon found out their mistake. The very men who had procured his election were the first to suffer. In a very short time he dismissed them from the ministry and chose a cabinet to his own liking, and from that day onward he has sacrificed whoever has dared to oppose him, or been suspected of plotting his overthrow, with apparently as little feeling as he would have taken the life of a centipede. It is a very difficult matter to judge of the future in regard to the Haitian government and people, but to all appearances he bids fair to be their ruler for many years to come. At least if he be not it will not be because he would hesitate to sacrifice hecatombs of opposing subjects to secure this end.

It is not easy to give a truthful impression of the real state of things upon this island. A gentleman who, for many years, occupied the chair of history in one of our distinguished institutions, and whose knowledge of the past history and present state of the world is equalled by very few of any land, remarked to me that he found it more difficult to get satisfactory views of the state of things in Hayti, than of any other part of the world. Probably every one who has given any attention to what has been passing here for the last half century has experienced the same difficulty. I will therefore make this general remark in regard to the island, which will serve to explain the conflicting statements that are made by those who visit it. *In Hayti you have every thing from extreme Parisian refinement and civilization down to the lowest African superstition and degradation!* You may therefore believe any statement that would be true of any state of society between these wide extremes.

From all that I had known of them, of their revolutions and their almost constant sanguinary conflicts, I had not supposed that any portion of them were as far advanced in civilization as I found some of them to be. Those who transact the commercial and mercantile business of the city have an air of intelligence quite similar to the same class in our own cities.

Their style of dress is so remarkably neat and tasteful that it attracts your attention at once. The climate being warm, their clothing is generally light, and most of it the most pure and beautiful white I have ever seen worn. This is the result of much bleaching in a tropical sun, and of great painstaking and skill in washing. The dress of the common working people, however, what little they wear, is of the very opposite extreme. These, however, dress differently on certain occasions, which I shall hereafter describe.

Another characteristic of the people that at once arrests your attention, is their remarkable politeness. A foreigner who has resided among them for some years told me that this was the great matter in their education; that the better class of Haitian mothers flogged their children oftener for delinquencies in this matter than for any thing else. In walking with them in the streets, or whenever they are meeting others, they are constantly disciplining them to make a handsome bow and salutation. To a foreigner the people are especially polite. In passing through the streets and meeting those of the higher class, they lift their hats to you, and with a graceful bow, give you a respectful "Bon jour," or "Bon soir, Monsieur." I have seen an entire family who were sitting upon an outer gallery, in the cool of the evening, rise to their feet and bow most gracefully to a foreigner and his wife who were passing. A gentleman from Alabama, who spent some weeks on the island, remarked as he was about leaving, that he should have to be very careful when he reached home, or he should find himself tipping his hat to every negro he met on his plantation. A waggish down-east captain broke out, one day as I met him; "Don't these people make most beautiful bows? I've been practising since I've been here; and I believe I've got so I can lift my hat up about as handsome as they do, but somehow it won't come down right." To explain these things I need only remind the reader that there is not a little French blood coursing in the veins of these people, and that their education and habits are derived from that nation. From speaking their language, their intercourse and associations have been mainly with them, and those of them who have been educated abroad, have almost invariably been educated in France. These facts, and the remarkable powers of imitation inherent in the negro character, will, I think, prepare the reader for the statement (which I should not dare to make without

about midnight we separated, feeling at peace with the world and full of good will to all men. There's nothing like your Burgundy for enduing men's breasts with the milk of human kindness. As he held out his hand to me: "Come next week and dine with me," he said, "it will be something new to you; and besides, Monsieur, all the talents dine there."

As I have said I accepted his invitation, and punctual as a king I was pacing the animated Galerie d'Orleans while the Palais Royal clock was striking six o'clock. There is always a throng in the Palais Royal, and especially during the winter; its long arcades afford an agreeable walk in the inclement weather, the miniature shops with *all* their contents fancifully and tastily arranged in the immense and perfect plate of glass which, barely leaving the space sufficient for a door, covers the whole front of the shop: the unnumbered variety of the shops, the motley complexion of the promenaders, the pretty shop girls, the mirrored and gilded eating-houses with their displays of all the costly luxuries of the season, or rather of the wealthy, for they know no season, give a constantly novel and agreeable scene to foreigners and to Parisians. They are both, too, attracted thither by its offering within its vast parallelogram, restaurants, suited to every variety of purse, from the fixed-price restaurant at twenty-two cents, to the bill restaurant with an octavo volume of several hundred pages; and four theatres; and two musical cafés. The Galerie d'Orleans is the microcosm of the Palais Royal. It is an arcade running across the end of the garden of the Palais Royal, and separating the Palais Royal proper from the shops which line the garden; built entirely of glass and iron, lined on both sides with brilliant shops constructed of the same materials; entirely protected from the weather, it is so favorite a promenade, between six and eight o'clock in the evening, it is almost impossible to move in it except in the cadenced march of the crowd which fills it. The Place Saint Marc in Venice, (the only sight in the world which can be compared with this) is far inferior in brilliancy and gayety to the Palais Royal.

Even if my friend had been less punctual than he was (the fines inflicted by the Grand Opera for tardiness, are admirable correctives of artists' negligence of time), I could readily have amused myself in the Galerie d'Orleans, although I have been for a good many years a daily frequenter of its marble pavement. "Come,"

said he, putting his arm in mine, "are you ready for my artist-dinner; you contemplate it without trembling." "*Allons donc!*" said I, "know, my dear fellow, that when one has eaten his A. B. at college commons, where, as Wooley and Shaaspee would say—

Rats and mice and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for many a year,

he cannot be alarmed by any thing found in a kitchen."

We strolled by one of the external arcades of the Galerie d'Orleans, gayly down to some of the numerous entrances of the Palace, and plunged into one of the narrow streets imprisoned between two giant lines of eight-story houses, until we reached a brilliantly lighted door, painted gorgeously, its decorations being all the presents the earth, air, and water give to the kitchen. Coming suddenly from the dimly lighted street to the gas lighted gilded, and mirrored restaurant, if I was almost blinded by the light, I was completely stunned by the clatter. The ground-floor was as full as it could be; every body was talking as fast and as loud as they could talk; the servants (who had a large number of guests to wait on) shrieked out their questions and answers; the master of the house roared in tones which would not have thrown discredit on Boanerges, the whole bill of fare, which was interlarded with jokes whenever he caught the eye of some stanch *habitué*, who was never guilty of the "indelicacy" of asking for credit;—jokes which were received with loud applause of laughter, which I attributed (for the jokes can only be called jokes by that charitable courtesy which takes the will for the deed, it was evident from his face he intended them for jokes,) partly to our masculine proneness to flatter authority, and partly because his absurdities from their colossal exaggeration, seemed caricatures of absurdity. Add to all this confusion confounded, the distant thunder of the cooks' lions; and the sum total of each guest's dinner, bawled interrogatively by the woman at the counter, to the waiters, and that for eighteen cents, you had soup, two plates of meat, a dessert, a half bottle of wine and bread *at discretion*—you will admit that this was decidedly a cheap restaurant. Wonder that Frenchmen should despise life, when life can be maintained so cheaply!

According to the bill of fare, I eat Julienne soup, a beef-steak and potatoes, a mutton cutlet and potatoes, and plums and almonds—what I really eat, I have much less knowledge of than I possess of

Eleusinian Mysteries. After seeing the nourishment of French literary men, I have lost the surprise I felt at reading their works. I am only astonished they are not worse.

It was quite a masquerade of poverty. I vow if I had met any of those *habitués* on the street, I should have taken them for men of property. Every body had handsome kid gloves, and gold watches and chains, and the majority wore patent leather boots. If regard was had to the narrowness of their incomes, their very wardrobe demanded the exertion of consummate genius. The larger number of the guests were young men. These were "all the talents," who were persuaded (and generally with reason) that fortune was a mere question of time to them. There were young musical composers among the frequenters of the restaurant, and young actors, young painters, young scribblers, young musicians, and some shop-boys—and of both sexes of all of these stations of life. Most of the persons present were husbands or wives by brevet. The *pro hac vice* wives bore the names of their "husbands" with as much ease as if the mayor and the priest had taken their parts in the transmutation. The waiters, who were quite young, were on a footing of equality with the guests, and joked and laughed and patted them on the backs; they never thought of saying *Monsieur*; in many cases the waiters were richer than the guests. There were no disputes, no quarrelling, no impertinencies of any kind, the "ladies" were treated with a marked courtesy; every one was gay, every one was merry,—how could it be otherwise when all were so young.

I had scarcely exchanged the ordinary civilities with my friend's "Madame" (who was waiting for us when we came in) when I heard the notes of a guitar: turning to the door, I saw standing under the clock, and between the door and the window, a tall scrawny woman; she was dressed shabbily genteel, and every thing about her gave evident indications that she had long and still painfully struggled with poverty: she must have suffered acutely, during the conflict, for besides the lines rising on both sides of her nose, and running around her mouth, and the furrows on both cheeks, from the cheek-bone to a level with the mouth, she was one of those constitutions which suffer the most from the ills of life, as they can bear more of them before breaking, than any other temperament. She was tall, thin, nervous; her limbs and her head were small, her hair was black and ill

dressed—not from carelessness, but as if her hands had many a time in the course of the day pressed it back to give more air to her fired brain; she kept her eyes fixed on the floor, and sang three or four of the merrier popular songs of the day. No attention was paid to her, unless I except the impertinent way the waiters snubbed her, and the rude jests the landlord made with her. After her songs were ended, she went around from table to table, holding out a small tin box for some recompense for her labors. I suppose she received in all some fifteen cents. In a short time after she left us, two mere lads, violinists, came in, and gave us something as much like music as they could make it. They handed around a cup, which received as liberal a donation as the poor woman's box. Then we had a harper.

With the music, the strange sights around me, the queer exclamations which met my ears, the beauty of "Madame," the youthful and artist's gayety of my friend, and the two bottles of extra wine he ordered (and a glass of which the waiter expected as of course), our dinner went off merrily enough—so merrily I have dined there several times since—and at my suggestion we all went to my room, (after my friend had paid the bill, fifty-four cents, and given three cents to the waiter), where his "Madame" made coffee, while he and I arranged some cakes I had bought, on some plates, and blew up the fire, and we felt as happy as lords, for all we were up so many flights of the stairs of the spiral staircase.

"Don't think," said he, "that our restaurant is the lowest in Paris. There are some where you have soup, two plates, a dessert, wine, and bread *at discretion*, for twelve cents; indeed, outside of the *Barrière du Mont Rouge*, there is one where you may get all of that for ten cents—though I would not engage you to try it, for one of my friends, the 'serpent,' told me that he eat there before he entered our orchestra, and after the Italian opera season closed, one day he asked for *fricassée* chicken, and he found the bones of it were those of an ox's tail. *Du reste* one may live at those places—I mean, one may keep starvation at arm's length at one of those places and without danger,—so the 'serpent' says,—if he eats only vermicelli soup and vegetables, for the bread there, as every where in Paris, is excellent. But it is a droll place though! The 'serpent' says they have all of our musical entertainment, and a great deal more noise than we have (for in Paris the noise made in the restaurants, increases

as the prices diminish), and spouters of Racine, and Corneille, and Victor Hugo; scarcely a day elapses, says he, that they do not have Thérémène's *récit*, Augustus's soliloquy, Athalie's dream, or the soliloquy of Charles V. Then the names of the dishes are, or rather were, before the *coup d'état*, very odd; there was soup à la Robespierre; beef à la Marat; mutton ragout à la fraternité; chicken à la République, and heaven knows what other democratical names. You had but to ask one of the frequenters for his favorite dishes to divine his politics: tell me your dinner, I tell you who you are. You saw there, as you see at places like it in Paris, all the stone-masons and plasterers of the neighborhood; one would think their trades indurated their bellies as hard as their hands, for the 'serpent' says they partake freely of all the dishes of the place, without giving immediate symptoms of discomfort."

"The restaurant you and Louis dined at the other day," said Madame, "was a very different sort of place from the *gargotte* of the Barrière de Mont Rouge, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! And you must someday dine at the Trois Frères with us. It is more than worth the vulgar money you pay for the dinner, large as is the amount of the bill. The Trois Frères is unquestionably the best eating-place in the world; it occupies the rank the Rocher de Cancale, Very's, and Vefour's held some twenty years ago. You remember the account Tom Moore gives of them in the book from which I read to you the other night—and De Balzac's description of the Rocher de Cancale, may be justly applied to a dinner party in the *salon* up stairs of the Trois Frères: at 'half-past seven, a magnificent service of plate, made expressly for the dinners, where vanity pays the bill with bank notes, shone upon the table of the handsomest *salon* of the establishment where all Europe has dined. Torrents of light made cascades on the edges of the carvings of the silver and the glass. Waiters—a stranger would have taken for diplomatists, but for their age—behaved themselves with all the seriousness of people who know themselves to be extra paid.' We will all dine there together New Year's Day. I will go there in the morning and order a soup *parée du gibier* (the only thing we need order beforehand), and retain one of those cosy little rooms on the *entresol* so well sofaed, and cushioned, and lighted, and at night I'll introduce you to all their delicate luxuries, from the soup to the grapes, without omitting a bechamel de

turbot, their famous *fricandeau*, their cocks' combs, their truffes, their wonderful *salmis* of game, and those thousand other made dishes the genius of Vatel and Careme have given to their successors. You may judge then for yourself of the splendor of the service, and the excellence of the viands, and the genius of the cooks, and the polished obsequiousness of the carefully dressed waiters. But—for the privacy of the *cabinet de société* has some drawbacks—you must consent to lose the splendor of the ground-floor room, and the brilliant company generally assembled there."

"I will pay for the dinner on condition you tell me all the news about the fashions—I want to hear all the news, and I shall be exacting, for Louis has told me that you live with the best mantuamaker of Paris."

"Ah! most willingly. The return of necklaces is spoken of as certain this winter in the fashionable circles, and hair ornaments are much sought after for necklaces, ear-rings and bracelets. The workmanship is beautiful, and the effect extremely good. Fichus, worn with redingotes, and high dresses, have almost invariably the cal mousquetaire trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace. Small tucks are much in favor for tulle or muslin chemisettes; but whilst there can be nothing prettier when new, they are generally spoilt in the washing; to obviate this, narrow flat braid is run into each tuck, which gives firmness, and keeps them in their straight lines. Lace berthes are much in favor; application, guipure, or Alençon, are most in demand, they are fastened with narrow ribbons or ends of lace, called *bons hommes*: the trimmings to the sleeves and flounces match the lace, of which the berthe is composed. Brooches are much worn, to fasten the berthe on the front of the body. Winter-pardessus are occupying the attention of our most skilful artists, but nothing very definite has been as yet decided on. It may, however, be mentioned, that velvet trimmed with deep lace will be worn for full dress, the pelisse for morning dress, the Talma cut on the bias, and the manteau Baridant, in cloth and trimmed with velvet braids for promenades. The *sorties de bal* are very elegant; the most *distinguées* are made of white poulte de soie, lined with pink or blue satin. A large hood lined with plush to match the satin, with a full bow and long ends, is indispensable, and Illyrian sleeves complete this useful and beautiful manteau. Taffetas glacés dresses, with three skirts

springs in me. I have never had to combat, either for or against it; it does not go faster than I do; it only goes with the circumstances and the *ensemble* of my ideas." At another time, led to speak about war, of "that immense art which includes all the others," of the innumerable talents it requires, and which are very different from personal courage, and which cannot be given at will: "*Militaire, je le suis moi, I am a soldier,*" exclaimed Bonaparte, "because it is the particular gift I received at my birth; it is my existence—it is my habitude. Wherever I have been, I have commanded; I commanded, when I was twenty-three years old, the siege of Toulon—I commanded in Paris, in Vendémiaire; I carried away the soldiers in Italy, as soon as I appeared to them. I was born for that. I always know how I stand. I have my accounts always present to my mind. I cannot get by heart a single Alexandrine line; but I never forget a syllable of the accounts of my situation. I like tragedies; but if every tragedy in the world were there, on one side, and the accounts of my situation on the other, I would not even glance at a single tragedy, and I would not omit a single line of the accounts of my situation, without having read it attentively. To-night, I shall find them in my chamber, and I shan't go to bed until I have read them. (*It was then nearly midnight.*) Perhaps it is a misfortune that I command in person; but it is my essence, my privilege. . . . I have more mind. . . . What do I care about talents! What I want is the *esprit* of the thing. *There is no fool who is not good for something—there is no mind which can do every thing.* The love of kings is not a nurse's tenderness. They should make themselves feared and respected. The love of nations is only esteem. I love power, *moi*; but it is *en artiste* that I love it. . . . I love it as a musician loves his violin, to draw from it sounds, accords, harmony. The military art is a freemasonry; there is among all of them a certain intelligence which enables them, without mistake, to recognize

each other, seek each other's company, and understand each other; and I am the grand-master of all their lodges. There is nothing about war that I cannot do myself. If there is nobody to make gunpowder, I know how to make it; if cannons are wanted, I know how to cast them; I can teach all the details of tactics, if there is nobody else to teach them. In administration, I alone arranged the finances, as you know. . . . There are principles, rules which should be known. I work always; I meditate a great deal. If I appear always ready to guarantee every thing, to meet every thing, it is because, before undertaking any thing, I have long meditated, I have foreseen what might happen. *It is not a genius which suddenly reveals me secretly what I have to say or to do in circumstances which, to others, are unexpected; it is my reflection, my meditation.* I am always working, at dinner, at the theatre; I get up during the night and work. Last night I got up at two o'clock. I sat in my long chair before the fire, to examine the accounts of the situation the Minister of War gave me last night. I found out and noted twenty faults, and I have sent my notes to the Minister, who is now busy in his office correcting them." I am persuaded you will read with interest Napoleon's opinion on the contested question of the unities. Benjamin Constant had just published his tragedy, *Walstein*. "Benjamin Constant has written a tragedy and some poetry. Those people try to write when they have not even made their first literary studies. Let him read Aristotle's Poetics. Tragedy does not limit the action to twenty-four hours arbitrarily; but it is because it takes the passions at their maximum, at their very highest degree of intensity, when they can neither bear any distraction, nor support a long time. He makes them eat during the action: eat, indeed! when the action commences, the actors should be agitated; at the third act, they should sweat; at the last, every body should be bathed in perspiration."

HAYTI AND THE HAITIANS

MY first view of Hayti was from off the "Mole St. Nicholas," the northwest point of the island. We were perhaps twenty miles east of the point to be doubled in order to enter the bay of Port au Prince. A bold, mountainous shore presented itself as far as the eye could reach, and far in the interior we could see the cloud-capt summit of "Monte au Diable," towering more than five thousand feet above us. Being awakened suddenly from sound sleep it was as if the island had sprung in an instant, by magic, from the depths of the wide waste of waters by which we had been for many days surrounded.

The scenes of that early morning hour are engraved indelibly upon my memory, and are among the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Daylight had but just dawned, and the bold shore towered before me draped in the gray morning mist, and covered with a wealth of verdure such as I had never seen before. There is a luxuriance, we can almost say a prodigality in the robes with which nature here decks herself, that amazes and bewilders one who, for the first time, opens his eyes upon a tropical scene. The air was more delightful than I had ever imagined that of the most genial climes to be. I stood hatless, near the stern of the ship, gazing spellbound upon the scene before me; and as we were borne along by a gentle breeze, the mild soft winds played with my, as yet, uncombed locks, and fanned me with a gentle dalliance, even the memory of which is delicious.

Doubling the "Mole" we sailed in a southeasterly direction down the bay, about a hundred miles, to the city of Port au Prince. A range of bold highlands skirts the shore, now with bald and jagged summits, burning and glowing under a tropical sun, and now retreating farther into the interior, and covered with the most rank and luxuriant vegetation.

In going down the bay we pass a beautiful little island about twenty miles in length, called Gonare. Nature has lavished upon it her bounties with the same rich profusion that characterizes all her works here. Mahogany, logwood, tropical fruits, and other productions abound, and it seems a fit residence for fairies; yet no human being is allowed to dwell upon it. Passing this island we were in full view of both shores of the bay, which present the same magnificent appearance. Near the city of Port au Prince the bay

is dotted with several little islands, which, however, add more to its beauty as a scene for a painter, than to its convenience or safety for purposes of navigation. The mountain ranges terminate nearly with the bay, and a level country opens up beyond the city which lies at its head.

Thus much for Haitian scenery; now for an introduction to the people. As we near the city a boat approaches, rowed by two blacks, hatless and with a scanty allowance of clothing, bringing a more respectably attired personage not less black. It is the pilot. As soon as a pilot touches the deck of a vessel, he is in full command; the responsibility of the captain is at an end, and he is only as a passenger. It was very amusing to watch the queer and comical expressions upon the faces of our sailors when their new superior came on board, took his station, and gave his orders, "Port," "Steady," "Starboard," &c. It was evidently not easy for them to yield him all the respect due to his station; but certain significant looks from the captain kept all in order, and we were taken safely to the harbor. Soon another boat came alongside, and we were boarded by three other officials. These were the captain of the port, rather a short stout man (a thorough black), in military dress, composed of a flat crescent-shaped cap, epaulet, blue broadcloth coat with figured gilt buttons, &c. Next came the captain of the pilots, a tall well formed man, in official dress. He had spent some time in the United States and now acts as interpreter, the French being the language of the country. And last, the clerk of the port, a young man several shades lighter, in citizen's dress of the latest Parisian style. Broadway does not often furnish a more perfect "exquisite." These received the ship's papers, went through the forms of entry to the custom-house, and placed a black soldier on board as a guard against smuggling. The captain and myself (the only passenger) were then conducted ashore to "La Place," the office of the governor of the city, where after registering our names, and going through a brief form, we were dismissed and at liberty to go on shore when and where we pleased.

The first few hours spent upon any foreign shore will not easily be forgotten. When after an hour or two I was again on board of the vessel for the night, my mind seemed to have been moved and excited by more new and strange emotions,

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each other, seek each other's company, and understand each other; and I am the grand-master of all their lodges. There is nothing about war that I cannot do myself. If there is nobody to make gunpowder, I know how to make it; if cannons are wanted, I know how to cast them; I can teach all the details of tactics, if there is nobody else to teach them. In administration, I alone arranged the finances, as you know. . . . There are principles, rules which should be known. I work always; I meditate a great deal. If I appear always ready to guarantee every thing, to meet every thing, it is because, before undertaking any thing, I have long meditated, I have foreseen what might happen. *It is not a genius which suddenly reveals me secretly what I have to say or to do in circumstances which, to others, are unexpected; it is my reflection, my meditation.* I am always working, at dinner, at the theatre; I get up during the night and work. Last night I got up at two o'clock. I sat in my long chair before the fire, to examine the accounts of the situation the Minister of War gave me last night. I found out and noted twenty faults, and I have sent my notes to the Minister, who is now busy in his office correcting them." I am persuaded you will read with interest Napoleon's opinion on the contested question of the unities. Benjamin Constant had just published his tragedy, *Walstein*. "Benjamin Constant has written a tragedy and some poetry. Those people try to write when they have not even made their first literary studies. Let him read Aristotle's Poetics. Tragedy does not limit the action to twenty-four hours arbitrarily; but it is because it takes the passions at their maximum, at their very highest degree of intensity, when they can neither bear any distraction, nor support a long time. He makes them eat during the action: eat, indeed! when the action commences, the actors should be agitated; at the third act, they should sweat; at the last, every body should be bathed in perspiration."

HAYTI AND THE HAITIANS

MY first view of Hayti was from off the "Mole St. Nicholas," the northwest point of the island. We were perhaps twenty miles east of the point to be doubled in order to enter the bay of Port au Prince. A bold, mountainous shore presented itself as far as the eye could reach, and far in the interior we could see the cloud-capt summit of "Monte au Diable," towering more than five thousand feet above us. Being awakened suddenly from sound sleep it was as if the island had sprung in an instant, by magic, from the depths of the wide waste of waters by which we had been for many days surrounded.

The scenes of that early morning hour are engrained indelibly upon my memory, and are among the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Daylight had but just dawned, and the bold shore towered before me draped in the gray morning mist, and covered with a wealth of verdure such as I had never seen before. There is a luxuriance, we can almost say a prodigality in the robes with which nature here decks herself, that amazes and bewilders one who, for the first time, opens his eyes upon a tropical scene. The air was more delightful than I had ever imagined that of the most genial climes to be. I stood hatless, near the stern of the ship, gazing spellbound upon the scene before me; and as we were borne along by a gentle breeze, the mild soft winds played with my, as yet, uncombed locks, and fanned me with a gentle dalliance, even the memory of which is delicious.

Doubling the "Mole" we sailed in a southeasterly direction down the bay, about a hundred miles, to the city of Port au Prince. A range of bold highlands skirts the shore, now with bald and jagged summits, burning and glowing under a tropical sun, and now retreating farther into the interior, and covered with the most rank and luxuriant vegetation.

In going down the bay we pass a beautiful little island about twenty miles in length, called Gonave. Nature has lavished upon it her bounties with the same rich profusion that characterizes all her works here. Mahogany, logwood, tropical fruits, and other productions abound, and it seems a fit residence for fairies; yet no human being is allowed to dwell upon it. Passing this island we were in full view of both shores of the bay, which present the same magnificent appearance. Near the city of Port au Prince the bay

is dotted with several little islands, which, however, add more to its beauty as a scene for a painter, than to its convenience or safety for purposes of navigation. The mountain ranges terminate nearly with the bay, and a level country opens up beyond the city which lies at its head.

Thus much for Haitian scenery; now for an introduction to the people. As we near the city a boat approaches, rowed by two blacks, hatless and with a scanty allowance of clothing, bringing a more respectably attired personage not less black. It is the pilot. As soon as a pilot touches the deck of a vessel, he is in full command; the responsibility of the captain is at an end, and he is only as a passenger. It was very amusing to watch the queer and comical expressions upon the faces of our sailors when their new superior came on board, took his station, and gave his orders, "Port," "Steady," "Starboard," &c. It was evidently not easy for them to yield him all the respect due to his station; but certain significant looks from the captain kept all in order, and we were taken safely to the harbor. Soon another boat came alongside, and we were boarded by three other officials. These were the captain of the port, rather a short stout man (a thorough black), in military dress, composed of a flat crescent-shaped cap, epaulet, blue broadcloth coat with figured gilt buttons, &c. Next came the captain of the pilots, a tall well formed man, in official dress. He had spent some time in the United States and now acts as interpreter, the French being the language of the country. And last, the clerk of the port, a young man several shades lighter, in citizen's dress of the latest Parisian style. Broadway does not often furnish a more perfect "exquisite." These received the ship's papers, went through the forms of entry to the custom-house, and placed a black soldier on board as a guard against smuggling. The captain and myself (the only passenger) were then conducted ashore to "La Place," the office of the governor of the city, where after registering our names, and going through a brief form, we were dismissed and at liberty to go on shore when and where we pleased.

The first few hours spent upon any foreign shore will not easily be forgotten. When after an hour or two I was again on board of the vessel for the night, my mind seemed to have been moved and excited by more new and strange emotions,

than in whole years before. Every thing, animate and inanimate, was new and strange—the people and their habits, the animals and their equipage, the style of the buildings, the trees, plants, vegetation, fruits, and various productions of the earth. All were new and consequently sources of mental excitement and pleasure. I had travelled many, many months and miles in our own southern climes, in the precarious search for health, until wearied with my wanderings by land, I had gone on board this vessel simply for the benefit of a voyage at sea; not knowing, or caring for what particular island or port we were bound. I was glad that night that the monotony of my life had thus been broken, and that I had fetched up just where I had; a place so rarely visited* by travellers, and affording, though so near home, so fresh a field for observation and study.

I have described our entrance to Port au Prince. This city contains from twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants. These, with the exception of a few foreigners, are natives of the island, and are always distinguished as "blacks"—those of unmixed blood—and "colored"—those of every tinge from "snowy white to sooty." To one accustomed to the state of things in our own country, and especially to one who has spent a good deal of time in the southern States, it seemed singular, to say the least, to see only black senators, judges, generals, and all the various grades of civil and military officers, necessary to conduct the affairs of government, and these all presided over by a black emperor. This remarkable personage is the great object of curiosity, for which sailors, captains, and all others inquire, and however much there may be to interest the stranger passing before his eyes, all are on the *qui vive* until he is seen. I have gathered the following facts in regard to his previous history.

The present Emperor of Hayti, Faustin Soulouque, or as he is officially known, "His Majesty, Faustin the First," had, previously to his election as president, been unknown to fame save as a military chieftain. His first connection with the army was in the capacity of a servant to a distinguished general. He has ever been regarded by those who have known him as a man of moderate abilities and acquirements, but of undoubted bravery.

My first view of him was as he was riding through the city of Port au Prince,

as his custom is on every Sunday morning. His color is the dingiest coal black; he has not the thick lips and other characteristic features that usually accompany this color. He rode a fine gray horse imported from the United States, and was accompanied by a hundred or more of his lifeguards on horseback, preceded by cavalry music, and passed through the principal streets of the city, uncovering his head and dispensing his bows and his smiles to the crowds as he rode rapidly past them. He was dressed, as he has always been when I have seen him, far more richly than I have ever seen any of our military officers dressed. He wore the common crescent-shaped military cap, with rich plumes and heavy golden trimmings. His coat was blue broadcloth with standing collar; and the entire front, the collar, the seams of the sleeves and the back, the edges of the skirts, &c., were overlaid with heavy golden trimmings. Besides this, various figures were wrought in gold upon the back and other parts of the coat, so that a large part of the cloth was covered. But a part of his vest could be seen, as his coat was buttoned with one button near his neck; but all that did appear showed nothing but gold. His trowsers were white, trimmed on each side of the seams with gold lace. He was not, however, in full dress, as he had on common boots, instead of a pair most richly trimmed with velvet and gold that he sometimes wears. His age is a little above fifty, his form erect, near six feet in height, and well proportioned. His horsemanship is of the most accomplished character. This attracts the attention of all foreigners, and their universal remark is that in this respect he is rarely equalled. He usually rides to the Bureau of the Port, the custom-house, and through several of the principal streets of the city, attended by a few of his guards, twice during the week. As I had seen him thus riding rapidly through the city, I was perplexed to reconcile his face, which seemed amiable and benignant, with what I knew of his character; but subsequently, as I stood near him, when he dismounted at church, and then sat within a few feet of him during a long service, I have been relieved of this difficulty, for I could see in his face when in repose an index of his stern and merciless heart. Those familiar with the circumstances of his election as president of the republic (the present Emperor of France, be it re-

* More than fifty vessels from the United States arrived at Port au Prince during my stay upon the island, in which there were but two passengers,—one a young lawyer sent by an insurance company to look after a vessel that had been wrecked; and the other an agent for a commercial house.

membered, has most closely followed the black Emperor in the method he has taken to reach his present position) will remember that the honor came upon him most unexpectedly. Parties were so nearly balanced that neither of them was able to succeed, and after several unavailing ballots he was taken up as an available military candidate, and moreover as one that the leaders thought could easily be managed. But they soon found out their mistake. The very men who had procured his election were the first to suffer. In a very short time he dismissed them from the ministry and chose a cabinet to his own liking, and from that day onward he has sacrificed whoever has dared to oppose him, or been suspected of plotting his overthrow, with apparently as little feeling as he would have taken the life of a centipede. It is a very difficult matter to judge of the future in regard to the Haitian government and people, but to all appearances he bids fair to be their ruler for many years to come. At least if he be not it will not be because he would hesitate to sacrifice hecatombs of opposing subjects to secure this end.

It is not easy to give a truthful impression of the real state of things upon this island. A gentleman who, for many years, occupied the chair of history in one of our distinguished institutions, and whose knowledge of the past history and present state of the world is equalled by very few of any land, remarked to me that he found it more difficult to get satisfactory views of the state of things in Hayti, than of any other part of the world. Probably every one who has given any attention to what has been passing here for the last half century has experienced the same difficulty. I will therefore make this general remark in regard to the island, which will serve to explain the conflicting statements that are made by those who visit it. *In Hayti you have every thing from extreme Parisian refinement and civilization down to the lowest African superstition and degradation!* You may therefore believe any statement that would be true of any state of society between these wide extremes.

From all that I had known of them, of their revolutions and their almost constant sanguinary conflicts, I had not supposed that any portion of them were as far advanced in civilization as I found some of them to be. Those who transact the commercial and mercantile business of the city have an air of intelligence quite similar to the same class in our own cities.

Their style of dress is so remarkably neat and tasteful that it attracts your attention at once. The climate being warm, their clothing is generally light, and most of it the most pure and beautiful white I have ever seen worn. This is the result of much bleaching in a tropical sun, and of great painstaking and skill in washing. The dress of the common working people, however, what little they wear, is of the very opposite extreme. These, however, dress differently on certain occasions, which I shall hereafter describe.

Another characteristic of the people that at once arrests your attention, is their remarkable politeness. A foreigner who has resided among them for some years told me that this was the great matter in their education; that the better class of Haitian mothers flogged their children oftener for delinquencies in this matter than for any thing else. In walking with them in the streets, or whenever they are meeting others, they are constantly disciplining them to make a handsome bow and salutation. To a foreigner the people are especially polite. In passing through the streets and meeting those of the higher class, they lift their hats to you, and with a graceful bow, give you a respectful "Bon jour," or "Bon soir, Monsieur." I have seen an entire family who were sitting upon an outer gallery, in the cool of the evening, rise to their feet and bow most gracefully to a foreigner and his wife who were passing. A gentleman from Alabama, who spent some weeks on the island, remarked as he was about leaving, that he should have to be very careful when he reached home, or he should find himself tipping his hat to every negro he met on his plantation. A waggish down-east captain broke out, one day as I met him; "Don't these people make most beautiful bows? I've been practising since I've been here; and I believe I've got so I can lift my hat up about as handsome as they do, but somehow it won't come down right." To explain these things I need only remind the reader that there is not a little French blood coursing in the veins of these people, and that their education and habits are derived from that nation. From speaking their language, their intercourse and associations have been mainly with them, and those of them who have been educated abroad, have almost invariably been educated in France. These facts, and the remarkable powers of imitation inherent in the negro character, will, I think, prepare the reader for the statement (which I should not dare to make without

these preliminaries) that I have never seen in any city of the Union ladies of more cultivated and accomplished *manners*, than some I have seen in Port au Prince. For reasons that I need not here state, I am excused for being entirely ignorant in regard to balls and dancing-parties. But a lady, whose opinion and judgment would not be called in question if I might name her, assured me that she had never seen in New-York or New England more elegant dancers than in Port au Prince.

I had not been long upon the island before I had an opportunity of witnessing one of their religious fête days, when the custom-house and public offices were closed; there was a general cessation from business, and the entire people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. These days are very numerous with the Haitians, as in addition to the regular Catholic festivals, they have a large number of a national character, commemorating important events in their history. These are great occasions for dress and display with all classes. I have never on a public occasion, that called out the great mass of our people, seen them as a whole so neatly dressed. You wonder as you pass among the throng, where can be the miserably clad objects that you have been accustomed to see in the markets, on the wharves, and about the streets of the city. I was told in explanation of this that these people resort to every possible expedient, even to sadly wronging their poor stomachs, in order to acquire the means to make a handsome appearance on these public days, and that the most wretchedly clad beings I saw upon the street were almost sure to have one handsome dress for these occasions.

The following incident will give an idea of the transformations often effected by these changes of dress for public occasions. The ordinary dress for the mass of the laboring women,—washwomen, &c.,—is a single garment hanging loosely upon the body like a chemise, with perhaps an old pair of shoes on, slipshod. With these two articles they are very satisfactorily dressed. An American gentleman was sitting in his door upon one of their fête days, when a lady approached dressed in the highest ton of the country—a rich Madras handkerchief about her head, earrings and other jewelry, a dress of the purest white, white satin slippers, and other things in corresponding keeping. He rose, and with his salutation, "*Bon jour, Madame,*" bade her enter and be seated. She gracefully returned his salu-

tations, entered with a manner and bearing in keeping with her dress, saying, "and so you do not recognize me!" He looked—it was his washwoman!

The fête day to which I have alluded as the first that I witnessed, was "*All Saints' Day.*" I went in the morning to the Catholic church, where some two or three thousand were assembled. All here were neatly, and many were richly dressed; and I was not a little surprised at their entirely decorous, respectful, and intelligent appearance. In the afternoon I witnessed one of those immense processions, which have such a peculiar charm to the people of all Catholic countries. Thousands upon thousands, "*the whole city*" assembled at the church, and from thence, preceded by a company of soldiers, the priests with their crosses, candles, &c., they moved on, without any order, a promiscuous mass, nearly filling the streets through which they passed. In company with an American friend I followed on, and entered their cemetery. This is situated some distance from the city, is inclosed by a high wall, and, being ornamented with rich tropical trees and lying under the shadow of the mountain range on the south of the city, it presented, at that hour, a most beautiful appearance. In passing through this ancient and densely crowded "*city of the dead,*"—while as a Protestant I had no sympathy with these thousands in the religious sentiments that prompted their services, or in their estimate of their value,—I could but be moved by many of the touching and truly beautiful scenes that were around me. Here young bereaved mothers, aged smitten parents, sad and solitary widows, sorrowing orphans, and all the variety of stricken hearts were gathered around the graves that contained the objects of their cherished affections, and having strewed them with flowers, and lighted their wax tapers over them, were devoutly kneeling and offering their orisons in their behalf. Even the graves of numbers that had been shot for political offences, and, in consequence, were buried without the wall, were not neglected. They had been visited at some less public hour of the day, by stealth perhaps, and the hand and heart of affection had left upon them the burning taper and rich bouquet. I leave others to imagine with what reflections I retired from the scenes of the day!

The Sabbath in Hayti is not only the busiest day in the week, but presents more scenes characteristic of the people than any other day. You are awaked at

the earliest dawn by booming of cannon on the fort. This is the call for the various military companies to collect at their several stations, and prepare for a general parade and review by the Emperor. Soon the streets are all alive with bustle and confusion. The various companies are dashing by on horseback or marching to the music of a band. They assemble at first in the large yard in front and around the government house, the residence of Sonlouque, where, amid the strains of martial music, various evolutions and exercises are gone through with, the significance of which I could never understand, as the Emperor never makes his appearance. After an hour or more spent here, they march to a large beautiful plain, lying back of the government house, where they prepare for a review by the Emperor. His majesty, Faustin the First, with not more than half a million of subjects, has a standing army of not far from 20,000, about twice the number of our own. I think I have seen half of this number at a Sunday morning review. They are formed into a hollow square, and after the proper officers have made the circuit of the lines, to see that all is in order, a company of officers is dispatched to inform the Emperor; whose approach is announced and greeted with an almost deafening salute of martial music, the roar and din of which is continued, while he, accompanied by his ministers of state, officers, and guards, rides rapidly around the entire line to the point of starting, where he makes a halt and the entire army passes in review before him. This done he makes the circuit of the city, as I have already described.

But while all this is passing the city is by no means forsaken or quiet. Every store and shop is open, and the goods displayed more attractively than on any other day of the week. Sunday is the greatest market day of all the week, and the streets of the city are full of people coming and going, some with mules loaded with vegetables, wood, grass, coal, &c.; some with bananas, plantains, sugar cane, &c., on their heads, some with a few chickens, some with one thing and some with another. Thus they crowd on, bartering, disputing, shouting, singing, laughing, all in the boisterous tones peculiar to such a state of civilization, making altogether a scene of confusion such as is rarely to be found. But the great scene and centre of confusion is the market. This is a large open square in the centre of the city, where perhaps two thousand persons, some of them from great dis-

tances in the country, are eager in driving their bargains and disposing of their various articles. This market-place has no building except a few open sheds or booths at the ends or sides of the square, where meat and such articles are sold as need to be protected from the sun. The entire area of the square is filled with people who, without any reference to regularity or order, have laid upon the ground, or a mat, their mule-load, or head-load of oranges, potatoes, beans, corn, plantains, yams, pine-apples, chickens, pigs, fish, charcoal, or whatever animate or inanimate articles they may have for sale. The noise, confusion, and picturesqueness of this scene entirely baffle my powers of description. Strangely enough to an untravelled American, the Catholic church is hard by, upon a slight elevation overlooking one of these large markets, crowded with worshippers. Old women from the country come along to the church, lay their baskets or bundles upon the steps, go in, cross themselves with holy water, kneel, count their beads, and go through with their devotions, and then come out and go on with their trading. Thus multitudes come and go, and those who are able to stay and engage in the services for a longer time, seem not to be at all disturbed by them.

Thus with noise and excitement the day passes on. By two or three o'clock business begins to subside, and sports of various kinds begin. The country people having made their sales, and got through with their "shopping," are leaving for home in groups. The boys of the city fly their kites, spin their tops, and run, and laugh, and shout in their various sports. The young men walk, or ride, or visit, as they may prefer. The more wealthy having finished a late dinner, amuse themselves with dancing or cards, and all according to their taste seek their pleasure. As the evening approaches new and still stranger scenes begin. The more common and ignorant portion of the people assemble in large companies in the open air and engage in dancing, which is their great and almost sole amusement. These dances are unlike any thing that we are accustomed to call by that name. There are several things characteristic of them all; though there is said to be a great variety of names and kinds of dances. Large numbers of them are regularly organized societies, with their mysterious rites of initiation, and their cabalistic ceremonies, which are said to be truthful representations of the heathen dances of central Africa, which have been handed

down here from generation to generation. Others are entirely informal, the dancing of any promiscuous company that chance may bring together. These dances are uniformly in the open air, though many of them are under the cover of a tent or awning belonging to the "société." Their music is made by pounding with the palm of the hands upon a drum, which is made by stretching a skin over the head of a small barrel, like a drum-head. To this they have various accompaniments, such as pounding with two sticks upon an old herring or soap box, the clicking of pieces of iron, singing, clapping of hands, &c. Though to the uninitiated the music thus made seems a monotonous, unintelligible jargon, there is said to be a great variety of tunes which they seem perfectly to understand. I procured from a Haitian musician some of this dancing music. These tunes are like the *real* plantation songs of the South, the productions of excited ignorant minds, having no knowledge of the science of music whatever. This music, executed in the manner already described, has an electrical effect, and immediately collects large groups, who will stand for hours in a charmed circle surrounding the dancers. Sometimes there will be quite a number engaged in dancing, sometimes half a dozen, and sometimes one or two will enchain the attention of the spectators with their movements. These are the most grotesque imaginable; now a shaking movement somewhat like those of our shakers,—now a peculiar balancing of the body,—now dashing off suddenly in a whirling, sailing motion around the entire circle,—now with feet fixed upon the ground, moving the body up and down—as the Aztecs uniformly did when told to dance—and continuing this motion more and more vigorously, until it would seem that they must dislocate every bone in the body,—and now leaping with great rapidity to a remarkable height in the air, like the bounding of a India-rubber ball. These are among the more common feats. As these dances form the almost sole amusement for the numerous holidays of the Haitians, I have very often witnessed them. They have a very ingenious method of making a foreigner pay for his amusement, after this manner. As soon as he is seen in the crowd some one of the dancing women begins to move toward him holding out her hands for a gift; and continues to dance back and forth, before and around him, her hands still extended, until he is "the observed of all observers." After this was understood, I generally had

some change ready so as to pay my tribute in the quickest time possible. One night as I was going through the street, I passed an open yard where a company was dancing that seemed more merry and excited than usual, and without any forethought I turned in. I had hardly reached the group before one of the dancing women was before me with open palm. I thrust my hand into my pocket, found I had no change, and the first thing I could get hold of was a two-dollar Haitian bill, which I handed over as soon as possible. It was the best investment in this line that I ever made. She just glanced to see what it was, and then waving it in the air went whirling and sailing around the circle, and among other demonstrations giving me an opportunity to see some almost incredible feats that I had often heard described but had never witnessed. Placing a small crockery cup, about the size of a teacup, upon the top of her head, she danced, whirled, and sprang suddenly several feet, and back at the same bound, making apparently the most convulsive jerks possible, the cup meanwhile remaining untouched upon the top of the head. This jumping and jerking was gone through with several times, and far surpassed any feat of jugglery that I had ever witnessed. A colored woman, a member of the Baptist Mission Church in Port au Prince, told me she had often seen her mother go through the same feats with a wineglass upon her head. So universal is this custom of dancing among the Haitians upon their fête days and Sunday, that I have often thought, that including the various grades from the regular balls in the city down to the lowest field dances, two thirds, or even a greater proportion of the people of Hayti must be engaged in dancing. The influence of this habit is all pervading. Children catch the spirit, and will sway their bodies to and fro, keeping time to the music, when they can scarcely go alone; and as soon as they have strength to spring clear from the ground, without the hazard of a fall, they are ready on any occasion to exhibit their dexterity to a stranger. The music of a drum and fife, especially on a public day, is almost certain to set all the children in a street to hopping, and I have been greatly amused to see boys with no other dress on than a shirt who were going along the streets, step, and balance, and whirl, and sail on, keeping time to the music. By sundown upon Sabbath evening the music of these dancing companies is heard in all directions, and the noise and dance

continue until midnight, and often till the break of day. Thus the Sabbath ends with confusion as it began.

Were I to stop here, after what I have said in regard to the politeness, taste in dress, skill in dancing, &c., &c., that I found in Port au Prince, I am sure that a very wrong estimate of the character and condition of the people would be formed from what I have written. I have already alluded to the fact that there is here a strange blending of Parisian refinement and civilization, with native African barbarism and morals. Having said what I have of the first, my account would not be truthful were I to pass over the last.

I witnessed one large fire in Port au Prince. As soon as it began to spread, the merchants who had foreign vessels in port consigned to them, ran immediately to their stores, and tumbling their money into trunks and bags, ran with them to the wharf in the quickest time possible, and sent them on board these vessels. Many of the captains were unwilling to take the bags and trunks in that way, without knowing their contents, and begged their consignees, if they would have it so, to send some one on board in whose care the property might be left; but they invariably preferred to leave it in that way. A fire is the signal for universal theft and dishonesty. Scarcely an article that is thrown into the streets can be secured, and a man does not know whom to trust. One man intrusted a bag of money to one of his neighbors in the midst of the confusion of the fire, and when he called for it the next day, the man denied having received it, and as there was no proof the owner could not recover it. When I heard this and similar facts, I was not surprised at their readiness to trust foreign captains. The best stores here have a small building adjoining, which is without windows and fire-proof; on purpose to have a place where they can store their money and valuables in times of fire. Thieving seems the great bane of the island. Those who are disposed to be industrious have no certainty that they will reap the rewards of their industry. While they are laboring, others are sleeping, who in the dead of the night will prowl around and seize upon the fruits of their toils. Corn, vegetables, fruits, &c., are stolen from the fields where they are growing; pigs, fowls, &c., are stolen from their inclosures. An American negro, who was disposed to be industrious, told me that often while he was at work at one end of his garden, thieves would be watching him and steal-

ing his vegetables and fruits from the other end. This practice is so universal that the law allows any man to shoot down a thief in the act of plundering. I was told of a case where a young man, hearing some one in the act of stealing his bananas, went out in the dark and fired at him, and on going to the spot was startled to find that he had killed one of his most intimate friends. In 1842 the city of Cape Haitien was shaken down by a most terrific earthquake, and probably one half or two thirds of its population were instantly killed. Of those who escaped in the general ruin, multitudes from the city and surrounding country rushed to the terrible scene, and engaged in plundering the bodies of the dead and the dying! And yet, paradoxical as it seems, money may be transmitted from Port au Prince to any other part of the island with the utmost safety. Packages of bills containing thousands of dollars, may be intrusted to a native, who will carry it, unmolested, across the country, sleeping with it under his head at night, and deliver every dollar with unflinching certainty. But after it is once delivered and counted the same man would not hesitate to appropriate a package if an opportunity were offered.

Another central African characteristic of the Haitians is their almost universal licentiousness. I have taken no pains to obtain statistics, but think I cannot err in saying that a majority of the births upon the island are illegitimate. To live together as husband and wife without a civil or religious marriage ceremony is scarcely less respectable than regular marriage. Many men, among the first in wealth and social position, live in this manner; and the respectability of the connection may be inferred from the fact that when they commence housekeeping they give a party, and subsequently appear together in parties, at church, and other public places, precisely as if they were regularly married. By a law of the island, marriage at any subsequent period, makes all the children born in this state legitimate. When the present Emperor was elected president he was living in this state of concubinage, but his subsequent marriage makes the present princess a legitimate successor to the throne. Such a state of things being tolerated among the more respectable of the people, it can readily be understood that among the lower classes the state of morals in this respect is most deplorable, and such as to forbid description.

It is well known that in severing them-

selves from all connection with the whites, the Haitians renounced their allegiance to the Pope, and therefore the Emperor is the spiritual as well as temporal head of the nation. The Pope having no power or voice in the management of affairs among them, priests of the most desperate and disreputable character have swarmed to the island, who instead of laboring to reform and improve the morals of the people are largely responsible for the prevailing corruption. The government has to keep a sharp and constant look-out for them, and pass laws to keep them from the most scandalous outrages upon morality. The following document, issued by one of Soulouque's ministers, a zealous Catholic, the judicial officer highest in authority upon the island, I translate from "*Le Moniteur Haitien*," the government paper which circulates throughout the island.

TRANSLATION.

"*The Grand Judge, to the Members of the Councils of Notables, in the Communes of the Republic:*

"NOTABLE CITIZENS,—Certain grave abuses, introduced into the country by the clergy, have awakened my attention, and for the interest of religion it was necessary that I should adopt some measures to bring them to an end.

"You know that religion is an object most venerable in the eyes of the people, and that it exerts a salutary influence upon men and upon societies, by lending its support to the laws. Every stigma which is brought upon it is dangerous, and the more so when it is brought upon it by its ministers.

"Many, regardless of the character with which they are clothed, of their proper dignity, and even of common propriety, openly give themselves to acts of trade, to commercial operations, which often engage them in litigation, so that they frequently appear before the bar of the courts contending with their opponents.

"And as if this spectacle, which strikes religion at the heart, were not sufficiently afflicting, many of them keep at the parsonages in their dwellings, in the derisory capacity of housekeepers (*sous la qualification dérisoire de gouvernantes*), young females, and by a course of conduct opposed to good morals, of which they ought to be the living examples, give occasion for public scandals which tend to their disgrace in the eyes of their flocks, and destroys the sublime moral of the gospel which they are charged to preach in all its authority.

"This state of things, gentlemen and

citizens, is inconsistent with a society properly constituted. That it may continue no longer, *I charge you to have an eye continually upon the curates of your respective parishes*, and to report (*dénoncer*) to me every violation of this statute which they may commit, that it may not be unpunished.

"They are forbidden hereafter to engage in commercial affairs of any kind, and to retain at the parsonages or in their dwellings, in any capacity whatever, young females, unless they are of an age not to be suspected.

"You will give earnest attention to these instructions and acquaint me of their reception.

"I salute you with consideration.

"J. B. FRANCISQUE."

With such priests to mould the morals of the people, it is easy to judge what those morals must be!

The island of Hayti is occupied by two distinct people, descendants of the old Spanish and French colonies. Its population is estimated at about 600,000 or 700,000. The Haitians, with about two thirds of the population, possess only about one third of the territory. Its greatest length from east to west is about 400 miles. Its breadth varies from 40 miles near its eastern extremity to about 150 near its centre, and it embraces, according to Mr. Lindenau, an area of nearly 29,500 square miles. Columbus called the island Hispaniola, and it has also been called St. Domingo from the city of that name on its southeastern coast; but Hayti or Haiti (*the mountainous country*) was its original Carrib name. The French bestowed upon it the deserved name of *la Reine des Antilles*. All descriptions of its magnificence and beauty, even those of Washington Irving in his history of Columbus, fall far short of the reality. It seems beyond the power of language to exaggerate its beauties, its productiveness, the loveliness of its climate, and its desirableness as an abode for man. Columbus labored hard to prove to Isabella that he had found here the original garden of Eden; and any one who has wandered over these mountains and plains, breathed this delicious air, and feasted his soul and his eyes upon the scenes every where spread out before him, is quite ready to excuse the apparent extravagance of the great discoverer. To a large extent the resources of this island are at present undeveloped, and it presents a wide contrast to its former wealth and productiveness. In 1789, it contained a population of

40,000 whites, 500,000 slaves, and 24,000 free colored. Not only its rich plains, but in many parts its mountains were cultivated to their summits. The cultivated lands amounted to 2,289,480 acres; which were divided into 793 plantations of sugar, 3117 plantations of coffee, 3160 of indigo, 54 of chocolate, and 623 smaller ones for raising grain, yams, and other vegetable food. Its exports, as stated by the intendant of the colony, were £4,765,229 sterling. An active commerce united it with Europe, and twenty ports of trade were filled with 1500 vessels, waiting to freight home its rich productions. In riding over the island the mementos of this prosperity are every where to be seen. Large broken kettles, the remains of immense sugar houses, are scattered along the roads and over the fields. The remains of massive and magnificent gateways, and the ruins of princely dwellings, scattered over the island are evidences of the highest state of wealth and luxury. But these rich plains and mountains, are now almost an uncultivated waste. A few coffee plantations are to be found, which are kept up with the greatest difficulty on account of the impossibility of securing among the natives the necessary laborers. The most of the people out of the towns live in rudely constructed houses, unfurnished with the usual comforts of life, and but a few degrees above the huts upon the shores of their native Africa. The soil is so exceedingly productive, and there is so much that grows spontaneously, that very little labor indeed is necessary to secure the food necessary to sustain life; and the climate is such that, if so disposed, they need spend very little for clothing. Being thus under no compulsory necessity to labor, industry is the exception, idleness and idleness the rule.

They generally inclose around or near their dwellings a small patch of ground, which is cultivated mostly by the females, and where, with very little labor, they raise coffee, bananas, corn, and other vegetables for their own consumption, and a small surplus for sale, from the proceeds of which they procure their clothing and such other articles of convenience as they are able or disposed to purchase. I should judge that far the largest part of all the coffee that is exported from the island is raised in these small quantities, and brought to market in small lots upon the backs of mules. The logwood, mahogany, and other exports are mostly procured in small quantities in much the same way,—the men of course doing most of this heavy labor.

Bountiful as are the provisions for supplying the wants of man here, there is, incredible as it may seem, a vast deal of suffering for want of the very necessities of life. The government being in reality an irresponsible despotism, every male citizen is liable to be seized at any moment and forced into the army; so that if he raises a crop there is no certainty but that in the very act of securing it, he may be torn away from his family, and the fruits of his labor be left to perish while he is marched away to the frontier, to return he knows not when. In addition to this, multitudes are so thriftless and improvident that they will not make any provision for the future—they will not even gather those productions that are every where so bountifully spread around them. I have rode through wild uncultivated woods, and seen on every hand groves of orange trees groaning under their delicious golden loads, as I have seen the orchards of western New-York weighed down with their heavy burdens. A little farther on, I have come upon thickets of coffee bushes matted over with their rich purple berries. Besides these, tobacco, ginger, and other valuable products grow wild in the same profusion over these mountains, and year after year there waste away and perish like the rank grass of our own prairies. I have wandered over the rich rice and cotton fields of the South, and the prairie and bottom lands of the West, but their bountiful products are meagre compared with those to be seen here.

But bountiful and Eden-like as is this island, the contemplation both of its past history and present state excites only the saddest emotions. The history of Hayti from its discovery to the present day is a most melancholy history. When discovered by Columbus it is supposed to have contained more than 1,000,000 of the Carrib tribe of Indians, but, incredible as it may appear, in consequence of their wholesale butchery by the Spaniards, and the severe drudgery they were compelled to undergo in the mines, in the short space of sixteen years they were reduced to 60,000. These outrages upon humanity, entailing such a lasting stigma upon the Spanish name, were followed by the well-known introduction of slavery into the island, with all its indescribable cruelties and horrors, and its subsequent fearful end. But the gloomy chapter of its woes does not terminate with the tragic, well-known "horrors of St. Domingo." From that day to the present it has been an almost uninterrupted scene of conflict and

bloodshed. Internal dissensions and desolating civil wars have continued to mark its history; and recently three great and powerful nations have intervened in vain to secure for this ill-starred island the blessings of peace. No soil has so long and so constantly been ensanguined with human blood. Blood marks every page of her history, from the time her beautiful shores first greeted the delighted vision of Columbus until the present day;—the blood of the peaceful inoffensive Carribs,—the blood of the wronged and outraged

children of Africa,—the blood of their butchered masters,—the blood of Le Clerc and his noble, but ill-fated army,—the blood of Dessalines, Christophe, and of thousands more who have perished in the insurrections and revolutions that have desolated this fair island. Sad, sad indeed has been the fate of the "Queen of the Antilles." I leave it to others to deduce the lessons that her history suggests, and will not attempt to penetrate the dark veil that hides her future.

THREE DAYS IN ARGOLIS.

These massive walls,
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,
Strike awe, as powers who ruled an older world,
In mute obedience.

TALFOURD'S LOX.

IT was between six and seven in the evening of the first of April, before I could make the necessary arrangements for a tour with a party who intended setting out on the morrow from Athens for Nauplia. Mr. N——, late an antiquarian attached to the British Museum, and now appointed Vice Consul for the Island of Mitylene, and C——, son of a London publisher, were to be my companions; and we had engaged Demetrius, or Demetri, for our guide. By the time we had fully made up our minds to leave, it was well nigh dark, and yet neither Demetri nor I had procured our passes, without which we were liable at any time to be stopped on our way, and might be subjected to considerable trouble in clearing ourselves from the suspicion of being either robbers or vagrants. The passport office was closed, but the timely expenditure of two or three drachms readily opened it for us. A new difficulty presented itself; for not a blank pass was to be found high or low. The ingenuity of the clerk easily surmounted this obstacle. An old pass which had seen service was discovered; the name was transmuted to what might reasonably be supposed to bear a slight resemblance to mine; and the words "with his man, Demetrius" were added. So we were permitted to visit Argolis.

We rose early the next morning; and by five o'clock were in a carriage, and on our way to Piræus, about five miles east from

Athens, by the macadamized road, which for three fourths of the distance runs in a perfectly straight line across the meadows. The northern of the great walls of Themistocles occupied exactly the same ground; or rather I should say that the German surveyors employed its ruins for the substruction of the road, and every violent rain uncovers for a time the upper course of stones. Our driver did himself credit, and we reached the harbor in three quarters of an hour, and in plenty of time for the little Austrian steamer, Archiduca Ludovico, in which we took passage for Nauplia. The weather was cloudy and dull when we started, but as we advanced, the atmosphere became clearer, and we saw with great distinctness the shores of the Saronic Gulf, upon which we entered. We were soon out of the small harbor of Piræus, passing through its narrow mouth, which is still further contracted by the remains of the old walls. They abutted in two piers, about two hundred feet apart. When a heavy chain was drawn across this narrow opening, as was done by the old Athenians, the harbor was considered well protected. Just beyond them, our attention was called to the simple monument of Miaulis, and only a few feet further were the ruined fragments of what has been by popular tradition dignified with the name of Themistocles' tomb. Whether it be his sepulchre or not, the bones of the great general of ancient times, and the most famous

admiral of modern Greece, lie mouldering on the shores of the Ægean, within a few yards of each other. Themistocles, it is well known, was buried by the sea side, in full view of the Straits of Salamis, the scene of his most splendid victory over the Persian fleet.

We varied our course as soon as we had cleared the promontory of Munychia, and leaving on our right the island of Salamis, took a southerly direction towards the eastern headland of Argolis. This brought us within a very short distance of the temple of Ægina, dedicated of old to Jupiter Panhellenius. Through the Captain's glass we could distinguish the different columns without difficulty in this clear atmosphere. It is one of the most perfect ruins out of Athens itself; but we saw it to little advantage, and I reserved a visit for a future occasion.

There are quite a number of passengers on board our little steamer, and as the day was fair and mild, every body congregated on deck. Indeed, most of them were deck passengers, the trip being a short one. The Greeks are talkative and easy of access, so that it is not at all difficult to form a number of acquaintances in a short time. Our company was a lively one, too; and, as they had nothing else to do, most of them amused themselves with cards. One party of eight or ten were seated in Turkish fashion on the deck near the helm, forming a circle around a cloth, on which figured a large piece of cold mutton and several bottles of wine. The men helped themselves plentifully, and disdaining forks, made use of their jack-knives to cut the meat, or else tore it in pieces with their fingers. These evidently were all from the same neighborhood, and members of the same clan. Some of them had that free and easy look, mingled with a considerable share of fierceness, which distinguish the old *Klefts*; others who were younger, evidently belonged to the no less energetic but more tractable class, which is now springing up to take the place of the others. I fell into conversation with some students of the University, who were returning from Athens to spend the Easter week vacation at home. Like all the rest of Greek students they were poor, and evidently were self-made men. Another set were gathered around a musician, who diverted them by playing on an instrument much resembling the banjo, and singing their country songs.

There were but two cabin passengers besides ourselves; and they were members of the house of representatives. One of them, M. A., I found disposed to be very

communicative. He informed me that an election was to take place at Argos, the next day or the day after, and that he was going there to see about it. Being a partisan of the king, he was commissioned to procure as favorable a result for the ministry as he could. The officer to be chosen on the occasion was the *demarch*, or mayor of the town, the most important municipal authority. The mode of election is certainly a most curious one. The people choose twelve men as electors, with twelve more for substitutes. These twelve choose from their own number four men, with their substitutes; and finally these four select three candidates for the office of mayor. Their names are presented to the king or ministry, and they designate the one who shall be mayor. Out of the three candidates, I presume, the monarch may safely depend on one who will advocate the ministerial measures for the purpose of gaining office. Of course in so complicated a procedure the government will find plenty of opportunity for wielding an influence over the election. My friend A—— had undoubtedly some part to take in the election of a mayor in the important town of Argos, as he was furnished by the ministry with an order for an escort of soldiers through the dangerous passes from Argos to Corinth, of which he invited me to avail myself in returning to Athens.

By eleven o'clock we had crossed the Saronic Gulf, passing close to the island of Poros, remarkable of late years for the burning of the Greek fleet in its little harbor; but much more famous under the name of Calauria, as the scene of the death of Demosthenes. It is a bleak, barren rock, without the sign of a habitation on this side. We kept on close to the mainland, and inside of the island of Hydra, which rises high and rocky from the sea. The town of Hydra itself is picturesquely situated on the side of the hill, rising in the shape of a theatre. A ridge, however, divides it into two parts, which running out into the water, forms two harbors, the smaller of which, as usual, serves for quarantine. The house of Conduriotti, the famous Hydriote, stands on the narrow tongue of land between the two harbors, and was pointed out to me. Hydra, I am told, has declined very much of late years. Its losses were immense during the revolutionary war. All its commerce was, of course, ruined, and as together with Spezzia, it sustained the whole burden of the war by sea, the prizes obtained never compensated for the expenditures it incurred. Since the revolution

Spezzia has regained some of its former importance, but the fleet of Hydra on the Black Sea has diminished exceedingly. The privileges which Hydra used to enjoy under the Turks were such, that the inhabitants had little reason to complain of tyranny. The island was almost free from the government of the Porte, governing itself, allowing no Turk to set foot on land, and paying only a small annual tribute. Commerce has usually the effect of diminishing national prejudices, and making men more tolerant of each others' customs; but at Hydra it seems to have had a directly opposite effect. A Smyrniote lady at Athens told me that her father once entered Hydra in Frank dress, and came very near losing his life by doing so. So inveterate was the dislike of the inhabitants for the foreign costume, that the gentleman was pursued and hooted at in the streets, and compelled to take refuge in a house. It was a characteristic feeling of patriotism, that led their admiral Tombazi to reply to one who exclaimed, "What a spot you have chosen for your country;" "It was liberty that chose the spot, not we." But along with this noble sentiment, and with others distinguishing them above even the rest of their countrymen, the Hydriotes possess a good deal of sordid love of gain. It is said that there actually existed in the city at the time of the revolution three mints for the manufacture of counterfeit Turkish coin, which was taken into Turkey and there put into circulation.*

Our steamboat stopped but a few moments off Hydra, to land some passengers, and then continued its course until coming between Spezzia and the mainland, we entered the Gulf of Argos. The town of Spezzia is less picturesquely situated on a less rocky island; and has a long and narrow harbor similar to that of Hydra. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in steaming up the bay, with the bare rocks of Argolis on the right and the equally precipitous hills of Laconia on the other side, coming down to the very margin of the water. We approached Nauplia, and after turning a promontory, our steamer anchored directly between the town and the small fort of St. Nicolas or Bourtzi.

Nauplia is finely situated, and appears to great advantage from the water. The houses are usually built of white limestone, and have for the most part, roofs not very much inclined. They rise one above another on the side of a hill, forming the end of the promontory, which is crowned

by the fort of Itch-kali. But these fortifications are slight compared with the Palamede, a hill 740 feet in height, which commands the town to the southeast, and renders Nauplia one of the three strongest places in the Morea,—the Acrocorinthus and Monembasia being the others. It is singular that so remarkable a situation as this should not have been occupied in the times of the ancient Greeks by a populous town. But Nauplia is scarcely mentioned by historians or geographers. Towards the bay the town is protected by a high wall, which rises directly from the water's edge, and allows people to land in a single place. It is said, too, that a double chain used to be stretched from the little fort of Bourtzi to the mainland. It is no wonder that the Turks were foiled in the attempt to take this place by storm from the hands of the Greeks.

When we arrived off Nauplia, though it was not late in the afternoon, we found it raining violently, and therefore determined to remain on our steamboat for the night, and have the next morning for an excursion. The sun rose the next morning in a clear sky, revealing to us all the features of the surrounding landscape. To the northward we saw the low and level plain of Argos, with the mountains beyond, and on the east, before the high hills that ran southward as far as the eye could distinguish them, was the low, marshy ground, where now stand the few houses of Myli. That was the ancient Lerne, the haunt of the famous Lernian Hydra, whose slaughter was one of the great achievements of Hercules. If the Hydra, as German critics pretend, was only symbolical of the pestilential vapors from the marsh, which Hercules remedied by effectually draining it, the monster is as active as ever; for the neighborhood of Lerne, like all other low and boggy grounds in this warm country, is infested with fever and ague during nearly two thirds of the year.

After waiting a long time impatiently for our guide, who had gone off to the shore, Demetri at last appeared, and we repaired in a boat to the small landing place, where we found the horses which had been procured for us. We set off at once, without stopping to look about Nauplia, for the curious old ruined cities of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Argos. We rode through a number of narrow streets, brushing past the little open shops, and now and then drawing our beasts near to the walls, in order to avoid a train of mules laden

* Howe's Greek Revolution p. 155, Note *in fine*.

with sacks or baskets, or a row of donkeys carrying huge bundles of brushwood, under which they were almost hidden. As for the foot passengers they shifted for themselves; in cases where the street was too narrow to allow of more than a couple of horses passing each other, they took refuge in some open doorway or shop. We left Nauplia through the only land gate, over which we turned to see the old winged lion of St. Mark, still existing as an indication of the former supremacy of the Venetian republic over this city. Indeed we saw the same emblem more or less entire on various portions of the wall. The Turks when they gained possession of the place, after carefully destroying the head of the lion, which they supposed, doubtless, to be one of the idols of the infidel, seem to have cared very little whether the remainder of the monument was still there or not. Passing the narrow strip of ground, used as a promenade, at the foot of the Palamede, we came to the suburb of Pronia, which, when Nauplia was the capital of the government, as it was for many years after the revolution, was crowded with country seats of all the principal families. Pronia has seen some stormy scenes. The congress that assembled there was broken up by force of arms, and its deputies dispersed. On the rock, which forms the boundary of the sort of recess in which Pronia is situated, we noticed as we passed a lion cut out of the solid stone, after the fashion of the famous lion of Lucerne. It commemorated the Bavarians who died in Greece.

We turned now to the north and entered the plain of Argos. A remarkable plain it is, indeed, and the scene of interesting historical events from the time of Hercules, the Pelasgians, and the heroes of the Trojan war. The names of its celebrated cities Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Argos, are mentioned as the seats of potent monarchs, when proud Athens itself was spoken of by Homer as only a "*demus*," or town, when, perhaps, no city had been erected. The fertility of the soil and its advantageous situation for commerce, led to its being early selected for the principal kingdom of Greece, and it still enjoys the reputation of being superior in productiveness to any other part of the country, except Messenia. We certainly could not fail to be struck with the vast difference between it and the plain of Athens, than which a more rocky and arid district can scarcely be imagined. The valley measured perhaps a dozen miles in length from Nauplia to Mycenæ, and its greatest

breadth could not be less than seven or eight in the southern part, gradually diminishing as we rode on further, until above Mycenæ it contracted into a narrow defile. Fields of wheat and vineyards of the Corinthian currant occupied both sides of the road, and the products of both are said to be excellent. But there are none of those fine old olive groves which give such a light green tinge to the landscape in Attica. No one who travels across it, as we were doing to-day, after a heavy rain, and is obliged to wade through the pools of water that cover the whole road, or stem the current of the Inachus, would be disposed to call the plain of Argos, as both ancients and moderns do, "a thirsty land." But such it is generally, on account of the meagreness of the only torrent it possesses, the famous Inachus.

We rode on about a half an hour before we reached the ruined walls of Tiryns. The long and narrow eminence is a prominent object; indeed, it rises quite alone in the midst of a perfectly level country, like a large ship in the middle of the sea. We had noted it some time before. The road runs parallel with its western side; and we turned into the fields on our right, and rode up what was the principal entrance to this acropolis. Alighting just at the walls, our guide led our horses around the hill to the road, while we explored the remains of Greek masonry. Fraying our way through the mass of tangled vines and more annoying nettles, which had grown luxuriantly during the rains of spring, we reached the entrance of a passage running in the thickness of the wall on the eastern side of the place. It was formed, like the rest of the wall, of large, rough, and apparently unworked stones, heaped together, one upon the other, with smaller ones often filling the interstices. Some of the stones measured five or six, and others up to ten feet. The passage way was vaulted, not according to the principle of the arch, but with large stones which projected over the passage, until the highest courses met entirely, their balance being preserved by their being proportionately longer; and so the centre of gravity fell within the wall. The same effect might have been obtained by cutting the gallery out of a solid wall. We entered this curious gallery, and found it some eight or nine feet high, and stretching about one hundred feet in depth, when we came to its sudden termination. A single stone just at the end has fallen in, and lets in a stream of light, which shows that the gallery never extended any farther; and we could distinguish by the

dim light some five or six old openings or doors on the right, which served at some time or other as doors leading to the outside of the city. They were all walled up some time posterior to the building of the wall. What could they have served for? Perhaps as secret openings through which sallies might be made upon the enemies who might besiege the town.

We found another similar passage on the opposite or western side of the great entrance; but it was less interesting. The vault was perfect for a short distance only, and the rest was quite destroyed. We passed on and ascended to the top of the city, which seemed to me to be elevated some thirty to fifty feet above the plain, one part being much lower than the other, which formed a sort of interior fortress. The top is about seven or eight hundred feet long from north to south, and usually about one fourth as wide, though it varies considerably. On these three or four acres of ground stood the famous city of Tiryns, one of the oldest cities in Greece, and famous for the most part only for its wars with its neighbors. It is curious to see that in the time of that most invaluable of writers, Pausanias, sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, it was in pretty nearly the same ruinous condition as now. "The wall," he tells us, "the only part of the ruins that remains, is the work of the Cyclops; and built of unwrought stones, each of which is so large that a yoke of mules could scarcely move at all, even the smallest of them. Small stones have been of old fitted in with them, so as to form each of them a connection between the large stones." Nothing but earthquakes, I think, could make much impression on these gigantic masses; and so the wall remains pretty perfect in most of its circuit. The view over the vicinity is beautiful and quite extensive, and there is a neat-looking building near the southern end, an agricultural college, which has not flourished very well so far, I believe. The Greek mind does not, I imagine, incline much to agriculture.

Demetri came to us before we had satisfied ourselves with examining these ruins, and reminded us that we had a long ride before us, promising that if there should be time we should have the opportunity of spending half an hour more at the place on our return. So we were compelled to mount, and we pursued a northerly direction, over a level plain abounding in villages and well cultivated, leaving the city of Argos far on our left. Near Mycenæ the soil became thinner and the country

less populous. At the little khan of Kharvati we turned from the main road, on our right, and followed a path which led us through the village of the same name. Our arrival was greeted by some dozens of boys who came to beg, and as many dogs who came to bark at us; but we set both at defiance, and pursued our way. We were struck with the miserable condition of the inhabitants, who lived in common low stone or mud hovels, thatched with the brushwood and herbs gathered in the vicinity. A short distance on we reached the neighborhood of Mycenæ, and before entering the inclosure of the walls, we came to the far-famed "Treasury of Atreus." An inclined plane lined on either side by massive stone walls led us down to the building, which is excavated in the bowels of the hill. We rode down, and, entering by the wide portal, found ourselves in a great circular chamber, about fifty feet in diameter, and about forty in height. It can neither be said to be vaulted, nor to be conical, but the sides are somewhat circular. The whole consists of a series of regular courses of squared stone, gradually narrowing until the summit was formerly covered with a single stone. The most remarkable thing about the architecture is the circumstance that the dome is not constructed with an arch, but that the successive circles of stones by their very weight are held firmly together. The gateway through which we had entered, however, struck us more than any thing else. The passage is scarcely more than eight feet in diameter; but it is spanned by an enormous soffit twenty-eight feet long, while it is nineteen broad, and three feet and nine inches in thickness! How that mass weighing several tons was raised to a height of twenty feet above the soil, and that too without the aid of modern improvements in machinery, is a mystery difficult to solve. Certainly the architects of Agamemnon's time were no mean ones. Above this door is a triangular opening or window, which serves to let a faint light into the building. Leaving our horses here, we groped our way through a similar but more narrow door, now much obstructed with rubbish, into a smaller chamber. Demetri brought in a few armfuls of brush, and soon kindled a fire, which revealed to us its form. It was a damp room some twenty feet square, by our measurement, and fourteen high; cut out of the hard rock, and left rough as at first. Its use is uncertain. Our guide persisted in calling this the Tomb of Agamemnon, while the rest

alone is the Treasury of Atreus, and this way of getting over the difficulty about its nomenclature is certainly ingenious, and not unreasonable. As it is outside of the walls of the city—the most ancient ones at any rate—it is not impossible that this may have been a tomb, but others endeavor to show, and with plausibility, too, that it was in some way connected with the worship of those early races that inhabited Greece before authentic history, and about whom the amount of knowledge we possess, notwithstanding the ponderous tomes of some modern writers, might be summed up in a page or two of writing. Very likely the walls of this inner chamber were coated with marble, as those of the great one undoubtedly were with copper plates, as is evident from the abundant remains of small copper nails studding the entire ceiling and walls. After satisfying our curiosity with this remarkable monument of antiquity, as far as we could satisfy ourselves with such a short visit, we proceeded to visit the remaining portions of the city of Mycenæ. Riding along the coast of the hill, upon whose summit ran the more recent walls of the city, we came unexpectedly upon a hole, where we found a monument similar to that we had just been visiting.—another “treasury,” which seems to be the name now appropriated to that sort of building. The whole upper part of the dome had fallen in, and disclosed the lower courses of masonry. Most of the structure, however, is buried below the mass of rubbish. There are a couple more outside of the walls. We dismounted on coming to the acropolis, and made a great part of the circuit on foot, observing the number of different kinds of construction which is thus exhibited. Sometimes as at Tiryns there were great masses of stone heaped together, seemingly without any attempt at giving them a more symmetrical shape having been made. At others, the masses, though scarcely smaller, were hewn into large and almost regular courses, very small stones being thrust into the small crevices. In walls of a yet more recent date, the stones were much smaller, of a polygonal shape, and generally very closely fitted one to the other, not leaving space enough to crowd the blade of a penknife into the joints. We entered the ancient acropolis through an ancient little gate, formed in the most simple manner of three stones, two form-

ing the sides, and the third the top of the doorway. On either side there was the projection against which the door rested, and before it the two holes in which was placed the bar, which invariably served to fasten it. We found ourselves on an elevated platform, where we could look far and wide over the plain, where reigned “Agamemnon, king of men.” This was the capital of the kingdom, while Tiryns to the south, and Argos at the foot of that high hill almost as far towards the south-west, were the older and later capitals of the Atridae. The ground we stand on, was perhaps occupied of old by that palace celebrated for the misdeeds of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, and where the victorious monarch Agamemnon was assassinated with the laurel still fresh on his brow.* The summit of the hill was the station of that watchman, whom one of the Tragic poets represents as watching for ten long years, wet with the dews of every night, for the signal fires that were to announce the taking of Troy by the Grecian troops. We descended from the top of the hill to the most celebrated object of interest in the place, the *Gate of Lions*. Two enormous stones standing on end support a slab equally ponderous; and on the top of this is a triangular piece of gray limestone, ten feet long and nine high, upholding the remains of the only statuary about the entire place. Two lions are represented on it facing each other, and standing on their hind legs, while the front ones rest on a low pedestal between them. This pedestal supports in turn a short column, very similar in shape to the Doric, except that it diminishes downwards instead of upwards. Unfortunately the heads of the lions are entirely destroyed, and if there was any object on the top of the column, that has likewise disappeared; so that it is impossible to tell what this curious monument signified, or whether it was connected with the religion of the mysterious builders of the city. The artist who executed this work of art, was certainly not devoid of skill in portraying nature. Every muscle of the lion's body is expressed, and even exaggerated, though there is a certain stiffness about the whole which marks an early period of art. The merest spectator is struck by the resemblance of the figures with Egyptian works, and no one, who has seen the Assyrian monuments in the London and Parisian Muse-

* Agamemnon was sometimes called king of Argos; but under this name was intended not the city of that name, this being the capital of Diomedes's dominions, but a large portion of the Peloponnese, including particularly the cities of Mycenæ and Tiryns. (Heyne, *Excurs.* 1, ad II. 2.)

ums can fail to notice an equal likeness to their rigid outlines. It is a well authenticated tradition that the Egyptians sent colonies to this part of Greece; but it seems very doubtful whether these monuments resemble each other any further than in the mere clumsiness which characterizes all works of remote antiquity. What makes this and the other ruins of Mycenæ the more interesting, is, that in the time of Pausanias, two centuries after the Christian era, they were nearly in the same state as now. "The inhabitants of Argos," says that historian, "destroyed Mycenæ out of envy; for whilst the Argives remained at rest during the invasion of the Medes, the Mycenians sent eight men to Thermopylæ, who shared the work with the Lacedæmonians. This brought destruction upon them, as it excited the emulation of the Argives. There remains, however, besides other parts of the inclosure, the gate with the lions standing over it. They say that these are the works of the Cyclopes, who constructed the wall at Tiryns for Proetus." The great topographer also mentions the subterranean treasuries of Atreus and his children, his tomb, and those of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.

We lingered for an hour or two among these ruins, and then hurried back to the little village of Kharvati, to take our lunch at the khan. While we were partaking of such food as our guide had provided, a few peasants brought in some ancient coins of the Byzantine Empire. They set an enormous price on them—and indeed these persons value an early Christian coin far above much more ancient ones. If they get hold of a medal of Constantine, they keep it as an heirloom, and scarcely any thing can tempt them to part with it. We left our worthy friends in possession of their treasures, and set off on our return, following, however, a somewhat longer road, which led through Argos. This took us more than two hours, for our horses were miserable creatures; and the road, though pretty good, and in dry weather even passable for a carriage, led us directly across the swollen stream of the Inachus, which, indeed, forms quite a respectable creek at this season of the year.

We found Argos quite a different looking place from Nauplia. The houses are much newer and lower, and many of them

are scattered about in the gardens and vineyards, forming a populous, but not at all a closely-inhabited town. Nauplia is its rival, and for a long time overshadowed it; but now Argos contains about ten or twelve thousand souls, while Nauplia has only eight. Our object here was to see the remains of a Greek theatre. To reach it, we had to go the greater part of the town, and a crowd of boys, seeing the "milordi" coming, quitted their games to follow our steps. We had seen enough of their character to know that there was nothing to be gained by commanding them to be gone. Every one who had been loudest in his play but a moment ago, pressed us in piteous tones to give him a penny; and when we alighted, half a dozen called us in different directions to show us the ruins. If we followed, or walked behind, any one of them, he was satisfied that we had engaged him as guide; so that, by the time we got through, we found ourselves indebted to them, by their own calculation, in quite a little sum. The theatre, itself, however, we found interesting enough, notwithstanding our clamorous attendants. The seats are cut into the solid rock, rising one above the other on its face, and divided by alleys into three divisions. Though the lower part of the theatre is covered over with soil, and a flourishing wheat-field occupies the arena—some sixty-seven seats are visible. In one or two places, there are on the neighboring rocks some small bas-reliefs, which we could make little of. A friend of mine told me, that in this theatre was held one of the chief congresses during the Greek revolution, in which, if I remember right, he himself sat.* From the theatre we returned to Nauplia. Our way led us through the *agora*, or market-place of Argos. This name is not here always applied to a building, or an open square; but to the portion of the town where provisions and other commodities are sold. Here there were few or no shops, every thing being exposed on cloths or boards stretched on the ground, on either side of the street. Like the Turkish bazars, these places are noisy and crowded; every seller screams in your ear the excellence of his goods, and you are heartily glad when you find yourself fairly out of the place. There were few houses between Argos and Nauplia, a distance of seven or eight miles; but the traffic and intercom-

* Behind the theatre, which it is calculated could seat about 20,000 persons, according to the calculations of antiquarians, rises the high and strong Larissa, the castle of moderns, and the acropolis of old Argos: whose very name is sufficient evidence of the Pelasgian origin of the place. It is crowned by Venetian fortifications.

munication between was evidently considerable. We reached the harbor near the time for the leaving of the steamer on its return to Athens, and my companions, who were in haste to return, hurried on board. As for myself, I had resolved to vary my return, by crossing to Corinth, and taking the steamer thence to Piræus. As Demetri was to return with the rest of the party, and I trusted to my knowledge of the language to make my way, I had a new pass made out, and soon domiciled myself in the small old hotel of "Peace," opposite the public square.

Mine host, who rejoiced in the name of Elias Giannopoulos, or Joannopoulos, finding I could speak the modern Greek, was disposed to show me every attention. It was too late in the afternoon to procure permission of the mayor to visit the Palamède; but he volunteered to show me the other curiosities of the place. He took me to the church of St. Spiridon, a little building in a narrow lane, remarkable for nothing in its exterior, or interior either. "This," said he, "was the spot where Capo d'Istria, the first president of Greece, was slain by the sons of Petron Bey. The two Mavromichalis, the assassins, stood down here in this alley, and when the president came from the church into the doorway, they wounded him mortally." My friend Elias, though he disapproved of the action, and saw how utterly useless such an assassination must be, yet, I must confess, did not appear very sorry for the murdered man, who was the head of the Russian party. He grew very animated in describing the abuses of the government here, and the corruption introduced, even into the municipal authority. My window at the hotel looked out upon the monument erected to the memory of Ypsilanti, and mine host is much interested in learning that a township in America had been named after the favorite modern hero of this part of Greece.

I had to be up early the next morning. I had engaged an *agogates* to furnish me with a horse, and to come along with me. As Elias wanted to get travellers from Corinth to come to his hotel, it was easy for me to find a guide. Sideri was ready early the next morning, and as soon as I could get prepared, we started. During the night the weather had undergone a sudden change, and instead of a clear, bright day, such as we had enjoyed, the clouds hung threateningly along the sides of the hills, offering but a poor prospect for our long day's journey. Again we had to traverse the plains of Argos along

the same road, which we had crossed the day before. We lunched again at the khan of Kharvati, near the ruins of Mycenæ. Here the plain ended, or rather contracted into a valley, and that shortly ended in a narrow ravine. This was the entrance into the Pass of Troetus, a pass known in antiquity for its difficulty. It was here that, in 1822, 8000 Turks, under Drami Ali Pasha, after having ravaged the whole plain of Argos, and utterly destroyed the town, attempted to cross the mountains into Corinthia. The Greeks, under Nicetas, were posted at the most difficult point in the passes, while 1600 more occupied the heights about the entrance. When the Turks had fairly entered, they were assailed by these latter, consisting principally of Mainiotes, who fired upon them from behind the rocks and bushes, without offering them any opportunity of defence. Drami Ali hoped, by pushing onward, to free himself from his perilous position. But after two hours' march, with the enemy continually killing numbers of his men, he came to the narrowest place, where Nicetas had been awaiting him. Out of the whole army of the Turks, only two thousand succeeded in dashing by the opposing force. About as many more retreated to Nauplia; but between three and four thousand perished in the awful conflict. Quarter was asked by many, but the Greeks massacred, to the last of their enemies. The plunder was very great. How changed is the scene now! The passes were the very picture of loneliness, and not a sound was to be heard. The pass is noted for nothing but robbers, who till lately infested it. It is considered now the most likely place for them to reappear in, though the Peloponnesus is, at present, entirely free from brigands.

The rain, which had been threatening at any time to descend upon us, now began to fall in torrents. In addition to this, the cold was excessive for the season of the year, and I found an overcoat and an umbrella poor protection. My guide, Sideri, wrapped up in his great "capote" of camel's hair, fared much better. The Pass of Troetus is a long one, and we wished to find shelter, hoping that the rain would cease, or at least diminish. We reached at length a hut; but upon opening the door, we found it dark, and crowded by a set of Greek peasants, who were consoling themselves with the bottle for the unpromising aspect of the weather without. So we resolved to go on. Pretty soon we turned from the direct road to Corinth, and took a

path on the left, leading to the little valley of Hagios Georgios—the ancient Nemea. I was determined to see the ruins, whatever chances of rain there were. Some caves were to be seen as we approached Nemea, which the poets of old fancied to have been the haunts of the Nemean lion, destroyed by Hercules. At length, from the top of a small elevation, we came in sight of the small retired valley of Nemea. It seemed to be about three miles long, and one mile wide. A few minutes more brought us to the Temple of Jupiter. It was raining as hard as ever; but I dismounted, and tramped through the high grass, to examine this famous temple. There are only three columns standing—two of them belonging to the “pronaos,” or chief entrance, and the third to the ruined colonnade before it. But the shape of the edifice can be made out with distinctness. All the columns of the colonnade which surrounded the temple lie strewn about the surface of the ground. The numerous earthquakes with which this portion of the globe is visited, have thrown down one stone or one pillar after another; and where a whole column has fallen at once, its pieces lie one beside another, in regular succession, on the ground. The capital of one of those which are yet standing has been, by the same convulsion of nature, curiously moved from its place, and a few more movements of the same kind will cause its fall. The inferiority of the material of which the temple was constructed—a coarse gray limestone or marble—but especially the distance of the place from any modern Greek city, have saved it from spoliation. It seems very probable that there remain stones enough on the spot to rear the temple over again. I sat down upon the wet stones, and under the shelter of an umbrella, succeeded in transferring to paper a sketch of the ruins. Sideri, my man, although well covered up, showed some impatience to leave, as the road before us was a long one—so we pushed forward. A couple of hours brought us to the end of the difficult pass, when we fell in again with the direct road through the pass of the Dervenachia. There was a khan here, at which we rested, and dried ourselves by the fire kindled upon the stone hearth, built in the middle of the room. The smoke found its way out through the chinks of the thatched roof. Our host made us some coffee—about the only thing which can be obtained any where in Greece. The mountain stream, by whose sandy bed we rode next, was swollen, and caused us some difficulty in wading. But the

rain had ceased, and we should have enjoyed a fine view of the Gulf of Corinth as we descended, had it not been for the heavy clouds which shut out the view of almost every thing in the distance. When we got to the small hotel at Corinth, the day was too near its close to allow of my going up to the top of the Acrocorinthus; besides, I hoped that the weather might change, and allow of some distant view.

I found that my friend, the deputy, who had so kindly offered that I should go under the protection of his escort from Nauplia, had arrived before me, and occupied the only decent room in the establishment. My own room was bad enough. Mine host, a red-faced Ionian, who spoke Italian better than Greek, came to know what I wanted to eat. “What would you like,” said he, “lamb, beef, or eggs and bread and butter?” I expressed myself perfectly satisfied if I could procure some of either of the former. “I am really most sorry,” replied he; “but there is not a particle of meat in the house.” “Can you not procure some in the village?” I asked, quite alarmed at the idea, that after solacing myself all day with the prospect of a good dinner, I stood a good chance of being starved. “It is quite impossible; there is not a bit in town.” “What, then, have you got?” I demanded, with some repressed indignation. “Why, please your honor, there is nothing but some bread and eggs.” So I dined on a piece of bread and one or two eggs, which, in the absence of spoons, were dispatched as best could be. After which feast, I threw myself on my bed to await the morrow; and soliloquized—

“Non culvis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

In the morning, the weather, I found, had not changed. But having an hour or two to spare, I resolved not to fail at least to ascend the fortress. It is on the top of a hill about 1750 feet high, and covers an area of several acres. We found several soldiers within this impregnable fortress, one of whom accompanied us about; but the fog was so dense that we could see nothing but the valley immediately beneath us, and a very small arm of the Bay of Cenchraea, which St. Paul is recorded to have passed through on his way to Corinth. In our return to Corinth, we passed by the ruins of the only temple remaining at Corinth. It is remarkable that not a fragment of the Corinthian architecture has survived in this city, for this building consists of seven heavy Doric columns of rather degenerate style. The village which we now passed through

is small and dirty. Its houses are low and poorly built; and Corinth, famous of old for its luxury and its pleasures, now presents the aspect of a miserable hamlet, with nothing but its ancient name to uphold its reputation.

Kalamaki, the little port on the eastern side of the isthmus, is about six or eight miles distant. The Lloyd's steamer was to leave this morning for Athens, and we

had to hurry thither over a road covered with water. We passed by the ruins of a small amphitheatre, just outside of the town, and about half way came to Hexamili, where the old wall crossed the isthmus. We reached Kalamaki just as the passengers from the Gulf of Lepanto arrived, and were embarking. At five or six o'clock that afternoon, I reached Athens.

THE CATASTROPHE AT VERSAILLES.

FEW people know precisely how it was done. Certainly not more than three, by whom; the secret having remained up to this date in keeping of my friend *Arphoxez* who, I am credibly informed, is now turning his length of limb to account in the gold region of Australia; of a *grisette*, a knowledge of whose name and residence among the clouds and chimney-tops of Paris, the above-named friend persisted in reserving to himself; and of your humble servant, who, for certain pecuniary advantages of no matter here, finds himself conscientiously impelled to state the circumstances from beginning to end as they really occurred.

The present writer had his residence in Paris, with a view, it was understood, to the completion of his studies. We young Americans know what that means, though our *mammias* and *papas* do not. In short, I occupied number 3, on a sixth floor, with a view of the clouds, and I know not what multitude of house-tops and chimney-tops—no questions asked and three francs a week lodging. It was there that I received the élite of my countrymen; for we Americans are a gregarious race, and setting aside the whalebone-caned and moustached young *smobs* who hail from the aristocratical purlieus of our chief cities, and mutually avoid US and each other abroad, taking up with *roné* counts, and very problematical countesses; with this exception, I say; whom I desire deferentially to exclude from the category of which they are ashamed, we Yankees and demi-Yankees are much given to consorting together for the benefit of the public morals and tranquillity. However, as it happened, it was vacation time, and dearth of society had brought in its train unusual reflections. It was high time to turn a new leaf, I thought, and prove myself less frivolous,

in my way, than young *Whipper Snapper*, whose lemon-kids and perfumery were recognizable if the wind set fair, the breadth of the *Champs Elysées*. My friends at home might be none the wiser, especially if I chattered a little French and German in their hearing occasionally, in an off-hand easy sort of way; but how to reconcile the waste of so many years to my own conscience, when these trifles should become gravities of yesterday on record, and not reversible by any amount of later-day penitence. Yes, I would reform now while in the mood, and what was better, while the half-score of *mauvais sujets* who constituted an impromptu joint-stock company in the occupancy of my apartment on the sixth floor, whenever the fancy possessed them, were on their travels elsewhere, and not likely to upset my resolution before carried into effect, and irrevocable. It annoyed me to imagine them drumming on the door of the chamber, imitating the French horn and key bugle, and giving other unmistakable tokens of incredulity and persistence; all tending to call in question the veracity of statement set forth on a half-sheet of foolscap, to be wafered to the top panel of said door, to wit; that "Monsieur had gone for the benefit of his health, injured by too much study, to the Spas of Germany for a twelvemonth; meanwhile begged to live in the memory of his bereaved friends."

So while I sat and smoked the pipe of contrition, and turned over in my mind the most advisable manner of bringing about the above-mentioned praiseworthy results, there came a careless tap upon the very panel upon which I was fastening in thought the intimation of my supposed absence, and without loss of time the same hands made bold to turn the latch and usher in a face well garnished with beard and moustache, and adorned

by long locks tucked behind the ears; which last were surmounted by a diminutive cap such as the students of Paris and their confrères are fond of wearing on all occasions, set jauntily over the right eye, over which also dangled the tassel which, until plucked violently out by the root, is the usual ornament of its centre.

The face was certainly not strange to me, neither the mode of its procedure. First, it rolled its eyes about, taking a solemn inventory of the contents of the chamber, halting with a momentary gleam of satisfaction on a lithograph of the *then* popular danseuse, whose likeness I had recently added to my collection, and passing over the master of the premises on view, with a cursory glance. Then it introduced a body, rather lank and decidedly long-limbed, but not wanting in muscle, which possessed itself without waste of speech, and with much discrimination, of the sole uncrippled chair; tilted its back against the wall, drew out a short meerschaum from a side pocket, and while busied in igniting the former, for the first time broke silence.

"May I venture to ask if Monsieur is at home?"

I smoked and said nothing, looking at the speaker, perhaps, with some little acerbity, at the thought of my fine resolves being thus prematurely blown over.

"Monsieur intends going to the Spas for the benefit of his health, I perceive," M. Alphonse further remarked with gravity; and indeed, the inscription I had intended for the outer door, lay, right side up, upon the table where I had composed and penned it an hour before.

"I intend to turn a new leaf," I said in a decided tone. "From to-day, I intend to devote to study eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and if necessary go to the Spas, yes, to the poles for the purpose."

And here I favored my friend with a disquisition on the ways and vagabondism of Young America abroad, summing up with a reiteration of my last resolve, to all of which M. Alphonse listened with becoming patience and attention, firing as it were a *feu de joie* of smoke from the port-hole of his nostrils whenever he conceived I had uttered a praiseworthy sentiment. When I paused, he remarked without removing his pipe, "Bon! perhaps Monsieur would like to commence his studies with pyrotechnics, a very elevating science. If so, Monsieur has but to say the word, as the fête of the republic takes place to-morrow at Versailles."

To this sally I vouchsafed no reply. But M. Alphonse was not the man to be balked. "Monsieur will go?" he added presently, with an air of satisfied conviction. I puffed a strong negative: there is no little meaning in a whiff of tobacco smoke rightly observed. "May I ask Monsieur why not?"

"Because," I said, with an ill-defined vexation, verging on amusement, at the incongruity between the homely directness of the words it suited me to employ, and the elaborate courtesy it equally pleased my complacent friend to drag into service—"as I have already said, I intend to turn over a new leaf, and devote my hours to study (here my friend expressed his general approval of the sentiment, by two distinct columns of smoke from his nostrils); I have resolved to abandon pleasure, and Paris if need be, and isolate myself from my late disreputable associates"—*disreputable associates*, impressively, with an eye to my audience (a shrug). "Finally, and once for all, I beg you will in no single instance count upon my countenance or assistance in any of your sorties by night or day." Here my guest, who had brought his feet to the top round of his chair, folded his ape-like length of arms about his knees in a comfortable way, and resting his beard on the summit of the pyramid so formed, sat sedately smoking, and regarding me in much the manner, and with about as much meaning in his physiognomy, as an overgrown chimpanzee might have shown.

Now, there were two peculiarities about my guest—the one conventional, the other personal—which have not yet been noticed. The first of these was, that although glorying in the cognomen of Alphonse—glorying, be it understood, not so much in the sentimentality of the name, as in its identity with that of the great lachrymist then guiding the destinies of the republic—Alphonse was no more a Frenchman than you or I, but a native New Englander, reared, no doubt, on baked beans and such like condiments, which, to receive the testimony of a host of witnesses, have a tendency to develop much length of limb, and the kind of ungainliness known with us by the epithet slab-sided, not less than characteristic shrewdness, and a marvellous faculty of invention. The other peculiarity, a more marked and individual one, was a habit which, according to his statement, he had contracted when weak-chested from premature overgrowth, of laughing inwardly without much outward indication of mirth, except such as might be conveyed

in the swaying forward of the upper portion of his body at very near a right angle to the lower, and loose dangling about of his large hands, as the shoulders were moved by the inward convulsion. On such occasions his conduct, to an uninformed spectator, appeared that, either of a man suffering from some acute disease, or of an imbecile—usually the latter.

While I looked at him now, soberly, through the smoke of my creating, his features began to relax, and having presently slipped himself out of his chair, he proceeded to double his ungainly person into the shape of an inverted L, evidently moved so to do by some highly amusing suggestion of his brain. The paroxysm having subsided, he seated himself at my desk, and having written a line or two in a gigantic hand, read to me the following notice to all whom it might concern—to wit: "Messieurs mes amis. The occupant of this apartment having been suddenly called away by an affliction in his family, regrets that he will be detained from your urbane society during the ensuing two days." "Is that well expressed?" M. Alphonse asked, wetting some wafers in his mouth preparatory to attaching them to the back of the slip from which he had just read.

"Upon my word!" I said. "Is it your intention to wafer that notice upon the door of *this* apartment?"

"Assuredly."

"May I venture to ask, with what motive?"

"Why," said Alphonse, sitting down again—for he had risen to carry his purpose into effect—"I need a friend at the present juncture, and feel that I cannot count too strongly on your friendship. To be brief: in a room in the left wing of the palace at Versailles, a lady whom I adore is now confined—by order of my illustrious namesake, you understand; and for state reasons. The display of fireworks——"

"Pray speak sensibly," I interrupted.

"Well," said Alphonse, after a long pause; "as that story seems incredible to Monsieur, there is nothing for it but to speak the truth, if Monsieur has faith in the existence of that quality in the present humble speaker."

"Proceed," said I, calmly.

"There can be no question, that although naturally possessing a mild and forgiving temper, I am prone to look upon the police with a hostile eye, as the enemies of much innocent nocturnal amusement. Furthermore, that I regard the class of *gamins* with a truly paternal affection."

"For the police—yes," I responded, laughing, "especially since your fine of fifteen francs, for dancing the American war dance, of your invention, at Mère Gros, number two, Rue Papelôt. But as for the *gamins*, who take occasion to mock your personalities whenever you appear in their quartier, I am not quite so sure of your good-will, having indeed heard you declare, times out of mind, that you would be the death of some of them."

"Which evinces the goodness of my temper, as they certainly deserve death by flaying. However that may be, it is my present intention to afford them a treat, such as the *gamins* of Paris and Versailles have seldom if ever enjoyed. At the same time, I propose to confound the police, from Toulon downwards."

"As how?" I asked, beginning to be interested; and refilled my pipe, the better to listen, weigh, and pass judgment on whatever might follow.

"Thus: it is my intention to give to-morrow evening, slightly in advance of the hour allotted in the programme for the official display, a magnificent exhibition of fireworks; which, it is also part of my intention, shall altogether eclipse that of my illustrious namesake and the Goddess of Liberty."

"Oh, no doubt!" was my response; "you have beyond question counted the cost, and will send the bill to your uncle in India; or perhaps you have unlimited credit with the pyrotechnists?"

"Not at all—you mistake," my friend answered. "It is my illustrious namesake, or, more properly, the provisional government, that furnishes the necessary supplies of powder, pasteboard, and turpentine stars. Otherwise, I am afraid the project would be impossible."

"What!" cried I, a sudden light breaking in upon me; "you surely cannot mean to fire, or attempt to fire, the small mountain of rockets they pile together on fête days in the Cour d'Honneur!" and the thought was so preposterously audacious, that I could not refrain from laughing outright.

"Monsieur is sagacity itself," Alphonse responded, unmoved.

"And I, no doubt, am to lead the forlorn hope—in other words, to find occasion to touch them off with my cigar; or, better still, toss a bundle of ignited lucifers into the midst, and take the consequences."

"*Pas si bête*," my friend returned, tranquilly smoking. "The fact is," he proceeded to say, after a pause—"I have

not yet matured my plans, the idea having occurred to me only now, while turning over in my mind the highly praiseworthy course you have chalked out for yourself in the future. But the present is yet ours—by which I mean to-morrow; and as young Americans and democrats, we should not forget the duty we owe to our country's reputation abroad, in ending every career with a certain éclat, even if that éclat be confined only to the circle of our friends. In short, I propose," said my friend, who, while speaking, had busied himself in wafering up his placard to the outer panel, and now stepped back to ascertain if it were well placed, "to celebrate and announce to the world your secession from our ranks, and future adhesion to a better cause, by a grand pyrotechnic display, as already said. Also, to astonish the police, and thereby afford gratuitous entertainment and instruction to the assembled *garçons* and *gamins*. Such is the programme of performances which Monsieur will honor with his attendance."

"As a spectator, perhaps," I put in, beginning to relent.

"As a spectator," M. Alphonse, who had returned to his chair, answered, between whiffs of smoke, "from the best available situation—assuredly."

A spectator, from the best situation too, left nothing to object.

I smoked, meditated, and resolved. "Well then," said I, with a smile at the subject of my thoughts, "at three o'clock to-morrow we will set forth to astonish the natives."

Now, while admitting, that with the guilelessness, not to say rashness, which belongs to my character, I entered blindfold into the above compact, and with not the most remote idea of the means by which the proposed result was to be brought about; I wish it specially understood and held in view by each and every reader of the present memoir—*First*, That I accompanied M. Alphonse, solely and by verbal understanding in the capacity of a spectator ("from the best available situation"), and in none other; and that my after course was the result, not of premeditation, but of the force of events to the current of which I had committed myself with too little reserve. *Secondly*, That I vow and protest, had I supposed the result would have been such as it proved—or, at least, such as has been traced by some to the events I am about to record—namely, the subsequent overthrow of the provisional government—I would no more have lent my countenance

to the undertaking, than to the great Barnum, for a wax cast for his Museum in Broadway. And *Thirdly*, and lastly, That, mentally reviewing the difficulties of the undertaking, and the recognized alertness of the French police individually and as a body, it occurred to me to afford an instance in which Yankee invention would for instance be baffled, and in which my friend—who proposed to himself merely to enact the modest part of scene-shifter, would actually appear on the boards—in other words, in charge of the police—in the character of Harlequin unmasked. I confess, the thought caused me to smile, and in the end to accompany my friend; and to this day I am uncertain whether his observation of the above-named smile, and a sharp guess at the amiable wish of which it was born, gave the unexpected turn to events apparent in this narrative.

II.

EVERY one who has ever run down by rail from Paris to Versailles, must hold in mind the three rooms at the station, corresponding to three classes of carriages constituting the train, into which one is inducted by a little Frenchman in fancy military costume, and left to look and walk about, and perhaps discover acquaintances until the opening of the first class passenger door of egress announces the speedy debouchement of your own crowd of expectants. In the second class saloon it was, that M. Alphonse and I found ourselves the day of the fête in company with a multitude of French people and a sprinkling of Italians, Germans, Swiss, and the like, no doubt; but with not one solitary countryman of our own, I feel firmly convinced; in truth it was of Number *One* that the faithful representatives of ourselves and institutions abroad, had taken joint possession, as is the manner of Americans, with a royal duke (not of France, of course), three English milords, and a banker.

"*Ha! bonne ange!*" cried Alphonse on a sudden, with a grimace, and kissing the tips of his glove—perhaps I should say, of his fingers, since the latter exceeded the former by at least half a joint—to somebody in a distant corner; and forgetful of the claims of kindness and leaving an argument in the heat of which we were, unfinished, set off to present himself before the "*ange*," of whom his greater stature had allowed him a glimpse. I followed, and presently found M. Alphonse, whom I had at the outset lost in

the *melée* of demonstrative Frenchmen, making himself agreeable to a pretty little grisette from the Rue Maximèle, no doubt, who was laughing and saying "*brava!*" with an appropriate motion of the hands, at something M. Alphonse had whispered just as I approached. This young lady, who was on the way, as we were, to enjoy the fête, was one of the half butterfly half bee little creatures with which the garrets of Paris and especially of the Rue Maximèle abound; who work cheerily all the week and on the seventh day emerge from their chrysalis the lightest hearted and most fun-loving of the sex, to keep the commandment to the extent of their instruction, perhaps, by abstaining from any thing like labor. All grisettes who go to fêtes on Sundays, are not pretty, however, despite all that French art can do for them; and to be tied for the day—a fête day—to one of the "*très ordinaires*," those dreadful little girls with swarthy complexions, noses excessively *retroussé*, and a penchant for beaux the more violent as it is less often indulged—would have been at variance with my usual policy. Therefore I stood aloof until time sufficient to take a mental observation; complexion good; a red spot, evidently not rouge, in either cheek (the smoke from the chimney tops of Rue Maximèle has not had time to do its work yet); hair looking soft and pretty under that miracle of a cap; nose, the slightest in the world *retroussé*; mouth, *bon*; eyes—Ah, here she is, looking full at me.

"Introduce me," said I, touching my friend on the elbow.

"Ma'mselle," said Alphonse, "allow me to present for your delight and admiration, my amiable countryman, the heir apparent of New-York."

"Monsieur makes fun of me," Mademoiselle said doubtfully; in French of course.

"I make fun of you! not at all," our friend rejoined. "The papa of Monsieur is immensely wealthy; owns the greater part of North America, in fact. He also votes annually for his candidate in council, which invests him with the dignity and emoluments (supposing him capable, which I hope not, of selling his vote) of an American sovereign: and Monsieur here, is in consequence, to be regarded as a Royal Highness."

"Monseigneur travels incog.," Mademoiselle said.

"Certainly. His habits are such as to bring him into disgrace with the American sovereign before named, who cuts him off with a million of francs a month;

for which reason, as you see, he goes in rags," M. Alphonse replied, turning me round by the shoulder to direct attention to a rent in my coat sleeve, caused by his too energetic greeting half an hour earlier.

"But you have not confided Ma'mselle's name yet," I ventured to put in.

"Oh, Mademoiselle is a princess also, and travels incog.; the one it at present pleases her to assume is Fanfan—Ma'mselle Fanfan."

"Fanfan—yes, yes, that is my name," Mademoiselle assented, laughing and clapping her hands.

"Mademoiselle's estate lies in the celebrated regions of the Rue Maximèle?" I asked.

"Ah bête!" Mademoiselle answered, pretending to be moved to tears by my brusquerie. And M. Alphonse exclaimed melodramatically, "Bah! what is that to thee? Dost conceive a princess born would receive such as thou art, *chez elle*? Go to! and spoil not the flavor of the present moment by too close examination of a single hair, as our young friend Smythe did."

"A pretty metaphor," said I, "but what did Smythe do?"

"He supped off a ragout in a café, Rue *Lapinsverts*. Have you ever supped off stewed rabbit, Ma'mselle?"

"*Mais, oui*," said Ma'mselle.

"Well, he found in his ragout a single hair, which made him sick."

"A hair make him sick!—oh you Americans!" cried Mademoiselle, laughing.

"I mistake. It was not the hair, it was the color of it."

"The color of it!" said we both. "Oh!"

"Yes, it was—in short it was—that is to say, the color of it was tortoiseshell."

"*Fi donc!*" the grisette exclaimed reproachfully, and she put her head out of the window to hide her desire to laugh.

I flatter myself this little conversation will present Mademoiselle to the eye of the reader, better than as many formal words would; small in stature, rather pretty than otherwise, vivacious, and, as nine-tenths of her countrywomen are, quite a fair impromptu actress. But it occurred to me that with all these recommendations, Mademoiselle Fanfan might be a little in the way pending our affair with the police; and hinted as much aside to my fellow conspirator, when we landed at Versailles. But M. Alphonse only said, "Poh, poh! wait and see!" with so confident an air that I began to believe the meeting with Mademoiselle not so

accidental as it might have been; and bestowed the charms of my conversation on Miss Fanfan's right hand, as her older cavalier did on her left, without caring to argue the matter further.

First, we promenaded through the picture galleries in the palace, then rambled about the grounds and ate ices in company; it was while doing the latter that M. Alphonse made first allusion to the business of the evening, by directing attention to a covered van painted black, passing at no great distance.

"Yes, I see it," said I in a whisper, "with the gendarmes for convoy. By Jove! it contains our rockets—had we not best follow it?"

"Do you know where it is going?" Alphonse asked.

"To the Cour d'Honneur, I suppose."

"Precisely. A better plan than to follow it, like those *gamins* yonder, will be to follow this by-path to the Avenue d'Sceaux, and the avenue into the Place d'Armes, where there is enough room to walk about out of hearing of eavesdroppers, and in full view of the field of battle."

"Spoken like a general-in-chief," answered I, "come, Ma'mselle."

Mademoiselle was all alert. With the glimpse of the powder wagon, she had risen to go; and we were all three presently facing the railed space behind or in front of the palace, if you like, which every one who has been to Versailles will remember as the Cour d'Honneur. In the midst of this court the usual scaffolding had been erected, and an enormous quantity of fireworks of all descriptions lay *perdu* on the pavement in the midst, surrounded by a group of gend'armes and workmen busily engaged in tumbling down upon the already overgrown heap, the contents of the van we had seen a little before. In addition to this body guard, twelve to fifteen policemen and gend'armes paced the outer circuit of the court, and overawed the *gamins*, who would have liked nothing better than scrambling up the rails and roosting on their tops. Alphonse regarded these preparations with sedate satisfaction, as subordinate and introductory to his grand entertainment; the grisette was delighted, as grisettes always are with a promise of glitter and noise; and for myself, in view of the possibility of my countryman's scheme proving successful, I began to look about for a safe place commanding a good view of the field.

"If," said I, with the strong emphasis betokening want of faith. "if you contrive

to fire that mountain of combustibles, what is to prevent your immediate detection? or, to begin at the beginning, how are you to fire them at all, under surveillance such as we see yonder? It was very well to talk over in our garret, but *here* the thing is impossible."

"Bah!" M. Alphonse made answer with a shrug of disgust, "'if' and 'impossible!' Why the whole thing lies in a nutshell."

"As how?"

"Thus;—but first, how many of the enemy do you count on duty yonder?"

"Twenty-five in all, perhaps."

"Good—independent of the crowd who will presently gather about the railing; and with whom no one can tell how many of the detectives in plain clothes or blouses may be mixed. In short, the chances are desperate—this is the sum of what you think?"

I nodded; Mademoiselle Fanfan clasped her hands in stage despair.

"But what if instead of leaving them to exercise the functions of so many score of separate eyes, I find means to convert them into one great optic—a multitudinous Cyclops, to be brief, with its sole power of observation directed not on myself?"

"Bon!" cried I, beginning to be excited; Mademoiselle made an ecstatic gesture of joint approval and impatience.

M. Alphonse looked benignly upon us. "See here," he proceeded to say, withdrawing cautiously the hand with which he had been fumbling in the depths of his breast-pocket, and disclosing a packet the size of a cigar case, enveloped in black silk and with a black cord attached. "This flask contains a half pound of powder more or less, and, no doubt, will sufficiently assimilate in color to the ground after nightfall to escape easy detection. You may also observe that it is pierced on either side by a minute orifice now stopped by a pellet of paper, which I remove thus, and supply with my forefinger and thumb to prevent leakage for the present. It follows that, if seizing an instant during which the eyes of the entire public are skilfully drawn upon one person, not myself, I, an humble and unnoticed individual, succeed in shying my flask upon the margin of the combustibles in the midst, the action will both escape observation at the time, and remove the only difficulty in the way of establishing a train between said combustibles and the parapet; leaning my elbow upon which last, some moments later, it appears to me not impossible that the ashes or end

of my cigar may fall from my fingers within the rails and produce a catastrophe likely to astonish our common enemy, without the least suspicion as to the means employed. Of course it is part of the rôle to suppress all tangible *proof*, by pocketing my flask in the first of the *melée*. I have only farther to remark that by repeated experiments on the floor of my apartment, I find the contents of this flask drawn slowly towards me by its cord, and gradually discharging through whichever orifice may be beneath, amply sufficient to lay a train of twice the length here required. Is this explanation satisfactory?"

"Brava!" we both cried in a breath, "brava!"

"But," said I, reflecting, "you have omitted to mention what I cannot help regarding, next after laying of the train, the chief obstacle to success. I mean the manner of inducing that total and absolute distraction of observation from the affair in hand—without which of course the endeavor must go for nothing."

M. Alphonse did not immediately reply; he rubbed the side of his prominent nose, looking at me all the while (as also did Mademoiselle), either immoderately perplexed or amused. Once I imagined he was on the point of going off into one of his outlandish fits of inward laughter, but he straightened himself up, and apparently checked the inclination. When he did reply, it was in the form of a question, and at first sight not much to the purpose.

"Let me see—from the 'best practicable point of view,' were the words of our agreement, I believe?"

"Certainly; as a spectator interested in the success of the plot, I would prefer to place myself in a commanding position before the *melée* begins. Perhaps Mademoiselle Fanfan will accompany me?"

"What do you say to perching yourself up there?" my friend asked, with his eye on the top of the railing of the *Cour d'Honneur*.

"Are you mad!" cried I, amazed.

But Alphonse only shook his head, with his eye still directed to the top of the rails, as if he despaired of finding one more desirable.

"In the first place," I continued, uncertain whether to laugh or be angry, for his long visage expressed absolutely nothing, "if I make the attempt, I shall certainly be pounced upon by the police, and lose the opportunity of becoming a spectator from any where. On the other hand, if I make good my position, there are ten chances to one that I am brought

down at the first fire by a volley of rockets, if not actually riddled by their sticks; and lastly, I begin to entertain conscientious scruples in regard to the result of this *fête* of yours, which may end in maiming, or killing even, some of the spectators."

"Bah!" rejoined Alphonse, coolly, "if you had studied pyrotechnics, you would have perceived that all fireworks are tied in bundles, and in that condition counteract the individual tendencies of each. Secondly, that the first rebound will throw every fire rocket above the parapet, clear of the people's heads; and thirdly, if a half dozen or so are deflected from their proper course by collision with the palace walls, the *gamins* will manage to run them down. Moreover you are at liberty to post yourself directly opposite the point whence my train will start, and so avert all suspicion from yourself at the time; and to get down as early as you see fit, after it is laid."

"To be short," said I, thoroughly vexed by his persistence, "I will not get up at all."

"Then," said Alphonse lugubriously, "who is to yell?"

"Yell!" I echoed.

"Ah, yell!" Alphonse and the grisette sang in concert, like a chorus at the opera.

"Yell indeed!" repeated I in a fury, suddenly enlightened.

This, then, was to be my rôle. Par example, when Monsieur Alphonse thought fit, I was to make a rush at the bars, clamber to the top, rather like a chimpanzee than a Christian, and create a sensation, partly by a free use of my lungs, partly by resistance to the tugs upon my legs, by a concentrated force of *gens d'armes*. If one or all my limbs were dislocated in the struggle, or if I were carried off instantly to a madhouse, as I would richly deserve, how much would that slab-sided Yankee, ducking and swinging about there, concern himself? "No doubt, he would laugh at my simplicity, as he is doing now," I considered, glancing indignantly at my friend, who, with his body bent at a right angle, was giving convulsive signs of inward mirth.

While drawing these conclusions, I had been pacing back and forth in a highly dignified manner, with my hands thrust under my coat-tails, and my chin haughtily elevated. I was consequently not at all prepared for what ensued—namely, that when Mademoiselle Fanfan suddenly presented herself upon one knee, in my path, in the touchingly beseeching attitude of *La petite Absinthe* in the vaude-

ville of *La fille reconnue*, we both came to the ground together. I am afraid I began to say something wicked between my teeth, while picking myself up; but looking at Ma'mselle, a great revulsion took place in my nature; for my bachelor's heart *has* a soft place in it, which is this—if a woman shed tears before me, I am a mere puppet in her hands from that moment.

"Oh!" whimpered Mademoiselle, with her handkerchief to her forehead, "you dreadful, cruel, cruel man!"

"I cruel!" returned I, dreadfully pale, I have no doubt. "Why, I would not have hurt you for the world—not for all Paris!"

"Then why don't you ye-e-ell, and make me happy again?" said Mademoiselle, between laughing and crying, holding up her left hand beseechingly.

I was so overjoyed to see her laughing, when, for any thing I knew, she might fall down any moment in a faint, by reason of the wound my clumsiness had inflicted, that my resolutions were gone in a moment. I took the little hand in both of mine, to the great amusement of Alphonse, and got a tender squeeze in return, for every promise I made. "I will even dance a waltz, if it will make you feel better," I added, in the abundance of my gratitude.

"Will you climb the rails?" murmured Mademoiselle Fanfan.

"And over! if you will feel better."

"And ye-e-ell?" which was Mademoiselle's mode of pronunciation.

"Like a Pottawattami—if you will only —"

Indeed, Mademoiselle was already better. She bade me tie her handkerchief behind her ear, which I did with rather bungling fingers, and was not sorry to be told it was not tight enough, and to do it all over again. Then we arranged the remaining preliminaries, and took our places. Mine was opposite that chosen by Alphonse, with my back to the palace, some ten yards removed from the rails on that side of the Cour; Alphonse under cover of the parapet, dividing the latter from the Place d'Armes, awaited the proper moment to throw his pouch and withdraw it by the cord attached; Ma'mselle hovered in the vicinity of the latter, ready to convey his bidding. Had I been left to review the scene recorded above, and ponder on what I was about to do, perhaps I might have again thrown up my rôle; but the chief conspirator was too acute for that. Little Fanfan came to me before I had been three minutes at my post, to tell me I might open the perform-

ance as soon as I thought fit; "*and ye-e-ell*," were her last words, spoken on tiptoe into my ear, with a squeeze of the hand, which I returned with interest. It was by this time late twilight, and not only was the space between the Cour d'Honneur and the palace itself thronged with bourgeoisie, blouses, *gamins*, and the like; but the Place d'Armes also swarmed with spectators of all grades. Within the Cour three or four *gens-d'armes* only remained; the requisite scaffolding had been erected, and the regular bill of fare might be served up at any moment. No time was to be lost; and pulling my cap well over my eyes, and parting the astonished crowd before me with both hands, I made for my elevated perch without more ado.

Now, it had happened to me, early in my life, to be the familiar associate of a certain Seminole warrior, who had left his ferocity behind him, it seemed, in the hammock, and beguiled the hours of captivity by teaching us youngsters the mysteries of bow-and-arrow manufacture and exercise, and the manly accomplishment of the war-whoop in all its savage atrocity of sound. I became, for one, a great proficient in the latter art, as our immediate household, to say nothing of the neighbors, had good cause to know. I now endeavored to recall this dormant proficiency, and assume to myself, for the time being, the character of an American savage in his native wilds. In three bounds I had cleared the intervening space, upset all opposition, and overtopped the crowd.

"Whoop!" I uttered, at the highest pitch of my lungs: "Wah! Wah! Wh-o-o-p! Wh-o-o-o-p-p!" In short, my blood was up, and being in for it, I determined to excel.

The confusion that ensued fully equalled our hopes. Assuredly, there was not an eye, of the many thousand pairs congregated in the Place d'Armes, nor an ear to the remotest bound of the great avenues of Paris, St. Cloud, and the Sceaux, which failed to take in the sound, and to transfer its utmost of attention to my humble self. Some laughed, some (of the gentle sex) screamed, and some were frightened, no doubt—some were angry; and, to crown all, the style of the thing seemed to take wonderfully with the *gamins* at large, who reproduced the war-whoop with indifferent success from all quarters of the Place. Moreover, from every direction, *gens-d'armes* and emissaries of the police, were rushing to pounce upon the conspicuous author of

these disturbances. I made a feint at throwing a leg over, with the apparent view of tumbling bodily into the court; and instantaneously the three *gens-d'armes* on duty within, ran to frustrate the design. The details of the next three minutes I am unable to give. I know only that I was unceremoniously hustled down, amidst a tremendous confusion, and dragged away whether I would or not; and to this day I cannot determine with myself whether I was supposed to be mad or only intoxicated. The truth is, I have long since—what do I say!—from the moment of its perpetration, learned to feel shame, and too late remorse for the part taken in this affair; and it is the hope that the lesson may prove of use to our young countrymen who may be about to set out for Europe to sow their oats, that encourages me to relate what remains. Ah, well! if you, Jones, and I, Smythe! had not sown our wild oats in Paris, where we are not much known, we *would* in America, where it would have been still less to our credit.

We had arrived, as well as I now remember, opposite the west façade of the palace, when there was a sudden flash—wh-i-i-ze! went a rocket nearly over our heads, butted smartly against the above-named façade, and dropped to the ground, where it commenced sputtering and skurrying about with the eccentricity belonging to fireworks when checked by obstacles to a direct flight, to the great terror and promotion of agility in the old gentlemen and women-folks, who had selected the neighborhood of the palace as a place of safety, and to the unparalleled delight of the *gamins*, who had followed my worthy self thus far, and now fell pell-mell upon the flaming missile. Even my captors stood for a moment uncertain how to act. The next, they had abandoned me, to a man, and were plunging furiously through the bewildered crowd, in the direction of the Cour d'honneur. Indeed, the sky over that locality, in the twinkling of an eye, had become luminous with rockets of every fiery hue and character; and above the roar of the excited multitude, yells, screams, and cries for the police, which emanated from the quarter of the grand esplanade, where the illumination was strongest, came an incessant wh-i-i-z-z-z, bang, pop, pop, pop, wh-i-i-r-r, and hisses, as of ten thousand serpents tumbled in a horrid ball of life, out of their wintry den and snooze, by the hooked pole of some explorer.

I found myself at the foot of a flight of steps leading I neither knew nor cared where,

and up these I dashed, conscious only of a little hand thrust just then into mine, as if for protection. I have the panorama still before my eye. I saw the whole interior of the Cour d'honneur in one blaze of sulphurous flames, not absolutely filling the space, but bursting out, now here, now there, now on the pavement, now overhead, as the bunches of rockets acted more or less in concert, before their bonds were broken. I saw three unhappy *gens-d'armes* within, at first rushing frantically upon the igniting mass, in the vain hope of trampling out the conflagration; then, scorched and dismayed, tumbling over the rails into the arms of their friends outside. I saw innumerable "serpents," and other missiles of a tortuous nature, which had escaped from their fastenings, cleaving the heavens, or descending in parabolic curves upon the heads of the more distant, making all places alike dangerous; and I saw great parti-colored wheels disporting strangely in mid-air, only to roll assuredly and headlong among the vainly scampering throng, prostrating whole groups at each revolution of their terrible arms. I saw on all sides dreadful terror and confusion, and, for any thing I knew, wholesale slaughter reigning triumphant; and recognized in myself the guilty cause. The uproar of voices alone was tremendous, and with it began to be mingled political cries, drawn forth, no doubt, by the exertions of the police and *gens-d'armes* in behalf of order, and by the appearance of a regiment of infantry on the ground; I remember the nimble motion of the drummer boy's elbows within twenty yards of me, beating the advance, not one tap of which reached my ear; *Vive la Republique*, a *bas* Lamartine, a *bas*, whoever happened to be then—which I do not now remember—the objects of popular dislike.

Knowing the sanguinary turn things sometimes take in *sans culotte* keeping, I confess I began to be seriously alarmed. There were two little hands clasped upon my arm, and looking down, I observed that Ma'mselle was trembling piteously. "Oh, let us go immediately!" was what I saw, by the motion of her lips she was saying; and without another word Mademoiselle Fanfan and I entered at random the corridor behind us, and meeting not a soul, and traversing numberless bewildering suites of apartments, found ourselves on the further side of the palace, looking towards Paris. At the station, a train was on the eve of starting, and into it we hurried. I parted from Ma'mselle at the corner of Rue Maximèle—well, yea,

with a kiss—and have never seen her since. I never knew how many unfortunates were maimed or killed by the rock-ets, for I avoided the papers for a year after, and remained a prey only to the suggestions of a guilty conscience. I only know that the subsequent émeute in the capital was traceable, it was said, to the catastrophe on the fête day of the Republic at Versailles.

One little incident I may mention here.

When I had looked down at *Mademoiselle's* face, on the palace steps at Versailles, I saw what occasioned me no great surprise—namely, that the bandeau had slipped off, and no vestige of either scar or contusion appeared where the little *grisette* had pressed her handkerchief. Well, let it pass; I believe I showed a forgiving spirit at the corner of the Rue Maximèle; and next morning I left Paris.

STAGE-COACH STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was just about five o'clock in the afternoon of a warm September day, in the year of Grace 1830, that the Watertown and Sackett's Harbor mail stage-coach, bound northward, drove across the bridge which spans the lazy current of the Mohawk, at the brisk little city of Utica. The passengers were in number just enough to give each man a seat-mate—six in all. Perhaps the two rather stout gentlemen, who had been requested by the agent to occupy together the forward seat, with a view of balancing the luggage in the boot, might have been a little crowded by each other; but the rest of us had plenty of room—"ample space, and verge enough" for knees, feet, elbows, and—so forth. We had all arrived in Utica that day in the noon trains from Syracuse and Albany, had leisurely dined together at Baggs', and had been allowed time enough, before the starting of the stage, to placidly smoke our cigars, and indulge in a series of comfortable naps; excellent preparations for the vigils of the night before us. There had been no hurry in the process of embarkation. The agent had been accommodating. Four of the passengers, at least, regarded with approbation the arrangement, before hinted at, respecting the equilibrium of the coach. The two stout gentlemen, themselves, made but slight objections to it, and raised no question as to its abstract justice and propriety. Nobody proposed to take a valise aboard, on the plea that it contained papers of importance, and was so small that it would go under the seat—almost. The coach was large and roomy, with wide, well-cushioned seats, as easy as rocking-chairs. It kept chuckling to it-

self as it rolled smoothly along the level plank road, as if it really enjoyed its own easy, swaying, rapid motion. The driver and horses appeared to be smart and prompt, each after his kind. The weather was perfect—the air cool and bracing, but as yet without a chill, and a slight shower just after noon had prevented the possibility of dust. I venture to say, that never since the time when night-staging was the common lot of every traveller, has a coach load of passengers started late in the afternoon, with a continuous stage ride of a night and a day in prospect, in better humor with themselves, each other, the proprietor, and mankind, and things in general, than were the six travellers of whom I have spoken.

I am not one of those people who are always chanting the praises of the Past, decrying the Present, and shaking their heads distrustfully at the Future, with whom Old Times are ever "good Old Times." I firmly believe that the present generation are better educated, lodged, fed and clothed than any former generation ever was; that there is more comfort, health, happiness, and wisdom on the earth to-day than at any previous period; and that the next generation will be in still better state and condition than we are now. I am heartily glad that I did not fill my grandfather's place in the family line, for I like the Present age, and am disposed to consider its manners, habits, customs, and methods as improvements on those of the Past. I prefer, for instance, a rapid trip in a well-warmed, carpeted, railroad-car, sitting at mine ease in a cushioned arm-chair, reading or ruminating at my leisure, or cosily conversing with a neighbor, by whom I cannot possibly be crowded, while I am borne along

without jostle or jolt, a hundred miles between a not too early breakfast and a dinner not too long delayed, to a long, wearisome journey over the same route and distance, in a rocking, pitching, swaying stage-coach, into which I am crammed with eight other unfortunate grown-up people, two hapless babies, bundles, baskets and parcels without number, and two sheaves of muddy straw in the bottom; cold and shivering, and yet choking from the lack of fresh air; rising at two in the morning, and going to bed at ten in the evening with a shocking cold in the head; wearied, cramped, bruised, exhausted, too tired to sleep without dreaming the day's long journey over again.

But (I must avow it), I do sometimes remember my stage rides of old pensively, and sigh when I think they are by-gones. I used to enjoy them hugely, when I was a schoolboy; especially on my way home to spend the holidays. I was a diligent reader of books of voyages and shipwrecks, and had a strong appetite for seafaring and nautical matters, which has been amply satisfied since then. My imagination bedaubed with tar, or saturated with salt water, every thing that was susceptible of such improvements on the reality. I used to call the stage a ship; the driver I invested with the title of captain; the village in which the school was situated stood on my chart for Canton; and divers stopping places and taverns on the road between it and home served to represent the Isle of France, Cape Town and St. Helena. We always dined at Cape Town, I remember, and one night—it was at the commencement of the Christmas Holidays—our weather-beaten barque was obliged to put in at St. Helena, in distress, having encountered a violent snow-storm all the voyage, and the sea being so sadly blocked up by drifts as to render navigation impracticable. As for myself, I was an opulent young merchant, engaged in the China trade, returning, after an absence of years, to my native land. My fancies sometimes seemed all but realities. I find it difficult, even now, to realize that I have never in fact doubled the Cape of Good Hope, so often have I performed the voyage in fancy. Indeed, I do not wonder at Don Quixote's mistakes about Mambrino's helmet and the windmills.

The stage drivers, I remember—I was always on deck—used to be greatly amused by my conversation, and so well did my speech tally with my fanciful notions, that one kind-hearted Jehu, a new driver on the line, was greatly concerned one day, just after leaving Cape

Town, lest, unadvisedly, I had drank too much when ashore at that port, and might, in consequence, be in danger of falling off the coach. The worthy man seemed to be in nowise reassured, when I gravely informed him that I could swim.

Often, in these latter days, I look from the car window, as the rattling train dashes by some old, familiar turn of the highway, formerly the stage road, and call to mind the time when I used to dream away the day, travelling along that once busy thoroughfare. The cars give the Cape of Good Hope a wide berth. I have not seen Table Rock for years. But there, its high post dismantled of the gilded sign that whilome swung aloft; its yards, and barns, and sheds, deserted by the throng of travellers, teamsters, hostlers, horses, coaches, carriages and wagons that once filled them; its watering trough, at which so many weary beasts whilome were wont to slake their thirst, decayed, moss-grown, and overflowing; its very self changed to a lonely, quiet, country farm-house, stands the once celebrated wayside tavern, my Jamestown,—at which, in the finest weather and best of going, the stage used to arrive at mid-afternoon, and stop, for a quarter of an hour, to change horses. Now, the train passes by in a twinkling, at ten in the morning. There is the long sand hill, at the foot of which the male passengers were wont to alight, and then walk up the tiresome ascent. Yonder is the clayey plain, in which the stage, in the spring of the year, so often got *set*—fairly stuck in the mud. I think I see the very rail in the fence, with which I once labored for an hour, like a practical Archimedes.

I am not disposed to relish a premature commencement in performing the active duties of the day—indeed I was never remarkable for early rising; yet, I remember that in my youth the occasion of getting up in time for a stage that was to call for me early—and four o'clock, for a start on a seventy miles journey, in the summer time, was not considered a very early hour—was a matter of pleasant excitement. Travelling in these days was adventuresome. People did not leave their homes in the morning, as usual, and then, upon some slight occasion, without first telling their wives, fly away to a town a hundred miles off, and back again, fresh and pleasantly, to tea. The journey was projected deliberately, and was prepared for anxiously and with forethought. The careful packing of a trunk was a prerequisite. Valises and carpet-bags had

not yet attained respectability. The stage office was sought on the evening previous to the commencement of the journey, and due care was taken to be certain that the important memorandum was duly inscribed on the proper folio—"To call at No. 57, such a street, for a gentleman—one seat—through." It was a good deal like selecting a state-room on shipboard.

There used to be an atmosphere, in and about the stage office, redolent of travel. A homelbred youth, on the eve of his first long journey, was made to feel, indeed, as if his wits were homely. All the furniture and belongings of the room savored of dust and distance; not excepting the solid, heavy desks on which were laid the soiled and blotted entry-books, with huge drawers beneath—that was before the days of Harnden, and Adams, and Phillips—depositories for parcels to be forwarded; for they bore on the fronts red, tin signs, labelled in gilt letters with such names as Albany, Portland, New Haven, Keene, Providence, Bennington, New-York, Whitehall. One felt quite bewildered at thinking, that, on the morrow, so many people would probably start from one common centre, towards so many different places, and so widely apart. The whips, and box-coats with big buttons, like wide-awake staring eyes, hanging from pegs on the walls, had a look as if they were resting from travel, but ready at a moment's notice to jump down and be off again. Then one was apt to lounge about awhile, and look at the advertisements and handbills, covering the dingy walls. These would be headed with the names of distant cities, and wood-cuts of well-filled stage coaches, drawn at an incredibly rapid rate, over very dusty roads, by prancing teams of long-tailed horses, with drivers on the boxes flourishing whips with lashes of most unnecessary length, considering the apparent activity of the cattle. After these pictorial illustrations would follow a letter-press announcement, that,—for instance,—the People's Line of stages between Boston and Albany would leave the former city every day (except Sunday), at two o'clock, A. M., passing through—here would be set forth the names of all the towns and villages in the route—dine at Worcester—arrive at Springfield early in the evening—start next morning at three o'clock, A. M.—dine at Stockbridge; arrive in Albany in time for supper. It made one weary to read about it; and a short indulgence in this amusement would beget a vague, uncomfortable impression of the vastness of

the world, and bewildered notions of the immense distances really lying between points hardly two inches apart on the map.

One always turned before leaving the office, and timidly put the supererogatory question, "There'll be no mistake, I suppose? No. 57—such a street—at four o'clock—the—stage you know," at which the surrounding jarvies would show their tobacco-stained teeth, and the superintendent would reply, sharply, if there was no opposition line; "Sartinly—it's no object to leave a passenger as has his name fairly booked, unless he's too late himself." Then came the feeling of being fairly in for it,—of being not long for these parts,—and as one walked rapidly homewards, the thought would recur again and again; "How far I shall be from here to-morrow night by this time!" Miles were miles then, each one stood for a good ten minutes of daylight, to say the least.

Then the table for one's breakfast was laid over night. There was a hurry, a bustle, a preparation, an anticipation,—pleasant or dismal as the case might be, but always exciting. There were ever recurring speculations as to the morrow's weather, and often repeated questions, whether sundry shirts and stockings had been packed, or were ready to be packed. A discussion would arise with respect to the propriety of keeping a light burning all night, but an inspection of the box in the oven-mouth would result in the satisfactory announcement, that the tinder appeared to be quite dry, and that it would probably be safe to trust to flint and steel for a light in the morning. The alarm of the clock would be so arranged, as to make it absolutely certain it would fall into convulsions at precisely three o'clock. The servant maid was strictly enjoined not to oversleep, and at last, after repeated declarations of the propriety, and under the circumstances the absolute necessity of an early to bed, one finally betook himself to slumber at an unusually late hour of the night.

Then the morning,—the noisy, spluttering alarm of the clock—the half awakening—the dim consciousness of impending exertion—the striving to recollect *what* it was necessary for one to do—the sudden bounding out of bed when the thought of the day's journey clearly dawned—the striking a light with the means afforded by the tinder-box—the hasty drawing aside of the window-curtain, and the peering out into the cool air to look at the dull, gray morning sky, to see what the weather was like to be—the running in

stocking-feet to call the cook, and to leave a light at her door—the hurried toilet by lamp-light—the last strapping of the trunk, as one supposed, and then the having to open it again to put in some forgotten but most necessary article—the forcing one's self to eat the hastily-prepared breakfast—the multifarious and oft-repeated injunctions of mother and sisters, to be careful of this little parcel; not to forget the letter in the breast pocket of the overcoat; to remember such a message; not to fail to do another errand. A care for one's health was always enjoined, and if the traveller was young, and the absence to follow intended to be of considerable duration, a due regard for sound morals rarely failed to be mentioned, with a hint about the little pocket Bible in the corner of the closely-packed trunk. Then the young ones, vehemently exhilarated by the unusual bustle, were perpetually running in and out, and giving false alarms of the stage's coming. First, an early milk-cart would be heard in a neighboring street, and the traveller dropped his knife and fork, jumped from the table, and wiped his mouth in a hurry to kiss the female part of the group about him. This mistake discovered and laughed at, the noise of a market wagon would occasion another flurried shaking of hands and round of kisses. Finally, a low, heavy rumble, gradually growing nearer and louder, and mingling with an unmistakable clucking rattle, a sharp cracking of a whip, a loud "*uhoo*," the tramp of feet upon the front door-stones, a sharp un-answered ring of the bell, announces the arrival of the stage and the moment of parting. More last kisses and last words are interchanged rapidly. The burly driver and active stage-office runner seize the luggage, and bear it away between them, followed to the sidewalk and kennel by all the unkempt, unwashed, slipshod, staring children of the household. The traveller descends to the street, the driver opens the door with a twist and jerk, and the dim interior of the stage is revealed. The back seat is apparently full. The front seat is occupied already. With bowed head the traveller enters the coach; the iron steps are put up with a sharp clang; the door is shut with violence. At the door of the house stands the group of friends—silent, as if they were attending a burial. The girls, with heads *en papillote*, stand shrugging their shoulders and shivering, with their hands rolled up in their aprons; the father holding aloft a flaring lamp, which casts a flickering glare on all the scene, and on

the pale anxious face of the mother, as she stands behind the rest and wipes away a tear. The driver and runner, at the boot behind, consult together how to dispose of the bulky trunk. The stage sways on its springs, as, by their united efforts, the long straps are hauled tight and buckled. The driver puts on his gloves and buttons his coat, and asks if this is the last one; the runner says, "yes; and now he'll go and see the five o'clock stage off." The driver tries the door again, to make sure that it is fastened—he mounts his box—he takes the reins from the passenger who sits there smoking a cigar—he calls cheerily to his team—the stage clucks again and moves off with a jerk and roll—the clatter of the iron-shod horses' feet is mingled with the final volley of good-byes from the group on the front door-step—we lean from the coach window and wave our hand—the driver's long whip-lash hits our face—the street corner is turned—the flickering lamp is shut from view—we settle ourselves back into the seat—the day's journey is begun.

Now we are riding along a street, one busy and noisy enough in broad daylight, but at this early hour silent, except with the rattle of the stage. An occasional foot-passenger loiters along the sidewalk, a laborer bound to his daily toil, or perhaps some midnight reveller, reeling homewards to his bed, from whom yonder slight girl, a seamstress or milliner's apprentice, shrinks with dread, and crosses the street to avoid him. The signs above the shop-doors have a queer look, such as they never wear later in the day; they seem to wink at each other across the street, and to stare at the passing stage, painted, gilded, and lettered like themselves as it is, as if it were an intruder, and out of its place entirely. The Indian Chief at the tobacconist's front has a very startling appearance, as if he might be disposed to take advantage of the absence of a civilized crowd to stop the coach and tomahawk us all; but as we approach nearer, we perceive that he proffers, with characteristic gravity and silence, the symbol of friendship, the calumet of peace. A few lean swine are starting forth on their daily peregrinations, in search of a livelihood, not regardless of the interruptions of a troop of loafing curs, that hover about the gutters, and dispute with them the possession of the daintiest bits of garbage.

The stage dashes onward through streets in which the houses are smaller and more scattered than before. We meet groups of Irishmen, clad in tattered green-baize

jackets, and blue cotton overalls, tucked into the tops of huge cowhide boots, dusty with lime, smoking short pipes, and turning to gaze on the coach. Now the stony pavement is left behind, and the stage rolls smoothly along the wide turnpike road. The houses on either hand are mostly small suburban villas; snug little boxes, painted white with intensely green blinds, and front doors painted rosewood or black walnut, with glass bell-pulls; or perhaps, brown Gothic cottages, full of sharp gables, with a bit of a grass-plot in front, surrounded by a border of box and a gravel walk, and ornamented with a circular bed of tulips, and three spindling fir-trees. We leave them behind, and begin the ascent of a long hill.

In the mean time, the gray light has increased and grown ruddy. We can distinguish the features, as well as the forms of our fellow-passengers, and we begin stealthily to make observations. On the front seat before us, we discern a stout, elderly gentleman, with a round red face, which seems to be just rising above the horizon of a large bandanna handkerchief, behind which its lower disc is hidden. It illuminates all that corner of the coach with a cheerful glow. He wears short, gray whiskers, a white hat, a blue coat with brass buttons, and over that a brown spencer, gray mixed trousers, and a pair of boots, stout, like himself, and highly polished, as we find out later. His hands, gloved in silk, rest on the top of a gold-headed cane, which stands between his knees. In the other front corner, enveloped in a large black broadcloth cloak, sits a very tall man, with a very shiny hat, that keeps nodding and bobbing about while the tall gentleman is endeavoring to eke out his night's broken slumbers with a supplementary nap. A little brass-nailed, black morocco trunk, with a handle on the top, placed on the seat beside him, is evidently his property, and has a look about it that disposes us to believe its owner to be a travelling dentist. We ourselves occupy the middle seat, in company with a dapper, fidgety little man, who is perpetually hemming, coughing, looking out of the window and spitting. On the back seat, reclining into its depths, are two ladies and one gentleman. One of the ladies is middle-aged—that is to say, fifty; fat, with a double chin, and a hair mole on her cheek, and is dressed in black bombazine. She carries a willow basket of an oval shape, with double lids, its handle being in the middle like a market basket, from which proceeds a curious odor, compounded of snuff, cookies and

apples. The other lady is young and pretty; notwithstanding which, she evidently don't like to be looked at so early in the morning; for when we turn round and stare at her in turn, in the course of our survey, she draws down a green barge veil, and shuts out the prospect of her pretty face. The gentleman on the back seat, is, without question, a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion; for he is dressed in a brown coat, with a standing collar, wears a white cravat, with a cheerful benevolent expression of countenance, talks slightly through his nose, and seems perfectly at home with the ladies.

There is also a passenger on the box, who keeps up a conversation with the driver, and seems to prefer puffing tobacco smoke to inhaling the fresh morning air. What manner of man he is, we cannot yet discover, neither do we know how he is dressed, except that we can see through the little front window, that he wears plaid pantaloons, with a row of buttons on each leg reaching at least up to the knee, how much further we say not, being unable to see any higher.

As we toil slowly up the hill, we meet, pretty frequently, market carts laden with fruit and vegetables; some of the men with them bid the driver "good morning," and receive a hearty salutation in return, and all of them turn their heads to look at the coach. There is a man on foot, slowly and carefully driving towards the city a pair of immense fat oxen, their horns gayly bedecked with ribbons. The box passenger calls after him to know their weight, and we hear the driver ask the passenger, "How much did he say?" The passenger's reply is not intelligible to us; but this is of no consequence, for the driver is heard to affirm, very confidently, that all that story is gammon.

Just as we gain the top of the long hill, the stout gentleman rouses himself a bit, and tucks his bandanna under his chin, and, as if it had been waiting for this example, the sun rises immediately. Looking from the window, we can plainly see the city at a distance below us, the smoke of its kindling fires lazily curling upwards from hundreds of chimneys, and forming a thin, hazy cloud, which lingers about the highest spires and cupolas, whose gilded vanes, glittering through it, shine in the sunbeams. The square stone church tower helps us to identify the street in which we began our journey. Now, as the road curves, we can see the very house at which the stage stopped for us an hour ago, and could point out the window of our bedroom.

But the driver calls to his team and chirrups—he cracks his long whiplash over the heads of the leaders, the passenger on the box throws away his cigar and betakes himself to whistling; the horses start upon a rapid trot; the stage rattles merrily—it pitches slightly forward; we descend a little hill; the city disappears behind it—good by!—and now we are fairly in the country.

"Fine morning," says the fidgety man at our elbow, addressing himself to the passengers generally; "A very fine morning," he adds, nodding to the stout gentleman. But no one replies. Each waits for the other, until it is too late. The stout gentleman avoids responsibility, by nestling his chin into his bandanna again, and shutting his eyes; at which the fidgety man is taken aback, coughs slightly, and settles himself heavily against the strap behind him.

"If you please, sir," says the fat lady in a moment afterwards, "I really wish you'd lean forward a little mite; you jam my basket right into my stomach."

The fidgety man jumps forward like a shot, and a sharp jolt of the coach pitches him forthwith, into the lap of the stout gentleman, who, with his eyes shut and half asleep, was totally unprepared for this accident, and is at first somewhat alarmed, having a vague impression that the coach has capsized. He is moved to a short, but, we regret to say, exceedingly profane expression, at which the clergyman hems reprovingly, and moves about in his seat uneasily. The fat lady at first says, "Good land!" and then inquires of the fidgety man if he was hurt—a question which manifestly excites the indignation of the stout gentleman, who justly esteems himself to be an object more deserving of sympathy than his involuntary assailant. The pretty girl laughs outright at all this, and then blushes dreadfully, and pulls down her veil, when we turn around to grin sympathizingly. Finally, the stout gentleman receives the fidgety man's earnest apologies rather stiffly, and with a curt exhortation to be careful; and the matter being settled, the latter seems quite subdued, and silence reigns unbroken, except by the rattle of the stage, and the occasional humming of the voices of the driver and box passenger. There is no more talking inside the coach until we have stopped at the nine-mile-house, changed horses, got breakfast again, and are once more on the way.

The journey being resumed, we dash along rapidly. It is still early in the morning, but every body has got over

being cross and sleepy. The curtains are rolled up, and we can look out on both sides of the road. The farmers have already commenced the long hot day's toil. The mowers stop half way in their swaths, and turn about to gaze as the coach passes by, and wipe their wet scythes, and, when we have passed, begin to whet them. The men in the cornfields, waist deep among the tasselled maize stalks, lean on their hoes and stare at us. The women in the yards turn back their sun-bonnets, and peep over the burdened clothes-line, or between the snowy sheets that hang upon it, and the girls in the houses run briskly to the windows. The gray-haired old man, sitting in the shady porch, looks up, and points out the stage with his cane to the two-year-old he is watching, whose sex we can determine only by the whip it carries in its chubby fist. We overtake groups of ruddy, barefooted children, carrying little tin pails, or small Indian baskets, bound towards the little, brown schoolhouse yonder, at the fork of the roads. They all bow and courtesy with more energy and good will than grace, and so do also the urchins at the schoolhouse, when we pass by it, who are bareheaded as well as barefooted, and shade their eyes with their arms as they stare at us open mouthed, after making their manners. The cows look up as we go by their pastures, whisk their tails, and quietly resume their feeding, but every colt whinnies and follows us to the limit of his paddock, or until, frightened and indignant at the crack of the driver's whip, he starts away from the roadside fence with a sudden spring, on a furious gallop, making the ground tremble beneath his feet, and then, wheeling short about, he stands with head and tail erect, snorting wonder and defiance.

The cool, balmy air of the country, the sight of the pleasant shady woods, of rich meadows, and fields of golden grain waving in the gentle breeze, and glittering with dewdrops; the singing of the birds, and the rapid motion of the coach, are perfectly delightful and exhilarating. The tall gentleman divests himself of his cloak, and in dumb show gives notice that he is wide awake, and ready to be sociable. The red face of the stout gentleman beams graciously, even on the fidgety man.

"It is a fine morning, indeed, sir," says the stout gentleman, evidently alluding and replying to the remark made by the fidgety man before breakfast.

"It was rather chilly though, some might think, early in the morning," re-

plies the latter, with an air as if he meant to qualify his former positive assertion to such an extent as to enable every body to agree with him, and be conciliated.

The ice being broken, conversation very soon becomes general and animated. The clergyman begins to talk to the pretty girl beside him, who at first replies in monosyllables, but finally grows less reserved. The fat lady asks the fidgety man if his name isn't Smith, he looks so much like a Mr. Smith she is acquainted with; and she knows she is rude, but the likeness is so striking (all but the eyes and hair, and perhaps the complexion), that she couldn't help asking, and hopes there'll be no offence taken; and being told by the embarrassed fidgety man, upon whom the attention of the whole stage company is bestowed, that his name is *not* Smith but Jones, she says, "Indeed! is it possible!" and eyes him curiously, as if a gentleman with the name of Jones were some strange creature of which she had heard, but never seen before.

The tall gentleman drops a remark that upsets entirely our supposition that he is a dentist, and plunges us into a sea of doubts with respect to the uses and contents of the little brass-nailed, leather trunk. The stout gentleman is found out to be a rich merchant and capitalist. Mr. Jones makes a revelation, and informs us that he is in the retail grocery line. The white cravatted man, having said a long grace at the breakfast table, and intimated a regret that circumstances wouldn't admit of family prayers also, every body knows him to be what he looks to be. The middle-aged lady graciously informs us that her name is Stebbins, and that she has been on a visit to her married daughter, whom she left as well as could be expected; that her own husband has been terribly anxious for her to get back home; that he, the said husband, is a "master man," for fretting, whenever she goes away from home to be gone over night, and that she expects she shall find the house upside down!

By dint of close questioning on the part of the parson and the fat lady, the fact is elicited, that the pretty girl is going to visit a former school-mate, with whose family and connections generally, the fat lady testifies she has a sort of acquaintance; and bears testimony as well to the unquestionable gentility of the family, adducing in corroboration the circumstance, that they keep a negro man to attend the front door, and don't take any boarders, either.

When we change stages, some twenty miles on the way, and it is discovered

that the coach on the middle route of the line is not so new and handsome as the one in which we began our journey, the opinion is unanimously expressed, that stage proprietors, as a class, are no better than they should be, and are universally disposed to put the best on the outside.

The stout gentleman, whose seat is by no means as easy as before the change, suggests, with some heat, that an opposition line would mend matters somewhat; all the passengers respond in chorus that they guess it would, indeed; and Mr. Jones winds up the discussion by emphatically averring, that opposition is the life of business, for a moment forgetful of the falling off in trade since the establishment of the rival grocery on the corner opposite his own; or, perhaps, conceiving that the rule does not and ought not to apply to the retail grocery business.

We take up way passengers from time to time, and set them down again. These people, for the most part, defer a good deal to us through passengers, and seem inclined to consider our claims to particular seats, and assumptions of superior travelling experience, as entitled to high respect. On the other hand, the through passengers tacitly organize themselves into a select clique, and take little airs upon themselves, and talk to the way passengers with a manner that I have often observed in the old residents of a town, towards new men who had just moved into the neighborhood.

One of these way passengers, however, astonishes us all, and makes us feel a good deal abashed and regretful that we have confounded him with the common herd, and treated him in any way slightly, by informing us (the subject of the conversation being Modern Inventions and the Progress of the Age), that he has actually ridden upon the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. The capitalist says, upon this, that he has taken stock in the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, which is to be built between Albany and Schenectady. The tall gentleman, not to be wholly outdone, says, that a year or two ago, while on a short visit to Mr. John Quincy Adams, he had been taken by the ex-president to see the railroad leading from the granite quarries to the wharves; whereupon the ladies and clergyman, who, like all ladies and clergymen, have a high reverence for rank, look admiringly at the tall gentleman, who thus carelessly and incidentally mentions a visit to the private mansion of the late chief magistrate of the nation.

The capitalist, who knows Mr. Adams very well himself, continues to speak of

railroads, and says, that in time, he doesn't doubt, one will be finished through to the Lakes. The ex-president's friend says, dubiously, "Not in our time," while the travelled way passenger, who has been admitted an honorary member of the through clique, and been presented with the freedom of the corporation, nods his head sagely, and mutters to the stout gentleman, that, for his part, he must say that stranger things than that are happening daily. The fat lady, who has been an attentive listener, now leans forward, hems, grasps the handle of her basket nervously, and would make bold to inquire, if the jolting in riding over the rails is not very unpleasant and disagreeable? The gentlemen all smile, and say, "Oh, no, indeed ma'am!" and the benevolent clergyman conceiving her mistake, is at some pains to explain that the rails are flat straps of iron, nailed along upon wooden sleepers that run lengthwise of the road, and not athwart it: and this the fat lady comprehends readily, when the clergyman illustrates, with the help of his own cane and that of the stout gentleman, frankly owning, however, that he may be mistaken, having never seen a railroad, though he believes he understands the principle. The travelled way passenger assures him that he has "got the idea quite correct, considering," and after this, the clergyman takes heart of grace, and comes out surprisingly, to the evident admiration of the fat lady, who repeatedly avers, referring to the principle of railroads, that she has got one new wrinkle to-day, any way.

We are frequently arriving at neat little villages, and driving up at a round trot in front of the stores where the post-offices are kept, to have the mail changed; and we sit at the coach window and watch the postmaster and his clerk rapidly sorting the packages, while the customers, who are postponed to the imperious haste of Uncle Sam, lean against the counters, and beguile the seven minutes' delay by staring at the showy advertisements of Godfrey's Cordial and Morison's Hygeian Pills, or by overlooking, with us, the active movements of the national officials. There are two or three little boys loitering about the door of the store, attracted by the odor of raisins and sugar, walking gingerly, with bare feet, on the coarse gravel, picking up strings, and bits of gilt and colored paper from the sweepings, and occasionally glancing furtively towards the stage in the hope that some of the passengers may want a drink of water, and thereby afford them an opportunity to earn a few pence by fetching it. The driver, meanwhile,

waters his horses, from a bucket, chiding them when they try to put their noses into it out of turn, and dashes the frothy leavings in the bottom upon the feet of the leaders.

We gaze about the quiet shady streets of the village, and cannot help thinking whether we should like to live there, and wondering, if we had been born and brought up there, what sort of a person we should have been; and whether it would have seemed as much like home as our own, actual home; and presently we fall into a speculation, that, may be, in some of those white houses, half hidden by maples, horse-chestnuts, and lilacs, there is, who knows, some fair, young girl, whom, if we could only see and know, we should surely fall in love with, and she with us, and so we should be married, and ever after live happily, and ——— the driver throws the mail up to the smoking box passenger, mounts after it, clucks to his horses, and away we go, looking back and watching one particular white house, until we turn a curve, and feeling a queer pang of tender regret when we finally lose sight of it.

By and by we stop to dine. The clergyman again says a long grace. The stout gentleman carves the joint, the tall gentleman dissects the pair of roast chickens, and Mr. Jones helps to the vegetables. The box passenger sits opposite to the pretty girl, and disconcerts her extremely by staring at her all dinner time.

When we get on the road again, and the fidgety Mr. Jones has remarked that the stage house we have just left isn't as well kept as it used to be when Robinson was landlord, the gentlemen fall to talking politics, all but the clergyman, who, being unfamiliar with the subject, addresses himself again, particularly to the ladies. In the course of the debate the tall gentleman denounces anti-masonry with great severity, and Mr. Jones takes issue with him; whereupon an excited discussion ensues. The tall gentleman is beginning a panegyric of the institution of Masonry, by premising, that, although he is not a mason himself, yet—when he is suddenly cut short by a vehement outburst from Mr. Jones, who makes quite an harangue, commencing with the remark, that he has some respect for *real* freemasons, and can tolerate them, while defending their own institution, but, for his part, he must say, he despises a jack-mason heartily, and ending, after treating at length on various topics, with a defiant inquiry, whether any body can say aught against William Wirt? Morgan is hauled out from the Niagara River.

and a tremendous battle is fought over his corpse, the identity of which is denied by the tall gentleman, who believes that William Morgan is to-day alive and kicking, unless he has completed a parallel with Judas, or has been made away with by the anti-masons themselves, on purpose to raise an excitement. Here the fat lady interposes, and modestly begs leave to set the gentleman right about that, for she has often read of Morgan's abduction in the public prints—indeed, has seen a picture in an almanac, representing his murder, and the masons using his blood to mix mortar with, to build a temple (a proceeding which the fat lady justly denounced, in passing, as a most inhuman and barbarous affair), and has often heard her husband, who is a deacon of the church, and won't lie any quicker than the next man, aver that the masons were guilty of Morgan's death—"So you see, sir," to the tall gentleman, "that there can't be any mistake about it, poor man."

In the course of the discussion, Gen. Jackson is denounced by one man as a tyrant and an enemy to his country's welfare, and by another he is exalted to the rank of a demigod, by the name of Old Hickory. Then somebody fortunately asks the question, if any body else has seen those letters signed "Jack Downing;" the angry faces begin to relax into smiles, the letters in question are told over, the fidgety man finally says he didn't mean any thing personal to any one, the tall man bows graciously, the stout gentleman referring to the pending presidential election, says, very sagely, "We shall see what we shall see," and the subject of politics is dropped.

Just in time—for here we are at the wayside tavern, the last stopping place before we arrive at the city. A gayly painted coach, and a fresh team of white matched horses, that are to take us the last stage of our journey, are waiting in the stable yard, and drive up to the piazzas as soon as the old coach has discharged its cargo and driven out of the way. But the new driver gives us plenty of time to go through the leg-stretching process, and a right agreeable process it is too. Very slight excuses avail even the clergyman and ladies for taking a sip of excellent brandy punch, which the landlord has manufactured at the suggestion of the box passenger. Travellers, twenty years ago, partook of refreshments that had some strength and body to them. The dish-water tea and muddy coffee, too hot to drink, and too dear to leave, the dubiously compounded pies and tough sponge cake,

the withered apples and choky pears, that form the staples of railroad station refreshments, and which must be gobbled up in just five minutes by the conductor's watch, or gone without entirely, can they be compared with the creature comforts, wherewith the stage passengers solaced themselves at their leisure, in the days gone by?

The new team is a fast one, the road is descending, and we dash rapidly forward. The next five miles is gone over in less than the time in which Puck promised to girdle the earth. We approach the end of our journey, and begin to feel, as did Geoffrey Crayon, "that it is a comfort to shift one's position, and be bruised in a new place."

At last, from the summit of a high hill, we can see, far away in the distance below us, a glimpse of blue water, and white specks of sails dotting it, like stars in an evening sky, gleaming in the rays of the declining sun, and the wide-spread extent of the large city to which we are bound, a confused mass of red and white houses, and a great dun-colored cloud of smoke hanging over all.

Rocking, pitching, rattling, the flying coach descends the hill and at a headlong rate, in pursuit of the galloping team, whose sixteen white legs seem sixteen times that number, as we watch them from the window. Onward, downward we go, thundering along the wide, smooth road, the ascending carriages and wagons turning out for us, our swiftly revolving wheels grinding through the gravel and hissing through the sand, leaving behind us for many rods, a long trailing cloud of dust, which glitters in the slanting, ruddy sunbeams, like the golden sand-beach of an African river.

Despite the weariness that we feel, the passengers half wish our journey's end was not so near at hand. We look forward, not without a painful emotion, to the speedy and inevitable dispersion of our little company. We endeavor to talk cheerfully, but there is a sad feeling at our hearts—not sad, but pensive. We tell each other that we have had a pleasant day, and one that we shall long remember. We exhort each other to a continuance of acquaintanceship and friendship. The clergyman piously hopes that we may all meet in heaven, to which the fat lady softly says, "Amen," and we all think it.

Now, in the twilight, we are slowly driving over a long bridge. The clocks of the city are striking the hour of eight. The deep, hoarse roar of the crowded

streets is heard above the rattling of our wheels, and the pattering of the horses' feet upon the planks—it grows louder and more confused—once more the driver's long whip lash cracks—clatter, clatter, clatter, the sixteen iron shoes of our gallant team strike the stony pavement—the rumbling coach follows, winding and turning through the rushing throng of carriages, wagons, and drays, along a broad street, which is being lighted up as fast as yonder sooty fellow can travel from one lamp post to another, with his greasy ladder and flaring torch. Strange buildings tower on either hand. Over the doors of the brilliantly-lighted shops are strange signs, bearing strange names. A throng of strangers crowd the strange pavement. Suddenly, the coach stops, swaying on its springs, before a large, strange hotel. The porter rushes out and opens the door. We bid good-by to our fellow travellers, and shake hands all around, specially moved thereto by a desire to give the digits of the pretty girl an impressive squeeze. We accomplish our purpose, and the pretty girl, who begins to feel homesick, faintly returns the pressure. We descend the steps; our luggage is taken from the boot; the driver remounts the box; one more good-by; the stage rumbles away, carrying with it the only familiar faces in all the town, and is lost in the crowd. The last link that connects us with home seems severed. We stand, lonesomely, a stranger in the streets of a strange city. The day's journey is ended.

But my digressive fancy has played me a pretty trick, driving away with me in an air-built stage coach, twenty years into the shadowy past, leaving me, I know not where. Did you go with me, gentle reader, or, while I was dreaming, did you sleep? Let us return to the year 1850, and to the banks of the slow-gliding Mohawk. Behold, once again, the veritable Sacketts Harbor mail-stage, rolling smoothly along the busy street of suburban Deerfield.

It was almost sunset, when, after a welcome ascent, we gained the summit of the mountain which lies on the road some five miles to the north of Utica. The driver stopped to let his panting team take breath—a proceeding which awakened a lively distrust in the mind of a short-legged yellow cur, that stood in the mouth of a farmer's lane, and barked at us incessantly. The broad valley of the Mohawk lay behind us, glowing in the cheerful, ruddy light, with which the round, red, September sun filled it brimming full. The compact little city spar-

kled in the centre of the landscape, like a diamond set in the midst of emeralds. Beyond it, the green, forest-covered slopes, speckled with ruddy spots, where groves of maples had donned early their gaudy autumn suits, showed soft and hazy outlines through the heated, quivering air and rosy light, against the deep blue southern sky. The sombre western hills cast long, gray shadows half across the plain. To the east and to the west, miles away and miles apart, two railroad trains glided like serpents out from among the wooded hills, and along the bank of the river, rushing to meet each other in the city midway between them. We could hear the distant, jarring sound of their iron wheels, now low and faint, as they dived out of sight into the bowels of a hill, and now loud and plain, as they emerged to view, and dashed rattling and roaring across a resounding bridge. Then the sharp, unearthly yell of their whistles smote clear and distinct upon our ears, and we fancied we could hear even the faint clangor of their bells as they crossed the level of some intersecting country highway; and while I listened, I remembered that, since the birthday of many living men, the howl of the wolf, the cry of the panther, and the war-whoop of the hostile Indian had often been heard out of the savage wilderness, which then grew in that valley, by the garrison of the lonely outpost of Fort Stanwix.

Presently the sun, tired with his long, hot day's travel, rested his chin upon the trees that fringed the western hill-tops, setting them all a-blaze, and peeped for a moment at the lovely landscape he was quitting; and when finally he sank luxuriously to rest, curtained with azure, purple, and gold, in state befitting the couch of the king of day, the round, full, yellow harvest moon swung clear of the eastern horizon, fresh and wide awake, and, like ourselves, prepared for a night-long journey.

Again the shriek of the steam whistle pierced the still air; the horses heard it, and pricked up their ears. "Come, get up!" said the driver, and away we went, closely pursued, for a space, by the barking cur, triumphant at our flight, leaving behind us the quiet valley of the sleeping Mohawk, forward into the country, where the streams, flowing for many a mile through dense, primeval forests, and in deep gorges, between high precipitous banks, and jutting crags, crowned with groves of shadowy hemlocks, are dark and mysterious, and full of arrowy rapids and foaming cascades.

"Where do we take supper, I wonder?" suddenly cried one of the heavy gentlemen on the forward seat.

"At Trenton," replied the middle seat opposite.

"Or the Black River House?" said the other middle seat interrogatively.

"At Trenton, sir," repeated his companion, in a positive tone.

Nevertheless, we supped at the Black River House, on venison steaks, brook trout, broiled partridges, wild raspberries and cream, in company with the driver, who sat at the head of the table, and did its honors with unexampled appetite and dignity.

It was almost eight o'clock when we once more found ourselves on the road. The team was a fresh one, and so was the driver, and we sped forward at a most satisfactory pace. The curtains of the coach were all rolled up, for the air was warm, and every man a smoker. The moon was at its full, as I have before said. It was as pleasant a night to travel as could be wished for.

We were strangers to each other, and far away from home. It had been a cholera summer the year before. That dreadful plague was not yet extinct "at the West." So, when one of the stout gentlemen, soon after supper, frankly revealed the fact that he carried in his overcoat pocket a willow-covered flask, full of ready-made brandy grog, rather stiff and of excellent quality, each of the other passengers felt no hesitation in keeping him in countenance by a confession of similar import. It was ascertained that there was on board, to each man, at least a pint of this agreeable and wholesome fluid, and five cigars of approved brands. This stock, it was calculated, would last us, without the exercise of an inconvenient degree of the uncomfortable virtue of economy, until some time after midnight, especially as three gentlemen, who fortunately sat upon the lee side of the coach, avowed the habit of chewing tobacco, and cheerfully offered to avail themselves, in case of extremity, of Warnick & Bryan's fine cut, and leave the cigars, thus saved, for the use of their less accomplished fellow-travellers. The driver, who, upon being interrogated, acknowledged a weakness in favor of whiskey, and agreed to take his drinks at the wayside taverns, informed us that our flasks and cases might be replenished with unimpeachable supplies at Martinsburg and Lowville—our nocturnal journey seemed no great hardship in prospect.

Conversation had been pretty steadily

maintained all the way between Utica and the Black River House. The subjects of the weather, politics, the crops, the state of the money market, the prices of stocks, cotton, flour and provisions, and the European and Californian news, had each and all been duly discussed and exhausted. It was worthy of remark, that after the first five miles, no man was inclined to talk at length with his seat mate, whom he seemed to treat with less ceremonious respect than he did the others; whereby I was reminded of the conduct of many married couples of my acquaintance, after the lapse of the honeymoon.

"Come, gentlemen," said one of the middle seats, a lieutenant in the revenue service apparently, "it's but half past nine. What shall be done to pass away the time, besides smoking and preventing the cholera?"

"Sleep, if we can," responded one of the stout gentlemen, who wore a round-top cap, with a button and tassel, and a big visor.

"Humph!" ejaculated the other five in chorus.

"That's likely," added the other stout gentleman.

"I'd like to catch myself at it," said another.

"So would I," said a third.

"If you do, just wake up and tell me how it's done," exhorted a fourth.

"There isn't a plank-road all the way," added a fifth, significantly.

"Can any gentleman sing?" asked the revenue officer.

"D—n the singing," hastily cried the gentleman with the round-topped cap.

"Don't try that on. We should have every dog on the road in full howl at us."

"One can play whist in the cars, but here—"

"Let me make a suggestion," said one of the back seat passengers, a tall, swarthy man, of about thirty, in a blue pilot-cloth overcoat and cap.

We all turned towards him.

"I follow the sea for a calling," resumed the gentleman, with a smile and half bow at the revenue officer, "and of course, as you may reasonably suppose, I have passed a good many hours of the night broad awake upon deck. I may pretend, therefore, to some little experience in the matter; and really, I don't know of any pleasanter way of making a long night watch seem short, than by means of the simple amusement—of which we were all fond when children—story-telling."

"Humph!" said the gentleman who

had proposed going to sleep; though it was evident that he relished the suggestion of the sailor, and humphed, merely, to have his turn. "Humph!" said he, lighting a fresh cigar, "I'd rather go to sleep than hear the whole Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"I got into a cursed scrape once by telling a story in a stage coach," remarked the other back seat.

"Come, gentlemen, what do you say?" cried the sailor briskly.

"Agreed," promptly replied the revenue officer.

"Well, agreed," said another, with a manner as if he were assenting to a proposition to take a part in a game at marbles or puss-pass in the corner.

"Agreed," added another and another; the sleep-preferring stout passenger only kept silent.

"Come, sir, what do you say?" persisted the sailor, addressing him particularly.

"Go on, go on," replied the stout man, good humoredly, "wake me up when it comes my turn. I may go to sleep, in the mean time, I suppose?"

"Ay ay," said the seaman. "And now," he continued, turning to his seat-mate, "as I proposed the matter, I have the right of nomination. Allow me to knock you down for a yarn."

"Me first? the devil!" cried the person addressed, shrugging his shoulders. This gentleman was a good-looking, well-dressed person, of the age of twenty-eight or thereabouts. "I'm a little wary," said he, with a half laugh. "I can't help thinking what an awkward scrape I once got into by telling a story in a stage coach."

"How was it?" inquired the sleepy gentleman, with manifest interest; at which there was a general laugh.

"Come," said the sailor, "unless it be a secret, tell us how you got into the scrape, and what sort of a scrape it was."

"Go ahead," added the revenue officer, "I reckon it will be interesting."

"I trust you will find it so," replied the other, holding the muzzle of his brandy flask an inch from his lips as he spoke, and then taking a hearty draught, "ahem—hem, for I think I shall tell it," he added, returning his flask to its pocket.

There was a unanimous expression of satisfaction at this declaration, and after the bustle, occasioned by a general following of the gentleman's example in the respect of preventing the cholera, had subsided, and fresh cigars had been lighted all round, the back seat passenger commenced as follows:—

CHAPTER II.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

In the month of August, a year ago last summer, it so happened that I had a single matter of professional business to do, requiring my presence for a few days, at a term of the State Circuit Court, held in a quiet country shire-town, in New England. This village is one of those ancient places, that, having been settled among the earliest in the colonies, maintained for many years after the Revolution, their rank as large and important towns, gave their names to the counties within whose limits they lie, are mentioned with distinction in the gazetteers published fifty years ago, and, despite of the lapse of time, which has brought to them no increase, the rapid growth of new cities and villages, and the march of improvement generally, still continue to retain the courthouse of the county a conspicuous place, even on modern maps, and many of the family names, the fashions, customs, manners, and opinions of the olden time.

Though surrounded by railroads, this village, which I shall call Guilford, is inconveniently distant from any station-house. The discreet husbandmen, its early settlers, more regardless of its agricultural than its commercial interests, laid its foundation miles away from the river,—and there it stands, looking to-day very much as it did a half-century ago, I doubt not; its long street of old, white houses marking the line where the broad alluvial plains begin to swell into the hills that form the western side of one of the most fertile and beautiful river-valleys in the world.

I had, as I have said, a single case pending before the Circuit Superior Court of Guilford county. It was an issue of law, to be tried by the judge alone, and had been assigned for trial, for the first day of the term. So I concluded to take the mail-stage, which went down to Guilford in the afternoon of the Saturday previous, and not wait for the steamboat on Monday morning, which would leave me four miles from the Court House, and on the wrong side of the river at that. I was to have for a fellow-passenger, Judge Walker, whose assigned turn it was, to hold the term at Guilford. I had found the Judge sojourning at the same hotel in the city, at which I put up. We were old acquaintances, of course; his professional duties having often to be discharged in my own remote county.

We had finished our dinner, and stood talking together on the portico of the

hotel, smoking, and waiting for the porter to bring down our luggage, when the Guilford stage drove up. It was a neat little, yellow coach, with a team of four, compactly built, bob-tailed, black horses, driven by the owner and proprietor in his own proper person; a clean shaven, rosy-gilled, fat little fellow, good humored as a kitten, and independent as any other Yankee in the world, who at once accosted my companion.

"Good a'ternoon, Judge," said he; "ef yer goin' to Gi'ford in my vikkle, jest say the word—Whoa-hup! Stand still, boys!"

"I am going, Colonel," replied the Judge: "this gentleman and myself are only waiting for our baggage. How's your family, Colonel?"

While this dialogue was going on, and our military be-titled driver was enlightening the judicial dignitary as to the welfare of his domestic circle, and sarcastically bewailing his inability to return appropriately, the complimentary inquiry of the latter; and while the twain were discoursing about divers other matters, until the appearance of the sweating porter, with one trunk on his shoulder and another in his hand; I was making a rapid inspection of the passengers who were already in the coach.

On the front seat, bolt upright, sat a spruce-looking, red-and-white complexioned, dark-haired and dark-whiskered young gentleman, trimly dressed in a linen sack, worn over a black coat and white marseilles vest, with his very red lips sucking the ivory head of a yellow rattan cane. I guessed at once that he was a daguerreotype artist, materially aided in this sagacious conjecture by the appearance of a tripod, which lay helplessly on the roof of the coach, its legs tied together and sticking out of the canvas bag in which its head works were bundled up.

Two ladies sat on the back seat, trying to smother their mirth, and not laugh outright at something funny they knew, before the crowd of gentlemen on the hotel piazza. They had drawn down their veils as the coach stopped. But it was too late. The eyes of the lady, on the hither side, had given me my—in fine, gentlemen, had done for me.

Don't laugh, gentlemen: you can't tell what may happen to yourselves some time. I used to ridicule the notion of falling in love at first sight. The thing, to be sure, is of rare occurrence. It don't often happen. A man runs about the same risk of it, that he does of being struck o'lightning. Indeed, if he has not the true mettle in him, he is safe. But electricity

sometimes does hit a man, and so does love at the first sight of the object of it; and this was a case in point of the latter sort. After all, I am wrong as to the fact, but the theory holds good, notwithstanding, as you shall hear if you will give attention.

"Come," said the Judge, giving me a push, "what the deuce is the matter with you? Here's the porter been holding the door open these five minutes, and the Colonel is getting impatient. Throw away your cigar, and come on."

I obeyed—that is to say, I followed the Judge to the sidewalk, gave the porter the red-hot stump of my cigar, and threw half a dollar into the gutter. In a moment more I was sitting by the side of the spruce young man, encountering the quizzical look of the Judge, who sat on the middle seat opposite me, his portly form almost eclipsing the beautiful young lady. They were both beautiful, but every body will know which I mean.

The coach stopped once more before it left the city, to take on board, at his residence, Mr. Richard Cranston, a lawyer, my senior by some five years; whose large practice, extending throughout the State, had given me an opportunity to become well acquainted with him in my own county, and was now taking him down to Guilford, to try, among other issues, the case in which I was engaged, against me.

"Here you are then, Lovel," cried he, as he settled himself into the vacant seat beside the Judge: first casting a rapid glance at the ladies, and then nodding at me. "Rushing into danger, eh? Why, I shall have your scalp at my belt by this time on Monday, my indiscreet young friend."

"Or I yours at mine," I retorted, secretly nettled. The presence of the ladies made me sensitive.

"Oh! no danger of that, not the least," returned Cranston, taking off his Panama, and rubbing the bald spot, like a priest's tonsure, in the middle of his thick brown curls. "No scalp-lock on the crown to lay hold of, you see! I should have made a glorious Indian fighter, Judge, eh? Billy Bowlegs would be nonplussed if he should try to get a trophy off from my head. By the by, talking of scalps, have you heard what happened to Green, last term of our County Court? No! Well, I'll try to give you a faint description. Green, you know, Judge, but Lovel perhaps don't, has the sobriquet of Sandy Green given him by the bar, because, in the first place, his name is Alex-

ander; and, secondly, his complexion, hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, are of the color of Bristol-brick. He is mightily ashamed of his hair, however, and a year or two ago had his head shaved, bought a curled, black wig, and has been the meanest looking man ever since—he's unparalleled—and he has no second. There was a chap stopping at the City Hotel one day—a Dwarf, not over four feet high, hump-backed, with a shrewd monkey face, most horribly scarred and pitted with the small-pox. Green was going by, and the fellow, who was in the portico smoking, hailed him. 'Hillo, stranger!' said he, 'hold on, I want to see you.' So Green stopped, and the Dwarf looked at him curiously. 'I win,' said he, 'I rather think so.' 'Think what?' asked Green. 'Never mind,' said the dwarf, 'come in, come in and take a drink.' Sandy never refuses such an invitation; so in they went and liquored, and the day being warm, Sandy took off his hat to wipe his forehead. His new friend clapped his hands. 'By dash,' said he, 'I've found him.' 'Found whom?' asked Sandy. 'Found you,' cried the Dwarf. 'What do you mean?' said Green, who is mighty afraid of being put upon. 'What's your business?' asked the stranger. 'A lawyer, sir,' replied Sandy, with dignity. 'Good!' cried the Dwarf! 'I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll go out to Cincinnati, and win a suit for me; and I'll pay all expenses.' 'But if I don't win it?' asked Sandy. 'what then?' 'By dash, I know you will,' exclaimed the stranger, positively. 'But what is the suit?' persisted Green. 'Well, I'll tell you,' replied the Dwarf, around whom a crowd had collected. 'I'm courting a girl in Cincinnati, and she's willing to have me, for I'm rich; but she says she hates to have the name of being the ugliest man's wife in the United States. I told her that there might be a man uglier than I; and she said if I could find one, she would marry me, and not without. I've travelled all over the country for six months, and was just about going home in despair, when, thank God, I saw you. Will you go, stranger?' 'But hold on—that's not the story. Green is, of course, rather touchy on the subject of hair, and is amazingly given to pathetic eloquence. He was trying a breach of promise case against me last term. It was his closing turn for the plaintiff, and he was just winding up with great effect, high-faluting about blighted hopes, withered hearts, blasted affections, peace of mind for ever fled, and all that—jury much affected—the foreman, an old fellow, with a family

of six marriageable and unmarried daughters, looking with the spirit of a father, intent and stern, first at Green and then at my client, who sat behind me, chewing tobacco vehemently, and sweating like a trooper: the youngest jurymen, a spooney, just old enough to be in love and on a jury, all in tears. Sandy was picturing the plaintiff's agony when she found herself jilted; how she wrung her hands—and here he rubbed his fists like a washer-woman; how she beat her bosom—and if his vest hadn't been well padded, he would have knocked himself speechless; and how she tore her raven locks—and in his suiting the action to the word, may I be translated if his wig didn't come off in his hands and tumble on the floor, from which it got kicked into a spittoon. I never saw such a looking head in my life. It looked like the desert of Sahara. Perhaps Sandy didn't submit his case to an intelligent and enlightened jury of his countrymen in just about a minute from that time. It saved my client fifteen hundred dollars. I did not tell him so, though, but took all the credit myself, of course.'

"Were not the bench and bar convulsed with laughter, sir?" inquired the daguerreotype gentleman, with a propitiatory manner, and evidently desirous of mixing in the conversation.

"Why, sir, as to that," returned Cranston, coolly surveying his interrogator, "I must say that the bar laughed consumedly; but the bench—you know Judge Bell, I presume, sir."

"Why, not particularly—in fact, I may have met him in society—but, I do not now recollect it."

"Just so," said Cranston. "Well, sir, Judge Bell, you must know, is a very serious man, in a word as grave as a judge, as my friend Walker, here, for example. There is a tradition that he was never known to laugh but once, and then—"

"What then?" persisted the artist, after a pause.

"Why sir," said Cranston, leaning forward in a confidential way, "the courthouse clock stopped immediately, and held up its hands in astonishment."

The spruce gentleman forthwith relapsed into profound silence, and betook himself to sucking the head of his cane.

After getting out of the city we took the river road, which was, for a part of the way, a continuous village street. Sometimes, where the winding stream swept with a broad curve around a bend, the straighter road would leave it for a while, and run directly across the peninsula, between rows of maples, and high rail fences

inclosing orchards, and fertile fields and meadows, and then, meeting it again, we could ride for miles over a smooth, gravelly beach, where the mimic waves came lapping and rippling with a gentle murmur, and left upon the narrow strand a long ribbon of yellow foam.

On one hand the green sloping meadow banks on the farther shore, dotted with white cottages and ancient farmhouses peeping out from beneath the broad, dense shade of mighty, overhanging elms, and the blue sky, flecked here and there with light, fleecy clouds, slowly sailing across it, were mirrored in the surface of the placid river. On the other hand spread for many a mile the broad fertile and populous plain, upon which the farms of the first settlers of this garden of New England were collected, two hundred years ago. Sometimes we passed a reach in the river, where a fleet of sloops lay almost becalmed; those downward bound, with sails hanging in idle folds from their lowered gaff-peaks, floating lazily with the slow moving current, the crews of others, keeping time with a monotonous sleepy sounding chant, disturbing with their long sweeps the glassy still water nearer the shore. Sometimes we climbed a little hill, and from its green summit saw, scattered widely over the plain, the spires of twenty churches, rising above the glistening roofs of the village houses that clustered about them. Then we would descend into a shady valley, and cross upon a rustic

bridge, a limpid, shallow brook hastening to lose itself in the neighboring river, and brawling over a bed of white and gray pebbles, between low banks, fringed with alders, osiers and willows.

It would be hard to say which were the most enchanting, the smiling landscapes through which we travelled, or the features of the charming lady on the back seat of the coach. I think, however, that the latter received the greater share of my attention. I may as well say, in this place, for the purpose of distinguishing them, that *the* lady was very fair, with glossy brown hair, and dark gray eyes of the shade one is apt to mistake in daylight for deep blue, and by moonlight for hazel. So much I could see through her tormenting veil. Her companion was a very handsome, showy brunette, with dark hair, and large, black, languid, lustrous eyes.

They seemed to enjoy themselves right heartily, looking at the scenery, and carrying on by themselves a cosy, merry, low-toned conversation, except when interrupted by Cranston or the Judge, who occasionally presumed, the one on his baldness and impudence, and the other on his prematurely gray locks and gold spectacles, to address them, or to point out for their regard some remarkable or picturesque object in the varying landscape.

As for the daguerreotype man and me, we looked on wistfully and bashfully, and said nothing.

(To be continued.)

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest, in mien and mind,
 Of gentle womankind,
 Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;
 One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
 Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
 Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
 Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
 Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
 And armies mustered at the sign, as when
 Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
 Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
 And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
 Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
 The victory to her who fills this grave ;
 Alone her task was wrought,
 Alone the battle fought ;
 Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
 On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
 That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
 And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
 Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
 Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
 And calmly broke in twain
 The fiery shafts of pain,
 And rent the nets of passion from her path.
 By that victorious hand despair was slain.
 With love she vanquished hate and overcame
 Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state.
 Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
 But when she entered at the sapphire gate
 What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
 How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
 And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !
 And He who, long before,
 Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
 The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
 Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
 He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
 Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
 Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
 Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
 Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
 Brief is the time, I know.
 The warfare scarce begun ;
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee ;
 The victors' names are yet too few to fill
 Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
 That ministered to thee, is open still.

LITERARY PIRACY.

Letters on International Copy-right. By H. C. CAREY, author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.

WE have at last a formal, if not formidable treatise on anti-copy-right, by a writer who treats the subject in a candid and gentlemanly manner, and who, though he argues scientifically in favor of robbery, does it on philosophical principles, and in a benevolent spirit, and not in that sordid tone which has distinguished all the arguments that we have hitherto heard from the opponents of international copy-right. The difference between Mr. Carey and the other gentlemen whose cause he espouses is, that while they seem to have been influenced by no better motive than that of personal aggrandizement, he is apparently a disinterested believer in the benevolence and justice of the measure which he advocates. He is, therefore, all the more dangerous, as an opponent, and the more entitled to consideration. Mr. Carey is a retired publisher, and the author of some remarkable essays on political economy; he is the antagonist of the Ricardo school of political philosophers, an advocate of high protective duties, and a fluent and forcible writer. We are very glad to meet him as an antagonist on the subject of copy-right, for he can make the most of his subject, and we are quite sure that no other writer will present it in a stronger light, or more happily illustrate his theory by the extent and variety of the facts which he has brought to bear upon the question. His pamphlet appears at a most opportune moment, too, when the subject of international copy-right has assumed an importance which it has never had before, from the circumstance of the administration having declared itself in favor of a total abolition of the small duty now imposed on printed books. Mr. Carey could hardly have had such an event in his mind, or the anticipation of it, and its too probable influence upon the interests of our native literature, or he would never have raised his voice, we imagine, on the side of the anti-copy-right advocates. The great bugbear in the eyes of Mr. Carey is centralization, and the fatal facility which a reduction of duties on printed books, even with the counter-acting effect which an international copy-right law would exert, in making London the metropolis of the United States, must

be plain enough to so shrewd a thinker as Mr. Carey. He endeavors to prove, and we think successfully, that the union of Scotland and Ireland with England has destroyed the national literature of those two countries, and transferred the producing power in literature which once manifested itself so strongly in Dublin and Edinburgh, to London.

"Seventy years after the date of the Union, Edinburgh was still a great literary capital, and could then offer to the world the names of numerous men, of whose reputation any country of the world might have been proud: Burns and Mel'heron; Robertson and Hume; Blair and Kames; Reid, Smith, and Stewart; Monboddo, Playfair, and Boswell; and numerous others, whose reputation has survived to the present day. Thirty-five years later, its press furnished the world with the works of Jeffrey and Brougham; Stewart, Brown, and Chalmers; Scott, Wilson, and Joanna Baillie; and with those of many others whose reputation was less widely spread, among whom were Galt, Hogg, Lockhart, and Miss Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage*. The *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* then, to a great extent, represented Scottish men and Scottish modes of thought. Looking now on the same field of action, it is difficult, from this distance, to discover more than two Scottish authors, Alison and Sir William Hamilton, the latter all the more conspicuous and remarkable, as he now," says the *North British Review* (Feb. 1853), "stands so nearly alone in the ebb of literary activity in Scotland, which has been so apparent during this generation." McCulloch and Macanlay were both, I believe, born in Scotland, but in all else they are English. Glasgow has recently presented the world with a new poet, in the person of Alexander Smith, but, unlike Ramsay and Burns, there is nothing Scottish about him beyond his place of birth. 'It is not,' says one of his reviewers, 'Scottish scenery, Scottish history, Scottish character, and Scottish social humor, that he represents or depicts. Nor is there,' it continues, 'any trace in him of that feeling of intense nationality so common in Scottish writers. London,' as it adds, 'a green lane in Kent, an English forest, an English manor-house, there are the scenes where the real business of the drama is transacted.'"

"The *Edinburgh Review* has become to all intents and purposes an English journal, and *Blackwood* has lost all those characteristics by which it was in former times distinguished from the magazines published south of the Tweed.

"Seeing these facts, we can scarcely fail to agree with the review already quoted, in the admission that there are 'probably fewer leading individual thinkers and literary guides in Scotland at present, than at any other period of its history since the early part of the last century,' since the day when Scotland itself lost its individuality. The same journal informs us that 'there is now scarcely an instance of a Scotchman holding a learned position in any other country,' and farther says, that 'the small number of names of literary Scotchmen known throughout Europe for eminence in literature and science is of itself sufficient

to show to how great an extent the present race of Scotchmen have lost the position which their ancestors held in the world of letters."^{*}

"The *London Leader* tells its readers that 'England is a power made up of conquests over nationalities;' and it is right. The nationality of Scotland has disappeared; and, however much it may annoy our Scottish friends to have the energetic Celt sunk in the 'slow and unimpressible' Saxon, such is the tendency of English centralization, every where destructive of that national feeling which is essential to progress in civilization.

"If we look to Ireland, we find a similar state of things. Seventy years since, that country was able to insist upon and to establish its claim for an independent government, and, by aid of the measures then adopted, was rapidly advancing. From that period to the close of the century, the demand for books for Ireland was so great as to warrant the republication of a large portion of those produced in England. The kingdom of Ireland of that day gave to the world such men as Burke and Grattan, Moore and Edgeworth, Curran, Sheridan, and Wellington. Centralization, however, demanded that Ireland should become a province of England, and from that time famines and pestilences have been of frequent occurrence, and the whole population is now being expelled to make room for the 'slow and unimpressible' Saxon race. Under these circumstances, it is matter of small surprise that Ireland not only produces no books, but that she furnishes no market for those produced by others. Half a century of international copy-right has almost annihilated both the producers and the consumers of books.

"Passing towards England, we may for a moment look to Wales, and then, if we desire to find the effects of centralization and its consequent absenteeism, to neglected schools, ignorant teachers, decaying and deserted churches, and drunken clergymen with tumbling flocks, our object will be accomplished by skimming the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.[†] In such a state of things as is there described there can be little tendency to the development of intellect, and little of either ability or inclination to reward the authors of books. In my next, I will look to England herself."

Precisely such an effect as has been produced in Dublin and Edinburgh Mr. Carey predicts for this country, in the event of the passage of an international copy-right law which shall give to Englishmen the right to control their publications in this country; an opinion in which we wholly differ from him; but his argument becomes fearfully powerful, and the state of things he anticipates, an absolute certainty in the absence of all duties and all copy-right. Nothing can save the literary interests of this country, and all the national interests connected with them, from utter destruction, but the passage of an international copy-right law, if the duties are to be abolished on foreign books, and there seems but little doubt that such will be the case. We may then give ourselves up as literary dependents, and fall into the ranks with Edinburgh and Dublin, and

acknowledge Paternoster Row to be our common intellectual centre. England now furnishes the greater part of our mental food, and it will then furnish the whole, excepting such as can be gathered from the daily newspaper.

But Mr. Carey is so entirely mastered by his idea of centralization, and sees so clearly the whole world whirling in a maelstrom with London for its centre, that he can hardly see in any of the movements of social policy any thing else. This idea neutralizes itself by making itself self-destructive, not only does it swallow up all its surroundings, but it swallows itself. Mr. Carey proves that centralization is as destructive to its own centre as to the objects within its influence.

"Centralization enables Mr. Dickens to obtain vast sums by advertising the works of the poor authors by whom he is surrounded, most of whom are not only badly paid, but insolently treated, while even of those whose names and whose works are well known abroad many gladly become recipients of the public charity. In the zenith of her reputation, Lady Charlotte Bury received, as I am informed, but £300 (\$960) for the absolute copy-right of works that sold for \$750. Lady Blessington, celebrated as she was, had but from three to four hundred pounds; and neither Maryat nor Bulwer ever received, as I believe, the selling price of a thousand copies of their books as compensation for the copy-right. Such being the facts in regard to well-known authors, some idea may be formed in relation to the compensation of those who are obscure. The whole tendency of the 'cheap labor' system, so generally approved by English writers, is to destroy the value of literary labor by increasing the number of persons who must look to the pen for the means of support, and by diminishing the market for its products. What has been the effect of the system will now be shown by placing before you a list of the names of all the existing British authors whose reputation can be regarded as of any wide extent, as follows:—

Tennyson, Thackeray, Grote, McCulloch, Carlyle, Bulwer, Macaulay, Hamilton, Dickens, Alison, J. S. Mill, Faraday.

"This list is very small as compared with that presented in the same field five-and-thirty years since, and its difference in weight is still greater in number. Scott, the novelist and poet, may certainly be regarded as the counterpoise of much more than any one of the writers of fiction in this list. Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Campbell enjoyed a degree of reputation far exceeding that of Tennyson. Wellington, the historian of his own campaigns, would much outweigh any of the historians. Malthus and Ricardo were founders of a school that has greatly influenced the policy of the world, whereas McCulloch and Mill are but disciples in that school. Dalton, Davy, and Wellaston will probably occupy a larger space in the history of science than Sir Michael Faraday, large even as may be that assigned to him.

"Extraordinary as is the existence of such a state of things in a country claiming so much to abound in wealth, it is yet more extraordinary that we look around in vain to see who are to replace even these

^{*} North British Review, May, 1852.

[†] See Blackwood's Magazine, Sept. 1852, art. "Scotland since the Union."

[‡] April, 1852, art. "The Church in the Mountains."

[§] Title I had from Capt. Maryat himself.

when age or death shall withdraw them from the literary world. Of all here named, Mr. Thackeray is the only one that has risen to reputation in the last ten years, and he is no longer young; and even he seeks abroad that reward for his efforts which is denied to him by the 'cheap labor' system at home. Of the others, nearly, if not quite all, have been for thirty years before the world, and, in the natural course of things, some of them must disappear from the stage of authorship, if not of life. If we seek their successors among the writers for the weekly or monthly journals, we shall certainly fail to find them. Looking to the Reviews, we find ourselves forced to agree with the English journalist who informs his readers that 'it is said, and with apparent justice, that the quarterlies are not as good as they were.' From year to year they have less the appearance of being the production of men who looked to any thing beyond mere pecuniary compensation for their labor. In reading them, we find ourselves compelled to agree with the reviewer, who regrets to see that the centralization which is hastening the decline of the Scottish universities is tending to cause the mind of the whole youth of Scotland to be

"Cast in the mould of English universities, institutions which, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavorable to originality and power of thought."—*North British Review*, May 1853.

"Their pupils are, as he says, struck 'with one mental die,' than which nothing can be less favorable to literary or scientific development."

Like most men who ride a hobby Mr. Carey makes his nag centralization carry too heavy a load, and it breaks down under the weight of argument he imposes upon it. Where there is free intercourse between nations, centralization becomes a necessity, and, not only a necessity, but a blessing; there is but one way to prevent it, and that is by non-intercourse. The centralizing influences of England, which are felt so balefully all over India, have not yet been perceived by the Japanese; but the time is near at hand when they too will begin to understand that they are in the circle of a maelstrom of which Jeddo is not the centre. It remains for us United Statesers to determine whether this great absorbing centre shall be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, whether it shall be London, Paris, New-York, St. Louis or San Francisco. At present it is divided between London and Paris. London is the intellectual and financial centre, and Paris is the centre of art and fashion. There is no reason why New-York, or some other American city, should not become the great centre of finance, fashion, literature and art, but a good many why it should. And, in fact, such a destiny can only be delayed, and not prevented by unwise legislation. The superiority of mind over matter will hardly be questioned, and wherever the mind of the world centres itself, there all the material interests are sure to follow. We

have, thus far, in spite of our splendid opportunities, prevented the United States from becoming the intellectual centre of the universe, by perversely violating the great law of national and individual prosperity, which gives to every producer the right to control the productions of his own labor. We deny to the foreigner the right of property on our own soil, in his intellectual productions, whereby we inflict as great an injury on our own literary producers, as we should upon our manufacturers of calicoes, if we permitted an indiscriminate robbery of foreign manufactured goods of the same kind. The cases are precisely analogous. But, hitherto the full effects of this evil have not been felt, because the duty on foreign books has, to a certain extent, though a very limited one, acted as a protection to the native literary producer. But this small protection is now about to be destroyed, and the ruin of the literary interests of the nation must inevitably follow unless we have the counteracting effects of copy-right to foreigners.

Mr. Carey very consistently attacks the principle of copy-right in all its bearings: he not only argues against international copy-right, but all copy-right; and if some of his arguments are not very forcible, we are bound to concede to them the merit of great originality. We must also give him the praise of discarding that mean and despicable argument against copy-right, which many of its opponents have so industriously exploited, that acting justly would prove too costly. These sentiments are most creditable to Mr. Carey, although we regret to notice that he insensibly falls into the line of argument which he denounces in another part of his book.

"Evil may not be done that good may come of it, nor may we steal an author's brains that our people may be cheaply taught. To admit that the end justifies the means, would be to adopt the line of argument so often used by English speakers, in and out of Parliament, when they defend the poisoning of the Chinese people by means of opium introduced in defiance of their government, because it furnishes revenue to India; or that which teaches that Canada should be retained as a British colony, because of the facility it affords for the violation of our laws; or that which would have us regard smugglers, in general, as the great reformers of the age. We stand in need of no such morality as this. We can afford to pay for what we want; but, even were it otherwise, our motto here, and every where, should be the old French one: '*Fais ce que doy, adieu que pourra*.'—Act justly, and leave the result to Providence. Before acting, however, we should determine on which side justice lies. Unless I am greatly in error, it is not on the side of international copy-right."

Mr. Carey states his argument against

copy-right after the following fashion, which is not original with him, except in the manner of expressing it.

"For what then is copy-right given? For the clothing in which the body is produced to the world. Examine Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, and you will find that the body is composed of what is common property. Not only have the facts been recorded by others, but the ideas, too, are derived from the works of men who have labored for the world without receiving, and frequently without the expectation of receiving, any pecuniary compensation for their labors. Mr. Macaulay has read much and carefully, and he has thus been enabled to acquire great skill in arranging and clothing his facts; but the readers of his books will find in them no contribution to positive knowledge. The works of men who make contributions of that kind are necessarily controversial and distasteful to the reader; for which reason they find few readers, and never pay their authors. Turn, now, to our own authors, Prescott and Bancroft, who have furnished us with historical works of so great excellence, and you will find a state of things precisely similar. They have taken a large quantity of materials out of the common stock, in which you, and I, and all of us have an interest; and these materials they have so reclothed as to render them attractive of purchasers; but this is all they have done. Look to Mr. Webster's works, and you will find it the same. He was a great reader. He studied the Constitution carefully, with a view to understand what were the views of its authors, and those views he reproduced in a different and more attractive clothing, and there his work ended. He never pretended, as I think, to furnish the world with any new ideas; and, if he had done so, he could have claimed no property in them. Few now read the heavy volumes containing the speeches of Fox and Pitt. They did nothing but reproduce ideas that were common property, in such clothing as answered the purposes of the moment. Sir Robert Peel did the same. The world would now be just as wise had he never lived, for he made no contribution to the general stock of knowledge. The great work of Chancellor Kent is, to use the words of Judge Story, but a new combination and arrangement of old materials, in which the skill and judgment of the author in the selection and exposition, and accurate use of the materials, constitute the basis of his reputation, as well as of his copy-right. The world at large is the owner of all the facts that have been collected, and of all the ideas that have been deduced from them, and its right in them is precisely the same that the planter has in the bale of cotton that has been raised on his plantation; and the course of proceeding of both has, thus far, been precisely similar; whence I am induced to infer that, in both cases, right has been done. When the planter hands his cotton to the spinner and the weaver, he does not say, 'Take this and convert it into cloth, and keep the cloth;' but he does say, 'Spin and weave this cotton, and for so doing you shall have such interest in the cloth as will give you a fair compensation for your labor and skill, but when that shall have been paid, the cloth will be mine.' This latter is precisely what society, the owner of facts and ideas, says to the author: 'Take these raw materials that have been collected, put them together, and clothe them after your own fashion, and for a given time we will agree that nobody else shall present them in the same dress. During that time you may exhibit them for your own profit, but at the end of that period the clothing will become common property, as the body now is. It is in the contributions of your predecessors to our

common stock that you are indebted for the power to make your book, and we require you, in your turn, to contribute towards the augmentation of the stock that is to be used by your successors.' This is justice, and to grant more than this would be injustice.

"Let us turn now, for a moment, to the producers of works of fiction. Sir Walter Scott had carefully studied Scottish and border history, and thus had filled his mind with facts preserved, and ideas produced by others, which he reproduced in a different form. He made no contribution to knowledge. So, too, with our own very successful Washington Irving. He drew largely upon the common stock of ideas, and dressed them up in a new, and what has proved to be a most attractive form. So, again, with Mr. Dickens. Read his *Bleak House*, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has thereby been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms, but that is all he has done. He is in the condition of a man who had entered a large garden, and collected a variety of the most beautiful flowers growing therein, of which he had made a fine bouquet. The owner of the garden would naturally say to him: 'The flowers are mine, but the arrangement is yours. You cannot keep the bouquet, but you may smell it or show it for your own profit, for an hour or two, but then it must come to me. If you prefer it, I am willing to pay you for your services, giving you a fair compensation for your time and taste.' This is exactly what society says to Mr. Dickens, who makes such beautiful literary bouquets. What is right in the individual, cannot be wrong in the mass of individuals of which society is composed. Nevertheless, the author objects to this, insisting that he is owner of the bouquet itself, although he has paid no wages to the man who raised the flowers. Were he asked to do so, he would, as I will show in another letter, regard it as leading to great injustice.

The error of Mr. Carey is in supposing that the copy-right is granted for the ideas and facts contained in a book, instead of the "clothing," as he calls it, in which they are embodied. No book contains any thing essential to the welfare of mankind, which any man may not use for his own benefit. Any body may collate every essential fact contained in "Bancroft's History" or "Kent's Commentaries," make a book of them, using his own style of expression, and obtain a copy-right for them. The author of a book enjoys no monopoly, such as the owner of a field of wheat does; every body may use it, profit by it, improve upon it, and reproduce it in another shape in spite of him. But the owner of the wheat retains for ever and to all time, absolute control and monopoly over his property. Mr. Carey says that the authors of books do nothing more than make use of ideas which are the common property of mankind, and therefore they are not entitled to ownership in the form in which they present them to the world. But, it is the form only which they claim the right of property in, and, unless that right be granted to them, the ideas themselves, and the

facts of history will never be collected together in a manner available to the world. If you kill the goose, it will lay no more golden eggs; and, if you take from the author the means of living by his labor, his labor must cease, and the tribe of authors must become extinct.

Another of Mr. Carey's arguments against the right of an author to his own productions is, we believe, original with himself; at least we have never seen it urged in the copy-right controversy. Because Leibnitz, Descartes, Newton, Humboldt, and Bowditch were not enriched by their beneficent scientific labors, he would deny the right of such triflers as Irving, Dickens, Scott, and Cooper to the remuneration for their writings which the world has been so happy to make them in return for the pleasure which they have afforded. Mr. Carey insists that the agriculturist shall not be paid for his pears and pomegranates, because another agriculturist has failed to make a fortune out of a potato-field. The force of this reasoning we have not been able to appreciate. But, Mr. Carey shall himself state his own case:

"The whole tendency of the existing system is to give the largest reward to those whose labors are lightest, and the smallest to those whose labors are most severe; and every extension of it must necessarily look in that direction. The *Mysteries of Paris* were a fortune to Eugene Sue, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been one to Mrs. Stowe. Byron had 2,000 guineas for a volume of *Childe Harold*, and Moore 3,000 for his *Lalla Rookh*; and yet a single year should have more than sufficed for the production of any one of them. Under a system of international copy-right, Dumas, already so largely paid, would be protected, whereas Thierry, who sacrificed his sight to the gratification of his thirst for knowledge, would not. Humboldt, the philosopher *par excellence* of the age, would not, because he furnishes his readers with things, and not with words alone. Of the books that record his observations on this continent, but a part has, I believe, been translated into English, and of these but a small portion has been published in this country, although to be had without claim for copy-right. In England their sale has been small, and can have done little more than pay the cost of translation and publication. Had it been required to pay for the privilege of translation, but a small part of even those which have been translated would probably have ever seen the light in any but the language of the author. This great man inherited a handsome property, which he devoted to the advancement of science, and what has been his pecuniary reward may be seen in the following statement, derived from an address recently delivered in New-York:—

"There are now living in Europe two very distinguished men, barons, both very eminent in their line, both known to the whole civilized world; one is Baron Rothschild, and the other Baron Humboldt; one distinguished for the accumulation of wealth, the other for the accumulation of knowledge. What are the possessions of the philosopher? Why, sir, I heard a gentleman whom I have seen here this afternoon, say that, on a recent visit to Europe, he paid his re-

spects to that distinguished philosopher, and was admitted to an audience. He found him, at the age of 84 years, fresh and vigorous, in a small room, nicely scented, with a large deal table uncovered in the midst of that room, containing his books and writing apparatus. Adjoining this, was a small bed-room, in which he slept. Here this eminent philosopher received a visitor from the United States. He conversed with him; he spoke of his works. 'My works,' said he, 'you will find in the adjoining library, but I am too poor to own a copy of them. I have not the means to buy a full copy of my own works.'"

"After having furnished to the gentlemen who produce books more of the material of which books are composed than has ever been furnished by any other man, this illustrious man finds himself, at the close of life, altogether dependent on the bounty of the Prussian government, which allows him, as I heard, less than five hundred dollars a year. In what manner, now, would Humboldt be benefited by international copy-right? I know of none; but it is very plain to see that Dumas, Victor Hugo, and George Sand, might derive from it a large revenue. In confirmation of this view, I would ask you to review the names of the persons who urge most anxiously the change of system that is now proposed, and see if you can find in it the name of a single man who has done any thing to extend the domain of knowledge. I think you will not. Next look, and see if you do not find in it the names of those who furnish the world with new forms of old ideas, and are largely paid for so doing. The most active advocate of international copy-right is Mr. Dickens, who is said to realize \$50,000 per annum for the sale of works whose composition is little more than amusement for his leisure hours. In this country, the only attempt that has yet been made to restrict the right of translation is in a suit now before the courts, for compensation for the privilege of converting into German a work that has yielded the largest compensation that the world has yet known for the same quantity of literary labor.

We are constantly told that regard to the interests of science requires that we should protect and enlarge the rights of authors; but does science make any such claim for herself? I doubt it. Men who make additions to science know well that they have, and can have, no rights whatever. Cuvier died very poor, and all the copy-right that could have been given to him or Humboldt would not have enriched either of them. Laplace knew well that his great work could yield him nothing. Our own Bowditch translated it as a labor of love, and left by his will the means required for its publication. The gentlemen who advocate the interests of science are literary men, who use the facts and ideas furnished by scientific men, paying nothing for their use. Now, literature is a most honorable profession, and the gentlemen engaged in it are entitled not only to the respect and consideration of their fellow-men, but also to the protection of the law; but in granting it, the legislator is bound to recollect, that justice to the men who furnish the raw materials of the books, and justice to the community that owns those raw materials, require that protection shall not, either in point of space or time, be greater than is required for giving the producer of books a full and fair compensation for his labor."

We may as well remark, *en passant*, that the absurd story about Humboldt is all trash; his works intended for popular reading have been very popular, and he has reaped great profits from them, and he is about the most independent author

in existence, so far as his pecuniary circumstances are concerned.

The argument of Mr. Carey against international copy-right is not very clearly stated, but the fear of centralization is the pervading thought in his mind while discussing the subject. He contends that:

"England is fast becoming one great shop, and readers have, in general, neither time nor disposition to cultivate literature. The little proprietors disappear, and the day laborers who succeed them can neither educate their children nor purchase books. The great proprietor is an absentee, and he has little time for either literature or science. From year to year the population of the kingdom becomes more and more divided into two great classes; the very poor, with whom food and raiment require all the proceeds of labor, and the very rich who prosper by the cheap labor system, and therefore eschew the study of principles. With the one class, books are an unsupportable luxury, while with the other the chance of leisure prevents the growth of desire to purchase them. The sale is, therefore, small; and hence it is that authors are badly paid. In strong contrast with the limited sale of English books at home, is the great extent of sale here, as shown in the following facts: Of the octavo edition of the *Modern British Encyclopædia*, there have been sold in five years no less than 80,000 volumes. Of Macaulay's *Miscellaneous*, 3 vols. 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miss Agillar's writings, the sale, in two years, has been 100,000 volumes. Of Murray's *Encyclopædia of Geography*, more than 50,000 volumes have been sold, and of McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, 10,000 volumes. Of Alexander Smith's *Poems*, the sale, in a few months, has reached 10,000 copies. The sales of Mr. Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England, and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volumes. Of *Black House*, in all its various forms—in newspapers, magazines, and volumes—it has already amounted to several hundred thousands of copies. Of *Bolwer's* last novel, since it was completed, the sale has, I am told, exceeded 35,000. Of Thiers's *French Revolution and Consulate*, there have been sold 25,000, and of Montagu's edition of *Lord Bacon's works* 4,000 copies.

"If the sales of books were as great in England as they are here, English authors would be abundantly paid. In reply it will be said their works are cheap here because we pay no copy-right. For the payment of the authors, however, a very small sum would be required, if the whole people of England could afford, as they should be able to do, to purchase books. A contribution of a shilling per head would give, as has been shown, a sum of almost eight millions of dollars, sufficient to pay to fifteen hundred salaries nearly equal to those of our secretaries of State. Centralization, however, destroys the market for books, and the sale is, therefore, small; and the few successful writers owe their fortunes to the collection of large contributions made among a small number of readers; while the mass of authors live on, as did poor Tom Hood, from day to day, with scarcely a hope of improvement in their condition."

And, therefore, because England does not sufficiently reward her authors, and because we read their books more than

their own countrymen do, are we absolved from all necessity of paying them for the use of their property. This is the extent of Mr. Carey's argument, so far as we have been able to master it.

We regret very much that he leaves the Prince of Denmark out of his play of Hamlet; for, after all, the main question is untouched in his letters, and that aspect of the subject which bears the most important feature for us, he does not present to us. What is the legitimate effect of the competition now waged between our own authors, and the unpaid authors of Europe? If the "cheap labor" of England has such a deadly influence upon our manufacturing prosperity as Mr. Carey contends, what must be the effects of the unpaid labor with which our literary men are brought in direct competition? They are well known; and Mr. Carey himself exhibits them in a very startling manner in the statistics he furnishes of the republication in this country of foreign books, all of which might as well have been produced here. But, the great evil of our being dependent, and mental vassals of England, is not so much that it transfers the labor market from this country to Europe, and confers the reputation upon foreigners which our own people might enjoy; but it places the whole mind of the nation at the mercy of foreigners, and permeates the mental constitution of our people, with thoughts, sentiments, ideas, and aspirations foreign to our true interests and detrimental to the growth and expansion of American ideas and democratic sympathies. No better argument could be brought forward to sustain the claims of international copy-right than the formidable display which Mr. Carey makes of the statistics of original publications in this country, intended by him to serve as a proof that no protection is needed by our authors.

"Every body *must* learn to read and write, and every body *must* therefore have books; and to this universality of demand it is due that the sale of those required for early education is so immense. Of the works of Peter Parley it counts by millions; but if we take his three historical books (price 75 cents each) alone, we find that it amounts to between half a million and a million of volumes. Of Goodrich's *United States* it has been a quarter of a million. Of Morse's *Geography and Atlas* (50 cents) the sale is said to be no less than 70,000 per annum. Of Abbot's histories, the sale is said to have already been more than 400,000, while of Emerson's *Arithmetic and Reader* it counts almost by millions. Of Mitchell's several geographies it is 400,000 a year.

"In other branches of education the same state of things is seen to exist. Of the Boston Academy's *Collection of Sacred Music*, the sale has exceeded 600,000, and the aggregate sale of five books by the

same author has probably exceeded a million, and the price of these is a dollar per volume.

"All these make, of course, demand for books, and hence it is that the sale of Anthon's series of classics (averaging \$1) amounts, as I am told, to certainly not less than 50,000 volumes per annum, while of the *Classical Dictionary* of the same author (\$4) not less than 30,000 have been sold. Of Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon* (\$5), edited by Prof. Drisler, the sale has been not less than 25,000, and probably much larger. Of Webster's 4to. *Dictionary* (\$6) it has been, I am assured, 60,000, and perhaps even 80,000; and of the royal 8vo. one (\$3 50), 250,000. Of Belmar's French school books not less than 150,000 volumes have been sold. The number of books used in the higher schools—text-books in philosophy, chemistry, and other branches of science, is exceedingly great, and it would be easy to produce numbers of which the sale is from five to ten thousand per annum; but to do so would occupy too much space, and I must content myself with the few facts already given in regard to this department of literature."

"Of all American authors, those of school-books excepted, there is no one of whose books so many have been circulated as those of Mr. Irving. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Mr. Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands; and yet of that edition, selling at \$1 25 per volume, it has already amounted to 144,000 vols. Of *Uncle Tom*, the sale has amounted to 295,000 copies, partly in one, and partly in two volumes, and the total number of volumes amounts probably to about 450,000.

Price per vol. Volumes.

Of the two works of Miss Warner, Queechy, and the Wide World, the price and sale have been	\$ 88	104,000
Vern Leaves, by Fanny Fern, in six months	1 25	45,000
Reveries of a Bachelor, and other books, by Ik Marvel	1 25	70,000
Alderbrook, by Fanny Forester, 3 vols.	50	33,000
Northup's Twelve Years a Slave	1 00	20,000
Novels of Mrs. Hentz, in three years	63	93,000
Major Jones's Courtship and Travels	50	31,200
Salad for the Solitary, by a new author, in five months	1 25	5,000
Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals, Washington and his Generals, and other works	1 25	200,000
Stephens's Travels in Egypt and Greece	87	80,000
Stephens's Travels in Yucatan and Central America	2 50	60,000
Kendall's Expedition to Santa Fe	1 25	40,000
Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea, 8vo.	3 05	15,000
Ditto Ditto 12mo.	1 25	8,000
Western Scenes	2 50	14,000
Young's Science of Government	1 00	12,000
Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams	1 00	30,000
Frost's Pictorial History of the World, 8 vols.	2 50	60,000
Sparks's American Biography, 25 vols.	75	100,000
Encyclopedia Americana, 14 vols.	2 00	230,000
Grisswold's Poets and Prose Writers of America, 3 vols.	3 00	21,000
Barnes' notes on the Gospels, Epistles, &c., 11 vols.	75	300,000

Price per vol. Volumes.

Atken's Christian Minstrel, in two years	62	40,000
Alexander on the Psalms, 3 vols.	1 17	10,000
Bulst's Flower Garden Directory	1 25	10,000
Cole on Fruit Trees	50	13,000
" Diseases of Domestic Animals	53	34,000
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees	1 50	15,000
" Rural Essays	3 50	3,000
" Landscape Gardening	3 50	9,000
" Cottage Residences	2 00	6,250
" Country Homes	4 00	3,500
Mahan's Civil Engineering	3 00	7,500
Leslie's Cookery and Receipt-books	1 00	96,000
Guyot's Lectures on Earth and Man	1 00	6,000
Wood and Bache's Medical Dispensatory	5 00	60,000
Dunglison's Medical writings, in all 10 vols.	2 50	50,000
Pancoast's Surgery, 4to.	10 00	4,000
Rayer, Ricord, and Moreau's Surgical Works (translations)	15 00	5,500
Webster's Works, 6 vols.	2 00	46,800
Kent's Commentaries, 4 vols.	3 33	84,000

"Next to Chancellor Kent's work comes Greenleaf on Evidence, 3 vols., \$16 50; the sale of which has been exceedingly great, but what has been its extent, I cannot say.

"Of Blatchford's General Statutes of New-York, a local work, price \$4 50, the sale has been 3,000; equal to almost 30,000 of a similar Work for the United Kingdom.

"How great is the sale of Judge Story's books can be judged only from the fact that the copy-right now yields, and for years past has yielded, more than \$3,000 per annum. Of the sale of Mr. Prescott's works little is certainly known, but it cannot, I understand, have been less than 160,000 volumes. That of Mr. Bancroft's History has already risen, certainly, to 30,000 copies, and I am told it is considerably more; and yet even that is a sale, for such a work, entirely unprecedented.

"Of the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Curtis, Sedgwick, and numerous others, the sale is exceedingly great; but, as not even an approximation to the true amount can be offered, I must leave it to you to judge of it by comparison with those of less popular authors above enumerated. In several of these cases, beautifully illustrated editions have been published, of which large numbers have been sold. Of Mr. Longfellow's volume there have been no less than ten editions. These various facts will probably suffice to satisfy you that this country presents a market for books of almost every description unparalleled in the world."

If such a gratifying array of facts can be made under the present system, what might we not expect, if our native authors were not brought into direct competition with the pirated works of foreigners, and the mental demands of our people were answered by our own writers!

To what cause must we attribute the startling facts, that, in this country, where the taste for music is universal, where there are more pianofortes manufactured than in any other part of the world, and where musical artists receive the highest rewards, we cannot boast of one musical composer of eminence? that where, next

to France, we most liberally support theatrical establishments, we cannot boast of one dramatic author? that where we pay more than any other people for artistic finery, we can boast of no ornamental artists, and import nearly every thing that ministers to our love of art? To what cause must we, or can we, attribute these anomalous facts but to the want of a law which shall secure to the composer, the ornamentalist, and the dramatist a right of property in the products of genius and industry? English manufacturers had the shrewdness to see that while they enjoyed the privilege of robbing French artists of their designs, they could never have a class of designers of their own, and that the French manufacturers would always excel them in the novelty and elegance of their ornamental goods. The English government, therefore, gave a copy-right to French artists in their designs for calico patterns, and all other ornamental work, and immediately there was a perceptible improvement in British ornamental manufactures; under the healthful influence of their registry law, their manufacturing interests have continued to improve, and their ornamental artists to increase. Under the operation of the law which prevented an American citizen from owning a foreign built vessel, the art of ship building has flourished among us until we now stand at the head

of all the world in that great branch of manufacturing industry. John Ruskin, who is good authority on such a subject, pronounces a ship the most beautiful and no blest of all the works of man's ingenuity; and, if we can excel all the world in the greatest of all the arts, what is to prevent our attaining to equal excellence in the lesser arts of composing operas, writing dramas, and designing calico patterns and paper hangings? If we can build our own ships, why cannot we write our own books? There is no other reason, than the absence of an international copy-right to protect our intellectual labors from the destructive competition of—not cheap labor, but pirated manufactures.

When we commenced writing this article we had only the newspaper reports of the measure proposed by the administration in relation to the duty on books; we find, since, that it is proposed to admit free of duty only editions printed previous to 1830, which, of course, would not have the disastrous effects we have anticipated from an entire reduction of all duties on books and periodicals. It is proper to add, too, that Mr. Carey's Letters are addressed to Senator Cooper of Pennsylvania, in opposition to the international copy-right treaty with Great Britain, which was sent to the Senate by President Fillmore.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

TO sneer down puns is quite the mode, nowadays. Dr. Johnson's alliterative antithesis between the punster and the pickpocket is in every one's mouth. Not only serious persons, but true jovial jokers join in the onslaught. Whoever lets fall a pun, is bound, in good breeding, to be ashamed of it. Dictionary-makers, in echo of the popular voice, define a pun as a "play upon words," "a low and vulgar species of wit," &c.

In this single point, writers on the nature of wit and humor agree as far as philosophers ever can. Addison abuses puns roundly. Hazlitt damns them with faint praise. Campbell begs pardon for descending so low as to mention them. And even Sydney Smith, in some youthful lectures, must needs have his fling at what he was all his life making. That

the prince of modern punsters should affect to despise his subjects, should put weapons into the enemy's hands, and completely falsify Swift's saying, "that they only deride puns who are unable to make them," was a blow too much.

To tilt against such champions seems a little presumptuous. But to the true knight, what matters the odds? The more desperate the better, if so be he show pluck.

To cross spears, however, at once; what, as far as any exists, is the main charge against puns? Under what pretext do self-appointed judges condemn them to transportation for life into the Botany Bay of false wit? "Punning is the wit of words," says Sydney Smith, says the lexicographer, says the general voice. That simple remark, with the quo-

tation from Johnson, is thought to settle the question, though the Great Bear of literature, it must be remembered, did not condemn puns in the large, but only puns on men's names.

What now is meant by the wit of words? In one sense all wit, spoken or written, is such; for without words it could not exist. This, of course; but more is true of wit and humor. Amusing ideas have more or less merit, create more or less pleasure, according as they are domiciled in good or bad words and phrases. A story which is, in one person's mouth, melancholy as a price-current, in another's will be provocative of infinite mirth. What is meant by murdering a good joke, missing the point, and kindred expressions? Clearly the want of the best words in the best places. Give an ordinary man the facts and ideas of a scene of Dickens, or a hit of Sheridan, or Swift; let him perceive, as far as possible, without the author's words, its full force, and see what he will make of it. Whoever tries the experiment will admit that words have something to do with all pleasantries!

With poetry the case is the same. It would be the easiest thing in the world to spoil many lines in Milton, Wordsworth, or Byron, by changing a word or a phrase for its apparent synonyme. Nor is this "*felicitas*" of language the least excellence of any good prose. And, in conversation, though the same thoughts are in a dozen heads, the one who expresses them best wins the attention. "On a word," says Lander, "turns the pivot of the intellectual world." Words, without doubt, are the great means of literary or colloquial success. The difference between men is less in their ideas than in their power of bringing them out.

Nowhere is this truth more striking than in wit and humor. How much finish, and force, and graphic power, does choice language give! It brightens and points the witticism. It excites a pleasing surprise and concentrates it into flashes. It raises and poises the attention, and brings it to bear at the precise moment, with the precise force required. It makes every form in which Protean wit shows itself just the type of its species, whether its excellence lies in delicacy, or strength, or grotesqueness. In wit, if any where, words are the "incarnation of thought." Without the wit which lies in *them*, what a scurvy appearance would that of ideas make!

It is not apparently intended to attribute this crowning grace and super-excellence

in a high degree to puns. "The wit of words," says Sydney Smith, "is miserably inferior to the wit of ideas." From this we should gather that the pun, in his judgment, is the wit of words as such, viewed simply as unmeaning characters or sounds.

That wit should live on such chaff, at first blush, seems unlikely. But, while we ponder the subject, ragged troops of acrostics, anagrams, rebuses, charades, &c., limp and shuffle into the mind. But, though these come under the newspaper head of Wit and Humor, they have but slight claim to the name. Marianne may be silly enough to be gratified that the initial letters of eight lines of rhyme should spell her name; but what pleasantries is there in the fact, unless, indeed, in the tableau which fancy creates of the poor poet cudgelling his brains by the hour? As for the tribes of anagrams, charades, riddles, and such small deer, we heartily wish they were lost tribes. The Sphinx and Solomon made the only good ones extant. Modern ones smell of the lamp. The humor of most of them resembles that of a mathematical problem—showing ingenuity and exercising one's wits, but not over and above amusing.

A trifle better is the wit of double rhymes, which, by their odd sound, tickle the ear hugely. We are tempted to read and re-read them, as we are to awaken and re-awaken a lusty echo. In alliteration, too, the wit lies wholly in the sound.

Little more, we confess, can be said, for quasi-puns, quibbles, lame of a limb, mere word-catching, funny neither in themselves, nor in the circumstances under which they appear, simple proofs that syllables pronounced alike are sometimes spelt differently, lifeless entities in the power of any one to make, and of no one to laugh at. On the same level stands a large class of puns (and other jests as well), which are in their dotage, their meaning all oozed out, but haunting certain minds like ghosts. We have a friend who never fails to greet us with a pun on our name. We do not account him a marvel of humor. But why confound the pun proper with its poor relations? It is not, of necessity, a mere clashing of sounds. It is as legitimate a vehicle of wit, as any other. The difference lies, not in its essence, but in the means of infusing its essence into the mind; and it is this means, which has thrown it into disgrace. Mankind always judge a great deal by costume, and the dress of a pun, any beggar can purchase. Still it may

clothe a royal soul. A good pun cannot fail to contain some wit of ideas; that men are only too apt to fix their minds on the words does not alter the fact; for that is their custom in all matters, nor does Sydney Smith deny our position. "A pun," says he, "should contain two distinct meanings. In the notice which the mind takes of these two sets of words" (i. e., of their meanings), "and in the surprise which that excites, the pleasure consists." Resemblances in words as to sound, apart from their meaning, neither surprise nor please; we meet with such every day without the faintest smile. In puns, as in other facetiæ, the humor hangs on the more or less surprising resemblances in ideas.

A pun is like the old god Janus—the expressions on the two faces contrasting very fancily. Sometimes it is even an ideal Cerberus, uttering a "leash of thoughts" at once.

It grieves us much to see puns meet with such shabby treatment as they do, when we think what rich and delicate humor, what sharp or crushing wit—nay, what true pathos has spoken through them. Take one of Lamb's puns as an instance. He is chatting with a party of his friends over his glass. Disturbed by a dog howling without in the storm, some one benevolently proposes to let him in, "Why," stutters Lamb, "grudge him *his wine and water*?" A most palpable pun; but is the wit wholly in words? Does the whole force of the jest lie in the *double entendre*, between two words or two phrases? Is it not rather a complete web of humor, strand crossing strand, thread twisted with thread? The provoking seriousness of rebuke; the queer reconciling of opposites; the sudden surprise; the jingling together of extreme ideas; the transcendently hospitable inhospitality—these and more go to make it irresistible. The dog were no gentleman, if he was not, after that, quite content with his position.

A very serious diplomatist, describing a picture of the animals leaving the ark, spoke of the strange effect produced by the little ones going first, and the elephants waddling in the rear. "Ah, no doubt," said Canning, "the elephants, wise fellows, staid behind to *pack* up their *trunks*." Is it the expression which amuses one here, or the thoughts expressed, the picture sketched? It is so natural to be delayed by trunk-packing, and the notion of trunk grows so readily out of that of elephant, that there is a momentary confusion in the mind—now a

forgetting of the nominative, now of the verb; a whimsical perplexity as to what was done and how; and a surprising succession of dissolving views of the scene in the ark. Puns would not seem then to be always mere word-wit.

This could, however, be proved by the testimony of their bitterest maligners. They belie their own theory by inadvertently quoting puns among their examples of true wit. Thus Sydney Smith, in this very lecture from which we have quoted so much, repeats with approbation, the remark of Voltaire, that "the adjective is the greatest *enemy* of the substantive, though it *agrees* with it in gender, number, and case." The point of the antithesis is as plain a pun as ever skipped on two legs. So Hazlitt gives, as the "finest example of metaphorical wit," Sheridan's bon mot on Mr. Addington's keeping his seat after Pitt had retired from the cabinet: "He (Pitt) remained," said Sheridan, "so long on the treasury bench, that, like Nicias in the fable, he left the sitting part of the man behind him." Metaphorical or not, the pun is not to be questioned. In common minds the confusion of ideas on this subject is still more striking. We asked a man once who was abusing puns, what he thought the best joke in a collection of good sayings. To our surprise, he selected an old and poor pun. Into such inconsistencies those are apt to fall, who would prove the pun "*vox et præterea nihil*." They forget that the adjectives, good, bad, better, and worse, apply to distinctions among puns as well as among other pieces of pleasantry. They argue, like those who would forbid the manufacture of paper, because it is often covered with worthless ideas. They commit a mistake, the opposite of that of the old painter: by supposing the curtain to be the picture itself.

Thus much speculatively in answer to the charge against puns. But after all, the use of criticism is not to tell us whether we ought to be pleased, but rather why we are pleased. The pleasure caused by a pun will, we presume, be as great, whether the wit be proved to lie in words or ideas. Theories go hang when a good joke comes round. Who stops to inquire whether what makes him laugh is true or false wit? Who cares from what source the pleasantry flows? The laugh answers all questions.

What is the world's practical opinion of puns? Who, in the first place, have sanctioned them by their example? Passing over the many wise, thoughtful,

gentle, and true souls, who live by their humor embodied in books or floating in tradition, great names are not few. Caesar was the chronicler of Cicero's puns. Burke was a notorious punster. Homer's pun on "outis" appears to have heartily amused the old blind bard. Even Dr. Johnson, the most inveterate of pun-haters, was more than once guilty, and of very petty crimes, too. Whenever wisdom dismounts from her high stool, with a mind to have a good time, she falls to making puns.

Spite of all that is said—and has been for so many years—puns still hold their own. Round college grates, they are always going off, like chestnuts roasting in the embers; at grave college suppers, graduates of many years standing forget care and dignity in a brisk pun, and a quick gush of laughter. Now and then the pun pops up its head from the stagnant level of the toasts and speeches of a political dinner. In the best society, where the pickpocket rarely appears, two-edged words continue to cut through the conventional crust. A knack at punning is invaluable to a social being. Who cannot call to mind some pun which started a circle from the stupor of silence; or gave a new turn to a compliment, or a remark on a threadbare subject; or turned the flank of a troublesome conversation; or gave a keen edge to truth or its quietus to falsehood; or, above all—there's nothing like it for that—reminded a dignitary that he was human? Not only by the domestic fireside, not only on silk-and-broadcloth evenings, are puns frequent companions, but they even venture into the office or the counting room. They seem afraid to go nowhere. As they came into the world with language, so they seem to be as universal. And, we may rest assured that so long as language retains its present character, so long as fun and jollity are kind enough to stay on earth, puns will continue to be made and punsters to run at large. Nor are we quite ready yet to give up punning. Wit gives too keen a relish to life, for us to part easily with any species. We do not enjoy life any too much. Isaak Walton's neighbor, who was "too busy to laugh," lives next door to many Americans. Make him laugh, by hook or by crook, and you bless him. Well says Horace Smith: "The gravest bird is an owl, the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man is a blockhead."

What a Godsend is laughter! The fountain of youth and happiness, the comfort in trouble, the defence against coun-

terfeits of all sorts, the great safeguard and crown of life! To say all at once, in Lamb's words, "a good laugh clears the air."

No: we cannot dispense with the pun. In every way in which wit can do good, it does it. To imposture it is the very spear of Ithuriel. Gravity and sulkiness make way for it; and smiles are its retinue. A single pang of pain removed, a single thought of pleasure given, would make us slow to banish the cause. And when we think of some puns, so full of sweet and kindly humor, as to have been to more than one in care and trouble, like a glimpse of blue sky or of flowers to a weary and worn needle-woman—we may well welcome the author of such to our homes.

But he who can, must not be confounded with him who will, make puns. The potential is a great deal better than the infinitive mood among punsters. What shall we say of the wag proper, the witting, the joker of small jokes, the man who, feeling bound to keep up a character by ill luck foisted upon him, is always driving his yoked syllables into notice? "It is good," says that most entertaining of writers, old Thomas Fuller, "to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting." The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pish," said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it, not where it was a master-quality but where it attended on other perfections. The same may be said of jesting. The truth is, the mere dancer does not dance like a gentleman nor the mere punster pun like a wit. Who would not rather have seen Epaminondas playing on the harp, than Dionysius, his master? One can distinguish between accomplishments where they serve for relaxation and where for the main business of life.

Keeping this distinction in mind, we can see whence the notion has arisen that any one can make puns, and that brainless men are the most likely to make them. But we must not forget that it is one thing to pun and quite another to pun well. By a constant perusal of Joe Miller and of those parts of the spelling book where words of a similar sound congregate, by confining the attention to syllables and to the cold relations between ideas they suggest, one may make puns and after sufficient explanation convulse the ladies. Like success will follow like devotion in other species of wit and humor.

To a certain point by care and assiduity, any one, we suppose, at all quick, may rise. At all quick, we say; for, it is to be observed, that if men seemingly brainless are in the habit of letting puns loose, it is not in consequence of their want of brains. By no means; nothing good, nothing decently bad ever came from that. Another cause must be at work; usually, what brains there are club together in the business of jesting. This is not difficult, as the partners are few and weak. From the same reason, this class of persons are apt to have their wits about them, and by practice increase their natural agility in leaping from one odd thought to another. Besides, an out of the way manner and a reputation support them through many failures. The process is similar by which skill in any other species of pleasantry is obtained; for we cannot think that weak minds take to punning alone, or chiefly.

Natural or acquired quickness of wits must have something to do with success in punning; else why are puns so frequently spoiled in the repetition or so slowly taken? How few ladies can at once take a good pun! Even the wives of auctioneers and of constant jokers, after years of practice, can do little more than laugh in the right place at the old family jests.

Can any thing be said in favor of the poor punsterling who carries on his trade in season and out of season, in place and out of place? He is witty only now and then; he is a bore; he has no undercurrent to buoy up his bubbles; he is a mere air tube, and one of the most useless of beings. Should he not be forbidden society? What place can he fill in talk which is well known to be of so high a character? What noble thoughts and fancies, what bright flashes of wit and humor leap from mind to mind, when people meet to dine or dance, who that goes does not know! In the communion of gifted souls, vast secret stores of learning and reflection are drawn forth. What an impulse and exhilaration are given to the whole man! Nothing is said merely for the sake of saying something. No one feels that the pressure of tight shoes on the feet is trifling compared with that of dire necessity on the brain. Whatever is to be said flows from the lips with ease and nature, and is the best of its kind. If the solid phalanxes of thought march off for a moment, it is to make way for such light-armed repartees as darted between Beatrice and Benedict. There is no commonplace, or empty chat about fashions, or sentimental twaddle. The round, round, round of the dance, the gushes of

music with which it chimes in, are the ethereal counterpart of the rich and varied conversation. Here, of course, the room of the punster is better than his company. He interrupts; he gives a vile turn to the subject; he calls one down to the common earth; he picks one's pocket of the bright or sensible thing he was just pulling out. Away with him! Rich, graceful, handsome, in the fashion or not—away with him!

But while we eject these intruders, we must not forget that there are others, who, in somebody's judgment, deserve, no doubt, little better treatment. Followers of the solemn nonsense, that stalks, hooded and cowed, through the world; purveyors of dry and trivial facts; flutterers, who live on moonlight and flowers; constant riders on any hobby—let every one anathematize whom he will; and who is safe? No! society is a joint-stock company, to which each one contributes his best. Variety is its charm. And, in this view of the matter, who can say more for himself than the puniest punsterling? Who feels that he has a right to cast the first stone?

If our conversation is so much wiser and wittier than his, the merit is not ours. And to what purpose did nature endow us with minds whose courts are thronged with noble thoughts and fancies; to what good end did she clothe our thoughts with thunder and make our fireside circle a council of the gods, if we are so zealous to hunt him down who lives, intellectually, by punning? It is unworthy of a man to wish to extract the charm from any one's existence. The fruit which the tree of life in each man's garden bears, though sour and displeasing to another's taste, is the fruit of fruits to him. What business have we to destroy it? With our numerous and choice flocks and herds, why need we go about to kill the one ewe lamb of the punsterling?

In conclusion, as the least charitable thing that can be said, we will say of the punster what Thomas Carlyle writes of quite another class of persons. "How knowest thou, may the distressed novel-wright exclaim, that I, here where I sit, am the foolishlest of existing mortals; that this my long-ear of a fictitious biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat? We answer, none knows, none can certainly know; therefore, write on, worthy brother, even as thou canst, as it has been given thee." Pun on, worthy brother, even as it has been given thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

Manuscript corrections from a copy of the fourth Folio of Shakespeare's Plays.—We have here a newly printed pamphlet containing some amendments of Shakespeare's text, edited, as we infer, from the initials beneath the preface, by Mr. Josiah P. Quincy, of Boston, an ardent admirer, and a diligent and accomplished student of the great poet. Of the amendments themselves, had we space to speak of them, we should say very much what the editor has said in his introduction; regarding the fact, that they are in manuscript, and near two centuries old, is but slight evidence that Shakespeare wrote as the annotator suggests. Shakespeare has undoubtedly suffered, and vastly more than most authors, from the blunders of copyists and printers. We are entitled to assume that he never wrote absolute nonsense; and where by a simple and natural change, such nonsense may be converted into sense, and more especially where a slight alteration may be made "by which," to borrow the language of the editor, "some striking and characteristic felicity of expression may be obtained from language turgid or obscure," the inference is fair that the poet wrote as a poet and a man of sense would have written. But emendations like these derive little authority from the antiquity of their date. They may be made as well now as formerly, except, perhaps, that a critic living nearer to the period in which Shakespeare wrote, may be supposed to be better acquainted with the forms of expression peculiar to that age.

The editor thinks the trifling character of some of the emendations argues that the maker of them *copied* from a source which he supposed to be purer than the received text. We are rather disposed to believe that the nature of these changes show them to be the work of a man who thought too much of grammar and invented himself the alterations, from a belief that they were actual improvements, and from a supposition that Shakespeare paid more regard to the rules of grammar than he actually did. The following instances will illustrate the views both of the editor and ourselves in this respect. In the third Scene of the second Act of "As you like it," the common text has

"When service should in my old limbs be lame."

Here is a fine metaphor—the abstract noun "service" being used instead of the

concrete, and yet in the sense of the concrete. It suggests the natural picture of an old servant lying about lame amid the scenes of his former activity; but the correction turns the passage into prose. How natural for a poet to use the metaphor, and for a narrow grammarian to correct him. So in the same speech the correction has "hot and rebellious liquors to my blood," instead of "in my blood." Now we think the poet, not bearing in mind that there was any such thing as grammar, but regarding only the *thought*, wished to represent the hot and rebellious liquors as commingling with the blood, and thus weakening and corrupting it; but the critic, dwelling more on the *language*, recollected that "apply" should be followed by "to" instead of "in."

Emendations like the ones now in question, derive no *authority*, except from one or both of these two considerations,—first, that they are actually obtained from *purser sources* than the received text; or secondly, that they are the original suggestions of a *consummate critic*. In the present case we have no evidence respecting them, save what they themselves afford, and they must therefore be judged upon their face. Now the sound rule of criticism is that they must stand or fall together. We cannot reject some and admit others. They do not show that they come from a *purser source*, unless they *all* show it. They do not show that they are the work of a *consummate critic*, unless they *all* show it. And on these principles we are disposed to think that they show neither.

Still we are glad to see this collection. It is an agreeable addition to the "Curiosities of Literature." And we are also glad to see that the editor himself entertains the proper notion of them. He has not alarmed the readers of Shakespeare by a boisterous "Eureka!" We do not desire to see these emendations swelling and disfiguring the volume we daily read, but are willing to have them in a corner of our library where we may recur to them for the sake of employing the moments of curious leisure.

A Memoir of the late Rev. William Crosswell, D.D., by his Father.—This interesting memoir of the late Dr. Crosswell commences with this deeply touching and remarkable passage: "The reader is presented, in this work, with an unwonted spectacle: a bereaved and sorrowing parent appears before the public as the

biographer of a dear departed son! At the age of threescore and ten, this parent, admonished by a severe visitation of sickness, devoted as much time as his pressing duties would permit to the arrangement and preparation of his own manuscripts for the final inspection and revision of this very son. And now, with a trembling hand and aching heart, the parent, relying on the mercy and help of God, undertakes to gather up the materials, and prepare a record of his Son's life." The memoir thus prepared may serve as a model for such compositions; for, although the subject furnishes little that is exciting or of absorbing interest, yet the manner in which the record of the good man's life is set before us, and his character developed with the accidents of his career, strikes us as being most happily and admirably done; and, considering the circumstances of the biographer, we wonder at the fidelity and beauty with which the sacred duty has been fulfilled.

—Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston, have just issued new editions of Rev. W. G. Eliot's excellent "*Lectures to Young Men*" and "*to Young Women*." They are marked chiefly by judicious moderation in tone, and by a sympathy with the wants and feelings of the class to whom they are addressed, which will make them more serviceable than any mere felicities of expression. Another work from the Boston press of a similar character is "*Lectures to Young Men*," by Rev. R. W. Clark. Mr. Clark is of a different complexion, theologically, from Mr. Eliot: he is somewhat more vehement and reformatory, more of a "*son of thunder*," and more wide awake. His book is also likely to do good service in the community. J. P. Jewett & Co., are the publishers.

—A large and increasing body of amiable mystics, who may be found nowadays among all religious sects, will be gratified by the perusal of a selection of passages from Fenelon and Madame Guion, which have been translated from the French by James W. Metcalf. They are published by M. W. Dodd, of New-York, under the title of "*Spiritual Progress, or Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul*."

"*Busy Moments of an Idle Woman*," is a pleasant collection of brief stories, bearing the impress of the Appletons. The anonymous author is a lady, and writes with the customary grace and facility of expression which belong to her sex.

—B. B. Mussey and Company, of Boston, have issued in handsome style "*Passages from the History of a Wasted*

Life, by a Middle-aged Man." This middle-aged gentleman is none other than the author of "*Pen and Ink Sketches*:" a cleverly written work in the manner of George Gilfillan, abounding in preposterous yet entertaining reminiscences of eminent English literary society. The book before us is a series of tales of the utilitarian school, in which the writer endeavors to show the evils of intemperance by his own unhappy experience, as well as that of others. They are characterized by a graphic and effective power of narrative, but still produce a degree of tedium in the reader, as is always the case where the writer's desire for artistic excellence is neutralized by a zeal to accomplish some more engrossing design.

—Mr. Scribner has published two books lately, by young American authors, or at least of the younger brood, which we notice together, not from any affinity or analogy that we have discovered in them, but because they may be taken as types of two very distinct phases of the literary character. *The Blood Stone*, by C. DONALD McLEOD, has the merit of good grammar, and very amiable and tender feeling, but beyond these qualities, which we do not by any means under-estimate, we can say little in behalf of the book, which lacks motive and distinctness. There are some common incidents in the childhood of a feeble boy rather pleasantly narrated, and one or two little descriptions of an old country house in the suburbs of New-York, which have a certain degree of fidelity and thin humor to recommend them; but, as they lead to nothing, and have no particular meaning, they amount to nothing. The boy, who narrates his childish reminiscences with sufficient particularity and clearness, when a young man goes to Germany to study, and then becomes very indistinct and misty. He marries a young German girl, whose brother is murdered by a club of which he is a member; he is the father of a child which dies, and he returns to New-York, and lives with his mother and sister. These are the chief incidents of the *Blood Stone*, which is so called because a blood stone is the badge of the society to which he belonged. It is a purposeless book, without any positive quality, and fairly enough represents a certain phase of cultivation which results in nothing but harmlessness, and never generates a healthy or a startling thought. A very different kind of book is the volume of *Letters from up the River*, by the Rev. F. W. SHELTON, the genial and most Christian rector of St. Bardolph's, wherever that may be. The actual point up

the river whence these sunshiny letters emanated, is that picturesque landing called Fishkill, opposite Newburgh, on the Hudson. Like many of the best books that have been published, the contents of this volume were not designed for publication in book form; they were what they profess to be, real letters from up the river, conveying news of no more important personages than Shanghai hens, and chronicling no more important events than the domestic accidents of a country parson. But these are important enough subjects for the embellishments of genius, which always loves to stoop to a humble theme; Dean Swift could write charmingly upon a broomstick, and the heel of an old shoe supplied a theme for Cowper; it is only swaggering talent that seeks to elevate itself by getting astride the shoulders of a lofty subject, where it shows like the dwarf on the giant's back. Mr. Shelton has a rich vein of pure comic humor, without the slightest alloy of satire or irony. His style is tender, graceful and quaint, and his humor is of that genial and sympathetic quality which sinks into the mind of the reader, without ruffling the placidity of his temper. The letters were originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and they are prefaced with a characteristic dedication to the editor of that old and popular favorite. Mr. Shelton has not the slightest taint of affectation, but writes with the honest unreserve of a private correspondent, and makes all his readers feel as if they were the personal friends to whom he addressed himself. We are very well aware that advice to authors is an ill-bestowed commodity, but we cannot refrain from suggesting to the author of the Blood Stone, that he should eschew humor, and to the author of Up-river Letters that he eschew every thing else.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—The literary gauds which expand their flowers in the holidays have almost become an extinct tribe; but there are a few of the better class which have blossomed this season, and among them is WEBBER'S *Wild Scenes and Song Birds*, whose twenty illustrations are most richly and beautifully printed in polychrome; the birds and flowers are exquisitely drawn and colored after nature by Mrs. Webber, and the text, by her husband, the celebrated Hunter-naturalist, is full of romantic poetry, and an intelligent love of nature. It is one of the prettiest gift-books we have seen, and one of the most intrinsically valuable. The *Homes of American Statesmen*, published as a companion volume to the Homes

of American Authors, is a much handsomer volume than that popular and elegant work, and is as full of interest for the American reader. The illustrations are more numerous, and the general style of the work more striking and beautiful than the first volume. The tinted paper on which it is printed has a very rich and beautiful effect, giving it the appearance of an antique work with all the luxury and elegance of modern type and delicacy of modern illustration.

—To a traveller who goes to England with the knowledge of its literature, history, and people, a month is as good as a year, for the purposes of book making; and Mr. HENRY T. TUCKERMAN has made a very readable and pleasant volume out of his observations in the "Mother Country" during that short period. His *Month in England*, recently published by Redfield, may be read with pleasure even by Englishmen themselves, for the first impressions are every thing with a traveller, and, let them remain as long as they will in a country, it is the first month that furnishes the materials for the book.

—Few studies or investigations are more interesting than that of the antiquities of a place with which we are familiar, and Mr. D. T. VALENTINE, the worthy clerk of the common council for so many years, has furnished us an almost inexhaustible topic, in his "*History of the City of New-York*." It is not a voluminous work, and yet it traces, with much clearness, the progress of the metropolis, from its earliest beginnings to its present florid development, giving us many rare and curious items, not of external events merely, but of the inhabitants of the island—their names, occupations, family circumstances, and various personal fortunes. This narrative, which makes no great literary pretensions, is yet simple and animated, and is illustrated throughout by old maps, engravings, and town views, that are exceedingly valuable. Thus, we have an outline of the city in 1642, when the present Maiden Lane was quite in the woods; a ground plan of the fort, which was the first permanent structure in the island; a view of the New Netherlands, and the surrounding country, in 1656; representations of several of the principal buildings, taken at the close of the same century; and again, an actual survey of the city in 1755. In the letter-press we have also, besides the more strictly historical parts, biographical and local sketches, lists of early grants and deeds, names of attorneys,

physicians, and schoolmasters, between 1695 and the revolutionary war, estimates of the value of houses and lots, and many other curious particulars. Mr. Valentine's long familiarity with the city records has enabled him to bring together a mass of the most interesting information, for which he deserves the thanks of every Gothamite.

—*Dictionary of English and French Idioms, illustrating by phrases and examples the peculiarities of both Languages, and designed as a supplement to the ordinary Dictionaries now in use*, is the self-explaining title of a valuable work for the French student, from Professor Roemer, of the Free Academy. It supplies the want which every one interested in acquiring the French language has experienced, of some manual to show the relative force of idioms; which is an absolute necessity to every one who would speak that most universal tongue with elegance and ease. The accomplished scholarship of Professor Roemer certifies the great skill with which he has done the work. His own practical familiarity with the languages is the best possible guaranty of his fitness for the task. We have examined his work with care, and have no hesitation in saying that there has been no more useful manual laid before the public.

—It is scarcely five years since a certain Indian territory was organized, at the West, and now we have before us a volume relating to it, called "*Minnesota and its Resources*." The author, Mr. J. W. BOND, appears to have travelled over the whole region he describes, and to be minutely familiar with every part. He assures us of the complete accuracy of all his facts and statements, so that they may be relied upon by emigrants who may be attracted to the new country by his glowing descriptions of its natural beauties and prospective wealth. After referring to the early history of Minnesota, and giving a general geographical view of its leading peculiarities and its agricultural advantages, he enters into an account of the principal towns, facilities of travel, Indian tribes, physical resources, &c., and concludes with a vision of what the territory is destined to become in the course of a few years. We say vision, and not dream, for we can discover no reason for doubting his prophetic truth. The work closes with some lively "sketches by a camp-fire," being notes of a trip from St. Paul to the Selkirk settlement on the Red River of the North, with a description of Prince Rupert's Land. As

a whole the work is one that contains a great deal of useful information, not to be had elsewhere, and brought together with skill and taste.

—We have been attracted to a little book of receipts, called the "*Invalid's own Book*," not because we had any special need for such a work, but because, on opening it, our eyes rested on some capital recipes for the preparation of Sherry Cobblers, Mint Juleps, Rum Punch, and other "emulsions and drinks of a more nutritive nature." It is none of your thin and shallow disciples of the Maine Law that could have recommended such "strengthening draughts" for the invalid; nor does the writer mean to stint the convalescent as to quantity. Here, for instance, is the large outline of a milk punch: "Steep the rinds of eighteen lemons in a quart of rum, three days, close covered. Add three more quarts of rum, with the juice of the lemons, five quarts of water and five pounds of sugar. To these add two quarts of boiling milk. Let the whole stand two hours, closely covered. Strain it through a jelly bag, and bottle it for use, add a few bitter almonds." It cannot be said that there is "an intolerable deal of sack" as in Falstaff's bill, but there is certainly no stinginess as to the rum, considering it is meant for the sick.

—"*The Flower of the Family*," a book for girls, by the author of *Little Susie's Six Birthdays*, is an excellent tale, well adapted to the class and purpose for which it is intended, reminding one of Miss Sedgwick's little works of the same kind, truthful, gentle, and full of good sense and morality. It exhibits the struggles of an intelligent but poor family, in their attempts to get on in the world, and is well conceived and executed.

—Mr. SIMMS, who has been one of the most prolific and brilliant of our romance writers, is issuing a new and revised edition of his works. His "*Yemassee*," one of the first and among the best also of his romances, leads the way, with a brief but graceful dedication to Dr. Dickson of South Carolina, in which the author states the changes he has made in it, and justifies its general accuracy. It will be speedily followed by the author's romances of the Revolution.

—Miss CAROLINE CHESBRO's tale of the "*Little Cross-Bearers*," is a picturesque and touching narrative, quite ingenious in its plot, and well-managed in respect to the moral impression it seeks to convey.

—A picture of noble virtue and disinterestedness is given in Mrs. LEE's account

of the life of a well-known negro of this city, *Pierre Toussaint*, whose devotion to his former mistress, as well as to every good cause, makes him a worthy subject of biography. It is rare that we find so much courtesy, gentleness, benevolence, good sense and honesty mingled in the same character, as was exhibited by this humble slave, under all circumstances of a trying and checkered life. It is a great service to his race, and a lesson to all men, to have recorded his simple story.

—Under the title of "*Spiritual Visitors*," the author of "*Musings of an Invalid, &c.*," takes advantage of the current spiritual theories, to introduce the departed of all ages that they may discourse of the affairs of the present time. In other words, his book is a new "*Dialogues of the Dead*," or a new "*Imaginary Conversations*," not remarkably brilliant, but still with some lively and agreeable passages in it, rare contrasts and ludicrous conceits. If the veritable "rappers" would only converse with half as much good sense and wit as these ghosts of Whimsiculo, their *seances* would be far more entertaining and profitable.

—It is really a contribution of no small value to English literature, this translation of GRIMM'S "*Kinder und Haus Märchen*," or Household Stories. Books for children are rarely written well,—legends and fairy tales least of all. But the Germans appear to have a knack in addressing the young, while none among them appear to have been more successful than the brothers Grimm. Their popular series has become the leading and standard publication of the kind in their own country, read by every body young and old, illustrated by the best artists, adapted by the playwrights for dramas, and even annotated by ponderous professors. In respect to the translation, we can say, that it is generally excellent, preserving the simplicity and spirit of the original, and as much of the quiet humor of the style, as a difference in the idioms of the two languages would allow. We cheerfully commend it to our young friends.

—Dr. Hiccock's treatise on "*Moral Science*," exhibits a profound and accurate acquaintance with its subject, a rare clearness of statement, and a ready command of precise and cogent terms. It is comprehensive in plan and liberal in tone, but it is not entirely satisfactory to us in its distribution of topics. Why are politics always treated as a mere subordinate branch of moral science? From the time of Paley down to that of President Way-

land and Dr. Hiccock, we find all the disquisitions of moral science including politics as a part of it which is unphilosophical. Politics is a science by itself, having its own distinct and definite objects, its own method, and its own scope and sphere. It involves simply the relations of men to each other, as they are organized into a state, and the fundamental idea of it is Justice or Equity; while moral science, as it is called, involves the moral qualities of actions, and has for its fundamental idea, Duty. Politics, therefore, relates to questions of social organization and civil administration, but moral science to questions of personal relation and life. We are firmly convinced that as long as the science of politics is not allowed an independent and substantive existence of its own, there will be no correct theory of legislation, nor a really good government. By complicating it with other subjects the minds of men are confused in regard to its proper means as well as ends.

—All lovers of good eating—what a numerous class it is!—know of Brillat-Savarin's famous book, called the "*Physiologie du Goût*," and will be pleased to learn that an American edition of it has been prepared by Mr. FAYETTE ROBINSON. It was among the earliest of those French works which treated gastronomy as a fine art, and we cannot recall any that has appeared since, more alive with vivacity, and more sparkling with wit. Its author was a member of nearly all the learned societies of France, and served in a great many legislative and legal capacities; he was a man, too, of eloquence, of character, of wide political influence; but nothing that he ever said or did is likely to give him so general and lasting a reputation as his brilliant *jeux d'esprit* on the art of eating. His personal history, by the way, was full of adventure and vicissitude, for after being a member of the Constituent Assembly, President of the superior Civil Court of Aix, Justice of the Court of Cassation, Mayor of Bellay, &c., he was driven into exile during the Reign of Terror, came to the United States, where he taught the languages in Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and New-York, and played the first violin at the Park Theatre,—and then finally returned to France to become a distinguished politician again, as Secretary of the General-in-Chief of the armies of the Republic, and as Commissary of the Department of the Seine and Oise.

—There are few authors of the present day who write with more earnestness of conviction than the Rev. CHARLES KINGS-

LEY, Rector of Eversley in England, but better known as the author of *Alton Locke*. His mastery of language, his liberal and kindly spirit, his boldness in facing the most difficult questions of social life, his keen perception of character, and his occasional eloquence, give an originality and power to his books that place them among the best of the day. *Hypatia*, his last, is worthy of his fame. It is an attempt to describe, by means of a story, the struggle of the Church of the fourth century, against its own internal temptations and the overwhelming corruptions of the Pagan world. *Hypatia*, the heroine, was that celebrated female philosopher of the Eclectic School, whose extensive learning, elegant manners, and tragic end, have rendered her name memorable. She was the daughter of Them, a mathematician of Alexandria, who, discovering her extraordinary genius, had her taught in all the sciences and arts of the time. The reputation she soon acquired caused her to be invited as a preceptress to the school in which Ammonias, Hierocles, and other distinguished philosophers had presided. There, her vast erudition and graceful address won her a world of admirers, so that her house became the intellectual centre of Alexandria. Orestes, the governor, was among her friends, but she was bitterly opposed by Cyril, the patriarch of the Church; and, getting involved in the disputes which raged between the two dignitaries, she was one day assaulted by the adherents of the latter, torn almost limb from limb, and committed in that mangled condition to the flames.

It will be seen that the time and the subject allow the author a wide scope and an admirable opportunity for the exercise of his imagination, and we need scarcely say that he has made the best use of his learning. The life of those stormy days is brought vividly before us; the characters of the monks, the Jews, the heathen leaders, the philosophers, and the true Christians, are strongly contrasted; the deep religious questions involved are treated with masterly vigor and penetration, while the artistic effects are wrought out with exquisite beauty. In his exhibitions of the profligacy, the cruelty, and the selfishness of the era, he spares neither the Church nor the world; nor does he fail, at the same time, in showing the infinite superiority of the Christian doctrine to all schemes of philosophy, both as a purifying faith and a sustaining principle. There is a terrible pathos in some of the incidents too, which imparts a thrilling interest to the book as a mere narrative,

VOL. III.—8

though its abounding merits lie, we think, in the vivid portraiture.

—The French have had the monopoly of books relating to the captivity of Napoleon in St. Helena, and have given such sketches of the conduct of the British jailor, Sir Hudson Lowe, as suit their prejudices. But Sir Hudson, it seems, suspicious of the representations that would be made of him, was cautious enough to preserve the material for his vindication. His memoranda, letters, and documents have been published by Mr. WILLIAM FORSYTH, and put quite another face on the question of treatment received by the French Emperor at the hands of his captors. The book is certainly a good defence of the calumniated Sir Hudson,—who figures so conspicuously and ludicrously in the melodramas of the minor theatres of the Boulevards, as some of our readers may have seen.

—*The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity*, is the title of a small volume of discourses, preached as a part of the Boyle Lectures, by FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, the distinguished Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, who has recently been removed from his post on account of his heretical opinions on the subject of the eternal duration of punishment. He had doubts on the subject, and as the rulers of the University had not, they gave him good reason for believing in the eternity of intolerance in this world, let the case be as it may in the next. Professor Maurice's work is a short, but intelligent and original discussion of the principles of Mahometanism, Hindooism, the old Persian, Greek, and Roman faiths, and Judaism, and of their bearings upon the establishment of a pure and uncorrupted form of Christianity. There is a remarkable liberality in the tone of these lectures, as well as an unusual clearness and elevation of thought.

The author first attempts, and with much success, to discriminate the fundamental idea of each of the great forms of religion, and to account for the chief features they have developed. He finds that in each of these systems, at least in its purest form, the religious want of the soul has reached some glimpse of its real object. In opposition, then, to most religionists, he reverences a base of reality in false faiths. In equally marked opposition to a late form of disbelief, which regards all religions as the mere theological drapery with which certain moral emotions clothe themselves—he discovers that the sentiment towards an infinite spiritual objec-

tive is precisely the elemental base and power of all theology, and any thing but an outward form. Here, however, though his aim is just, he does not seem to be quite master of his topic. Having settled what the false faiths are—he arrays them in honest collation with Christianity—thus discovering the true character of the revelation in Christ: and by fixing the amount of the element common to them and it, traces the way by which the one high, pure faith may enter powerfully through its points of contact into religions apparently the most alien.

From this he derives just judgments not only of the excellence of Christianity, but of the working of those characteristics which it shares with other religions; noting by their experience the tendency to excess or defect, and the same elements of ours.

—So much has been said of the eccentricities and independence of Abernethy, that we are surprised no good biography of him has been printed. Mr. GEORGE MACLEWAIN has tried to supply the deficiency in his *Memoirs of John Abernethy*, which besides giving an account of his life, presents a view of his lectures and writings; but his execution of the last is not the most successful. He is, in fact, strangely dull for one having so lively a subject in hand. Still he has managed to preserve some of the anecdotes of the famous Doctor's rudeness of manner, a few of which we extract. Abernethy, it seems, would sometimes offend (not so much by the manner as by the matter) by saying what were very salutary but very unpleasant truths, and of which the patient perhaps only felt the sting. There was a gentleman, an old fox-hunter, who abused Abernethy roundly; but all that he could say against him was: "Why, sir, almost the moment I entered the room, he said: 'I perceive you drink a good deal' (which was very true). Now," added the patient, very naïvely, "suppose I did, what the devil was that to him!"

Another gentleman of considerable literary reputation, but who, as regarded drinking, was not intemperate, had a most unfortunate appearance on his nose, exactly like that which accompanies dram-drinking. This gentleman used to be exceedingly irate against Abernethy, although all that could be gathered from him amounted to nothing more than this, that, when he said his stomach was out of order, Abernethy said: "Aye, I see that by your nose," or some equivalent expression.

"Mr. Abernethy," said a patient, "I

have something the matter, sir, with this arm. There, oh! (making a particular motion with the limb,) that, sir, gives me great pain." "Well, what a fool you must be to do it then," said Abernethy.

Of the humorous stories with which he sometimes relieved the painful details of the history and treatment of disease, here is a characteristic specimen:—

"Few old pupils will forget the story of the Major who had dislocated his jaw.

"This accident is a very simple one, and easily put right; but having once happened, is apt to recur on any unusual extension of the lower jaw. Abernethy used to represent this as a frequent occurrence with an hilarious Major; but as it generally happened at mess, the surgeon went round to him, and immediately put it in again. One day, however, the Major was dining about fourteen miles from the regiment, and in a hearty laugh out went his jaw. They sent for the medical man, whom, said Abernethy, we must call the apothecary. Well, at first he thought that the jaw was dislocated, but he began to pull and to show that he knew nothing about the proper mode of putting it right again. On this the Major began to be very excited, and vociferated inarticulately in a strange manner; when, all at once, the doctor, as if he had just hit on the nature of the case, suggested that the Major's complaint was on his brain, and that he could not be in his right mind. On hearing this, the Major became furious, which was regarded as confirmatory of the doctor's opinion; they accordingly seized him, confined him in a strait-waistcoat and put him to bed, and the doctor ordered that the barber should be sent for to shave the head, and a blister to be applied 'to the part affected.'

"The Major, fairly beaten, ceased making resistance, but made the best signs his situation and his imperfect articulation allowed, for pen and paper. This, being hailed as indicative of returning rationality, was procured; and as soon as he was sufficiently freed from his bonds, he wrote—'For God's sake, send for the surgeon of the regiment.' This was accordingly done, and the jaw readily reduced, as it had been often before. 'I hope,' added Abernethy, 'you will never forget how to reduce a dislocated jaw.'

—LEIGH HUNT's *Religion of the Heart* is not well received by the orthodox writers in England, because it seeks to substitute for the established liturgy a new one, in which the prayers and reflections are said to be more sentimental than devout.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, the veteran, now, of English prose writers, has just issued what he terms, *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, embracing many of his late political disquisitions and other miscellanies. It will be probably republished in this country by Ticknor & Co. of Boston.

—The second volume of ALISON's *History of Europe* is out. It brings the narrative down to the time of Louis Napoleon. We may have a word to say of it when it gets on this side of the water.

—HUFELAND's *Art of Prolonging Life*,

one of the best essays extant on the subject of health,—full of sound sense, professional learning, and wise observations,—has been retranslated, and published under the editorship of Erasmus Wilson. Hufeland was not only an excellent physician, but a discerning and upright man, understanding completely what he undertook to write about, and writing about it with simplicity, directness and taste.

—*Christ in History*, by ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. Attempts to grasp and reduce to a divine scheme the wild outlines of history are characteristic, and will be yet more so, of modern philosophical culture. A theory of the whole story of man has become one of the most legitimate and fascinating aims of thought, and promises (indeed has in part realized) rich results. Dr. Turnbull's book contains a Christological Theory of History. He finds Christ as an actual and also formal want in the religious thinking and aspiration of the old world,—he finds this want partially realized, and the gift broadly promised in and through a selected people, all the first stage of man's experience, thus pointing to, and preparing for an incarnation of the Divine. He finds this accomplished in the advent—all need, in the grandest manner, met in Christ. From that point, to which all history had converged, it now radiates, and the whole future will be but the chronicle of the gradual passage, through all obstacles, of the spirit of the revealed God into the life of the nations. This scheme is, of course, not at all new, nor is it original in the manner of its treatment—the somewhat affected titles and some of the minor forms of thought excepted. There is, too, a want of singleness of purpose—the author sometimes using his subject as a thread to string his thoughts and reading upon as to the history and proofs of religion in general. Still the book exhibits much learning in a very interesting direction,—and has much respectable thinking. Indeed, the author seems to have aimed at a most liberal self-culture, and has been willing to let in on his scheme all the latest and highest thought.

MUSIC.

Manager Maretzek has kept his promise. He has given us *Le Prophète* with all the strength of his company and resources. Its production is the great operatic event of the year; and it can no longer be said that our manager is of those who promise so superbly, that performance would be entirely inadequate to the expectation. It would be pleasant to string a necklace of handsome super-

latives, and hang it round the managerial neck upon this occasion. He has deserved well of the public by his energy, and care, and unremitting diligence in getting up the Prophet. It was the last great musical triumph in Europe; very much had been said about it: the fame of Viardot Garcia, as *Fides*, had crossed the sea; it was known that Roger, promoted from the *Opera Comique*, had succeeded at the Grand opera, upon the production of *Le Prophète*; that in fact he had "created" the part of Jean, the Prophet King. Catharine Hayes had sung *Ah! mon fils*; and Jullien had played the *Coronation March*; in fact, we could all talk more or less knowingly about Meyerbeer's last great opera. Nay, some of us had even been in Paris upon the night it was brought out; had seen the excitement of that gay metropolis, the mounted guards, the hurrying crowds; and sitting comfortably after dinner, at the great corner window of the *Maison Dorée*, had seen the long line of equipages rolling to the temple of the Muses.

It is painfully clear that we are not saying how *Le Prophète* was done at Niblo's. But we have struck the key-note of an unavoidable criticism by what we have already said. This opera was the work of many years of a nervous care, and a practical sagacity, unequalled in a composer. Meyerbeer's fame in Paris, the scene of the triumph of *Robert Le Diable*, and *Les Huguenots*, was colossal. He had not produced any thing for many years, except an operetta sung by Jenny Lind, in Vienna. As time passed, the prestige of his two great operas constantly increased. The public, which is a chameleon in Paris, by the rapidity of its changes, could not help adding their imaginations to their memorials and to their hopes. The success of *Robert* was conceded to be the greatest upon record. It was sustained by *Les Huguenots*; and unavoidably, a standard of expectation almost beyond possible fulfilment existed in the Parisian mind. For many months, the signs of preparation were discernible. Then came the revolution, and threatened to send the Muses after the Bourbons. But no sooner was peace partly assured, than the attention to the opera recommenced; and finally it was produced with all the force of the Grand opera, artistic, scenic, instrumental, Terpsichorean, and whatsoever other force there may be in a theatre.

Le Prophète was composed with the magnificent resources of the Grand opera constantly in view: great importance, and

essential importance, was attached to them. For, whether consciously or not, Meyerbeer's operas do not depend solely upon the musical interest and development, but upon many accessories of the libretto, so to speak; upon the opportunity of great scenic display; in fact, upon an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, in a degree not consonant with our idea of pure opera.

The first and permanent impression of *Le Prophète*, at Niblo's, was therefore *inadequacy*. It was evident that unusual care had been taken, that money had been spent, scenes painted, and choruses drilled. We have seen enough of Mr. Maretzek's hard working in the preparation of an opera to infer how much he must have suffered and exercised during the rehearsals of this work. We felt this all the time. We saw that he was doing his best; that the company, excepting Stefanone, were never in better tune; and that if success could be achieved by deserving it, the opera would remunerate the Manager both with honor and profit. But success cannot be achieved upon that condition. The performance was only a good attempt. It was a faint reminiscence of the original thing in Paris. It is perfectly true that we had no right to expect a rival of the Grand opera at Niblo's; but it is also perfectly true that when you know the best, you cannot devote much enthusiasm to the pretty good. If it is praise to say that it was very good for New-York, or for Niblo's, or for the capital at command, then we say all that, for it is true. But with a stage not half large enough, with an orchestra ditto, and chorus ditto, with a ballet that is no ballet; and scenery which attempts all that it could not perform, with every thing, except the singing, taken with great reservation, how can there be much praise of that, which, to be perfect, requires stage, orchestra, chorus, ballet and scenery of the finest kind?

For instance, the fourth act is the coronation in the Cathedral of Munster. The coronation march peals through the opening of the act, while the procession enters and occupies the edifice. This effect must be complete or it is ludicrous. Nothing is so difficult as a decent procession or crowd upon the stage. Now at Niblo's the low columns suggest a vault, there is no sense of loftiness; and the space is entirely destroyed by the rising series of railings directly across the Cathedral, from column to column, so that there is no more of the plane of the stage exposed, and suitable for the proper action, than when the tent

curtains are drawn in the previous act. We have all an idea of a cathedral, whether we have seen one or not, and part of that idea is the conviction that the whole floor of such a building is not occupied by transverse railings or partitions of some kind. And we know farther when processions enter such edifices they do not countermarch across what is intended to represent the great nave. "They manage these things better in France." An immense stage-area; a high springing series of columns; a thronging procession enters (and entered when we saw it) at the front and moved back into the church; the whole resulting in an impression of a vast cathedral crowded with a glittering multitude,—these were the peculiarities of this act there. What shall we say of our procession? When Shakespeare, says, "alarum, enter an army," the action and interest of the play depend very little upon the fact, and three men in buckram answer the purpose of suggestion. But Meyerbeer's alarum and army is a distinct part of the play. It is an essential effect; and is fairly to be judged as such. The same objection lies against this act, which is true of the whole;—it was inadequate. We do not use a harsher word, because the evidence of good intention was so plain. And yet to say that one of Meyerbeer's operas was inadequately done, is to go near condemning it.

Or consider the skating ballet with the beautiful music; and the dancing in the last act. Or had we better *not* consider it but pass on?

It is pleasant to turn to the singing; Salvi was never so resolutely good. To witness his energy, his care, his conscience, tended much to weaken our remembrance of his infamous murder of *Don Ottavio* upon the same boards. He conceives his character admirably, and in his great scene, in the fourth act, where he makes his mother disown him, he was at the height of his power. So when he sings his romanza in the second act there was a purity, pathos, and breadth in his voice and style which justly charmed the audience, and drew down as hearty applause as we have ever heard in the theatre. The exquisite *morceau* of the last act, the half-frenzied lyric, was rendered with a grace and melody that assured us of the artist's great power. There is a strain in the air which recalls the conclusion of *La ci darem* from *Don Giovanni*. Altogether, we must consider Salvi's *Jean* as his finest part. Our only quarrel would be with his costume, which is unnecessarily unhandsome when he is the inn-keeper.

The three Anabaptists, Marini, Rosi, and Vietti, were admirable. Their tall spectral figures gliding in, always at the right moment, black messengers of fate, and prophetic of tragedy, are, of themselves, one of those sombre effects which please the melodramatic imagination of the composer. It was well suggested in the *Tribune*, that there is something akin to the three witches in Macbeth, in these grim apparitions. They moved and sang with great unanimity; and although there is no very *taking* music attached to their rôle, they are closely listened to and applauded.

Of the ladies we would rather not speak, and have, therefore, delayed so long, putting them in the rear of the gentlemen. The truth is, that the musical rôle of *Fides* is, in much of the opera, in the very worst part of Steffanone's voice. It sounds husky and uncertain, and what is much worse, it was shockingly out of tune, whenever we heard her in the opera. Her acting in the great scene is very fine, although the situation is much too prolonged. Bertucca as *Bertha* was only tolerable. This lady is rarely forgetful enough of herself, and yet we will ascribe to a natural nervousness and sympathy with her husband's effort, the evident uncertainty and inadequacy of her performance. Yet she, too, did well in the duet. The choruses were very good and execrably bad. At one point we feared the representation must pause, they were so entirely astray. Each one was singing his own tune in his own key. But the opening chorus was done firmly and with vigor.

As for the music itself, we feel as we always feel about Meyerbeer. It is learned, and elaborate, and quaint, and grave, and skilful, and imposing; but it is destitute of melody and passion. The Coronation March is glittering and martial. *Jean's* romanza is a tender strain. *Ah! mon fils!* is painfully artificial, and the grand aria is not individual. It is such music as prodigious talent, unwearied industry, and profound science can produce. But George Sand is the only person we have ever known to profess great enthusiasm for it. In her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, she speaks rapturously of the music of *Robert*, which had then recently appeared. But George Sand's world is Paris, and her standards are Parisian. Where are the haunting melodies; where are the sweet and subtle harmonies afterward vaguely remembered like the palaces we saw in the sunset; where is that permanent sense of an addition to life and human

experience after the curtain falls upon the scenery and the dancing girls.—Where?

The first Philharmonic Concert of the season took place in the Metropolitan Hall. It was, as usual, a great success. This orchestra is now so well trained to the performance of the best music, that we could wish their concerts were more frequent and at lower rates. Jullien has demonstrated that the "many headed" have ears for Mendelssohn and Beethoven, as well as for the *Prima Donna* and *Yankee Doodle*. The Philharmonic in its high prices rather perpetuates the tradition of the London Philharmonic, a high rate and an exclusive audience. Those are the Scylla and Charybdis upon which most of our operatic enterprises have failed.

In the foreign musical gossip, there is really nothing to notice but the new French singer, Mademoiselle Cabal, of whom Hector Berlioz speaks well. It is certainly time for a new singer; but every fresh one is hailed in Paris with such stunning thunders of applause, that, at this distance, we cannot hear the voice itself, and when the applause has subsided, so, also, we sadly discover, has the voice. The London papers wonder, with a sneer, that the advertisement for the leasing of the New-York Academy of Music, should appear there, and inquire sullenly, "Are there no Yankees who can manage it?" Soft, gentle sirs! There are plenty; but it does not seem unwise when you have built a house for a particular purpose, to search the world for the very best person to take care of it. It is our way. If a Frenchman, or German, or Italian, or even an Englishman, can do better by the interests of music in this country, than a native, let him manage the new opera-house. If you prefer to close your opera-houses under the auspices of bold Britons, rather than keep them going under the direction of foreigners, do it by all means. But why, as usual, expect us to suffer because you are sore?

FINE ARTS.

Powell's Painting of De Soto. We have received the following communication from Mr. Powell in reference to his "great national painting," which we very cheerfully publish, although it is giving rather more of our space to the subject than we can well afford, or we think it of sufficient importance to demand; but Mr. Powell thinks we have not done him justice in our remarks on his painting, and we are quite willing that the public who have not seen his picture, and who never may, should hear what he has to urge in its defence.

The national painting of Mr. Powell is from a subject selected by a committee of Congress. Drawings of various subjects were submitted, and the committee composed of Mr. Pierce of Maryland, John Y. Mason and Jefferson Davis of the Senate, and John Quincy Adams, Mr. Preston, of Virginia, and T. Butler King on the part of the House of Representatives: they unanimously agreed that the subject should be the Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto. The commission was given to Mr. Powell by an almost unanimous vote of Congress—unanimously, by the Senate, and 198 out of 212 votes in the House. He is not a western man, although considered a western artist from the fact that he received his first encouragement from the citizens of Cincinnati. He was born in New-York, and has resided here since 1840. He studied with Henry Inman, and was his favorite pupil. In 1842 he went to Italy, and studied under the best masters for three years, when he returned to New-York, bringing with him several composition pictures, among which were "Salvator Rosa among the Brigands," and "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca"—the latter painting was very much admired, so much so, that among others, Washington Irving having examined it carefully, wrote a letter to the library committee of Congress, greatly praising its artistic merits. The exhibition of this picture in the library of the Capitol, during the session of Congress, for 1848-49, secured the commission for the present painting.

The sum of forty thousand dollars was originally appropriated by Congress for the purpose of procuring four historical pictures painted by native American artists, to fill the four vacant panels of the Rotundo of the Capitol. Chapman, Weir, Vanderlyn, and Inman received these commissions—Mr. Inman died before completing his subject on canvas: he had received the sum of six thousand dollars. In the contract with Mr. Powell, the sum of six thousand dollars was awarded in addition to the unexpended portion of the former appropriation of ten thousand dollars. The artist has already received eight thousand dollars, which sum he has expended in producing the work just finished. The residue is to be paid on the delivering of the work. Mr. Huntington, who was a pupil of Professor Morse, offered to complete the picture of Boone's Emigration to Kentucky, begun by Inman, for the sum of four thousand dollars.

In regard to the historical accuracy of the painting by Mr. Powell we give quotations from Bancroft's *United States*, Irving's *Conquest of Florida*, The *Portuguese Relation* (published in 1557), The *Account of Luis Hernandez de Biedma* who was present in the expedition of De Soto (published in 1544), and The *History by Garcilasso de La Vega*.

When De Soto returned to Spain from Peru, and the design was published that an expedition of exploration to Florida was definitely fixed upon, then the most extravagant ideas were entertained. To use the language of Mr. Bancroft: "No sooner was the design of a new expedition published in Spain than the wildest hopes were indulged. How brilliant must be the prospect since even the conqueror of Peru was willing to hazard his fortunes and the greatness of his name! Adventurers assembled as volunteers, many of them of noble birth and good estates. Houses and vineyards, lands for tillage and rows of olive trees in the Ajarraffe of Seville, were sold, as in the times of the Crusades, to obtain the means of military equipment. The port of San Lucar of Barameda was crowded with those who hastened to solicit permission to share in the enterprise. Even soldiers of Portugal desired to be enrolled for the service. A muster was held. The Portuguese ap-

peared in the glittering array of burnished armor, and the Castilians brilliant with hopes were very gallant with silk upon silk."

Mr. Irving, in his *Conquest of Florida*, on the same subject, remarks, "As De Soto was one day in the gallery of his house at Seville, he saw a brilliant band of cavaliers enter the court-yard, and hastened to the foot of the stairs to receive them. They were Portuguese hidalgos led by Andres des. Vasconcelos. Several of them had served in the wars with the Moors on the African frontiers, and they had come to volunteer their services. De Soto joyfully accepted their offer. A muster being called of all the troops, the Spaniards appeared in splendid and showy attire, with silken doublets and cassocks pinked and embroidered. The Portuguese, on the contrary, came in soldier-like style in complete armor.

They arrived on the coast of Florida and disembarked in the year 1539. After many months of wandering they reached the Mavilla—now Mobile. Here they had a disastrous battle with the Indians, and a fire that occurred at the time, destroyed "the curious collections De Soto had made." In March, 1541, just previous to the discovery of the Mississippi, De Soto demanded of the chief of the Chickasaws two hundred Indians to carry the baggage of the company, at the same time taking possession of their village. The demand was refused, and in the darkness of a stormy night they were assaulted by the infuriated savages who set fire to the houses. The Spaniards were taken completely by surprise. De Soto, "who always slept in his doublet and hose that he might be prepared for such emergencies, clasped on his casque, drew on a surcoat of quilted cotton three fingers in thickness, the best defence against the arrows of the savages, and seizing buckler and lance, mounted his horse and charged fearlessly into the midst of the enemy." It seems to be a misapprehension that De Soto and his followers lost all their clothing by this fire, from the quotations we have given. Some of them, however, did lose their wearing apparel, lives were lost, and horses and swine consumed. The skins of wild animals were afterwards used by those who had lost their clothing; and Irving, in his "Conquest of Florida," thus speaks of the manner in which the "wild ivy" happened to be used. "Besides being unceasingly harassed by the enemy, they suffered bitterly from the cold, which was rigorous in the extreme, especially to men who had to pass every night under arms with scarce any clothing. In this extremity, however, they were relieved by the ingenuity of one of the common soldiers; he succeeded in making a matting, four fingers in thickness, of a long kind of grass or dried ivy, one half of which served as mattress and the other half was turned over as a blanket."

In about ten days after the fire at Chicaza, De Soto discovered the Mississippi River. Here again we quote the language of Mr. Bancroft. "De Soto was the first of Europeans to behold the magnificent river which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of three centuries has not changed the character of the stream; it was then described as more than a mile broad, flowing with a strong current, and by the weight of its waters forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy, trees and timber were continually floating down the stream. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western bank of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bows and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as their artless man-

facturers could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards 'like a fair army of galleys;' they brought gifts of fish and leaves made of the persimmon. At first they showed a desire to offer resistance, but soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy they could not overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation."

From this quotation it is not to be inferred that De Soto and his followers were in a forlorn condition. They still retained sufficient martial array to intimidate the hostile savages by whom they were surrounded. They built boats large enough to convey seventy or eighty men and five horses in each, across the river, which was described by Biedma as being a league in width. Mr. Irving thus speaks of a religious ceremony on the banks of the Mississippi. It seems that the cacique of the Indian tribe, accompanied by his principal subjects, came into the presence of De Soto, and said, "As you are superior to us in prowess, and surpass us in arms, we likewise believe that your God is better than our god. These you behold before you are the chief warriors of my dominions. We supplicate you to pray to your God to send us rain, for our fields are parched for the want of water." De Soto replied, that he would pray to the God of the universe to grant their request. Immediately he ordered his chief carpenter, named Francisco, to fell a pine tree, and construct it into a cross. "They formed of it a perfect cross, and erected it on a high hill on the bank of the river. The cacique walked beside the governor, and many of the warriors mingled with the Spaniards. Before them went a choir of priests and friars chanting the litany, whilst the soldiers responded." They formed a procession, and as they passed they knelt down before it whilst prayers were being offered up. It was estimated that from fifteen to twenty thousand Indians witnessed the scene. The equipment of the Spaniards must have been almost perfect to inspire awe to so formidable an army of hostile savages.

Mr. Powell in his *De Soto*, has represented the Indians offering their gifts of corn, fish, and game, while in the right-hand corner of the painting is the erection of the cross as an incident connected with the event. De Soto himself rides a magnificent horse—a portrait of the battle horse of Abd-el-Kader. The artist was permitted access to the imperial stables at St. Cloud, by Louis Napoleon, and painted it from life. All the principal figures in the picture were painted from living models, and the costumes, arms, &c. were copied from those used in the middle of the sixteenth century by the Spaniards.

In regard to the fine horses, represented in the picture, the artist was compelled to use the best models by the historical account of them given in "Irving's Conquest of Florida," as will be seen by the following incident. On the arrival of De Soto at Cuba, on his way to Florida, "he found a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned, waiting for him, and likewise a mule for Donna Isabella, which were furnished by a gentleman of the town" (Santiago). He was escorted to his baggage by the burghers on horses and on foot, and all his officers and men were hospitably entertained by them, some being quartered in the town and others in their country houses. For several days it was one continued festival; at night there were balls and *cuadrillas*, by day tilting matches, bull fights, contests of skill in horsemanship, running at the ring, and other amusements of a chivalrous nature. The young cavaliers of the camp vied with each other and with the youth of the city in the gallantry of their equipments, the elegance and novelty of their devices,

and the wit and ingenuity of their mottoes. What gave peculiar splendor to these entertainments was the beauty, spirit, and excellence of the horses. The great demand for these noble animals for the conquests of Mexico and Peru, and other parts, rendered the raising of them one of the most profitable sources of speculation in the islands. The island of Cuba was naturally favorable to them, and as great care and attention had been given to multiply and improve the breed, there was at this time an uncommon number, and of remarkably fine qualities. Many individuals had from twenty to thirty horses in their stables, and some of the rich had twice that number on their estates.

The cavaliers of the army had spared no expense in furnishing themselves with the most superb and generous steeds for their intended expedition. Many individuals possessed three or four, caparisoned in the most costly manner, and the governor aided liberally with his purse such as had not the means of equipping themselves in suitable style. Thus freshly and magnificently mounted and arrayed in their new dresses and burnished armor, the cavaliers made a brilliant display, and carried off many of the prizes of gold and silver, and silks, and brocades, which were adjudged to those who distinguished themselves in these chivalrous games.

In these, no one carried off the prize more frequently than Nuño de Tobar, the lieutenant-general. He was, as has been said, a cavalier of high and generous qualities, who had gained laurels in the conquest of Peru. He appeared on these occasions in sumptuous array, mounted on a superb horse of silver gray, dappled, and was always noted for the gracefulness of his carriage, his noble demeanor, and his admirable address in his management of lance and steel.

At this time there was on a visit to the governor in the city of Santiago a cavalier upwards of fifty years of age, named Vasco Porcasi de Viqueira. He was of a noble family and of a brave and gallant disposition, having seen much hard fighting in the Indies, in Spain and Italy, and distinguished himself on various occasions. He now resided in the town of Trinidad in Cuba, living opulently and luxuriously upon the wealth he had gained in the wars, honored for his exploits, loved for his social qualities, and extolled for his hearty hospitality.

This magnificent cavalier had come to Santiago with a pompous retinue, to pay his court to the governor, and witness the festivities and rejoicings. He passed some days in the city, and when he beheld the array of gallant cavaliers and hardy soldiers assembled for the enterprise, the splendor of their equipments, and the martial style in which they acquitted themselves in public; his military spirit again took fire, and forgetting his years, his past toils and troubles, and his present ease and opulence, he volunteered his services to De Soto to follow him in his anticipated career of conquest. He was magnificent in all his appointments—camp, equipage, armor, and equipments; having caught the gay and bragart spirit of his youthful companions in arms. He carried with him a great train of Spanish, Indian, and Negro servants, and a stud of thirty-six horses for his own use, while with the open-handed liberality, for which he was noted, he gave upwards of fifty horses as presents to various cavaliers of the army."

From these quotations we are led to believe that the followers of De Soto were the flower of Spanish chivalry.

The painting of Mr. Powell is in strict keeping with the spirit of that age. In regard to the anatomy of the figures, Robin de Paris, and other distinguished anatomists, have pronounced the anatomy of his

figures faultless. The greatest artists of the old world have complimented him on the vigorous execution and artistic finish of the painting.

Mr. Powell is not quite correct in all his facts; the commission to paint the picture was not given to him with quite such unanimity as he states: the resolution instructing the Library Committee to contract with him to paint a picture for the vacant panel of the Rotundo, was tacked on the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill on the last day but one of the twenty-ninth Congress, and passed amid the hubbub and confusion which always attend the close of Congress, by a vote of 89 to 48, according to the Congressional Globe, and not, as Mr. Powell states, by a vote of 198 out of 212. Great opposition was made to it, and it could hardly have been passed under other circumstances. Judge Campbell of this city, and Mr. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, proposed an open competition that should give all the artists in the country an opportunity to compete for the work, by sending in cartoons of designs, from which a committee should choose the one that was best adapted to the purpose. This method, which would have been honorable to Congress, beneficial to the nation, and just to our native artists, was, in the excitement of the moment, disregarded, and the work was intrusted to the discretion of Mr. Powell, who, by the terms of the resolution, had full power to choose his own subject. We do not wonder at his attempting to throw the blame of De Soto on the Library Committee; if they chose the subject, so much the worse for them; but then the artist himself should have protested against it, as being neither suitable in itself, nor adapted to his capacities. The work itself is proof that he was unequal to it; and his historical summary confirms our objections to his manner of treating the subject. We have found no reason to change the opinion which we originally formed of the picture, and the decisions of all intelligent people who have since seen it fully justifies what we said of it. Those who would form a correct opinion as to the historical fidelity of Mr. Powell's representation of the scene which he has attempted to delineate, should read Theodore Irving's history of the Conquest of Florida, and they will be able to judge of the possibility of such a pageant as that represented by Mr. Powell, having been seen on the banks of the Mississippi when

De Soto found himself there after two years' wandering through the forests and swamps of the wilderness. According to his own showing he has introduced an incident into his picture, the raising of the crucifix and blessing it, which did not occur until some time after the chief event described took place, and which would have been physically impossible as he has depicted it. The picture is, in fact, in every respect bad, and is unworthy of being placed in the national capitol. We had always understood that the commission was given to the artist on sectional grounds, on the supposition that he was a Western man; the resolution too was introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. McDowell of Ohio, and it was carried as a Western measure. As the vote was passed on the 2d of March, 1847, it could not have been in consequence of the exhibition of his picture of Columbus in 1848-49, as he states. As to the letter of Mr. Irving alluded to by Mr. Powell, in praise of the picture of Columbus, we do not see what it has to do with the business. Mr. Irving is not a likely person to interfere in a case of this kind, unless solicited in a manner which rendered it difficult for him to decline. Mr. Powell should be content with having received the commission and painted the picture; he shows a very uncomplimentary distrust of his own performance in endeavoring to fight his critics with his pen instead of his pencil. If his De Soto be worthy of praise, it will soon disarm censure if left to itself. If it had been a private work, we should not have deemed it entitled to our notice; but being a "great national painting," and public property, we could not ignore it; and, as we were compelled to notice it, we could not do less than speak candidly of it. We wish it had been better. If "the greatest artists of the Old World have complimented him on the vigorous execution and artistic finish of the painting," all we have to say about it is, that the greatest artists of the Old World are very great wags; and, if it be true, as has been stated by some of the gentlemen who have undertaken the defence of Mr. Powell's painting, that the artists of Paris took their pupils to study the anatomy of De Soto, it must have been for the same reason that the Spartans permitted their children to see the antics of their drunken Helots.

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WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS.

(Continued from page 10.)

WASHINGTON had but two teachers, one an old fellow named Hobby, one of his father's tenants, sexton as well as schoolmaster of the neighborhood, who used to boast, after he was superannuated and somewhat addicted to strong potations, especially on the general's birthdays, that it was he who, between his knees, had laid the foundation of George Washington's greatness, by teaching him his letters; and the other the Mr. Williams already mentioned, who was, according to Mr. Weems, "a capital hand" at reading, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, surveying, bookkeeping, and geography, and often boasted that he had made George Washington as great a scholar as himself. We cannot doubt that to his thoroughness in teaching what he did know, his great pupil owed much of his acquired power; for a good foundation in a few important things is the best possible beginning for a boy of ability and enterprise.

As to grammar, though Mr. Williams may have been a proficient, it is certain that Washington's early compositions are by no means perfectly grammatical, though by incessant care he became an excellent and most lucid writer at a later period. Some minds seem to come at the philosophy of grammar more easily than they can master the technical, school-statement of it. When Washington began to have important things to say, his great good sense showed him that they must be expressed so as to leave no possibility of misunderstanding, and this we take to be the highest ground and object of grammar. The office of taste is, afterwards, to guard against jarring and tautological expressions; and the study of the standard writers, with the aid of conversation with well-bred people, will generally suffice for

this. So that in the end, Washington, ever seeking improvement and alive to his own deficiencies, became a great writer, in addition to his other accomplishments; and has left us, among other precious legacies, a mass of wise, manly, generous and patriotic thoughts, expressed in clear, dignified language, and including so much practical wisdom and high suggestion that it is well worthy to be treasured as our national palladium.

Laurence Washington, naturally ambitious for the tall, handsome, athletic boy, already, at sixteen, endowed with strength and discretion beyond his age, had procured for his favorite half-brother, who was fourteen years his junior, a midshipman's warrant for the British navy, then the most direct path to preferment; and all was prepared for the departure of the youth, when his mother's courage gave out, or her judgment demurred, and the project was abandoned, much to the regret of every body else concerned in the transaction. One gentleman writes to Laurence thus: "I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep up to her first resolution. She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest; and I find that one word against his going has more weight than ten for it." "Fond, unthinking mothers!" George was his widowed mother's eldest son, a boy of noble promise, and by no means destitute of fortune. Why should she have consented to send him from her at sixteen, to enter on a career which would for ever separate him from her and his family? Truly there is a worldly wisdom which is sadly shortsighted, and we can-



Residence of the Washington Family.*

not but think the mother's instincts deserved more respect than they received from her advisers. The young man himself seems to have shown his good sense, by submitting, first to the advice of his family friends, then to the wishes of his mother, for we hear nothing of any repining on his part. Mr. Fairfax writes of him to Laurence—"George has been with us, and says he will be steady, and thankfully follow your advice as his best friend." So a project which must have been very fascinating to a young, warm imagination was quietly abandoned, and the youth, in the dutiful spirit which ever characterized him, entered at once upon the comparatively humble business of a surveyor.

In March, 1748, he went into the woods with Mr. George Fairfax, to explore lands among the Alleghany Mountains, in Virginia. A diary kept by him during this his first tour has some interest, because it tells of the personal experiences, and betrays something of the turn of thought of Washington at sixteen.

"15th.—Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or any thing else but only one threadbare

blanket. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired, I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep so no more, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire."

"21st.—We went over in a canoe, and travelled up the Maryland side all day, in a continued rain, to Colonel Cresap's over against the South Branch, about forty miles from our place of starting in the morning, and over the worst road, I believe, that ever was trod by man or beast."

"23d.—Rained till about two o'clock, and then cleared up, when we were agreeably surprised at the sight of more than thirty Indians, coming from war with only one scalp. We had some liquor with us, of which we gave them a part. This, elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing. We then had a wardance. After clearing a large space and making a great fire in the middle, the men seated themselves around it, and the speaker made a grand speech, telling them in what manner they were to dance. After he had finished, the best dancer jumped up, as one awakened from sleep, and ran and jumped about the ring in the most comical manner. He was followed by the rest. Then began their music, which was performed with a pot half full of water, and a deerskin stretched tight

* The sketch of this house, which has long since disappeared, is copied from that by Chapman in Lossing's invaluable Field Book of the Revolution.



Primary Lesson.

over it, and a gourd with some shot in it to rattle, and a piece of horse's tail tied to it, to make it look fine. One person kept rattling, and another drumming, all the while they were dancing."

"26th.—Travelled up to Solomon Hedge's, Esquire, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace in the county of Frederic, where we camped. When we came to supper, there was neither a knife on the table nor a fork to eat with, but as good luck would have it, we had knives of our own."

"April 2d.—A blowy, rainy night. Our straw upon which we were lying, took fire, but I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame."

"8th.—We breakfasted at Cassey's,

and rode down to Vanmeter's to get our company together, which, when we had accomplished, we rode down below the Trough to lay off lots there. The Trough is a couple of ledges of mountains impassable, running side by side for seven or eight miles, and the river between them. You must ride round the back of the mountains to get below them. We camped in the woods, and, after we had pitched our tent and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks to recruit ourselves. Every one was his own cook. Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips. As for dishes, we had none."

We have picked out only here and there an item from this part of the Diary as being more personal than the rest. Here is the rough copy of a letter, giving a

general description of the excursion. No date.

"Dear Richard,—The receipt of your kind favor of the 2d instant afforded me unspeakable pleasure, as it convinces me that I am still in the memory of so worthy a friend,—a friendship I shall ever be proud of increasing. Yours gave me the more pleasure as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles. The coldness of the weather will not admit of my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Frederictown."

Among the influences that conspired to mature the mind and refine the manners of Washington, we must account his intimacy with the Fairfax family, sensible as well as well-bred people, and living on a large fortune in the exercise of liberal hospitality. Lord Fairfax, besides the social advantages which resulted from his rank, had had a University education, when such culture was a distinction, and he seems, moreover, to have been a person of independent ways of thinking, and a discernment and practical sagacity not always found in high places. His nephew, William Fairfax, was wealthy, and held a high position in the colony. The family was, altogether, the first in the district where they lived, and one such family inevitably does much towards raising the general standard of manners and ideas in its neighborhood. A young man must be dull indeed, if the society of gentlemen and elegant women has no inspiration for him. When we read George Washington's "Rules of Civility and decent Behavior in Company and Conversation," we need no assurance that no grace of manner, refinement of expression, or conventional improvement, that came under his observation at Mr. Fairfax's, passed unnoted. The exquisite propriety of address and conduct, so often mentioned as having distinguished him, may not improbably have owed no little

of its finish to these early opportunities; to suppose so much elegance the natural product of innate refinement, in spite of plain farmer's living in early youth, and the rough career of a practical surveyor afterwards, might be more complimentary but scarcely so rational. Lord Fairfax was not a courtier, any more than his American planter nephew; and Washington never became one, but only in all circumstances a gentleman. This is as evident in the early journal from which we have just quoted a few passages, as in the letters written in after life to ladies and the most distinguished men. Self-respect ever regulates and limits his complimentary expressions, as it had in early life afforded the standard by which he judged so unerringly the dispositions of others towards himself, and decided on the fitness of the circumstances in which he was placed. He had an exquisite sense of personal respect, and as he never forgot or was mistaken about the amount of it due to others, so he never hazarded his own claims by requiring more than he knew himself entitled to and able to exact. In reading his correspondence, so voluminous and various, as well as so remarkable in other respects, this propriety is ever most striking.

Speaking of the attachment of Lord Fairfax to the young surveyor, who spent much time at his house, Mr. Weems remarks,—"Little did the old gentleman expect that he was educating a youth who should one day dismember the British empire and break his own heart—which truly came to pass. For on hearing that Washington had captured Cornwallis and all his army, he called out to his black waiter, 'Come, Joe! carry me to my bed, for I'm sure it is high time for me to die!'" And die he did, certainly, but not prematurely, for Mr. Sparks says he lived to be ninety-two, a much respected and very benevolent person, though rather eccentric.

George Fairfax was the companion of Washington's first expedition through the forest. How old was the companion we are not informed, but the chief was just turned of sixteen, an age at which most boys are in need of tutors and guardians if ever. Mrs. Washington seems to have made no particular objection to this undertaking, the exposures of which were nevertheless formidable, to health at least, as the result proved. Lodging on the ground, night after night, in the month of April, is no agreeable variety in our climate, and we can hardly doubt that in this and similar journeys, which occupied a large portion of his time for three years,

were laid the foundations of that liability to intermittents, which pursued Washington through life. The severity of a surveyor's duty, at that early period, were such as could hardly be encountered at the present time on this side the Mississippi, and such also as forbade a long persistence at any one time. The intervals Washington spent partly at Fredericksburgh with his mother, and partly at

Mount Vernon, with his brother Laurence, always much attached to him, and to whom he shortly became peculiarly necessary.

Laurence Washington had been in active service in the West Indies, where he passed about two years, as a captain in the British army, in the expedition against Carthagea. He returned home in 1742, that is to say, when his brother



Washington's Surveying Expedition.

George was about ten years old, intending to sail for England to join his regiment there; but happening to fall in love with Miss Anne Fairfax, a soldier's roving life lost its charms for him, and he settled quietly down as a planter. Having a national appointment as adjutant, he declined sharing the half-pay granted to his brother officers of the British army,

on the ground that he could not conscientiously take the oath required. So it seems that the young George had worthy examples near home. After the death of his father, Laurence purchased the estate on the Potomac, and named it as already mentioned, and here George spent much of his interval time, doubtless improving himself in every way that offered.

But the elder brother's health suddenly failed, and symptoms of consumption alarmed him and his friends. He tried a voyage to England without benefit, and in September, 1751, a trip to Barbadoes, accompanied in the latter by his brother George, who seems to have felt such interest and solicitude as only a tender and loving heart can suggest.

His journal of this time, when he was in his nineteenth year, is very characteristic. All the voyage over he copied the log each day into his note-book, with his own comments on the weather, &c., and during his short stay on the island he seems to have occupied himself in observing the manners of the inhabitants, and especially in criticising the modes of cultivation, economy and government.*

"The Governor of Barbadoes seems to keep a proper state, lives very retired and at little expense, and is a gentleman of good sense. . . . *By declining much familiarity, he is not over-zealously beloved.*"

This is a Washingtonian touch; it breathes the very spirit of the whole practice of the writer's after life, so often complained of by those who would fain have been allowed familiarity with him. He felt no disapprobation of the trait he thus noted, but rather concluded, we may presume, that by living retired and not courting mere popularity or private adherency, the governor gained in dignity and safety what he lost in momentary service and following.

The journal goes on to say—"There are several singular risings in the island, one above the other, so that scarcely any part is deprived of a beautiful prospect, both of sea and land, and, what is contrary to observation in other countries, each elevation is better than the next below. . . . The earth in most parts is extremely rich, and as black as our richest marsh meadows. . . . How wonderful that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries as well as necessities of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three and four hundred acres, (which are the largest,) can want, is to me most wonderful. . . . There are few who can be called middling people. They are very rich or very poor; for, by a law of the island, every gentleman is obliged to keep a white person for every ten acres, capable of acting in

the militia, and, consequently, the persons so kept cannot but be very poor. They are well disciplined and appointed to their several stations, so that in any alarm every man may be at his post in less than two hours."

These few extracts serve to show the unaffected and simple style in which Washington was thus early in the habit of recording his impressions—an example which, if well followed by all the young gentlemen of our day who travel the world over, would be better even than a Smithsonian Institute "for the advancement of knowledge among men." The conscientious (not constitutional) moderation of Washington's expressions has often been remarked; only once in the course of this record of a visit to the tropics, by one who so loved the face of nature that he never remained in a city but at the call of duty, does a gleam of enthusiasm betray itself, where he says—"In the cool of the evening we rode out, . . . and were perfectly enraptured with the beautiful prospects which every side presented to our view,—the fields of cane, corn, fruit-trees, &c., in a delightful green."

But the most characteristic parts of the journal are the following entries:—

"November 4th, 1751.—This morning received a card from Major Clarke, with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. We went,—myself with some reluctance, as the small-pox was in his family."

. . . . "17th.—Was strongly attacked with the small-pox. Sent for Dr. Lananhan, whose attendance was very constant till my recovery and going out, which were not till Thursday the 12th of December."

"December 12th.—Went to town and called on Major Clarke's family, who had kindly visited me in my illness, and contributed all they could, in sending me the necessaries the disorder required."

And this is all. The small-pox—a "strong" attack—is passed over as a small interlude, not worthy of being noticed in particulars, or calling for the slightest expression of self-pity. Yet, throughout Washington's whole life he is rather remarkable for the interest he takes in the health of his friends and servants. We have before us, as we write, a letter written by him to General Greene, Jan. 22d, 1780, from Head Quarters at Morristown, remonstrating very warmly on the

* It may be proper to mention that the extracts in these pages are taken, not from the originals, but from Sparks' "Writings of Washington," vol. I. p. 4.

especially when both were found under the same ochre and feathers at an interval of a few hours. The business of traversing the woods was almost as hazardous as in the time of Tancred, when the trees could hear and talk. But Governor Dinwiddie had sagacity enough to know where to apply after his first messenger failed, and Major George Washington required no second bidding to become his honor's commissioner, to ascertain the intentions of the Indians in certain quarters, and, a still more delicate errand—to demand of the French commandant by what authority and with what design he presumed to invade British dominions.

Here is the commission of the youthful major, only just major in the legal sense:

"I, reposing especial trust and confi-

dence in the ability, conduct, and fidelity of you, the said George Washington, have appointed you my express messenger, and you are hereby authorized and empowered to proceed hence, with all convenient and possible dispatch, to that part or place on the river Ohio where the French have lately erected a fort or forts, or where the commandant of the French forces resides, in order to deliver my letter and message to him, and after waiting not exceeding one week, for an answer, you are to take leave and return immediately back.

"To this commission, I have set," &c., &c.

"All his Majesty's subjects, and all in amity or alliance with the crown of Great Britain," were also charged to further "George Washington, Esquire, commis-



The Surveyors' Camp.

sioner under the great seal," and "to be aiding and assisting to the said George Washington and his attendants, in his present passage to and from the river Ohio, as aforesaid."

The party consisted of eight persons—Mr. Gist, the same who received from the Indians the posing question as to the ownership of the lands on either side the Ohio; an experienced woodsman, and valuable aid; John Davidson, an interpreter for the Indians, and Jacob Van Braam, (from whom Washington learned the art of fencing), a Dutchman, who could speak French, which Washington himself could not. These, with four attendants, completed the chief's party, which set out from Williamsburg, Virginia, October 31st, 1753. It must have required some courage and no little confidence in one's resources of health, strength, and perseverance, to begin a journey of five hundred and sixty miles, through woods and over mountains, on horseback, in the winter season, with the prospect of camping out nearly every night. We have seen a charming picture of the party making their slow way through the woods in a heavy snow-storm, one of the most lifelike, expressive, and memorable of pictures, yet we have ungratefully forgotten to what American artist the pleasure was due. Let this mention be our atonement for the fault.

It was a fortnight before the cavalcade reached Will's Creek, the confines of civilization, and plunged into the pathless forests of the Alleghenies, to encounter all the horrors of cold, fatigue, and danger. "The inclemency of the season," says Mr. Sparks, "the Alleghenies covered with snow, and the valleys flooded by the swelling waters, the rough passages over the mountains, and the difficulties in crossing the streams by frail rafts, fording or swimming, were obstacles that could be overcome but slowly and with patience." And by energy and patience they were overcome, and the young soldier found himself, on the twenty-fifth day after leaving Williamsburg, at Logstown, an Indian settlement, where his orders required him to hold a conference with Tanackarison,—known as the Half-king,—and other sachems of the Six Nations, and obtain from them guides and guards for the remainder of the journey, as well as all possible information as to the intentions of the French. The Half-king's intelligence was that the French had already built several forts on the Mississippi and one on the Ohio; and when required to pilot the messenger's party to the quarters of the French commandant, he said that the nearest and most

level road was now impassable, by reason of great marshes, so that it would take five or six "nights' sleep" to reach the nearest fort, where visitors must not count upon a very civil welcome.

He, the Half-king, had been received very sternly by the commander, and in reply to the abrupt question, what his business was, had replied by a speech which, as recorded from his own lips by the severely veracious pen of Washington, presents as remarkable dignity and good sense as ever novelist put into the mouth of the ideal red man,—a style of eloquence which we are in the habit of classing as the millionth dilution of the Ossianic poetry.

"Fathers," he said, "I have come to tell you your own speeches, what your own mouths have declared. Fathers, you, in former days, set a silver basin before us, wherein was the leg of a beaver, and desired all the nations to come and eat of it, to eat in peace and plenty, and not to be churlish to one another; and that if any such person should be found to be a disturber, I here lay down by the edge of the dish a rod which you must scourge them with; and if your father should get foolish in my old days, I desire you may use it upon me as well as others.

"Now, fathers, it is you who are the disturbers in this land, by coming and building your towns, and taking it away unknown to us, and by force.

"Fathers, we kindled a fire a long time ago, at a place called Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now desire you may dispatch to that place, for, be it known to you, fathers, that this is our land and not yours.

"Fathers, I desire you may hear me in civility, if not, we must handle that rod which was laid down for the use of the obstreperous. If you had come in a peaceable manner, like our brothers, the English, we would not have been against your trading with us as they do; but to come, fathers, and build houses on our land, and take it by force, is what we cannot submit to.

"Fathers, both you and the English are white; we live in a country between; therefore, the land belongs neither to the one nor the other. But the Great Being above allowed it to be a place of residence for us; so, fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers, the English; for I will keep you at arm's length. I lay this down as a trial for both, to see which will have the greatest regard to it, and that side we will stand by, and make equal sharers with us. Our

brothers the English, have heard this, and I come now to tell it to you; for I am not afraid to discharge you off this land."

The French commandant seems to have replied in a very truculent spirit, as reported by the Indian chief:

"Now, my child, I have heard your speech; you spoke first, but it is my time to speak now. Where is my wampum, that you took away with the marks of towns upon it? This wampum I do not know, which you have discharged me off the land with; but you need not put yourself to the trouble of speaking, for I will not hear you. I am not afraid of flies or mosquitoes, for Indians are such as those; I tell you, down that river I will go, and build upon it, according to my command. If the river was blocked up, I have forces sufficient to burst it open, and tread under my feet all that stand in opposition, together with their alliances; for my force is as the sand upon the sea-shore; therefore here is your wampum; I sling it at you. Child, you talk foolish; you say this land belongs to you, but there is not the black of my nail yours. I saw that land sooner than you did, before the Shannoahs and you were at war; Lead was the man who went down and took possession of that river. It is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up for or say against it. I will buy and sell with the English. If people will be ruled by me they may expect kindness, but not else."

Mr. Sparks, remarking upon these speeches, says well, "The high-minded savage was not aware that, as far as he and his race were concerned, there was no difference between his professed friends and open enemies. He had never studied in the school of politics, which finds an excuse for rapacity and injustice in the law of nations, nor learned that it was the prerogative of civilization to prey upon the ignorant and defenceless."

On the 26th a council was held, and Washington in his turn made a speech, with the usual sprinkling of "Brothers," but stating succinctly and candidly the objects of his journey. The Half-king desired him not to be in a hurry, and suggested some reasons for delay, to which Washington, after much argument and remonstrance, was obliged to yield, for fear of defeating the object of his journey. "As I found it was impossible," he says, "to get off without affronting them in the most egregious manner, I consented to stay."

Three chiefs and one of the best hunters were at length appointed to compose the convoy, and on the 4th of December they

arrived at Venango, an old Indian town at the mouth of French Creek, on the Ohio, "without any thing remarkable happening," says Washington, "but a continued series of bad weather."

Here they fell in with Captain Joncaire, an interpreter, and one who had great influence over the Indians. He assumed to be the commander of the Ohio, but recommended to the young commissioner to carry his business to the general, who had his quarters at the near fort. At first the French were extremely civil, but when the wine began to go round, they verified the proverb by telling much that they had intended to conceal: that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and that they would do it too; for although they knew the English could raise two men for their one, yet their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking of the French. Captain Joncaire plied the Indians with liquor, and used every possible artifice to entice them to go no further, but after much difficulty the party was once more on the road, and, travelling four days more through "excessive rains, snows, and bad travelling through many mires and swamps," they at length reached the fort, and found the French commandant, a knight of St. Louis, Legardeur de St. Pierre, a gentlemanly old soldier. The fort was a considerable one, garrisoned at that time by about one hundred men, and a large number of officers. While the officers were debating upon the Governor's missive, Washington was reconnoitering in every direction, taking the dimensions of the fort, counting the canoes, &c. The latter amounted to about fifty, laid up in readiness to convey the forces down the river in the Spring. On Washington's inquiring of the commandant by what authority he had made prisoners of several English subjects, he said that the country belonged to the French, and that he had orders to make prisoners of every Englishman who attempted to trade on the waters of the Ohio.

The Sieur St. Pierre was profuse in civilities, but did every thing in his power to separate the Indian convoy from the party. Washington says, in the journal,

"I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair." His life had not been very long, but his expressions were always very moderate, so that we may imagine his perplexity. To leave the Half-king behind, was to give him and his following over to the French interest, which was not to be thought of. Washington went

to the general and remonstrated, was met with fair words and professions as usual, but still could not get his Indians off, liquor being again put in requisition to incapacitate them for every thing but quarrelling or sleeping.

At length the Half-king, for shame's sake, put an end to the delay, and the party set out on their return, to travel one hundred and thirty miles in canoes, the horses having been exhausted and sent on before. They were destined to encounter new hardships in the new way of travel. "Several times," writes the chief, in his Report, "we had like to have been staved against rocks; and many times we were obliged, all hands, to get out and remain in the water half an hour or more, getting over the shoals. At one place the ice had lodged and made it impassable by water; we were therefore obliged to carry our canoe across the neck of land, a quarter of a mile over. We did not reach Venango till the 22d, where we met with our horses."

The horses being nearly useless from fatigue and poor feeding, the cold increasing every day, and the roads blocked up by a heavy snow, Washington, anxious to get back and make his report to the Governor, resolved upon attempting the remainder of the journey on foot, accompanied only by Mr. Gist, the most experienced of the party, and leaving the baggage and effects in charge of Mr. Van Braam. With gun in hand, and the necessary papers and provisions in a pack strapped on his back, he set out, with a single companion, to thread the trackless forest, on the twenty-sixth of December, not without some misgivings, as we may well believe. On the second day the two travellers encountered a party of Indians in league with the French, who were lying in wait for them. One of the savages fired at them, not fifteen paces off, and missed; but instead of returning the fire, which might have brought the whole pack upon them, they simply took the fellow into custody and kept him till nine o'clock in the evening; then let him go, and walked all night to get the start of whoever might attempt to follow. The next day they walked on until dark, and reached the river, about two miles above the Fork of the Ohio, the ice driving down in great quantities.

Here it was that the incident of the whirling raft occurred, which had so nearly changed the fortunes of our first struggle for independence, if not the whole destiny of our country for an age or two at least. The journalist states the occurrence thus:

"There was no way for getting over but on a raft, which we set about with one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting. This was one whole day's work. We next got it launched, then went on board of it and set off; but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water, but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft-logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen, and the water shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning."

We have seen several picturings of the scene on the raft, and one of Washington struggling in the icy water, but we should like to see one that would express the condition of the two half-frozen travellers on the island through that night, without tent or fire, and wrapt in the stiff, frozen clothes with which one of them, at least, must have come on shore. Not a word is said of this in the journal; of the horrors of cold, fatigue and hunger all at once; the long hours till morning, the reasonable dread of such savage dangers as had already been encountered. Well may Washington say this travel of eleven weeks had been "as fatiguing a journey as it is possible to conceive;" and he adds, "From the first day of December to the 15th, there was but one day on which it did not rain or snow incessantly; and throughout the whole journey we met with nothing but one continued series of cold, wet weather, which occasioned very *uncomfortable lodgings*, especially after we had quitted our tent, which was some screen from the inclemency of it."

Uncomfortable lodgings!

On his return to Williamsburg, Mr. Robertson, speaker of the House of Burgesses, took the opportunity of Washington's being in the gallery of the house to pay him a high compliment, by proposing that the thanks of the House should be presented to the youthful major. This was instantly acceded to, and besides the usual form of words, we are told "the House rose, as one man, and turning towards Washington, saluted him with a

general bow." It is hardly necessary to observe that this must have been far more embarrassing than gratifying to a modest man of one and twenty, and it is not to be wondered at that the recipient of so unusual a testimonial of approbation was overwhelmed with confusion, as he rose to attempt the *impromptu* reply, which he knew would be expected by these good-hearted gentlemen. He blushed, stammered, stopped; and had succeeded in uttering no more than, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" when Mr. Robertson kindly called out—"Sit down, Major Washington, sit down! your modesty is equal to your merit."

They reached Williamsburg on the 16th of January, 1754, and Major Washington made his report to Governor Dinwiddie, delivering also the letter of the French commandant. The Council ordered the raising of two companies of men, by way of preparation to resist the encroachments of the French, now perceived to be assuming a hostile attitude toward the colonists. Major Washington was at once appointed to the command of these troops, and by way of informing the people of the probable designs of the French, and exciting their indignation to the pitch of war, the Governor ordered the journal from which we have quoted a few passages, to be published entire, much against the inclination of the writer, who thought very poorly of it. It was reprinted in England, and attracted much attention there. The Governor's orders to the young commander and his subordinates were, "to drive away, kill, and destroy or seize as prisoners, all persons not the subjects of the king of Great Britain, who should attempt to settle or take possession of the lands on the Ohio River, or any of its tributaries."

But the country in general was not particularly well disposed towards the warlike manifestations planned by Governor Dinwiddie, who writes somewhat piteously to the Lords at home; "I am sorry to find them very much in a republican way of thinking." He persevered, however, and enlistments went on; the forces were increased, and demands for aid made on the neighboring States. Washington's experience in raising and equipping troops without money commenced here; he writes from his head-quarters at Alexandria, to the Governor, that his men are much discouraged for want of pay, and that "many of them are without shoes or stockings, some without shirts, and not a few without coats or waistcoats." Washington was raised to the rank of lieutenant-

colonel, second in command under Colonel Fry, an excellent officer. Cannon and other military equipments, recently arrived from England, were sent to Alexandria for the use of the growing army. French aggressions on the Ohio precipitated hostilities somewhat. Some men who were building a fort were attacked by a thousand French under Captain Contrecoeur, and forced to yield the ground, the French staying to finish the works, which they named Fort Duquesne, in compliment to the Governor of Canada. Colonel Washington occupied an outpost, much exposed, and his force was quite insufficient for any serious resistance; but he lost not a moment in pushing forward into the wilderness to clear and prepare a road—an effort which would at least give active business to his men, and keep off discontent and timidity. To all other hardships was superadded that of scanty fare, that least tolerable ill to the laborer. But the young chief thought there was "no such word as fail," for him, at least, and he tried to find an expeditious passage by the Youghiogany River, in the course of which he encountered rocks and shoals, and at length came to a fall, which rendered farther exploration impracticable. When he returned to the camp, he received a warning message from the Half-king importing that the French were marching towards him, determined upon an attack. On further information of the near approach of the enemy, Washington set off to join the Half-king, a task of no small difficulty, as the march was to be performed in the night, in a violent storm of rain, and through an almost trackless wilderness. That the state of affairs at this time was not wholly satisfactory may be judged from the following passage in a letter addressed by Colonel Washington to the Governor: "Giving up my commission is quite contrary to my intention. Nay, I ask it as a greater favor than any amongst the many I have received from your Honor, to confirm it to me. But let me serve voluntarily; then I will, with the greatest pleasure in life, devote my services to the expedition, without any other reward than the satisfaction of serving my country; but to be slaving dangerously for the shadow of pay, through woods, rocks, mountains—I would rather prefer the great toil of a daily laborer, and dig for a maintenance, provided I were reduced to the necessity, than serve upon such ignoble terms. . . . I hope what I have said will not be taken amiss, for I really believe, were it as much in your power as it is in your inclination, we should be

treated as gentlemen and officers, and not have annexed to the most trifling pay that ever was given to English officers, the glorious allowance of soldiers' diet,—a pound of pork, with bread in proportion, per day. Be the consequence what it will, I am determined not to leave the regiment, but to be among the last men that shall quit the Ohio."

A painful occurrence at this stage of the border war was the death of M. Jumonville, a French captain, who fell in an attack led by Washington himself, the whole circumstances of which have been strangely misrepresented by the French historians. They assert that Jumonville advanced in the pacific character of a messenger; Washington observes—"Thirty-six men would almost have been a retinue for a princely ambassador instead of a *petit*. . . . An ambassador has no need of spies; his character is always sacred. Since they had so good an intention, why should they remain two days within five miles of us, without giving me notice of the summons, or any thing that related to their embassy? . . . They pretend that they called to us as soon as we were discovered, which is absolutely false; for I was at the head of the party approaching them, and I can affirm that as soon as they saw us, they ran to their arms without calling, which I should have heard had they done so."

The short and simple account given by Washington to Governor Dinwiddie is this: "I set out with forty men before ten, and it was from that time until near sunrise before we reached the Indians' camp, having marched in small paths, through a heavy rain, and a night as dark as it is possible to conceive. We were frequently tumbling one over another, and often so lost that fifteen or twenty minutes' search would not find the path again."

"When we came to the Half-king, I counselled with him, and got his assent to go hand-in-hand and strike the French. Accordingly he, Monacawacha, and a few other Indians, set out with us, and when we came to the place where the troops were, the Half-king sent two Indians to follow the tracks and discover their lodgment, which they did, at a very obscure place, surrounded with rocks. I thereupon, in conjunction with the Half-king and Monacawacha, formed a disposition to attack them on all sides, which we accordingly did, and after an engagement of fifteen minutes, we killed ten, wounded one, and took twenty-one prisoners. Amongst those killed was M. Jumonville, the commander. The principal officers taken are

M. Drouillon and M. La Force, of whom your Honor has often heard me speak, as a bold enterprising man, and a person of great subtlety and cunning. These officers pretend they were coming on an embassy; but the absurdity of this pretext is too glaring, as you will see by the Instructions and Summons inclosed. Their instructions were to reconnoitre the country, roads, creeks, and the like, as far as the Potomac, which they were about to do. These enterprising men were purposely chosen out to procure intelligence, which they were to send back by some brisk despatches, with the mention of the day that they were to serve the summons, which could be with no other view than to get a sufficient reinforcement to fall upon us immediately after."

History is really disgraced by the attempt to represent the death of the commander of such a party under such circumstances an "assassination;" yet Mr. Sparks mentions MM. Flassan, Lacretelle, Montgaillard, and a recent writer in the *Biographie Universelle*, as only a few of the French historians that have fallen into this gross error, the sole authority for which is a letter written by M. Contrecoeur to the Marquis Duquesne, which letter gives the Governor the report of a Canadian who ran away at the beginning of the skirmish, and the rumors gathered among the Indians.

Not content with this prosaic slander, M. Thomas wrote an epic (!) entitled "*Jumonville*," the subject of which he states as, "*L'Assassinat de M. Jumonville en Amerique, et la Vengeance de ce Meurtre*," a poem which Zimmermann cites as a remarkable instance of the effect of national antipathy. "The preface," observes Mr. Sparks, "contains an exaggerated paraphrase of M. Contrecoeur's letter, as the groundwork of the author's poetical fabric. With the materials thus furnished, and the machinery of the deep and wild forests, the savages, the demon of battles and the ghost of Jumonville, his epic speedily assumes a tragic garb, and the scenes of horror and the cries of vengeance cease not till the poem closes."

Washington, with his usual self-abnegation in cases merely personal, never took the least pains to justify himself by declaring publicly the falsity of the stain thus sought to be fixed upon his character. He had the unqualified approbation of the authorities under whose orders he acted, and of the government at home, and he was content. Governor Dinwiddie wrote thus to Lord Albemarle: "The prisoners said they were come as an embassy from

the fort; but your Lordship knows that ambassadors do not come with such an armed force, without a trumpet or any other sign of friendship; nor can it be thought they were on an embassy, by staying so long reconnoitering our small camp, but more probably that they expected a reinforcement to cut them all off."

Washington's private journal of the affairs of the time, which was lost at the fatal defeat of General Braddock, was many years afterwards discovered in Paris, and found to confirm the statement given in his letter to the Governor. So it is to be hoped future French historians will be content at least to reduce the depth of color which their predecessors have thought suitable to this event, and allow the death of M. Jumonville to assume its true aspect and position, as one among the legitimate horrors which follow in the train of war—horrors which Washington was never known wilfully or carelessly to deepen.

It is most interesting to observe, in studying the career of Washington from the very beginning, how entirely he was a man of peace, though so much of his life was passed in making war, and that with an iron will and unflinching thoroughness. He seems to have done his duty in the character of a soldier just as coolly and regularly as he did it in that of a surveyor. He knew his work, and he set about it with all his powers of mind and body, but we never feel for a moment that it was work that he loved. He loved rural life, the occupations of the farm, the sports of the field, the enjoyments of the fireside. Much has been said of his reserve, as if it were exclusiveness; but his letters and his constant home practice show, conclusively, that no man depended more upon friendship, or found society more necessary to his enjoyment. He kept only his cares to himself, and those only when to impart them would have been injurious or unprofitable. As he grew older, weighty business made him more grave and silent; but we should always carry with us, in attempting to appreciate his character as a man, the idea of him that we gather from the record of his earlier days; the kindness, the sociability, the generous confidence, the courageous candor that marked him then, and evidently formed part of the very structure of his being. Whoever can read his journals and early letters without imbibing an affection as well as reverence for him, must have sat down to the task with enormous prepos-

sessions, derived from the accounts of his later life.

Horace Walpole, that inveterate pointer of anecdotes, says—"In the express which Major Washington despatched on the preceding little victory, he concluded with these words: '*I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound.*'" On hearing of this, the king said, sensibly, '*He would not say so if he had been used to hear many.*'" Mr. Sparks remarks that the despatch communicated by Major Washington to Governor Dinwiddie, giving an account of the encounter with Jumonville, contains nothing about the *whistling of bullets*, nor is such a sentiment contained in any of his letters that have been preserved. "As the writer refers to no authority, it may be presumed that he had none but rumor, either for the saying of Washington or for the more sensible reply of the king. Yet this anecdote is not wholly without foundation, if we may rely on a statement of Gordon, who says—'A gentleman who had heard the Reverend Mr. Davies relate that Col. Washington had mentioned he knew of no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets, being alone in conversation with him in Cambridge, asked him whether it was as he had related. The General answered, "If I said so, it was when I was young."'"

In his maturer years, the report of a fowling-piece was the only warlike sound that had any music for his ears, and he loved the lowing of kine, and the crackling of a bright wood fire better still. Not a letter of his that contains any allusion to his private and personal tastes but breathes the very spirit of a love of retirement and domestic repose. In 1790 somebody cavilled at the etiquette observed at his levees in New-York, to which he replies: "That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B. (who, by the by, I believe, never saw one of them), is to be regretted, especially, too, as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office, which, God knows, has no charms for me? For I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe."

MODERN GREEK CUSTOMS.

A WEDDING IN THE UPPER CIRCLES.

A MARRIAGE ceremony at Athens is a very different celebration from one in the country. In the former we find that there is exhibited somewhat of European civilization and cultivation; while the influence of foreign customs has not yet penetrated into the remote villages. There men are married, as well as baptized and buried, according to the good old traditional forms of their ancestors. And yet there have been preserved, even in the city, so many characteristic peculiarities, that they appear novel and interesting to a stranger. I was, therefore, very much pleased to receive one day an invitation to the wedding of a young Greek couple, which was to take place a few evenings later.

The ceremony is generally performed in the house of the bridegroom, though in some provinces the parish church is resorted to. But in this respect, as in most others, each petty district has its own customs, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We went at an early hour to the house of the evening's festivities. It was a mansion of the old style, all of stone and stucco, and faced one of the narrow streets that abound in the more ancient part of the town. A crowd of the lower classes, who, though they were not among the invited, made bold to collect in force about the door, seemed to preclude all entrance. A small company, some distance down the street, were keeping up their spirits with frequent potations; and made merry with the music of a stringed instrument, whose notes grated harshly on our ears. It was ever and anon interrupted by the jocose comments which the party uttered upon the appearance of the guests, as they successively came into the light cast by a flaming torch set in a convenient position. When we had succeeded in working our way up the thronged staircase, we found some sixty or eighty persons already congregated in the moderately large parlor, which, though it seemed rather bare of ornament and furniture to one who, like myself, had come from the West, had some pretensions in common with the drawing-rooms of Paris and London. The assembled company, composed, as usual, of a much greater proportion of ladies than gentlemen, were mostly dressed in the last style of Parisian fashions. Yet there was a sprinkling of gentlemen in the

genuine Albanian dress, comprising your free and easy people, who wish to pass for the most independent class of society, and scorn to adopt the continually changing *mode*. There were not wanting a considerable number of pretty faces among the ladies (who, according to the common practice, congregated on one side of the room); but it was a beauty consisting rather in freshness of colour, and a good healthy look, than in delicacy of feature. If, however, rumor tells true, some of the tints are borrowed; and the belle of the ball-room makes but a sorry figure the next morning. All the tight lacing in the world could not give an Athenian damsel the wasp-like contour of figure, which is the admiration of all your French dress-makers and misses in their teens. Disguise it as they may, there is a tendency to the *en bon point* among the ladies, many of whom waddle about with a grace which would have seemed charming in the eyes of our worthy Dutch progenitors. The men, on the other hand, are a lean, lank race, whose dark-complexioned faces acquire an additional touch of ferocity from the formidable moustaches they wear, and which, when their hands are not otherwise employed, they may be seen twirling by the hour.

The company were all assembled, and on the tiptoe of expectation, when the bridegroom and bride entered, and took their stand at the further extremity of the room. Each of them held a long lighted waxen taper, and the groomsmen and bridesmaid carried similar ones. The bride, arrayed in a white satin dress, covered with lace, and having for a head-dress a wreath of flowers, from behind which a long white veil hung down over her shoulders, looked charming,—as what bride does not? She bore the classic name of Athená. The bridegroom was dressed in Frank costume.

The priests came in at the same time with the couple,—or, more properly, there were present at the commencement of the service two priests, with a deacon and a young man who read the responses, and corresponded to the *enfant de chœur* of the Latin Church.

There are two distinct services in the Greek Church pertaining to this ceremony; and the rite of marriage cannot take place, unless the parties have been previously betrothed. Sometimes, however, as in this instance, the one service takes place immediately before the other.

The liturgy was read by one of the priests from an elegantly bound service book. In one part of the ceremony he stopped, and, taking up a ring from the small table, on which were deposited the various utensils which the deacon had brought in, he thrice made the sign of the cross over the book. Then he touched it to the forehead of the bridegroom, and to that of the bride. Last of all he placed it successively upon the finger, first of one and then of the other, after divers crossings performed in the air.

When the parties were thus lawfully betrothed, there was a short pause, and then the bishop, whom the relatives had invited to officiate in order to give more brilliancy to the wedding, entered the room, and the priests hastened to do him homage. He is usually dressed in the ordinary episcopal costume, wearing his black cloak and gown, and the clerical cap, over which a black veil hangs down behind, as a distinguishing mark of his office. But on this occasion his head was covered with a crown, and he carried a heavy silver crozier, such as is only to be seen in the Greek Church—Roman Catholic bishops rarely appearing in public with it. The handsome dresses of the priests added to the singularity of the scene. The bishop now took the principal part in the services, reading from a book covered with a solid silver binding, which one of the priests held before him. Whenever he found it necessary to lay aside his crozier, one of the attendant ecclesiastics took it, at the same time kissing his superior's hand. And when he resumed it the same ceremony was repeated, to the no small disgust of those of us who were not accustomed to such abject servility. The service was a long one; and we became quite tired of it; for it consisted chiefly of prayers, which were hurried through, and of passages of Scripture mumbled in such a manner as to be quite unintelligible. Some portions of the written form are, in themselves, so utterly senseless, that no one has the least idea of what they mean.

The great and essential part of the rite was the *crowning* of the couple. The crowns were, in this case, merely wreaths of artificial flowers, numbers of which may be seen in the shops every day. The groomsmen held one over the head of the bridegroom, and the bridesmaid held a similar one over the bride's head, during the whole time; and they appeared quite weary before the conclusion of the ceremony was reached. At last, when the proper time came, the bishop took one of

the wreaths, and touching it to the forehead of the bridegroom, and afterwards to that of the bride, made with it the sign of the cross between the couple. This he thrice repeated, while at the same time, he recited the words which follow: "Thou, the servant of the Lord, Gregory, art crowned (or married) to the servant of the Lord, Athens, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He then crowned the bridegroom with this wreath; and with the other performed the same ceremony with the bride. Later the groomsmen, who is usually the godfather, or *nonnos*, of the bridegroom, and is expected to be hereditary sponsor, exchanged the two wreaths, and then replaced them on the heads of the couple. A cup was then handed by the bishop, first to the man, and then to the woman; and each of them drank a portion of the wine it contained. This very pretty ceremony was symbolical of the obligation, which both parties enter into, to participate equally in all the pleasures and sufferings of life, in its joys and its sorrows. I had heard it stated that a bitter ingredient is mingled with the wine, typical of life's vicissitudes. But those of whom I inquired, assured me that nothing of the kind is customary. It was singular that, with so affecting an incident, there should be closely connected another of a ludicrous character. The bishop took the hand of the priest; he in turn grasped that of the deacon; and so, with the married couple, the singers and all, a string was made, which the chief ecclesiastic led around the table in the centre of the room. The whole resembled in a ludicrous manner, some of those games which the children play in America.

With this the service came to an end, to the satisfaction of every one present. While the priests retired, all pressed around the bridegroom and bride to offer congratulations, some formal, and others affectionate. The company remained but a few moments more. A servant came bringing in a large tray, covered with candies: and each guest was expected to help himself plentifully to them, and to carry some home. A few seemed to measure their kind feelings to the couple, by the quantity which they heaped together. Judging by this criterion, their benevolent feelings were not small. One or two drew forth their handkerchiefs, and carried them away full. After which the company began to disperse, and I followed the general example.

It struck me as a very singular circumstance, that during the entire service which

I had been listening to, not a single response had been made by the couple, nor had the consent of the parties been expressed, or any promise exacted of them. In fact, the bridegroom may arrange the whole matter with the parents or guardians of the lady, without her knowledge, and even against her will. And let not any one suppose that such a thing, though sanctioned by law, never actually occurs in practice. We assure them that such things do happen, and not unfrequently either. A case of this kind was related to me, as having taken place not long since at Smyrna, which was so romantic in its details, that it might have formed the plot of a tale of no ordinary interest. A wealthy inhabitant of that city, an old Greek subject, had an only daughter, named Theodosia, whose hand had been sought, and whose affections had been gained by a respectable young English resident of the place. But the father was too proud to let his daughter marry a foreigner, and a heretic, too; and he commanded her to think no more of him. As an offset, he promised his daughter in marriage to a boorish Greek from the East. But, it is well known, the affections are sometimes most unreasonably stubborn; and the young lady preferred an elopement to remaining with her parents, under such circumstances. A rendezvous was fixed upon by the two lovers; but, unfortunately, there was a misunderstanding as to the spot, and Theodosia, after waiting for hours at the place agreed upon, was finally discovered and brought back to her father's house. Threats, and even chastisement, were employed, ineffectually, with the hope of gaining her consent. Notwithstanding this a day was appointed for the nuptials, the priests were called in to perform the rite, and the young girl was brought into the room by main force. While the service was being read Theodosia fainted, and the priests stopped until she recovered her senses, when they proceeded; and she was wedded to a man whom she loathed. These circumstances may appear the more remarkable, from the fact, that at this time the young lady was nineteen or twenty years of age. So inauspicious a marriage was not likely to prove a fortunate union. It was not long before the wife was forced to be separated from her husband, who had treated her in the most cruel manner. Her father became the strenuous advocate of this measure; but

for a long time, he found himself utterly unable to persuade her to leave the man whom he had compelled her to wed.*

MARRIAGE AMONG THE LOWER ORDERS.

The customs which characterize any country are to be found in their purity, only in those remote portions, into which the manners of other lands have not as yet penetrated. The increasing facilities of intercommunication, while they ameliorate the condition of the poor, so far as mere material interests are affected, destroy in Greece, as well as in Switzerland, those striking contrasts in the mode of living, which excite the curiosity of the stranger. The American, walking the streets of Athens, hears at every turn the cry of the peddler, who, under the name of "pania Americanica," hawks the fabrics of the Lowell mills; and the Grecian mother finds it cheaper to clothe her daughters in them, than to occupy her leisure hours at the loom.

In the secluded villages, the ceremony of marriage, which in the capital has become gradually assimilated more and more to the stereotyped form of other countries, includes a number of ancient customs. Every petty hamlet, or, at least, every small district, possesses some of its own, which entirely regulate the performance of the ceremony, and which none of even the more polished citizens attempt to abrogate. It would, therefore, be quite a hopeless task to describe all the different modes; and the customs prevailing in the province of Maina, at the southerly extremity of the country, may be taken as a fair specimen of the rest. The wedding has long since been projected, and after having been fully discussed in family council, on either side, the connection has been approved, and the time for its consummation determined by all the nearest relatives of the interested parties. For such a thing as a clandestine marriage, or one celebrated without the authorization of friends, is almost unheard of. Whoever should marry a young lady, without first asking the consent of even her third cousins, would, in Maina, inevitably draw upon himself their fiercest animosity; and cause an irremediable breach, which would sooner or later end in revenge and bloodshed. We have even heard mentioned the instance of a young man, who eloped with a girl of his acquaintance, and who after forty years had passed, and he

* This is the story, as related by one who had been a neighbor and acquaintance of the parties; and it was confirmed by some esteemed Athenian friends.

was surrounded by grown-up sons and daughters, fell a victim to the unrelenting hatred of those whom he had so long since offended.*

The first preparations commence a week beforehand, and as the ceremony occurs on Sunday, these take place on the same day of the week. The bridegroom and his intended father-in-law each invite their friends to their houses. If they live in the same village, this is accomplished in person; but if they live too far off for that, the invitation is equally well understood, on the reception of a small cake, which in these regions takes the place of the gilt and crested envelope, and the "At home," card of our more refined countries. Upon its reception, every one is in duty bound to go the same day to the house to which he is bidden, where a convivial party is thus assembled. Their occupation for the afternoon consists in cleansing, and sometimes grinding, the wheat, though this latter operation is often deferred for a day or two. While performing these offices of friendship, the company enliven their labors by singing various songs, for the most part curious and characteristic; few of which have ever yet been collected in a permanent form.

The remainder of the week is spent in a quiet manner, and it is not until the ensuing Saturday, that the same parties reassemble at the house of bridegroom or bride, as the case may be: for no one is invited to both places. The bridegroom, who, according to the custom of the district, bears all the expenses, has previously agreed to provide a stipulated number of rams or sheep, which are never less than three, and rarely exceed a dozen. These he now sends to the house of his intended father-in-law, and with them, three times as many loaves as there are sheep, and three times as many *okes* of wine* as there are loaves of bread. The men who are dispatched with these gifts—which are intended for immediate consumption, are expected to be entertained and lodged at the house of the bride, for the night. Such an addition to the household might, indeed, disturb an American housekeeper. But as beds are an unknown, or unusual commodity, as far as the greater part of the population are concerned, even a large number of guests can easily be admitted. Provided the Greek peasant finds plenty to eat, and especially to drink, he lays himself down in perfect contentment,

wrapped up, as he is, in a huge *capote*, or shaggy coat, by the side of the fire, kindled on a stone hearth, in the middle of the room. Meanwhile the family occupy, perhaps, a small inclosed space at one of the ends of the house, to which access is gained by a ladder of two or three steps. I am alluding here, of course, only to the habitations of the lower and poorer class, which occasion may, perhaps be taken at a future time, to describe more fully. Even in retired districts, one occasionally finds a house with much greater pretensions to comfortable arrangement.

About midnight, another set of men are dispatched from the bridegroom's house. They carry a complete attire for the bride, who is dressed up in it immediately. Then, on Sunday morning, at about three or four o'clock, the bridegroom proceeds thither in person, accompanied by a few of his more intimate friends. And now the marriage ceremony, that is the *stephanoma*, or crowning, takes place in the presence of all. The parish priest, who has been called to quit his slumbers at this early hour, officiates. Upon the conclusion of the service, the priest retires to his home, and so does the bridegroom, leaving his lady behind at her father's house. But at perhaps nine o'clock, in broad daylight, he proceeds on horseback, and attended by all his friends, to claim and carry home his newly married wife. By his side walk two of his nearest female relatives, on his father's and mother's side. When the procession reaches the house, the bridegroom must not enter, but must stop in some part of the court, where the guests of the bride's father come each to greet him. First, his mother-in-law embraces him, at the same time placing about his neck a silk handkerchief, as a gift. All the women follow her example, and place a like present on his shoulders; so that, before they get through, he will find himself loaded with a pile of handkerchiefs. These, of course, he does not wish to keep, and within a few days disposes of them, without compunction, by sale. As the custom is universal in the region, it becomes merely a matter of exchange, for every one receives in the end about as much as he gives. And now the bridegroom and his friends may enter the house, where they are generously entertained, and conviviality reigns awhile.

But now this must end. The father takes his daughter, and committing her to

* This story is embodied in one of those pathetic *marologia*, or laments, which are repeated over the tombs of the deceased. In this poetic history, the leading events of the man's life are related in considerable detail. Many persons have acquired a singular reputation for their skill in composing them.

† Wine and oil are in Greece measured by weight, and an *oke* is nearly equal to three of our pounds.

her husband's care, gives him such advice and exhortation as he thinks proper. Then leading them both into the court, he makes them tread on some firm stone; which form, if it has any meaning at all, (as, with regard to many of the more trifling particulars of such ceremonies as these, seems rather improbable), is intended to convey the idea of the unanimity necessary to both parties. The parents now take leave of their daughter, and the friends accompany the newly married couple to their home. The guests of the bridegroom divert themselves as they go, by singing songs, possessing, in truth, little poetical merit, but lively enough; in which they represent themselves as having "robbed a village, and despoiled a country, to carry off the bride, whose praises thousands sing." This nettles the friends of the bride's father, who retort upon them by wishing, "May the bride shine upon you like the moon, and illuminate you as the sun. May she trample you under foot like the earth; and be in no way dependent upon you for aught."

The ceremony which took place at the father's, is now repeated at that of the bridegroom; and the bride is not permitted to enter her new home, before her husband's friends have all pressed around her to shower presents upon her, consisting of various little commodities, or of money. All the assembled company follow the couple into the house, and after a few unimportant forms, they sit down to a collation, with which the entire ceremonial comes to an end.

Those who are acquainted with the customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, will scarcely fail to observe the very striking points of resemblance which those I have been relating present. The wedding, the bridal procession, the songs of the friends, and many of the inferior details, preserve a similarity truly wonderful, when the varied circumstances, and the long intervening space of time, are taken into consideration. The fact must, however, be borne in mind, that the habits of the people in various districts are so extremely diverse, that the description of those which prevail in one place, by no means conveys a correct idea of those of a village only a few miles distant.

A GREEK BAPTISM.

One of the tenants of a friend intended to have his child baptized; and we were included among those who were requested to witness the ceremony. The small cottage, which stood with its end to the

street, was entered from the court on its side. Here a part of the family, in their gala dresses, were awaiting the arrival of the priest who was to officiate. There is a large fund of kindness in the Grecian heart, even among the poorest; and the inmates of the cottage received us with pleasure, and exerted themselves to the utmost to entertain us. The priest kept us waiting for him. When he did come, I found that he was an acquaintance, and officiated in the neighboring church of St. Nicholas Rangaves; whose shrill little bell, ringing to call the people to their devotions, used to break in upon my morning slumbers. A good heart beats within that coarse black gown, and a ruddy face beams with good nature from under the priestly cap; but a plentiful use of the snuff-box does not improve his appearance for cleanliness.

A large brass vessel, a couple of feet in diameter, was brought in by a young man, and placed in the centre of the room. Several bucketsful of warm and cold water were poured in, until the temperature was judged suitable. But before the water was fit for using, another operation was necessary; for the presence of any evil spirits or magic in the water would infallibly impair, if not destroy, the effect of the ordinance. If any such beings or influence lay concealed, they were assuredly dispelled by the manipulations of the priest, who, baring his arm, three times drew it through the water, making the sign of the cross. And if this had been ineffectual, they could not remain after that he had blown upon the surface, so as to repeat the same sacred sign upon it. The water being thus consecrated, the child was brought in, neatly dressed in white, and presented by its godfather for baptism. And now it was stripped of every particle of clothing, then taken by the priest, who held it up before the whole company, in order, I presume, that all might be witnesses to the act. A small bottle of oil was presented to the ecclesiastic, and after its contents had been sanctified by receiving an apostolic benediction, the infant's entire body was anointed with it. This is not, however, considered an integral part of the religious rite; but is merely intended to prevent any injurious effects from the application of water at so tender an age, as is customary among the Greeks. And the precaution, if it be of any avail, is certainly needed. The common people consider the performance of the ceremony almost, if not quite, a *sine qua non* of salvation, believing in its regenerating influence. So

the more delicate the babe's constitution, the more anxious are the parents to have the rite performed as early as possible. Notwithstanding all their precautions, however, I have heard that great numbers of infants yearly die in consequence of the shock they receive.

The act of baptism itself consisted in three times entirely immersing the child. The priest managed this very adroitly, and prevented its strangling by covering its mouth and whole face with one of his hands. After this was done (the name being given at the same time), the priest returned the crying and shivering baby into the hands of the godfather, and the others who stood near, by whom he was speedily wiped and clothed. The baptism was completed by the application to the child's forehead, ears, hands, and feet, of a little of the "holy unguent," which is, or was until lately, compounded only by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and dispensed once a year to all the churches.

The infant being now removed, the godfather presented to each of the persons present a bright silver coin of the date of the current year, and a ribbon passed through a small hole in it. The person who receives this little piece of money is bound to keep it safely, that it may remind him of his having witnessed the baptism of that child. This testimony he is expected to render, if necessary, before men, and also before the angels at the last Judgment. And now the glittering coin, as it lies glittering on the table before me as I write this, with the neat knot of blue ribbon tied to it, recalls the image of that departed innocent, which no longer needs any to witness to its christening here below.

The godfather bore all the contingent expenses, which were in this case but small, though they sometimes amount to a considerable sum. So it is esteemed quite a mark of friendship to stand as sponsor for your neighbor's child. But the most important consideration by far, is that the connection thus formed is as binding as a natural relationship, and for ever precludes all intermarriages between those thus allied to each other, even to the same degree as with members of the same stock—that is, according to Greek law, to the ninth degree, I believe.

FUNERAL PROCESSIONS, AND OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD.

Look with me for a moment at the procession, which is this moment passing on its way to the cemetery beyond the Ilissus.

During the hot months, several such may be counted every day. The melancholy nasal chant of the priests as they come along, betokens the approach of the train; and, as it comes nearer and nearer, the litanies which are recited become more distinguishable. The corpse of the deceased is borne in a light wooden box or coffin, upon the shoulders of men. The body, decorated with flowers and clothed in white, is exposed to the gaze of all; for the lid has been removed, and is carried by a man or boy in the van of the procession. It has a large cross invariably painted upon it. As it approaches, every bystander reverently raises his hat, and stands uncovered until it has passed; but this mark of respect is paid not to the departed, but to the sign of the cross, as my Greek friends assure me. It must be confessed, there is something rather repulsive in this parading of death through the thronged street, especially where its subject has been chosen from among the aged, or bears the marks of great and recent struggles for dear life. Such is the manner in which the common people are carried to their last resting-place; but the death of a bishop occasions much greater pomp. He is carried through the most public thoroughfares; and, dressed as in the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions, he is placed in a sitting posture upon the bier. Upon reaching the monastery where he is privileged to enter, he is buried in the same position,—a distinction allowed to no one else.

The interest entertained by survivors for the memory and souls of the dead, is evinced by the prayers that are said in their behalf, though the Greeks do not profess to believe in the existence of a purgatory. A singular practice calls up their remembrance yet more vividly. Several successive Fridays are set apart as especially devoted to the dead. The bell of the church of St. Nicolas, situated at the very base of the Acropolis, attracted my attention on one of these occasions. Upon entering the church, which was a small edifice scarcely exceeding in size an ordinary room, I found a few persons waiting for the commencement of the services, the men and boys, as usual, standing near the altar, while the women kept at a more respectful distance. Ever and anon some person would come in carrying a small dish covered with a napkin; and after devoutly crossing himself place the dish upon the floor, in front of the screen of the *hieron* or holy place. These plates contain a peculiar sort of compound or cake, which is called the

Collyra. It is, in fact, an offering made to the "manes" of the dead, and can certainly claim a pagan, rather than a Christian origin. It is carefully made, the principal ingredients being boiled wheat and currants. The surface of the top is ornamented with various degrees of neatness, by means of the eatable red grains of the pomegranate, almonds, or any thing of that kind. These cakes were sent by the relatives of those who had died within a year or two; and if handsome, were allowed to remain before the chancel. If more commonly prepared, the contents was thrown into a basket. In every plate of *Collyra*, and in every basket were stuck a number of little lighted waxen tapers, which burned during the service time.

The notion of the common people was expressed to me by a person whom I

asked to explain the purport of the ceremony. "The soul of the deceased," said he, "for whom the *Collyra* is offered, comes down from heaven during the service, and eats a single grain of the wheat." But what manner of good this could do the disembodied spirit, he could not inform me; nor did he give any satisfactory reason for offering so large a quantity, when the spirit is so moderate in its desires. The parish priest, during the short prescribed forms took notice of the names of all those for whom *Collyra* had been offered. At the conclusion, he helped himself to his share of the cakes, after that the spirits had enjoyed an ample opportunity of eating to their hearts' content. The rest was distributed by the handful to every one present, to be carried away and eaten at home,—a feast for the dead.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

THEATRES AND CONCERT ROOMS.

IF labor for labor's sake is against nature, as Locke says, amusement for amusement's sake is equally unnatural. Amusement that has to be sought becomes labor, while labor becomes an amusement when properly directed. A Down East captain said to his crew, "Come, men, knock off work and go to piling staves." We seek amusement in a similar manner, by change of occupation, and, in dancing all night for pleasure, we work much harder than we have done during the day at our regular business. Amusements are as often called recreations, which is, perhaps, a better term; and the great point to be determined is what kind of amusement will yield the greatest amount of enjoyment, or recreation, affording the overtaxed mind and body opportunity to recover their elasticity after having been subjected to too tight a strain. A moment's thought bestowed upon this subject will at once tend to the conclusion that amusements must be as varied as the employments of the people to be amused. Our friend Snip, the tailor, whose employment confines him six days out of seven to his shop-board, as well as Cocker, the book-keeper, can conceive of no more delightful recreation than a target excursion or a party to the Fishing Banks; while Sam.

Jones, the fisherman, and Bob Brown, the omnibus driver, imagine that the highest heaven of enjoyment might be found in the gallery of a theatre, where the air would be hot, and the shifting scenes as unlike as possible to any thing they had ever seen from a smack's deck or the top of an omnibus. The amusements of a people, therefore, while they must be congenial to their habits, must also be antagonistical to their employments; farmers' boys would never go into the fields for recreation, nor students to a lecture room; and hence the impossibility of transplanting national pastimes, or even of reviving them when they have fallen into disuse. If people are let alone, they will find amusements best adapted to their necessities, and therefore any legal restraints placed upon the natural tendency of a people in seeking for recreations must be productive of mischief.

Bull-baitings, and cock-fightings, and the sports of the turf, are revolting to certain classes of people, but they are essential means of recreation to certain other classes, who, when deprived of such legitimate amusements will seek the gratification of their instincts in a more objectionable manner. Instead of boisterous enjoyments in the fields, they will create riots, mobs,

and rows in the streets. On board of men of war it is the custom to pipe all hands to mischief, occasionally, when the crew have been a long time on shipboard, that the necessity for abandonment and fun may be spent in harmless excitement. But for such safety valves, the irritation of constant restraint would lead to insubordination and mutiny. Commanders of fleets and armies make timely arrangements for the recreation of the men under them, and it would be wise in our municipal governors if they would do the same.

In most of the despotic countries of Europe, the monarch finds it to his interest to provide means of recreation to the people free of cost, and these are generally on a scale of inverse liberality to the illiberality of the government. In no other part of the world are the amusements of the people more generously attended to than in France, while in no other does the individual enjoy so little of his individuality.

In this happy country of ours, where all the natural instincts are allowed their utmost expansion, it is very remarkable that the amusements of the people are the only affairs that are hampered by statutory restrictions. One may follow any business he likes, embrace any religion, join any party, or engage in any enterprise; but the law fixes the boundary of his amusements and forbids his recreating himself in certain ways. In the State of Connecticut, the law prohibits all amusements and recreations of a theatrical or dramatic nature; Shakespeare may be read in the parlor, or from the pulpit; but to present Shakespeare's plays in the way they were intended by their author to be represented, is unlawful and would subject those guilty of so wrong an act to fine and imprisonment. Horse jockeying is an indigenous trade in Connecticut, but riding horses for the amusement of others is there an interdicted employment. In the State of Massachusetts, the laws are less rigorous, and Shakespeare's plays may be represented according to their author's intentions, by the payment of a fee and under a special license, on any night of the week but Saturday and Sunday. On those two evenings Shakespeare is interdicted as an amusement in the good Old Bay State. In this city, a man may establish a dozen whisky distilleries, or manufacture fire-arms, or quack medicines with perfect freedom, without fee or license; but no one can establish a place for theatrical amusements without a special license and paying for the privilege. Every theatre, and opera house, and circus in New-York

has to pay a yearly fee which is appropriated to the use of some public charity.

The theatre is one of the greatest anomalies of modern civilization. It has been an established institution in all civilized countries, in the face of an opposition lasting through 500 years, and it still stands. Next to the sports of the chase it is the oldest of all human recreations, and claims for its votaries the loftiest geniuses that have blessed mankind. The instincts of the people demand its pleasures, and it will find a footing wherever it is not excluded by law. The taste for the stage is not merely a love of tinsel and inexplicable dumb show—it is the universal desire to see the bright side of the world, and to travel out of ourselves into the airy regions of poetry and romance.

The persecution it has met, has been deserved, where it fell upon the immoralities unhappily united with it: but the indiscriminating hostility to all dramatic representations of human life, as something iniquitous *per se*, is a mere folly, inexcusable were it not for something worthy in the feeling from which it sprung. Had the stage been rescued to the purposes of virtue, instead of having suffered outlawry among the good, a powerful instrument would have been saved to the better side. Not only for the purposes of amusement, but of mental culture, dramatic show is a natural and efficient means. Regardless or thoughtless of this, good men have let it decline to base uses and then blamed the evil which in some measure at least, they might have prevented. Were every delicious taste or art abandoned on the same ground as the drama, our life would be bereft of the benefit and solace of the whole of them. There are great difficulties, no doubt, in giving to the stage a high and pure character—but are they insuperable? Is there any reason why this as well as any other natural taste may not be purged and made a "minister of grace?" If there be, still let us discriminate between the thing itself and our own weakness.

It is a strange circumstance that while music, painting, poetry, elocution, and dancing, are not only considered as harmless, but as elevating and beneficial arts, in themselves, yet, when they are all combined in the production of a drama they are regarded as fit only to be anathematized. The church, too, combines in its ceremonials all these arts but the last, and, in all Catholic countries eclipses the feeble attempts of the stage, in their combination to dazzle the senses and thrill the imagination. Of course there can be no comparison between the theatre and the

Church, because it is the province of the one to amuse, and the other to instruct the believer in the solemn mysteries of eternal salvation. The stage, too, professes to be moral, and the punishment of vice is the inevitable end of all dramas. There is no such *lusus* as an immoral drama. It is the delight of the coarsest natures to see poetical justice dealt out to the wicked, and the sufferings of the virtuous form the great staple of all tragedies. There is nothing that so certainly commands the tears of an audience, as the undeserved calamities of the innocent. One of our theatres has been reaping a harvest of nightly benefits by exhibiting the untimely death of a little girl, and the hardships of a virtuous slave. The public go to the National Theatre, in one of the dirtiest streets of the city, where they sit in not over-clean boxes, amid faded finery, and tarnished gilding, to weep over Little Eva and Uncle Tom. It takes us back to the days Æschylus, and convinces us that the love of the drama is as strong as it ever was, and that it must remain for ever while men have hearts capable of being moved by human suffering. The descent from Prometheus to Uncle Tom, dramatically considered, is not a very violent one, nor so long as some may imagine.

It is the fashion with a certain class to speak of the theatre as having outlived its time, and being no longer necessary to the people; but a reference to the history of the stage, and an investigation into the condition of our theatres would prove that the theatre, as we observed just now, was never before in so thriving a condition as at present. Players are no longer vagabonds by act of parliament, nor are they exposed to any legal indignities here on the ground of their profession. An actor may now be buried in consecrated ground in France, but this privilege was denied his poor corpse in the days of Molière. Some of our actors are men of large fortune, and our actresses make themselves independent and retire to private life while they are yet young; and our managers become millionaires, and men of social standing. It is said that the stage pays well as a profession to those who are tolerably well qualified for it, and men of capital are not averse to investing their money in theatrical property. There are many pains-taking, well-intentioned men who have gone upon the stage, as coolly and deliberately as other men have gone to the bar or the pulpit, as a business pursuit, and have maintained themselves and families respectably by enacting the parts of "heavy fathers," and filling the posts of "utility

men." It must be a sorry business, to be sure, but hardly worse than being a drudge in any other profession. The vagabondage of the theatrical profession, which is generally supposed to be the necessary condition of all its members, is rather imaginary than real. Actors are, generally, when off the stage, the most matter of fact and serious people to be seen; many of them have other callings, they engage in trade, or manufacturing, and perform the parts of good citizens with as much success as those of the stage villains and heroes whom they personate for a living. It was lately revealed to the public that Salvi, the fascinating tenor of the Italian Opera, when not employed before the foot lights in fancy costume, was superintending his large soap-boiling and tallow candle establishment on Staten Island—a revelation, that may hereafter mar the effect of his *spinto gentile* in the ears of the listeners who have so often been charmed by his tender voice. But it is not every actor who has the good fortune to be connected with so substantial a business as that of Salvi's; the actual life of too many presents a melancholy contrast to the stage splendors with which they are associated in the minds of the public, who imagine it is all fun and hilarity behind the scenes.

Mrs. Mowatt, in her autobiography, gives some instructive glimpses of the private life of the heroes of the stage, and bears her testimony to the general good character of the greater part of the members of the profession which she joined as a means of honorable independence. Even in the profession of the ballet dancer, which is looked upon as the lowest and most degraded of the whole class of industrials who draw their support from the theatre, she says "there is nothing necessarily demoralizing and degrading," and she gives a slight sketch, but perfect as far as it goes, of a poor ballet girl, who displayed such a heroic spirit in the discharge of her humble duties, that her history should be sufficient to ennoble her despised occupation. Mrs. Mowatt states that she knew this real heroine of the stage, and had the opportunity of watching her conduct for several years.

"She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life; had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to define their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bedridden. The father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a

pittance by copying law papers. Georgina, the ballet girl, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family. And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what I know to be a reality. Georgina's parents kept no servant; she discharged the entire duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, every thing. From daylight to midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal of her parents to prepare, her marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her washing; if in the middle of the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing; for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

"Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter. But watch her in the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she is not on the stage, you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner—knitting lace, cutting grate aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she added to her narrow means. From rehearsal she hastened home to prepare the midday meal of her parents and attend to her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night. Her long walk to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was not on the stage, there she sat again, in her snug corner of the greenroom, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honor, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hands, only laying down the needle, which her fingers actually made fly, when she was summoned by the call boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play. Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not until half-past eleven, and then there was the long

walk home before her. Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgina was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties were to be performed. Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet girl laid upon her couch earned their sweet repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved—whose rising up and lying down are rounded by a circle so holy?

"No one ever heard her murmur. Her fragile form spoke of strength overtasked; it was more careworn than her face. That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly-animated expression when occupied before the audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed—a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet master or despotic stage manager. Many a time I have seen the tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing. Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician, belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face, though he could scarcely have found a *sweeter*, had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. The breath of slander had never shadowed her name. Younger and gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the 'old maid,' but this was the hardest word that any one ever applied to Georgina. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barrett Browning has described as

'A fair, still house, well kept,
Which humble thoughts had swept,
And holy prayers made clean?'

"Her answer to a sympathizing 'How weary you must be at night!' was, 'Yes; but I am so thankful that I have health to get through so much. What would become of my poor mother or of my father, if I fell ill?'

"How many are there who can render up such an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may give in the hereafter? How many can say with her that life has been

'One perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise?'

"And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre—was the indigenous growth of that theatre—a *wallflower*, if you like—but still sending up the rich



Large Hotel—Front of Metropolitan Hall.

ingratitude of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was fashioned. To the eyes of the Pharisee, who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy, this "ballet girl," like the poor publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the great judge, which stood the nearer?"

The theatrical business in New-York has, until within a short time, been almost entirely in the hands of Englishmen, and even the majority of the players are still foreigners, and it is doubtless owing in a

great degree to this fact, that the stage has continued to lag in the rear of all other institutions on this side of the Atlantic; it has not appealed to the sympathies and tastes of the people; the actors have been aliens, and the pieces they performed have all been foreign; to go inside of our theatres was like stepping out of New-York into London, where the scene of nearly all the comedies presented is laid. English lords and ladies, English squires, clodhoppers, and Cockneys; English rogues, English heroes, and English humors form the staple of nearly all the

plays put upon our stage. The actors and actresses speak with a foreign accent, and all their allusions and asides are foreign. The only places of amusement where the entertainments are indigenous are the African Opera Houses, where native American vocalists, with blackened faces, sing national songs, and utter none but native witticisms. These native theatricals, which resemble the national plays of Italy and Spain, more than the performances of the regular theatres, are among the best frequented and most profitable places of amusement in New-York. While every attempt to establish an Italian Opera here, though originating with the wealthiest and best educated classes, has resulted in bankruptcy, the Ethiopian Opera has flourished like a green bay tree, and some of the conductors of these establishments have become millionaires. It was recently proved that one of the "Bone soloists" attached to a company of Ethiopian minstrels, had spent twenty-seven thousand dollars of his income within

two years. It is surprising that the managers of our theatres do not take a hint from the success of the Ethiopian Opera, and adapt their performances to the public tastes and sympathies. The manager of the National Theatre, one of the least attractive of all the places of public amusement, has made a fortune by putting Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom* upon his stage. *Uncle Tom*, as a drama, has hardly any merit, it is rudely constructed, without any splendors of scenery and costume, or the fascinations of music; the dialogue is religious, and the Bible furnishes its chief illustrations; but it is American in tone, all the allusions have a local significance, and the sympathies of the people are directly appealed to. The result is an unheard-of success, such as has never before been accorded to any theatrical performance in the New World. The manager of the National Theatre is himself an American, and nearly all his corps of actors are also natives, and though he only aims at the tastes of the lowest



Interior of Metropolitan Hall.



Broadway Theatre.

classes of the people, yet his theatre has been daily and nightly filled with the elite of our society, who are willing to endure all the inconveniences which a visit to the place imposes for the sake of enjoying an emotion, such as neither the preaching of their clergy, nor the singing of Italian artists could create. A slight reaction of popular favor towards the theatre has been caused by the presence of Mr. Bourcicault among us, the author of

London Assurance. To witness the first representation of a new comedy by a popular English dramatist has attracted a class of people to the theatre who have not been in the habit of frequenting it.

But Mr. Bourcicault's comedies are not calculated to revive an interest in the stage; they are artificial in their construction, their characters are mere conventionalities of the stage, the dialogue lacks sincerity and wit, and the entire tone and

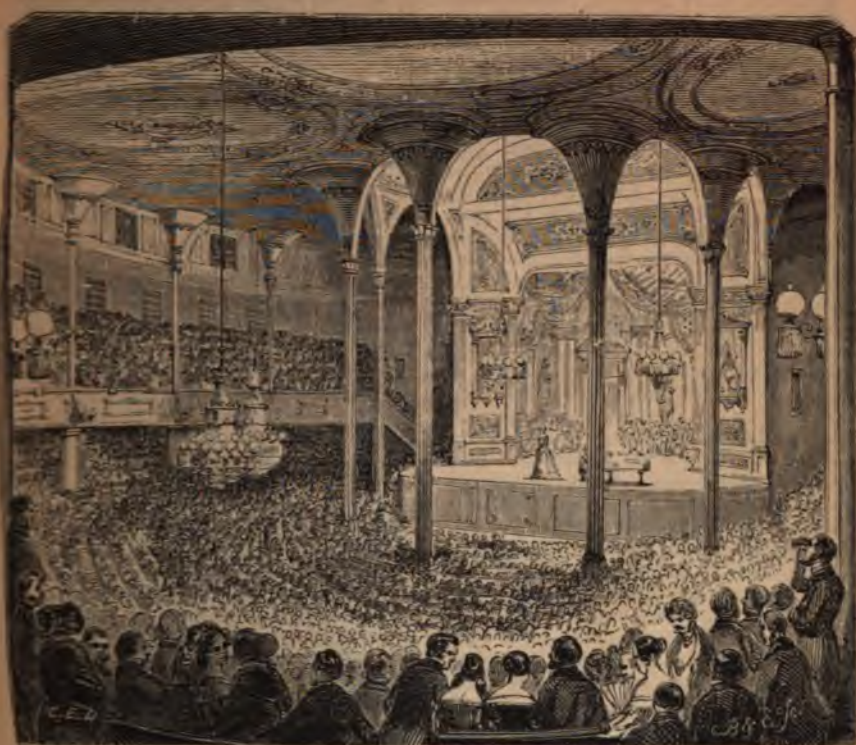
sentiment of his plays are foreign to us. He nowhere gives that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, but compels us all the while to feel that we are assisting at an alien performance. There is one point, however, he may claim the credit of having established; he has greatly improved the upholstery of the stage, and, by the introduction of "real furniture" transformed the before bare-looking scenes of interiors into something which bears a recognizable resemblance to a modern drawing-room. Mr. Bourcicault is the most successful of the present class of English dramatists; but, the regular drama died with Sheridan; since the *School for Scandal* was produced, there has been no play written in England which stands the remotest chance of being known by name half a century hence. The regular drama is as foreign now to the wants

of the theatre, as the Greek tragedy, or the mediæval mysteries. The theatre survives for other purposes than the representation of the drama; its presentations are merely sensuous, and not intellectual; Shakespeare is only endured for the sake of the star actor who impersonates the one character suited to his physical powers. The pieces which attract audiences and fill the treasury are as un-Shakespearian as possible. Tableaux, burlesques, thrilling melo-dramas, ballets, spectacles, horses, dwarfs, giants, ropedancers, any thing that is monstrous and wonderful, form now the great attractions of the theatres, and any thing is considered as "legitimate" by the public, which affords amusement, and as proper, by the manager, which fills his house.

The lecture-room has now become a kind of compromise between the theatre



Bowery Theatre.



Interior of Castle Garden.

and the Church, it is a neutral ground, upon which all parties and conditions may, and do meet, and the peripatetic star lecturer occupies nearly the same position which Roscius did in the early days of the stage. The greatest achievements in poetry are the plays which were never intended for print; and, doubtless, the best additions to our literature will be the lectures which were only written to amuse an audience, and not intended for publication in another form.

There are innumerable places of recreation in such cities as New-York, which are not properly entitled to be classed under the head of places of public amusement, which we are considering now. The theatre has always been, and still is, the principal place of public amusement, and, though its character has greatly changed, and its frequenters are no longer of the class who once gave it its chief support, it occupies too prominent a place in the social organization of our great towns to be overlooked by professed moralists and religious teachers. Its existence, and the fact of its being frequented

by immense numbers of people whose morals need looking after, should be sufficiently strong reasons for the clergy, and all others who are by virtue of their office public teachers, to exert themselves to render it as little harmful as possible. To stand outside and denounce the theatre without knowing any thing of its interior, is not the true way to improve it. The representation of moral, and even religious plays has been found not only very effective upon the audiences who attend upon them, but profitable to the manager who brings them out.

As religious novels form a very considerable part of the popular books of the day, we see no reason why religious dramas should not also form an important part of theatrical entertainments. The fact that such a drama as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* can be represented two hundred nights in succession, at one of the lowest theatres in New-York, converting the place into a kind of conventicle, and banishing from it the degraded class, whose presence has been one of the strongest objections to the theatre which has been made by moralists,

is sufficient to show that religious plays, like religious novels, may be pressed into the service of education with powerful effect. It is stated by Mrs. Mowatt, in her autobiography, from which we have already quoted, that in the catalogue of English dramatic authors there are the names of two hundred clergymen. But we imagine that none of these have written any religious plays. There are six regular theatres in New-York, which are open nearly every night in the year, excepting Sundays, for dramatic representations, and the public that sit night after night with a fortitude and good nature to us incredible, to see the *School for Scandal* and the *Lady of Lyons* would be but too happy to vary their amusements by a religious drama, if it were only new and intelligible. The chief of our city theatres, which claims to be the Metropolitan, since the destruction of the Old Park, is the Broadway. It is a very large house, capable of seating some 4300 persons. It was built by Col. Alvah Mann, a great circus proprietor, who ruined himself by the speculation, and is now the property of Mr. Raymond, another millionaire of the ring. Broadway is a "star house," and depends more upon the attraction of a single eminent performer than upon the general character of its performances, or its stock company; and it is at one time a ballet, another a tragedian, again an opera, then a spectacle, that forms its attractions. Forrest has here appeared one hundred nights in succession; here too Lola Montez made her debut in America, and any wandering nonstrosity is seized upon by the manager to secure an audience. The regular drama, excepting with the attraction of a star, is found to be a regular bore to the public, and a regular loss to the house. The manager of the Broadway, E. A. Marshall, Esq., is neither an actor nor a dramatist, but simply a man of business; and, besides the Broadway Theatre, he is also proprietor of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and of the theatres in Baltimore and Washington. Neither the exterior nor interior of this house is at all creditable to the city; it has a shabby and temporary look externally, and the ornamentation of the auditorium is both mean and tawdry. No class of people seem to frequent it for recreation but only to gratify an excited curiosity.

The "Bowery," which is the oldest of all the theatres in New-York, is about the same dimensions as the Broadway, but has a stage of much greater depth, and better adapted to spectacle. It is

frequented chiefly by the residents of the eastern side of the city, and its pit is generally filled with boisterous representatives of the first families in the city—that is, the first in the ascending scale. The performances at the Bowery are, of course, adapted to the tastes of its audiences, who have a keen relish for patriotic devotion, terrific combats, and thrilling effects, and are never so jubilant as when suffering virtue triumphs over the machinations of persecuting villainy. It was for such audiences as these, with a slight infusion of better natures, that Shakspeare wrote his dramas, and for whose amusement he was willing to personate the humblest of his creations. The present edifice is the fourth that has been erected on the same ground, since the first one was erected in the year 1826, the others having been destroyed by fire. The late proprietor of the Bowery Theatre amassed a fortune here, and left the establishment to his heirs, to whom it now belongs. It is understood to be a very profitable concern, as it has been from its first erection. It was in the Bowery Theatre where Madame Hutin, the first opera dancer seen on this side of the Atlantic made her *debut*, and where the first ballet was performed, one of the troupe being the then unknown Celeste. It was here, too, that Malibran made her first appearance on the stage after her unfortunate marriage, and filled the house with the beauty, fashion, and intellect of the city. Such audiences have never since graced its pit and galleries. It was on the stage of the Bowery that Forrest achieved his greatest triumphs, and laid the foundation of his fame. But it is long since stars of such magnitude have shed their sweet influences on Bowery audiences.

Niblo's is not, strictly, a theatre, but a show house, open to any body that may choose to hire it. It is one night a circus, another an Italian Opera House; then a dramatic temple, and then a lecture room. It is called a "garden," but it is one of the roomiest, best constructed, and most convenient of all the places of amusement in the city, and is unexceptionable in its character. Its interior decorations are very inferior to the other theatres, but it has the great advantage of being clean and well ventilated. The entrance to it, through the Metropolitan Hotel, is extremely elegant and capacious. Under the same roof, within the walls of the same hotel is Niblo's Saloon, a splendid room used for concerts and balls. The whole ground now covered by the Metropolitan Hotel was once Niblo's Garden, and the theatre was merely an appendage

to it to draw custom to the refreshment tables.

There are two theatres in New-York, and but two which are devoted exclusively to the performance of the regular drama; these are Burton's in Chambers-street, and Wallack's in Broadway. Burton's Theatre was, originally, a bath-house, and was afterwards turned into an Italian Opera House, in the management of which a good deal of money was lost, and Palmò, the proprietor ruined. Burton then took possession of it, and made a fortune. It was the first instance in which a theatre in this city had fallen into the hands of a manager of scholarly attainments and artistic instincts, and the result of his management shows what may be effected by talent turned in the right direction. Mr. Burton has not only enriched himself, but has done the public a service by affording them a place of harmless and elevating amusement. One of the first pieces that he put upon his stage was Milton's *Comus*, which gave the public assurance that the new manager was a person of education and refinement; and the uniform good judgment shown by him in the pieces he has selected, and the superior manner in which they have been costumed, have made his theatre a superior place of intellectual entertainment for people of educated tastes. Mr. Burton is one of the best low comedians on the stage, and is, himself, one of the strongest attractions of his theatre. But, like a true artist, he never hesitates to take a subordinate part, when it is necessary to give completeness and effect to a performance. He has a devoted attachment to his art, and goes through with his nightly performances, sometimes appearing in three different pieces, with a degree of vigor, and careful attention to all the minute accessories of his part, which we could only look for in an enthusiastic acolyte in the temple of art. Mr. Burton is an Englishman; but, unlike most of his countrymen, he left his native country behind him, when he crossed the Atlantic, and became thoroughly American in his feelings. He was bred to the profession of a printer, and, after his arrival in this country engaged in several literary enterprises. He established the *Gentleman's Magazine*, now called "*Graham's*."

Wallack's Lyceum, in Broadway, is an exceedingly elegant little house, the style of the interior decoration is in excellent taste, and the effect of a full house is light, cheerful, exhilarating, and brilliant. James Wallack, the manager and proprietor, is the head of a large family remark-

able for the possession of theatrical talent. He was a celebrated actor in London more than thirty years ago, and is still one of the best players in his line,—the genteel heroes of melo-drama,—on the stage. But he rarely makes his appearance before the foot lights. Wallack's Lyceum is Burton's without Burton. Great attention is always paid to the production of pieces at this brilliant little house, and the costumes and scenery form an important part of the attraction. English comedy and domestic dramas form the chief attractions at Wallack's, and the house is generally full. The utmost order and decorum are maintained, both at this house and Burton's, and every thing offensive to the most delicate taste carefully excluded from the stage.

The National Theatre in Chatham-street has long been the resort of newsboys and apprentices, and the style of performances has been very similar to those of the "*Bowery*;" but, in a happy moment, the manager, a good natured native whom they call Captain Purdy, put *Uncle Tom's Cabin* upon his stage and at once raised his fortune and changed the character of his house. As it has played this piece twice a day for nearly six months, and is now the family resort of serious family parties, it would be rather hazardous to predict what its future course may be; the old Chatham Theatre was converted into a chapel, and Captain Purdy's is half way towards the same destiny.

Attached to Barnum's Museum there is a large, well arranged, and showily decorated theatre for dramatic representations, where domestic dramas of a moral character are performed, and a version of *Uncle Tom* adapted to Southern tastes has been a long time running. The "*St. Charles*," is a small theatre in the Bowery which was built for an actor named Chanfrau, who was the creator of the universally recognized character of Mose, the type of the New-York *gamin*.

The Italian Opera House in Astor Place has been adapted to the uses of the Mercantile Library Association; and the new opera house in Irving-place, which bids fair to be one of the most magnificent structures devoted to music in the world, is not yet sufficiently built to be described; but we shall describe it hereafter.

Since we commenced writing this article the most beautiful and spacious place of popular recreation in New-York has been swept out of existence by one of those sudden and disastrous conflagrations which have earned for New-York the appellation of the City of Fires. Metropolitan Hall,

which was unrivalled for its extent and splendor by any concert room in the world, together with the superb marble-fronted hotel in which it was inclosed, with all their wealth of embellishment and taste, the embodied forms of labor, genius, and skill were suddenly whiffed out of existence on the morning of the 8th of January. The engravings which we have the good fortune to possess of these superb structures are all that now remain, but the memories of those ornaments of our city.

Castle Garden, the unique, remains, where opera, music, and the drama are presented by turns. It is a hall of unequalled advantages for public exhibitions, which was originally a fort, but has long been appropriated to the refining arts of peace.

The Ethiopian minstrels have become established entertainments of the public, and among them are three permanent companies in Broadway; the Buckleys, Christy's, and Wood's, where the banjo is the first fiddle, and the loves of Dinah and Sambo form the burthen of the performances.

The Italian Opera, too, is now an established institution in the New World, but it leads a vagabondish kind of a life at present, and has no permanent house of its own, although one is erecting for it.

We are neither wealthy enough nor sufficiently educated in music to monopolize an Italian troupe at present, but are compelled to share this luxury in common with our neighbors of Boston, Philadelphia, Havana, Mexico, Valparaiso, and Lima. The Italian Opera is the highest order of theatrical entertainment, and demands a class of educated and wealthy people for its proper support more numerous than we have yet been able to boast of. There are never more than half a dozen good singers before the public at a time, and in competing for their services, we have to contend with, not the people of other cities, but with their monarchs, the Emperor Nicholas and Emperor Napoleons, who never hesitate to spend the money of their subjects to purchase pleasures for themselves.

The circus is still the most popular of public amusements, and it is conducted on a magnificent scale as a regular business speculation by enterprising citizens. The most famous riders now in Europe are graduates of the American ring. The Hippodrome, in the Fifth Avenue, was an attempt to transplant Franconi's from Paris. But the Hippodrome was too exotic to thrive in our climate, and, after a season of doubtful success, it has closed probably for ever.



Hippodrome.

MEMOIRS OF DR. VERON.

Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris par le Docteur L. Veron, comprenant: La fin de l'Empire, la Restauration, la Monarchie de Juillet, et la République jusqu'au rétablissement de l'Empire. Tome Premier. Paris, 1853. pp. 380.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that we have read with great interest Dr. Veron's memoirs. They are a gossiping narrative of the last thirty years of French life. The first volume only has appeared, which is rather a preface to the other volumes than a chronological relation of its parts to this period of time; it nevertheless contains a great many curious pictures of French society during this period, which we, who are separated from Paris by a winter's Atlantic, could scarcely find any where else. A great many Frenchmen hold that French history begins only with the advent of Napoleon, and they reckon the antecedent years as merely the history of the Louises and the Henrys and the Charleses who have sat upon the throne. Gross as is this mistake (which, by the way, has just been clearly exposed by M. Augustin Thierry*), it is very certain that French society has undergone several radical changes since the Eighteenth Brumaire, and that the national character differs nearly as much from that of the Frenchman of the reign of Louis XIV. as he differed from the Gaul described by Cæsar. The general specimen of a Frenchman given by our school books of geography, and which represent him with a cocked hat and a ruffled bosom, and dancing under a tree, is quite as inapplicable to a Frenchman of the present day as it would be to a Sioux Indian. The gayety, and contentment, and careless generosity, which once were the prominent traits of the French character, have completely disappeared; he has become ambitious, and discontented, and avaricious. Successive radical revolutions, which, by the most formal laws, expressed in the most absolute terms, and in more than one instance passed by the self-same body of men, have dethroned every ruler of the country, and have in turn exalted to the skies and debased to the sewer every form of government and every family of governors known to the country: more than once the traitor's gaol has been the footstool to the throne; the fatal influence of the article of the Code Napoleon, which provides an equal distribution of

estates among the deceased's male and female children, share and share alike, has dilapidated every fortune, and beggared the lower classes of the rural population; the complete loss of power and of position of the aristocracy of the nation; the number of successful adventurers the revolutions have tossed to power, and the consequent demoralization of all classes of society; the insatiable thirst for wealth (now the only social distinction in a country where quite as many ex-cabinet ministers are rotting in gaols, or living by their wits in an exile's abode, as may be found in fashionable drawing-rooms), and the inexorable demands of money made by all, even the least social positions, have corrupted the French nation to an inconceivable degree—we had almost said, have made them as astute and as unprincipled as the modern Greek. Our reader will see we are very far removed from the cocked hat and ruffled shirt Frenchman who capered gayly under a tree.

A truce, however, to these general reflections. Let us trace this society from the end of the Empire to the present time, by the examples Dr. Veron places before us; let us carefully mark the different phases he presents, and we may, at the end of the work, be better enabled to form an idea of that strange phenomenon—French society.

Before dipping deep in his book of memoirs, let us stay a moment to examine the character of the writer: indeed his first chapter provokes the inquiry; it is entitled, *Qui je suis*, "Who I am." Dr. Louis Veron was born the 5th April, 1798. He chose medicine as a profession, and prosecuted it with energy and success. He tells us that when he saw all the volumes which compose a student's first library he felt that it was necessary he should give himself up completely to study, and lead a quiet, sober, and uninterrupted life; getting up early in the morning, shunning exciting dinners, and hastening to his garret immediately afterwards, and taking good care to find no society there but his books. He confesses he found the study of anatomy and of pathology rather *dull*; he hit upon a plan to enliven them: to read some of the great writers of the seventeenth and of the eighteenth centuries, and never to have a cent of money in his pocket;

* *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Formation et des Progrès du Tierce-Etat, Par Augustin Thierry.*

"poverty has made a great many great men." His parents gave him twenty francs the first of every month, and the day he received them he lived like a lord; they were spent with the day: he dined with some of his friends at a restaurant, and went to some theatre, and finished his day at the Café du Roi, then the favorite resort of the wits and the men of letters. In 1821 he was appointed *au concours* first interne of the hospitals; he was made a doctor of medicine in 1823. He went every morning in winter from the Rue du Bac to the Hôpital de la Pitié by five o'clock, that he might reach there before the van which takes off from the hospitals all the unreclaimed bodies of the deceased patients, that he might select the best of them, and with his scalpel prepare them for the students studying anatomy. He remained, too, for some time in the Hospice des Enfants-Trouvés; every morning, thermometer in hand, he gave some fifteen of these foundlings, affected with a hardening of the cellular tissue, a vapor bath; during one year, he dissected at the least a hundred and fifty foundlings, and studied in a spoon the milk of more than two hundred nurses. Dr. Veron, however, abandoned his ambition of becoming a professor of the Medical school, in consequence of a defeat in a *concours* for the prizes of anatomy, natural history, natural philosophy, and chemistry; his rivals were MM. Andral and Bouillaud, and they carried off all the prizes; M. Orfila however afterwards told him that he had voted for him for the first prize in natural philosophy and chemistry, and his fortunate rival, M. Andral, complimented him on his lecture on electricity. The result of this *concours* persuaded Dr. Veron he had powerful enemies among the Faculty; he did not appear at another *concours*, and shortly after published a pamphlet upon the diseases of infants, containing notes on croup and on an abscess in the thymus. (At the birth of the Count de Paris, the Duke d'Orleans, being anxious about the health of his first child, asked Dr. Blache which was the last and the best treatise upon the croup: Monseigneur, replied the Doctor, the last and the best treatise upon the croup is by Dr. Veron, the manager of the opera.) He removed from the Quartier Latin to the Chaussée d'Antin, where he opened a doctor's office, but he avows in all humility that no client ever paid him a visit. One night, however, about three o'clock A. M., he was called up by his porter and two or three old women to go and see an old porter's wife hard by, whose

nose had been bleeding for more than six hours; he arrested the bleeding, and all the old women of the quarter sounded his praises with feminine volubility. His reputation rose from the porter's lodge to the first floor, and it was not long before he had three patients: one of them was a rich woman, who was no longer young, and rather corpulent; it was necessary to bleed her:—

"Every body is talking," she said to me, "Monsieur, of your skill and of your learning, and I have quitted my physician to receive the care of a gentleman so celebrated as you already are. All of my acquaintances will follow my example, and in a very short time you will have the most brilliant practice in Paris." He had often heard his old professor and friend, M. Roux, the most skilful surgeon in the world say, that when he had to bleed a person he always was uneasy; and Dr. Veron began now to be nervous; however, he was obliged to make the attempt; he took hold of the patient's arm; she continued to overwhelm him with praises; he plunged in the lancet; he did not touch the vein; he plunged in the lancet again; no blood came. Oh! then the scene changed: "You are a miserable awkward fellow; the meanest surgeon bleeds better than you. How I pity the patients who confide themselves to your care. Bandage my arm up as quickly as you can, and take yourself off; you have doubtless maimed me." "The day of my grandeur," says the Doctor, "was the eve of my fall, and an unsuccessful bleeding had wrecked all my castles in the air; humiliation was mixed with my despair, and when I returned home, I said in a very decided tone to poor Justin, my porter, whom I afterwards made collector of the opera: "Justin, I do not intend practising medicine any more, I will never bleed again, and if any body asks for a doctor, say there's none in the house."

After thus bidding adieu to the profession of medicine, Dr. Veron founded the *Revue de Paris* in 1829. There was then but one literary journal published in France, *Le Mercure*, which was published under the editorship and "by the expédients" of M. Gentil, whom M. Veron afterwards made the keeper of the "properties" at the opera; M. Gentil, however, could give the young writers, his contributors, nothing but praise and publicity; but he was a firm partisan of the "romantic school," as may be seen, when we are told that he is the author of that brief and celebrated judgment which made so

much noise in its day: "*Racine est un polisson.*" The *Revue de Paris* was a joint stock company, with a capital of 80,000 francs, and Dr. Veron took 20,000 francs of shares; he was presented to the wealthy M. Aguado, Marquis de Las Marismas, who took some shares in the enterprise. We shall hereafter frequently find the Aguado family in relations with Dr. Veron. Some of our readers may remember that the latter years of the Restoration saw the commencement of the famous war of the Romantics and the Classics, which excited a great deal of passion, and occupied the public mind even in the midst of the crisis, which lasted during the last years of the Restoration and the first years of the Monarchy of July. Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny, were the leaders of this war waged on the dramatic unities enforced by Aristotle, and which were defended by the French Academy, with a great deal more bitterness than judgment. The foundation of the *Revue de Paris* rendered a great deal of service to the Romantic school, and indeed to French literature, as it was in its pages, and on the editor's annual budget of 40,000 francs, that MM. Prosper Merimée, Sainte-Beuve, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Casimir Delavigne, Arnault, Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, and Eugène Delacroix commenced, or increased their reputation. MM. de Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Rossini were also among the contributors. Dr. Veron promises to speak in due time of all the eminent writers and artists, with whom he lived in a daily intimacy, and to give a great many of their letters, which will place in a new and a clearer light the secret history of French literature during the last twenty-five years. He gives us a taste of these future revelations by these letters:—

FROM A. DUMAS.

"My dear Veron,—See how men of talent work. I send you a hundred and twenty pages of blank paper, have them stamped by your servant in the corner opposite to the numbers. Return them to me Thursday morning by the first train. You will find your volume commenced when you come to dine with me Thursday 14th, and I will return it to you finished when I go to dine with you Thursday the 21st.—Yours. A. DUMAS.*"

FROM GEO. SAND.

"Monsieur,—You vex me extremely by asking for a novel a month earlier than our common engagements provide. It is a great inconvenience to my health, and a great danger for the merit of the story to work in this hurry, without having had the time to mature my subject, and to make the necessary researches; for there is no subject, however small it may be, which does not require a great deal of reading and of reflection. I think you treat me a little too much like a stop-gap; my *amour propre* does not suffer by it, and I have too much esteem and friendship for Eugène Sue to be jealous of all your preferences for him. But, if you give him the time necessary to develop fine and great works, time is also necessary to me to arrange my little studies, and I cannot engage to be ready whenever the suppressions of the *Juif Errant* may require it, nor to have it terminated when the *Juif Errant* is ready to commence his tour around the world. All that I can promise is to do my best, because I sincerely desire to serve you: I pass by in silence the annoyance of setting again to work, when I reckoned upon another month of very necessary repose. I have already abandoned it; I have been working since

* This characteristic letter of the most prolific writer of this century will suggest to our reader's mind an incident the newspapers recently mentioned. M. Alexandre Dumas is at present living in Brussels; a forced expatriation, we believe, in consequence of the involved state of his pecuniary affairs. He engaged with the manager of the *Théâtre Français* to deliver a five act comedy by an appointed day, and he received a large advance in money for the forthcoming work. Two days before the delay expired, Mlle. Petra Camera, an accomplished Spanish danseuse, who appears to have half-crazed Paris, came to Brussels, and M. Dumas gave her a *Moite-Curto* fête, at which every body eat, drank, danced, and sung until four o'clock in the morning, when, his guests having retired, M. Dumas sat at his writing desk, and wrote the fourth act, and the fifth act in the course of the ensuing day. The Censors interdicted the comedy; whereupon he wrote this letter to the Manager of the *Théâtre Français*:—

"My dear Manager,—I have just come from Brussels, having received notice that the Censors have stopped *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* This is Tuesday, I ask leave to read to you next Monday. I will read you five acts. I don't know yet what I shall read you, for this news has taken me by surprise; but the five acts shall be called *La Jeunesse de Louis XV.* I shall take care that the scenery, &c., you have ordered, and which I am told is all ready, may be used in this play. I need not say that there will not be in *La Jeunesse de Louis XV.* a word or a situation from *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.*, which shall remain intact until it pleases the Censors to return it to you. If I am ready before Monday I will have the honor to inform you. Wholly yours, ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

"Thursday, 11 o'clock.—Exert a little diligence on your part and the piece may be represented in three weeks."

Friday evening he wrote the following note to the manager:—

"My dear Housard,—As I foresaw, I shall have finished the piece before Monday. So you may appoint the reading of *La Jeunesse de Louis XV.* for to-morrow, Saturday. Wholly yours, ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

Friday Evening.

I received your letter, but can I send you in six weeks a work with which I am satisfied, and with which you yourself shall be pleased? I do not think it is the interest of your paper to press me in this way. So I am rather angry with you, and yet I do not refuse to do what is within human possibility. A thousand kind compliments, and some reproaches,

"GEORGE SAND."

FROM EUGENE SUE.

"I have thought, my dear Veron, that *Martin, l'Enfant Trouvé*, would be a better title, and it is very important that this rectification be made; you will see why. I shall send you, at the end of this week, about a half volume. Have composed for me a double proof on my paper. Read it and give me your opinion in notes, when you send me my two proofs. I think I am in quite a good vein; however, you will judge, and you will tell me *very frankly*, as *always*, what you think, for the commencement is very important, as it is necessary the reader should be *enlisted*. I am as happy as ten kings; I have excellent dogs; I work a great deal; and my green-house plants are in full flower. I assure you, ten o'clock at night comes with an incredible rapidity, and at six o'clock, whether it is day or not, I am up. But the great business with me is work; and when I am satisfied with what I have written in the morning, I ride or I hunt with a double pleasure. Isn't this a great life! Adieu, my dear Veron; when the railway is established you must come and see my house. Believe in my very sincere, very affectionate sentiments. Wholly and faithfully yours,

E. SUE.*

"What do they say about the title of the *Memoires d'un Valet-de-Chambre*?"

FROM LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Elysee, 14th December, 1861.

"My dear Monsieur Veron,—I wish to announce to you, myself, that, wishing to show you all my gratitude for the services you have rendered to the cause of order and of civilization, I have appointed you an officer in the Legion of Honor. Receive this promotion as a proof of my affectionate sentiments.

LOUIS NAPOLEON B."

FROM A. THIERS.

"My dear Monsieur Veron,†—I charged

M. Etienne to compliment you on the talents with which the *Constitutionnel* is written. Unluckily my letters have flown to the department of the Meuse. I therefore address my compliments directly to you. I add two modifications to them. You praise M. Molé too much, and you use Belgium ill. I know M. Molé has more mind than his colleagues, but he is incapable of supplying their place; he has not talents enough for that; their weakness which crushes them, crushes him too. No one shines by the side of feebler colleagues unless he supplies their place; but M. Molé knows how to do nothing, but to elude; one may elude difficulties for a moment, but never for a long time. M. Molé is weak in consequence of the weakness of his colleagues and also of himself. At the same time I like him well enough, I do not want to see him ill-treated, but I don't want to have it thought that we have an understanding with him. If your praises are designed to excite difficulties between him and M. de Montalivet, I am sorry I am not in Paris that I might tell you what praises of that sort are worth; it is lost labor. Junctures of affairs embroil men; but praises given to one and against another is a force given to them, without increasing their variance, which is always great enough when the juncture of affairs leads to it; should we come to an understanding with M. Molé to-morrow, we should wait until day after to-morrow before praising him. As for Belgium, it must not be forgotten that with its disagreeable character it is nevertheless our ally,—that its dignity, its interests are ours,—that our cabinet should not be weakened in a very difficult posture of affairs,—and especially that the Belgians should not be encouraged to be feeble, by being maltreated. Such are the homilies of an old parson; I repeat to you the paper is admirable, well written, very courageous; that I applaud it in every respect but two. I should like to send you something, but I should like to know by a letter from you, what is the exact situation, and what are your calculations.—*Adieu, je vous fais mille compliments*,

A. THIERS."

Doctor Veron made the *Revue de Paris* not only a brilliant review, but a source of a considerable pecuniary profit to himself, and he found in the relations he there

* "I am glad," says Dr. Veron, "to exhibit here, depicted by himself, one of our great and prolific writers, whose name will remain after him. Laborious and impassioned, a great philosopher, loving women, dogs, horses, and flowers, pre-eminently a gallant man, Eugene Sue is personally no dangerous politician. May these true remarks about that distinguished writer end his sad exile." M. Sue was exiled from France immediately after the *Coup d'Etat* made the 2d December, 1851.

† This letter bears no date; it was written the 24th June 1863. Count Molé was then Prime Minister.

formed some very efficient aids when he assumed the managership of the Grand Opera, or the Opera, as we believe it is the fashion in Paris to call it, while the guide-books inform us that its official name is *L'Académie Impériale de Musique*.

In 1831, Dr. Veron solicited and obtained the privilege of the Grand Opera. He owed this place, in a great measure, to the footing on which he stood with Count de Montalivet, then the Minister of the Interior, and who was under some obligations to Dr. Veron for the kind reception he had given to the former's lucubrations, while he was the editor of the *Revue de Paris*. M. Aguado seconded M. Veron in this enterprise with a great deal of zeal: he placed two hundred thousand francs in his hands as a portion of the collateral security the French government always requires from the manager of the Grand Opera; and, in return for this favor, besides paying the legal rate of interest for the use of this money, M. Veron gallantly insisted that M. Aguado should take the best box of the theatre (and which is now, we believe, the Emperor's box) and occupy it during his whole administration. We would remark, for the benefit of those readers who may be surprised at this zeal on the part of M. Aguado, that the purse-holder of a Paris theatre is reported to hold a very enviable position (and to whose mysterious advantages, we hope M. Veron will, in time, initiate us); it is certain that from 1831 to the present day the members of the Aguado family have found it so agreeable a position, they have not ceased to occupy it at some theatre or another. Rumor alleges they are now the purse-holders of the Italian Theatre. M. Veron made a great deal of money at the Grand Opera; and he promises us some very piquant details touching his managership. They cannot well be otherwise: he was thrown into almost hourly communication with Hérold (sometime *maitre de chant* during his administration), Halévy (who succeeded Hérold in his functions, and brought out during his management *La Juive*), Cherubini (who also brought out there *Ali Baba*), Meyerbeer (whose *Robert le Diable* then coined money for the opera), Rossini and Auber, and especially during the three or four months of rehearsals of their operas, during all of which "they are incessantly agitated by joy, or by fear, or by despair." And during his management Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, M. Nourrit, M. Duprez, Mlle. Falcon, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Fanny Ellsler, were in all the beauty and the

force of their talents. M. Veron betrays the secret of his success:—

"While I was manager of the opera, I enjoyed the most delicate perfumes of praise; all the newspapers celebrated with warmth my great administrative talents, and my intelligent passion for arts and for letters. The members of the then government, whom I saw a great deal of either at their houses or in my house, often said to me: 'How do you manage to make the newspapers such good friends of yours? they praise you so much, we feel jealous of you.' I was merely cordial and polite to every body; and I paid courteous attentions to every one. I never sent a box to a literary man, without writing him, myself, a note, and reproaching him for not coming to the opera more frequently."

We presume M. Veron will give us further confidences in his art of seducing the press of Paris, "the most fearful wild beast flying," into unanimous and unvaried applause. We have reason to believe M. Veron ascertained that dinners and suppers are as powerful friends as M. Carême urges they are to all difficult enterprises. We believe the tradition of his entertainments is still fresh in Paris; certain it is, distant as we are from the scene of his triumphs, we have heard of them. One day after Mlle. Fanny Ellsler had fulfilled a brilliant engagement, M. Veron gave a grand dinner in her honor; at the dessert a basket full of jewelry was handed around to all of the lady guests. Mlle. Ellsler modestly took a small ring worth perhaps a louis d'or, but a Mlle. Adeline from some of the minor theatres, whose face was her fortune, and who was invited to the dinner to ornament the table, impudently seized a bracelet of some five hundred louis d'or, and which was destined to the celebrated *danseuse*. She is said to have been shown the door immediately afterwards: Frenchmen do not relish jokes, whose cream is gold out of their pockets. And a supper given by M. Veron has been so famous as to reach even our ears: he assembled around him the most brilliant literary men of Paris, and the most beautiful actresses; after a luxurious supper, card-tables were brought out, and after groups were formed around each of the tables, a valet in livery handed around a silver waiter filled with louis d'ors; some of the vaudeville actresses helped themselves plentifully; the gaming went on briskly; Mlle. Page [an actress of the Variétés Theatre, as remarkable for her beauty as she is notorious for the use she makes of it] won a great deal of money,

and then lost more than she had won; she took the silver waiter and emptied its contents in her lap; which made M. Veron so angry, that he gave her a sharp lecture, and instantly retired to bed.

After M. Veron had made a fortune at the Grand Opera, he became ambitious. He had enjoyed so intimate a social commerce with political men, he felt a longing to be of them as well as with them; and perhaps a tribune surrounded by an applauding audience occupied a large hall in one of his castles in the air. "In 1837, I set out for La Bretagne; I purchased estates there; I sent to them valuable stallions, I improved the land, I laid out money on them, to improve the condition of the laborers, *le tout, pour ne pas être nommé député à Brest extra muros.*" M. Veron was unsuccessful. The passage we have quoted is none the less curious as showing the preliminary steps deemed necessary under the reign of Louis Philippe to reach the Chamber of Deputies. Buncombe is in France as well as in regions with which we are more familiar.

The 12th March, 1838, M. Veron at the suggestion of MM. Thiers and Etienne purchased two shares of the *Constitutionnel*, for which he paid 262,000 francs. That paper then reckoned 6,200 subscribers; its property was divided into fifteen parts. He was immediately admitted to the editorship of the paper; but, as he was not the principal editor he soon saw himself unable to enforce the measures he deemed necessary; the number of subscribers daily diminished, notwithstanding the public and the avowed patronage of M. Thiers; and it became so involved it was set up at public auction, and sold the 15th March, 1844. We have omitted to mention that M. Aguado purchased from M. Veron the half of one of his shares when the latter purchased the two shares of the *Constitutionnel*: and that before M. Veron became an editor and proprietor, M. Aguado proposed to him to become the editor of two newspapers he then owned.

M. Veron purchased the *Constitutionnel* at auction, for 432,000 francs. A new stock company was formed; a deed made M. Veron absolute master of the political conduct of the newspaper; he abandoned this power to M. Thiers, and contented himself with being the administrator of the paper; indeed, he so completely abandoned all influence touching the politics of the paper, he received the sobriquet of *le père aux écus*. M. Thiers appointed M. Charles Merruau (now the Secretary General of the Prefecture of the Seine) the chief editor; and he regularly reported the de-

bates in the Chambers; he kept in intimate relations with all the deputies of his party; he consulted with M. Thiers every morning, and he admitted or rejected all political articles. Although M. Veron had, after three years of editorship, increased his subscription list to 25,000 subscribers, his losses had amounted to 290,000 francs, and consequently no dividends had been divided among his stockholders, who naturally were dissatisfied, and compelled him to limit his editorial expenses to 110,000 francs; they were in reality 160,000 francs. It may be curious to glance at these details of the domestic economy of a French newspaper. M. Veron announced to his editorial corps that he intended to diminish their salaries. M. Merruau replies by telling him that the party he represented (*i. e.* M. Thiers) had determined to place 100,000 francs in his, M. Veron's hands, and which would remain his property so long as the *Constitutionnel* followed the line of policy pursued by the Centre-Left Party, of which, as our readers will remember, M. Thiers was the leader; taking the care, however (and this artful precaution is eminently characteristic of M. Thiers's astuteness), to provide that M. Thiers alone should be the arbiter to decide whether and when the *Constitutionnel* deviated from the policy of the Centre-Left Party, and consequently to decide when M. Veron should return the 100,000 francs he was allowed to use. From the 12th March, 1838, until the 9th November, 1849, never had any public man so devoted a servant as M. Thiers found in the *Constitutionnel*. To borrow a low, but expressive phrase, it defended him through thick and thin: the 15th May, 1839, the morning after the *éméute* of Barbes, the *Moniteur* announced that the King had framed a new cabinet, the party of M. Thiers had reached power, but he was ostracized; yet the *Constitutionnel* even then remained faithful to him. Hippolyte Royer Collard had taken the pains, at no inconsiderable expense of time and labor, to assemble all the grammatical faults, and the mistakes of events and of dates in the first volumes of Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire; M. Thiers heard of it, and was alarmed; and, at his entreaty, the *Constitutionnel* engaged M. Royer Collard to suppress his criticisms. But the 9th November, 1849, M. Veron wrote, and published, in the *Constitutionnel*, notwithstanding the resistance of M. Merruau, a leading article, approving the message addressed by the President of the Republic to the National Assembly.

the 31st October, 1849. That very day M. Thiers declared he would cease all connection with the *Constitutionnel*, and he demanded the return of the 100,000 francs. They were returned. We understand the Count de Mornay (who played so active a part in the events of December, 1851), if indeed his name was not a mask of Prince Louis Napoleon himself, then advanced M. Veron 100,000 francs, and the *Constitutionnel* became the most zealous supporter of the Bonapartist cause. A letter we have quoted shows how those services were rewarded. From this time forth M. Veron took an active part in the editorial department of the *Constitutionnel*; and his editorials were always remarked (our readers are aware the French law on the press requires writers to sign their articles), and they were rudely attacked by the pen and by the pencil; it is the fashion among certain circles in Paris constantly to hold up M. Veron to ridicule. Another newspaper, *Le Pays*, was founded, and which, after wavering a very long time between the republic of M. Lamartine, and the republic of General Cavaignac, and the republic with Prince Louis Napoleon as the president, as soon as it was very evident the *coup d'état* of December was completely successful, became a zealous supporter of Prince Louis Napoleon, and one of the loudest petitioners for the re-establishment of the Empire. It injured the subscription list of the *Constitutionnel* a great deal: in six months it lost 10,000 subscribers; and the *Constitutionnel* determined to break down the rival paper; to do this it reduced its subscription price from 40 francs to 32 francs a year—a measure which added to its subscription list twenty thousand new subscribers, at a loss not only of all its profits, but of 80,000 francs of its reserved fund. Tired of this unsuccessful and costly warfare, M. Veron proposed to the proprietors of *Le Pays* to purchase it from them; or to agree to a common rate of subscription. This was declined; but the proprietors of *Le Pays* proposed to purchase the *Constitutionnel* for 1,900,000 francs; of this amount M. Veron received 776,000 francs. The sale, and its conditions, was no sooner made public, by rumor, than the Aguado family (the M. Aguado who hitherto figures in the preceding pages died some years before these events; and we are now speaking of his widow and his sons) brought a suit against M. Veron to recover more money than they received, as shareholders, on the ground that M. Veron had received more than his share. The suit was no sooner instituted than the

most odious libels were forged, and were applied to M. Veron: his character was attacked in every way; and none were more ardent and none were more embittered in these attacks than the press of which he had long been a faithful representative, and the literary men to whom he had always been a friend. Besides, M. Veron had never allowed his paper to stoop, and he has never stooped himself to any man; he has always preserved his dignity, and the dignity of his paper, even when in commerce with Prime Ministers, in the days when Prime Ministers were all-powerful in France: he obliged the haughtiest and the most powerful to treat him as their peer; and, under his management, the *Constitutionnel* was never a slave, potent aid as it might have been to its party.—It would seem to an impartial observer that these reasons alone, were none else wanting, would have, at the least, made writers so cautious as to examine the foundation of the charges made before they reported them.

But it is one of the most curious traits of French society, that envy is so prominent in every member of it, both in the capital and in the most secluded village. No country in the world offers such bitterness of feeling between the different classes, nor such obsequiousness of the lower to the higher classes, when they are brought immediately in contact. The habits of French life afford ample opportunity to envy, as, apart from the national obtuseness to all those principles of delicacy which with us flow from hospitality, the life on "flats," the custom of resorting to cafés and to restaurants, the frequenting of other public places, or, in a word, the excessive publicity of even the humblest particular life, and the absence of a censorious public opinion—that national conscience which avenges outraged laws, and outraged decorum, in those delicate cases for which the statutes cannot provide punishment, except at the risk of opening the door to graver offences—which encourages to post connections, which elsewhere men conceal in some obscure alley, and even from their nearest friends, advertises to the world one's tastes, and fortune, and character, with an abundance of details which startles our home-keeping, privacy-loving notions. Few of our readers, besides those who have resided abroad for a long time, are aware of the gossiping in which the French newspapers indulge, and the ruthlessness with which they lay their hands on the most delicate details of domestic life, and blazon them to their readers. At this moment we have several

files of French newspapers by us, whose contents never cease to astonish us by the familiar details they give of the life of persons moving in Paris society.

It is true M. Veron has some salient points of character, which, in the peculiar constitution of Paris, invite attacks. He is rather eccentric, he is somewhat vain of his luxury, he seems to spread before the public his fortune, and his tastes, and his free habits. Every day while the Rue de Rivoli and Rue de Castiglione are filled with the throng which flows through them between noon and four o'clock, M. Veron in his *robe de chambre* leans negligently on his balcony, and enjoys the animated scene. In the evening he is always to be seen at a table in the corner of the second *salon* of the Café de Paris, surrounded by some of the most celebrated writers, or artists, or wits of the day: M. Scribe, the dramatist; M. Jules Janin, and M. Armand Bertin of the *Journal des Debats*, M. Malitourne of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Eugene Delacroix, the painter; M. Halévy, and M. Auber, and M. Meyerbeer, the composers; M. Gilbert des Voisins, the witty husband of the famous Taglioni, and some fifty others of the celebrated persons of Paris, alternately, for he gives one of these dinner parties every day, having commonly three guests. After dinner he retires to his box at the Grand Opera, or at the Opera Comique; and is thus in public nearly all the day long. Besides, M. Veron's pug nose, and obesity, and enormous shirt-collar have been made very ridiculous, by one of those *statuette* caricatures, by M. Dantan, the sculptor (who has amused his leisure with making laughable *statuettes* of all the celebrated persons of France), who, not content with exaggerating them in a droll manner, encumbers M. Veron's hands with a huge umbrella, a clyster-syringe, and a box of quack cough paste (an allusion to M. Veron's profession, and to a report which ascribes to him the invention, and original proprietorship of the quack remedy). As all of the satirical papers of Paris have adopted M. Dantan's *statuette* as their model of M. Veron, and as they attack him daily, the publicity in which he lives is increased in intensity, by his never losing his personality (for every body knows him by sight), while their pens and their pencils have exaggerated his harmless eccentricities to ridicule. After M. Veron lost the power and the position his place at the head of the *Constitutionnel* gave him, he found himself greatly abandoned, and especially before the Agudós' suit against him was compromised,

and while it seemed to menace him with dishonor, the number of his daily guests and flatterers was considerably diminished. His time hung heavy on his hands. He began to experience the isolation unmarried men experience even in Paris. Thus he was led to write his memoirs. We have now exhibited, as well as we may, the character and the life of the person who presents himself to conduct us through the varying phases of French society, from the end of the Empire down to some time last year. We would fain hope that our reader has not deemed the space too long, which we have given to M. Veron. It could not well have been curtailed, and have given the reader the necessary knowledge of the previous history, and the character of the historian:—"The revolutions which this half century has seen," says M. Veron, "are not only the revolutions of governments, and of dynasties, but they have caused the profoundest changes in our ideas, in all of our philosophy, in our literature, in our *mœurs*, and even in our hygiene." Let us turn to his memoirs.

We have nowhere read a sadder picture of the days of the Empire, whose effulgence so dazzles our eyes; we cannot readily conceive the social state of the country whose flag was floating on every public edifice of western continental Europe, whose polished tongue was the official language of every court, whose admirable Code Napoleon protected property, and reputation, and life every where. It would, however, have required no great deal of reflection to have deduced that as, of necessity, the butchers of a hundred fields, living on blood, and familiar with murder, and other scenes of violence which follow war as inevitably as the night the day, could not have been softened to courtiers by the first whiff of the perfumed air of a flower-decked drawing-room. Our utter ignorance of the state of society during the Consulate and the Empire, is partly owing to the complete severance of relations between England and France (on the former we were mainly dependent for all we know about Europe during that period), and partly that the French wrote all the history we have about their nation during that time, and because the gigantic genius of Napoleon completely absorbed all attention, as we have just said. But who is there that does not feel every drop of blood in his veins tingle, when he is told (and by a favorable witness, who, in his blind admiration of the extraordinary man who rescued France from anarchy, seems insensible of the enormities he is narrating),—who is

there, we say, that does not feel every drop of blood in his veins tingle when he is told that during the time of the Empire, officers entered the public places and without saying a word snatched newspapers from the hands of civilians, and that at the theatres they pushed the latter aside and entered before them in the rudest manner, while the civilians were forced to bear these impertinent insults? When he hears that if a dishonored husband dared to complain of his wrongs he was thrown out of the window; and that it not unfrequently happened that when the adulterous loves of these martial heroes happened to give them dissatisfaction, nothing was more common than to correct them with the horsewhip? Who can suppress the sentiments of a profound disgust while hearing that it was deemed a great talent to have a digestive apparatus which could withstand any amount of food; that many men had obtained lucrative offices after swallowing at one breakfast a hundred dozen oysters; that General Dumesnil gave an oyster-breakfast in the cellars of *Les Trois Frères Provençaux* to all the officers of his regiment; all the cellars were illuminated, and upon every heap of bottles were placed tickets indicating their age and their growth; and that all ages and growths were emptied before the officers of his regiment quitted the cellars; that none but herculean men were deemed handsome, that broad shoulders, a prominent belly, and "luxuriant" calves, were a sure passport to masculine and to feminine favor; that more than one literary man of the Empire owed his literary fame and fortune to an ample and well made leg; that an excellent dancer was assured of success in the army or in the diplomatic corps; that rope dancers were the favorite amusers of the public. What uncontrollable indignation and contempt take possession of even the most sluggish mind while hearing that it was a common occurrence, and deemed no reproach to a young man of the best society, to live at the expense of the woman (invariably a married woman) with whom he was on a criminal footing; nay, that he would task his ingenuity to contrive new expedients of procuring money from her and to lavish on his other pleasures; and descending to such expedients as these: a favorite way with one of these persons was to give orders to his servant to burst into his mistress's boudoir while he was in the midst of a most af-

fectionate and a most impassioned protestation of love, and to say: The constables (he had taken care beforehand to hire three or four and to post them in the street) are coming to arrest Monsieur le Comte for a note for twenty-five thousand francs. The poor duped woman manages to procure the twenty-five thousand francs; and the shrewd servant receives a handsome commission from his master. Another of these fellows engaged his physician to be his confederate: I wish you would say to Madame * * * that you find me greatly changed, and that you cannot account for my sadness or my unusual thoughtfulness. The physician lied as his friend desired him; Madame * * * was greatly annoyed; she could not sleep, until by falling on her knees, and weeping and imploring her lover, she extorted his secret: I have some creditors, and my family whom I refuse to have any thing to do with, places insuperable obstacles in the way of my selling some of my extensive landed estate; they even prevent my mortgaging it. And what shall be said of this paternal homily addressed by a well-known person, who made a large fortune in more than one trade during the Directory and the earlier days of the Empire. It would appear that his son, who had run largely in debt, avowed to his father that his creditors' claims on him were for a hundred thousand francs. How have you managed to spend a hundred thousand francs? Why, father, my cab, my mistresses. . . . What, mistresses! Spend money on mistresses at your age! In my day, persons of your age, sir, made their mistresses pay for their cab, and spend money on them. M. Veron also mentions a celebrated author of the "books" of *Opéras Comiques*, as saying to a common friend: I am going to cut my old hag! my last piece has made a woman desperately in love with me. From the third story, I am going to the first,* and she is going to give me a cabriolet.

The state of social opinion exhibited by these anecdotes (whose authenticity has not been challenged for a moment) is in such harsh conflict with every principle of religion and honor, and with even the most elementary notions of what we have been in the habit of regarding as the foundations of self-respect and delicacy, and common honesty, and of the true relations of the different sexes and several stages of life, and of the paternal

* Our readers are aware that in Paris families live in stories or flats, a good many families living in the same house. The most aristocratic habitation is the first floor (our second floor).

duties, we do not feel ashamed of ourselves or of our language, to confess we are utterly at a loss for the appropriate accents which might express the storm of indignation, and pity, and loathing, and contempt which they have excited.

M. Veron publishes several contemporary letters which give striking pictures of the course of Napoleon's life:—

"Lefebvre proposed introducing me to the Consul. . . . I confess I was frightened, but his (Napoleon's) affable manner soon put me at ease; he said: I have heard about you; I am glad to see you, come and dine with me to-morrow. So I shall go and dine with him to-day, when I shall examine with greater ease that extraordinary man. He works eighteen hours a day. He sees his ministers only at night: the night is long, he says. He never goes to bed before four o'clock in the morning; he holds six or seven councils of state every decade, and discusses there himself all objects of administration with a precision and a clearness, which astonish the most skilful persons there. The decadi is given to rather more repose; he passes that day in the country; Mme. Chabaud dined with him day before yesterday; there was a singular assortment of guests: the British ambassador, two chiefs of the pacific Chouans, senators, legislators, poets, poets, and his very large family. Such are his pleasures; day before yesterday they remained an hour at the table, but commonly he ends his meal in twenty minutes. . . . I reached the Luxembourg on the 12th. They were at table, I joined the circle; he pointed me to a place. Twenty plates were set at the table, but we were only eight, including his imperial highness afterwards Queen Hortense and her brother. Bonaparte was in a bad humor; he did not speak until toward the end of the dinner when he called them truly. The eats rapidly and he did not eat much, especially of pastry. The drinks were simple, but delightfully so. . . . There was only one service, compared with which which was followed by a second. We were only eighteen persons at table. Bonaparte was wanted by the two young M. de Melles, and two other friends. It is not true, he eats very little, he is very greedy for him. He is very fond of a mushroom pie, and he is very hearty for you know. . . . He drank a very little wine, but he was very good, he got up as soon as the dinner was ended. We went to the Luxembourg. He said a few words about the situation of my

regiment, while we were taking coffee, and then he went at once into his study; the whole affair did not last longer than twenty-five or thirty minutes."

We must, however, return to other scenes of that day. Our readers have seen how thoroughly corrupted society had become. This corruption pervaded all the nation. Every thing too was unlinged. France was a great hive swarming with adventurers. None perhaps were more meanly corrupt, and none are more characteristic of the period than the furnishers of the army. The most astute and the most successful of these appears to have been a certain M. Paulée, who was born in Douai, and where he was for some time employed as a servant in one of the taverns of the place, from which he rose to be the butler of the inn, made his first fortunate step in marrying the cook of the establishment, by which connection he became quite an important character, and it became worth the while of his customers to court his favor, if they were partial to good dishes and to choice wines. The inn was frequented by a good many officers of the army, and by a good many grain dealers. He won the confidence of those who had grain to sell, as of those who wished to purchase. Influential generals patronized him, and gave him small orders for grain; his affairs prospered and increased in importance; he took a partner, a M. Vanlerberghe; he bought largely of ecclesiastical and national estates sold in the department of the Nord, and which he had selected so judiciously, it was estimated that his income was \$100,000 per annum; the marriage portion he gave his son was worth \$50,000 a year, and the marriage contract of his son and Mlle. Vanlerberghe cost \$16,000 as Registrar's tax. We may imagine how this shrewd cook (he could neither read nor write) made this fortune, when we read that he had constantly about him able lawyers, experienced managers, and intelligent clerks, who (the latter) received some \$8,000 a year, a splendid apartment and "he (M. Paulée) secured for them the favors of some of the young actresses of the Theatre Française," and that several of his more confidential clerks still receive from his heirs large pensions to keep secret what they may know.

Ouvrard was a more celebrated army contractor (to use the modern word). Ouvrard was firmly persuaded that with money every thing was possible. He had profoundly studied and had accurately calculated all its power on the human

heart. M. Veron says it almost seemed he had studied under the professor of chemistry who said, Gold has the property of gladdening the sight of man; and he gives a late instance of Ouvrard's philosophy: During the war with Spain, in 1823, he reached Tolosa on the eve of the day his service as contractor commenced; the army bivouacked in the suburbs of the town; it had no stores nor provisions. Ouvrard was angrily examined: To-morrow the army will receive its ordinary rations. But the second corps requires ten days' rations. To-morrow the second corps will receive its ten days' rations. He went to all the authorities of the place, to the clergy, to the lawyers, to the shopkeepers: Tell every body you know, said he, that I shall pay in cash every thing I take; what is delivered to me before eight o'clock in the morning, I will pay ten times its value; nine times its value what is delivered before nine o'clock, eight times what is delivered before ten o'clock, and so on diminishing one tenth per hour. The army had an abundance of stores and of provisions during the whole campaign. He frequently used to say: "There are but two ways of carrying on war, by pillaging or by paying; it is cheapest to pay. Between Ouvrard and Seguin (another celebrated contractor, whose house was filled to encumbrance with violins and music, and who constantly kept some thirty or thirty-five horses in his stables, which he never rode or drove) there were frequently contested accounts. It appeared from the last account between them that Ouvrard owed Seguin \$1,000,000; now Ouvrard had lost all of his fortune except a last million of dollars. He pretended the government owed him a million of dollars, and he referred Seguin to the public treasury. Legal proceedings were instituted against Ouvrard; at their maturity, a writ, like our *Ca. Sa.*, was issued against him, and it was confided to the most skilful constable of Paris. The latter dogged Ouvrard from eight o'clock in the evening, following him to the Rocher de Cancale and to theatres, until he returned home at two o'clock in the morning. Every night Ouvrard returned to the same house, and a posse of constables watched the door until daybreak. One morning they sought the Juge de Paix (whose presence is indispensable whenever a house is to be entered by force) that they might enter the house; they entered without difficulty, they searched all the rooms, all the closets, they made a mason sound all the walls. To have arrested Ouvrard it would have

been necessary to have pulled down the whole house: he had constructed a movable chimney back, which afforded him a secure retreat. Furnished with an almanac indicating the hours of sunset and of sunrise, and an excellent pocket chronometer, Ouvrard never left his retreat except at the indicated hours; but this almanac was inexact, and one evening when he came into the street, he was arrested, it was ten minutes to sunset. While so pursued, Ouvrard always carried about with him fifty thousand francs in bank-notes; he offered them to the constable if he would release him: I cannot take them, sir, replied the constable; besides Seguin has given me sixty thousand francs to arrest you. Ouvrard had not left the gaol-registrar's office, when one of his nephews came to console him. Don't feel grieved, said Ouvrard, don't you see I shall not be afraid now of being arrested. No insolvent debtor had ever been admitted as a prisoner in the Conciergerie (a famous gaol immediately back of the Palais-du-Justice; insolvent debtors are commonly sent to the prison at Clichy); Ouvrard procured the favor of being transferred there. The gaoler was even authorized to rent him a large and well distributed suite of rooms and for six thousand francs a year. This apartment was soon richly decorated. So many visitors came to see him, the imprisoned insolvent debtor was sometimes so tired of receiving company, he would order the gaoler to say: Monsieur Ouvrard has gone out. The Rocher de Cancale furnished Ouvrard's dinner, and the choicest brands of the Clos-Vougeot; celebrated persons, wits, noblemen, distinguished artists, appeared every evening. These epicurean dinners became very celebrated, and Ouvrard told me that one day Seguin himself asked the favor of being invited to them. Seguin received his invitation immediately; the dinner was one of the gayest and most splendid which had been given there. There is but one drawback to the dinner, said Ouvrard, Lucullus is obliged to dine every day at home!

"What!" replied Seguin, "how can you, now fifty-five years old and having before you scarcely five good years, how can you be content to spend them in gaol! Now see here, I am a good fellow and I feel anxious to pay my share of the reckoning; give me three millions, and to-night you sleep in your own bed."

"Monsieur Seguin," said Ouvrard, "you are some years older than I am; if you were offered a speculation which would assure you a clear profit of five millions,

would you refuse it because it would oblige you to make a voyage to Calcutta?"

"No, certainly not."

"And yet, you would be obliged to embark on the ocean, to go four thousand leagues, to leave your family, your children, your friends, to abandon an excellent *cuisine* such as we have before us, and such choice wine as this, and perhaps encounter the yellow fever."

"Yes, yes, yes; but five millions, five millions!"

"*Eh bien!*" replied Ouvrard, in a victorious tone, "without quitting *terra firma*, without changing sky or clime, without bidding adieu to my family or friends, without even being deprived, Monsieur Seguin, of the pleasure of receiving and dining gayly with you, out of the reach of all disastrous chances and perils, I earn here, in this delightful retreat, the five millions for which you would expose yourself to such rude sacrifices."

There was a moment's silence. Seguin became serious and pensive, and at last said, coldly: "*Eh bien*, Monsieur Ouvrard, perhaps you are in the right."

"There is in the life of Ouvrard a page which will redeem many faults, and will appease many enmities. Ouvrard knew Colonel Labédoyère. After the Hundred Days, Labédoyère sought him, to obtain his advice: Leave France, said Ouvrard to him, at once, go to the United States; here's a letter of credit for fifty thousand francs, and fifteen hundred louis d'or. The next day the Prince de Talleyrand sent for Ouvrard, and demanded explanations about the letter of credit found among Labédoyère's papers, for he was arrested: It is not before you, Prince, said he, that I need justify myself, for having endeavored to save a proscribed man whose head is menaced. Prince Talleyrand felt this reply; and Ouvrard was not disturbed."

BOARDING-SCHOOLS, FRENCH AND OTHER.

THE Indians say, "Winter cannot come till the ponds are full," and an equally infallible preliminary, to us citizens of New-York, is the filling up of our various boarding-schools, French and other, before the holidays.

The process begins early. With the first falling leaf, the curious in such things may observe, in front of certain tall and elegant houses in conspicuous or retired situations, tracks that show the incessant wheeling of carriages, every one of which has been freighted with its fluttering damsel or two, an anxious papa or mamma, or guardian, and a cloth-enveloped trunk, whose fresh appearance proclaims that the owner has not yet been much of a traveller. And "about these days," as the Almanac says, or indeed a little earlier, the newspapers break out with a new advertisement, simultaneously, as if they had all been inoculated in a batch—"Mrs. —'s Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies will reopen on the 15th of September." The initiated are in nowise puzzled to account for the accumulated carriage-tracks.

But who can tell what sighs of little beating hearts load those first cool breezes of autumn, or count the hundreds of pairs

of tearful, pretty eyes that gaze wistfully out of those carriage windows upon our streets of palaces, finding all barren because it is not "home?" It is the first lesson, to many of these little thoughtful ones, on the value of home; up to this time, perhaps, considered a stupid old place, where there is no fun going on that is comparable with the doings of the gay, free world beyond its careful walls. Papa, whose occasional snubbings have sometimes been rebutted with gentle pouts, and mamma, not always pleasantly thanked for her maternal reproofs and cautions, are seen transfigured through those tears, till their faces are as the faces of angels, a class of beings, by the by, of whom hardly any body knows so much as school-girls seem to do, perhaps because they are specially favored with a good many, not needless, to keep watch and ward over their young steps. What questioning glances are thrown up at the cold freestone face of the new home, which the perverse little heart has already vowed shall never seem home, whatever kindness or pleasure may be found in it; though indeed prejudice is too apt to decide at once that there can be neither kindness nor pleasure there, thanks to the benevolent pains taken by

general literature, to represent the boarding-school as a sort of intermediary state, to which a moderate purgatory were paradise. How the countenance of the mistress, we beg her pardon, "principal" (we wish to be set down at once as a devoted disciple of the Woman's Rights doctrine), comely and kind to other eyes, gleams with incipient cruelty, and, pah! self-interest, that odious and uncommon quality! Thanks to general literature again, which has labored to show that the profession needed almost a new invention in the shape of woman—a woman in whose composition all the better feminine traits should be omitted. How the tasteful splendors of the reception rooms are disparaged, in comparison with the home parlors, even though the great home study and effort has been to bring those parlors up to a faint imitation of such achievements of upholstery and cabinet work! The very tail of Madame's lap-dog is supposed to curl with preternatural stiffness; the effect of an awful disciplinary atmosphere, by which dogs' caudal appendages and young misses' wills must expect to be controlled and forced into unnatural shapes. And these other scholars—antiquated denizens, "oldest inhabitants," whose faces are plump and rosy, and whose eyes show no traces of weeping? Ah! but "they have got used to it!" or, perhaps, they never had homes! At all events their very contentment is stolid; they are not of the finer clay that asks tears for the moulding!

Poor child! you walk in a vain show, and disquiet yourself for naught. Stern papa and secretly-weeping mamma knew all this must come, when the time arrived for the little home-bird to try her wings, and they have sturdily agreed to push the fledgling from the nest, spite of her reluctant cries. She must kiss wild good-byes into the very substance of their cheeks and lips, and watch the carriage drive off, through eyes that see prismatic colors on the panels and all about the horses' ears, and then turn sadly in, no longer "Fanny" or "Julia," but "Miss Budd," or "Miss Midge," or "Number 54,"—transformation strange and hateful.

Up to this time of life our *débutante* has seen a friend in every new face; now she sees only enemies, antagonists, plotters against her peace. To him who will wear red spectacles, the landscape is for ever lurid. The much lauded maxim, "In peace prepare for war"—reverend as is its origin, is a war maxim, at least in society. Countenances look forbidding when they are forbidden. The distrustful

thoughts of the new-comer being painted on her face, all her compeers resent her unhappiness. They are not going to coax her, not they! They have forgotten their own first days. If a teacher try, woe be unto her! Gorgons can only turn their victims to stone, and she, being a gorgon to Fanny's weeping eyes, will only make her heart the harder.

"But what does all this mean?" says Cousin Kitty, at whose request we sat down to write a tirade against Boarding-Schools, all and several. "Seems to me," she says, looking over our shoulder, "seems to me you mean to take their part, after all!" Not so fast, Miss! Not so much of a Balaam as your ladyship supposes! Let us get at the truth and then deal out justice. "Justice!" says Kitty, poutingly. We knew very well that was not what she wanted, but we shall have our own way.

Let us then take a fair and sober look at some young ladies' boarding-schools French and other.

The first French one that we know much about is that of St. Cyr, established by Louis XIV. under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, a lady who was more of a woman than some people suppose, as one easily learns by studying the plan and history of this one, single institution. If she *did* sanction the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it was because, on various accounts, she could not help it; if she *did* give up her generous advocacy of Madame Guyon and Fénelon, it was not until the whole power of church and king was turned against them and herself, and her habitual deference to both authorities, and the terrible fear of losing her soul, which always haunted even a mind so brilliant and enlightened as hers, proved too much for her resolution, though working no change in her affections. But at St. Cyr we have the flower and fruit of her genius and her benevolence, and the crowning object of her life, from the moment that she came into power by her marriage with the king. It was about this time that Louis XIV. bethought him of making a sort of peppercorn atonement for the decimation and impoverishment which the nobility had suffered through his wars, by the establishment of three charitable institutions—a Military Hospital (the Invalides), a school for young gentlemen, and another for young ladies—the last two for the children of noblemen who had been killed, crippled, or beggared in the service of the state. Madame de Maintenon had already become interested in a charity school, to which the king

granted the domain of Noisy, (not intending a sarcasm, we dare say, Kitty!) and from this comparatively small beginning grew the great school and convent of St. Cyr. When Madame de Maintenon represented to the king her idea of what it would become him to do in the premises, he checked her with the remark that no Queen of France had ever attempted any thing so magnificent; but, nothing daunted, she reminded him, in turn, of what he had been doing for the young men, and of his own projects for the reform of society and the re-establishment of religion; wisely arguing that the culture of women was at least as likely to be effectual in this direction as that of the other sex, and that the planting of noble sentiments in the minds of people of rank, was especially important because of the power of their example. As soon as the royal consent was obtained, the plan was laid before the council, who were naturally appalled at the expense to be incurred at the close of the war, which had left the treasury empty. In the end, the king's original notion of adopting five hundred young ladies, was modified by the deduction of one half. Two hundred and fifty were then invited to repair to St. Cyr, a village within the limits of the park of Versailles, where a great house was built by Mansard, under the joint direction of Madame de Maintenon and the king. The occupation took place in 1686.

The special intents connected with the establishment of this school have little to do with our sketch of it for the present purpose. What we desire is to ascertain the governing ideas of a boarding-school for girls, under the auspices of a French woman, holding the highest rank in the kingdom, yet finding time for the closest attention to this great undertaking. "Providence," she says, "which had destined me for St. Cyr, has given me special qualifications for such an institution." And according to our notion no one should undertake such things without a special vocation. This was no temporary fancy—no court-lady's whim, in Madame de Maintenon. For *thirty years* she visited the school nearly every morning, and very generally remained there the greater part of the day, inspecting the classes, overseeing the kitchen, caring for the sick, and often with her own hands ministering to the comfort of the convalescent. She taught the teachers and drilled the scholars, and she says, in her *naïve* way, "I prefer these duties to all the amusements

of Versailles." The king gave much of his attention to the school, and it was on his first visit there in state that the music now familiar to us as "God save the king," composed by Lulli, was originally performed,* the words, by Madame de Brinon, then principal of St. Cyr, commencing thus:—

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Qu'a jamais glorieux,
Louis victorieux,
Voyez ses ennemis,
Toujours sounds," &c.

The original scope of instruction included "religion, the French language, a little arithmetic and music, and, above all (*surtout*), needle-work, including plain sewing, embroidery, knitting, lace-making, and tapestry or worsted-work." Madame's own sketch of her aims reads thus—"What we desire is solid piety, far removed from all the pettiness of convents; spiritual elevation; the most careful selection of maxims; real eloquence in our instructions; great freedom in our conversations; an agreeable tone in society." Besides all this, she wished to allow a noble freedom in their studies, their recreations, their relations with their instructresses. All should be dignified, easy, smiling, natural, whether in piety, writings, behavior, or language. "No tedious minuteness, no narrow and onerous devotion, no vulgar restrictions or reprehensions." The scholars were to be allowed a select variety of reading, for the purpose of forming an elegant style; they were to be encouraged to converse on worthy and elevating topics; their deportment was to claim careful training, and the cultivation of personal elegance and grace by no means to be neglected. "Noble sentiments, generosity, disinterestedness, probity, compassion, mildness, affability," were the burden of her song, but she disdained not "the exercises calculated to inspire them with a politeness required by good society, and which is not incompatible with religion."

When we remember that the epoch of St. Cyrian glory was the age of Madame de Sévigné, we are not surprised to find how much stress was laid on language, and the graces of conversation and writing. Racine even condescended to become one of the instructors of the young ladies honored by the protection of Madame de Maintenon. "She desired," says the historian, "that her beloved pupils should understand their native tongue, not so much in its

* Lavallér Histoire de la Maison Royale de St. Cyr.

grammatical subtleties, as in its fine turns of expression, in its transparency and its abundance, in the weight of its words and the significance of its phrases." "They were required," says Racine, "to talk over the histories they had studied, and the important truths that had been taught them; to recite and declaim the finest passages of the best poets." And to this desire to perfect them in all that was elegant and inspiring in language, we owe *Esther* and *Athalie*, which were written at the desire of Madame de Maintenon, for the young ladies of St. Cyr, and performed by them under the personal direction and instruction of Racine and Boileau. At first entirely private, these representations were soon the highest amusement of the court, and contests for the honor of admission soon became troublesome.

Bishops and priests in their mitred array
By the cardinal legate recruited,
(Finger-posts, pointing to heaven the way,
While their feet in the earth are rooted)—

as sings an irreverent poet, crowded the benches, Bossuet and Bourdaloue included. The king himself stood inside the door, holding his cane across it for a barrier, to see that no one found entrance whose name was not upon Madame de Maintenon's list for the evening, and that the doors were closed as soon as the invited guests had all arrived. At the fourth representation of *Esther*, February 5th, 1689, James II. of England, and his queen "assisted," escorted, with great pomp and honor, by Louis XIV., and his court. "Three crowned heads, and nearly all the princes and princesses of the blood!" says the delighted Madame de Perou, one of the instructresses: and Madame de Sévigné—"The king, appearing to be quite at home, which gave him the most amiable air, came to where we were sitting, and said to me: 'Madame, I am sure you have been pleased.' *Moi, sans m'étonner, je répondis. 'Sire, je suis charmée.'*" The prince and princess came to give me a word; Madame de Maintenon a flash. She retired with the king." There is no need of further unfolding here the history of this great French boarding-school, except to say that these public-private theatricals were very soon found inimical to the worthy progress of the young ladies in the solid branches of education, which the enlightened mind of the foundress valued above all others. The pupils became vain and haughty, fancying that the eyes of all the world were upon them,

and that their proper object in life was to be charming, and to make grand marriages. They scorned every thing that savored of labor, and objected to singing psalms in church, for fear of spoiling their voices. Madame de Maintenon was for a while almost in despair at this result of all her cares and prayers, but, summoning courage, she resolved upon a thorough reform; commencing with the removal of the Lady Superior, by a *lettre de cachet*, that *dame hautaine* having roundly refused to modify her practice by the ideas of the foundress of the institution. Far stricter and graver rules now came into fashion. "We must rebuild from the foundation," said Madame; "cultivate humility and simplicity, renounce our grand, self-sufficient, worldly airs, and our ambition of wit. We must reprehend our girls more decidedly, and be less familiar with them. They must retrench their ribbons, their pearls, their tassels, and draw their veils more closely. We must not give them new clothes so often, but rather let them go a little shabby. They must not write so much, lest they become too ambitious of being rhetoricians; they must not acquire too much taste for conversation, or they will die of *ennui* when they return to their homes. Even poetry is not good for them; it puts high notions in their heads. They must be put to domestic affairs, working with their hands, and learning, above all things, to live Christian lives, and fit themselves to take care of families." Madame's *résumé* of her plan of reform concludes with these characteristic words:—"Les femmes ne savent jamais qu'à demi, et le peu qu'elles savent les rend communément fières, dédaigneuses, causeuses, et dégoûtées des choses solides."^{*}

Whew! Miss Kitty, how do you relish that compliment from one of your own sex? *Hateful old thing!* She is said to have been "aussi spirituelle que modeste" in her youth, and, at the age of fifty, she is thus described by impartial judges: "She was still very beautiful, with the sweetest and most agreeable voice, affectionate manners, an open and smiling aspect, eyes of fire, graceful and elegant movements, a beautiful hand, which she used with much grace; altogether a charm which threw the greatest belles of the court quite into the shade. At first glance her air was imposing, and somewhat tintured with severity, but the smile and the voice unveiled her. And, further, she was of a most equable humor, mistress of her-

^{*} Women know only by halves, and the little they do know only serves generally to make them proud, dissatisfied, gossiping, and disgusted with serious things.

self, modest, reasonable; and, in addition to these rare attractions, she was witty, intellectual, and highly cultivated."

When we add to all this the fact that she reigned over the affections, and enjoyed the respect of Louis XIV. for thirty consecutive years, we must allow, gentle Kitty, that she was—well, well! we will not insist. But just think for a moment what a fine, generous, high-souled boarding-school this must have been; how far removed from the petty, penurious, torturing, soulless image that has full possession of your silly little brain, when such a thing is mentioned. What a thorough understanding of what should be the end and aim of education, and what constitutes the perfection of female loveliness, is here displayed. *There are none such in this country!* There are no Madame de Maintenons, I grant; they do not belong to our age; but there will always be springing up among your sex, wise and good women, whose best thoughts and labors will be given to the improvement of the rising race. What has been, shall be, Kitty. The worst educational system cannot spoil all the women. You may be assured that there will always be some who undertake teaching without the least desire to make little girls miserable, or to do them any thing but good.

But, let us look a little at another great boarding-school, one of somewhat similar general aims, undertaken in the nineteenth century in our young republic. Mount Holyoke Seminary was founded by Miss Mary Lyon, not with the aid of a royal treasury, but by the contributions of the public, whom, by the power of her enthusiasm, she succeeded in interesting in her benevolent project. Miss Lyon was a very plain Yankee girl, without personal charms or social graces, whose strength lay in her honest and religious purpose, and the passionate zeal with which she entered upon the business of education. When she was about twenty years of age, somebody remarked of her, "She is all intellect; she does not know that she has a body to care for." She lived as a sort of servant in her brother's family, while she earned, by spinning, weaving, teaching, &c., the money that was to buy her own education. Her struggles for this great end were immense; the family with whom she boarded thought that for months she slept not more than four hours out of the twenty-four. Such was her energy, that in three days' time she committed to memory, with the utmost accuracy, all that portion of Adams's Latin Grammar usually recited by students. She soon became a regular and acceptable teacher in

various schools, but not without intense application to study in those hours which others would have devoted to recreation or repose, and her progress in self-knowledge, self-control, and deep interest in the welfare of others, kept pace with her literary advancement. All this was preparing her, more and more deeply and perfectly, for the realization of an idea which early dawned in her mind, of establishing a school, "which should be so moderate in its expenses, as to be open to the daughters of farmers and artisans, and to teachers who might be mainly dependent on their own exertions." In a letter she says, "O! how immensely important is this great work, of preparing the daughters of the land to be good mothers! If they are prepared for this situation, they will have the most important preparation that they can have for any other; they can soon and easily become good teachers, and, at all events, good members of society." The difficulties and discouragements likely to beset such an enterprise, were none of them spared her. Hesitating friends, jealous or sneering foes, honest doubters, and lukewarm helpers there were, in plenty. No one who has ever tried to begin any thing, however useful, that required the consent and contribution of many minds and purses, need be assured that her path was no primrose one; but she had the spirit that could, like the good clergyman described by Vinet, reply to the severest animadversions,—"*Et mes pauvres?*" I may be all you insinuate, but—my object? And in the end she triumphed, as such advocates must. They bring with them the fire, before which ice, and harder things, melt. Money came, and co-operation and aid of all needed kinds; a great building was erected, in a confusion of tongues, that makes one think of Babel, so many were the doubts and fears and varieties of opinion that hindered it for a while; and teachers were found, who were willing to serve for the smallest kind of earthly consideration, and Miss Lyon laid her head on the hard pillow of the principalship, with a glorious feeling of success, and a perfect willingness to encounter all that the position was sure to bring upon her—a rare example of female energy, wisdom, love and devotion, the memory of which will be always green and fragrant in New England.

The most distinctive feature of the new boarding-school, was the arrangement by which all the household labor of the institution was performed by the pupils. This it was that at first occasioned such infinite discussion and cavil. Young la-

dies do housework! Shocking! Shocking even to those young ladies whose mothers were doing the very same thing daily; nay more, to those who, behind the scenes, and always with an anxious protest in behalf of their gentility, were themselves obliged to be intimately acquainted with kitchen affairs, as well as with the lighter labors of the upper chambers. It is curious that in our country, where so much of the ordinary domestic labor is, in one way and another, performed by the ladies of the family, there should be so much false pride and mean concealment about it, but so it is; and this item of the plan for the new seminary,—an indispensable one for a school which was intended to be all but a charity-school,—came near rendering the whole scheme abortive. The feeling of equality, though so anxiously cherished, and so prevalent in our community, is yet not deep and sincere enough to rid women of the fear, that by performing such labors as princesses of old did not disdain, they may lose *caste*, and be considered as inferiors by the least valuable of their acquaintances.* This part of Miss Lyon's plan seemed original, yet it was only so in this country. In all the convents,—i. e., institutions having for their object the religious retirement and education of women, the inmates have shared among themselves the domestic labor. In the Beguinages, whose members are ladies of noble and even royal blood, the whole round of household duty is performed by themselves in turn; thus avoiding the introduction of inimical or discordant elements, dishonesty, or ignorance. The very idea of a perfectly organized religious community, such as Miss Lyon designed, almost demands this arrangement, for reasons too obvious to need insisting on. And she saw this, and persisted, much to the advantage of the institution and its pupils. Madame de Maintenon introduced the requisition into the school at St. Cyr, for the sake of the scholars; she considered it a necessary part of a young woman's education, and, queen as she was, personally taught and assisted in such labors. "We must teach them all sorts of things," she said; "put them to hard work to make them healthy, strong, and intelligent. Their instruction in the classics must be the first object, but beyond that, let them work." "At certain times," says the historian of St. Cyr, "as reward, as exercise, or for the regulating of the house, they allowed a whole class, or di-

vision of a class, to scrub, wash, clean the infirmary; arrange the closets, the refectory, and the sacristy; sweep the house from top to bottom—and all this was performed in silence." "Employ them," said Madame de Maintenon, "without scruple; all that you can make them do at St. Cyr will be but trifling, compared with what they must do in after life. Make them thrifty and industrious. By all means hinder them from being proud and squeamish; let them eat any thing; let them have hard beds and chairs; do not allow them to stoop, or to go to the fire to warm themselves, unless it is absolutely necessary; let them wait upon one another, sweep, and make beds,—all this will make them strong, adroit and humble. But do not neglect them, or make them work through a spirit of penury. They must serve the house, but they are also to be served. Spare nothing for their souls or their bodies." St. Cyr was filled with the daughters of the nobility and of army officers.

Horrible. Yes, I dare say you think so, Kitty. *Old Bachelor!* Yes—and I mean to be one, until there are some young ladies educated after some such plan as this. If I want a doll I can buy one—a beautiful waxen image, with pink cheeks, a mouth always showing a set smile, and eyes that will open and shut by the pulling of a string. I can dress such a thing in velvet and lace, and put diamonds upon her little useless hands, and feathers on her empty head. But will she talk to me, feed my soul with sweet, womanly thoughts, kiss away the frown-wrinkles from my forehead, and charm down the angry or disappointed passions that the turmoil of life is apt to bring into men's minds? What can she do for me when I am sick and cross, or poor and afflicted, and thrown upon home resources? To smile and look pretty is not enough. It is part of a woman's duty, I own, as silks and ribbons are a part of her dress. I would not divest her of feminine graces any more than I would wrap her in perpetual linsey-woolsey.

Here was the fault in Miss Lyon and her system. She herself felt no interest in dress or fine manners; her impulses were towards great things, to the exclusion of little ones, which her own early circumstances had taught her to disparage. Utility, immediate and obvious, was her aim. She had not that wider view which takes in the whole nature, and seeks to

* Yet, we know one young lady in Fifth Avenue, who gives orders to the servant, on certain days, to excuse her to visitors, on the ground that she is *making cake!*

glorify God by cultivating every power and grace he has bestowed. But what a soul she had! What a spirit of self-sacrifice,—what singleness of eye,—what a heavenward aspect! “Do not think of filthy lucre and immortal minds together,” she would say; “Teach, as Christ taught, to do good. Dollars and cents can never pay the faithful minister nor the faithful teacher.” This was no affectation, or word-virtue. Her generous soul felt it all. Her own money, hard-earned as it was, had no whit of preciousness in her eyes, save as an instrument of doing good, and when she had educated a young girl as a teacher, her next thought was of an outfit that would enable the *débutante* to go forth creditably, to educate others in her turn, for she had no Louis XIV. to dower her youthful graduates.

The darling object of this noble creature's life, Kitty, was that terrible thing, a boarding-school. For this she lived and labored, suffered, prayed, and died—in the midst of such love, honor, gratitude and reverence from her pupils, that we can almost fancy her borne to heaven on these feelings, as in a luminous cloud, or like St. Catherine, by a choir of white-robed angels. Plain and homely in body, and tasteless in outward guise, yet pure and glorious within, and with a soul that would have become an empress; was she one of your female Herods, Kitty, a victimizer of young hearts?

If there are some good, there are a great many bad ones. Yes, indeed; I concede so much. There are—hard, sordid, mean, selfish people, who dare to undertake the care of tender, helpless daughters, without a thought beyond the stipend which is to reward their treachery,—at least we must believe there are such, we hear it so often. Yet even such, you must remember, are necessarily influenced by the very self-interest which is their snare, to a certain amount of kindness, for they would soon sit alone else. This country has

no female Squeerses, nor any nook that could hide such monsters and their monstrous doings. There may be starvings and snubbings and neglect, but it must be on a very moderate scale among us. American parents do not err on the severe side. Their greatest cruelty to their children lies in the most absurd and ruinous indulgence, an indulgence that can end only in folly and weakness. The most sordid teachers are those who, knowing this our national foible, cater to it most unblushingly. So I think you can hardly make out your case against the whole army of boarding-schools and their proprietors. The good undertake the office from good motives, the bad are induced to perform it as well as they can, from bad motives; now how can the scholars be much abused?

After all, what do I really think? Why I think that there are as many persons who have a natural bias towards the act of teaching, as those who by nature are poets or painters. People of education, who have occasion to do something for their own support, are led by a spontaneous impulse to the use of their best power, and to the attempt to communicate to others that which they themselves feel to be the best earthly acquisition. The profession is as legitimate a one, and has as good a right to share in the emolument and the respect of the community, as Law, Physic, or Divinity; and, as the world advances in civilization, this will be the general feeling. And when that time comes, Kitty, even foolish little girls will be no more apt to speak ill of all teachers than of all clergymen or all physicians; will no more suspect the mistress of a boarding-school of treating her pupils unkindly, than the clergyman of preaching ruinous doctrines to his people, or the doctor of slipping poison into his patients' doses. There used to be a story that the Jews would steal little Christian children, and eat them; but I don't think it was true, do you?

NOTES FROM MY KNAPSACK.

NUMBER I.

A BROKER in meteorological phenomena at Labaca, Texas, might have telegraphed his correspondent on the morning of the 11th of August, 1846, after this

fashion:—Rain steady, but still falling, and terra firma any thing but firm. Despite the weather, however, the order came to march, and camp Irwin—which for

days and weeks had presented a series of dissolving views—was abruptly dissolved for ever. Thus far campaigning had been "as easy as rolling off a log." From Alton to Labaca was very plain sailing so far as we volunteers were concerned: thenceforth was to be the "tug of war." The incidents connected with the passage down the Mississippi and the transit across the Gulf, are scarcely worthy of a place in these recollections; but as the future was to unfold novelty of scene and variety of circumstance, our pens were put in requisition with our legs. The ten companies of a regiment derive their patronymics from the alphabet, and are known as "A." "B." "C." &c., and as we of "Company I." may be regarded as the optics of the command, it may be presumed that whatever occurred must have passed under our observation, and, therefore, our qualifications as historians ought not to be questioned.

At an early hour we began our march upon San Antonio. The rain had been falling in merciless torrents for weeks, and the large portion of a flat and barren prairie, was covered with water to an average depth of three or four inches. The monotony of an unbroken level was relieved at intervals, by what are called "hog-wallow prairies." These are formations of pitfalls and elevations, hollows and hillocks of every variety, which succeed each other like cups and saucers turned topsy-turvy. A transition over such a region, on foot, horseback or wheels, is mainly suggestive of reflections touching the ups and downs through life, and adventures by flood and field, and recalls the lines in Don Juan, slightly modified,

"How man falls and rises,
Texas hog-wallows place beyond disguise."

These groups of irregular elevations and depressions, with so much of the country submerged, present an enlarged view of the map of a State, after having been subjected to that felicitous operation in political surgery, known as Gerrymandering. The soil appears to be of indifferent quality, and must be comparatively valueless, if liable to these inundations once in a quarter of a century. The vegetation principally consists of a stunted growth of live-oak, richly canopied and curtained with the luxuriant moss of the morass. This timber is probably unfit for any use in naval constructions, being small, crooked, and brittle, but is doubtless a fair specimen of those inexhaustible and invaluable live-oak forests, which figured so conspicuously in the diplomatic correspondence touching annexation, during Mr. Van Buren's administration.

Victoria, is a village of five or six hundred inhabitants, who are huddled together somewhat promiscuously, in small, rudely constructed dwellings, many of which seem to have "passed into a decline." It was originally a Mexican settlement, but the transforming process has been so complete, that but few of its paternal lineaments are remaining.

The celebrated battle ground of the chivalric but unfortunate Fannin, is about four days journey from Labaca. It is marked by a natural monument of three live-oaks, which, however, must be specially pointed out by the guide, or the traveller has nothing to remind him that he is treading one of the few hallowed spots in Texas. Here, on the 19th of March, 1836, Colonel Fannin with a force of less than four hundred men, was attacked by one thousand Mexicans, commanded by a treacherous foreign mercenary, and after an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, was compelled to surrender as prisoners of war. By one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy which history records, the terms of the capitulation were infamously violated by the Mexican commander—a miscreant of an Italian—and all except six of that gallant band were deliberately put to death at Goliad, upon the principle, perhaps, that no faith is to be kept with heretics.

About ten miles hence, a solitary farmhouse in 1846 stood by the wayside, just opposite the town in which the terrible tragedy, just referred to, was enacted. Goliad—the scene of so much perfidy and so much heroism—is on the right bank of the San Antonio River, and exhibited from the other side only a few irregular brick or stone structures, apparently crumbling into ruin. Tradition makes it a place of much former splendor and renown, but one now finds it hard to believe, that within its shattered and dilapidated walls, once thought and smoked, danced, dreamed and sinned, fifteen thousand of the mixed descendants of Cortez and Montezuma. There is an old church or Spanish mission in the neighborhood, erected by the Jesuits for the conversion of the Indians,—which, with an increase of Anglo-Saxon population, may yet become in reality, tributary to the cause of education, morality, and a pure Christianity.

The prospect improves as we advance westward. We enter upon a purer atmosphere, the land rises, its surface becomes more varied and broken; and though the soil is neither rich nor productive, the views are strikingly picturesque. The level plain, the swelling hill, and the sunken valley,

with now and then a quiet little stream, clear as crystal and flowing over snow-white gravel, which ever and anon greet the eye, form a succession of natural landscapes of rare and unrivalled beauty. A spire in the distance—a moss-grown ruin, and a waterfall, would present a combination of loveliness, on which the eye of a painter or the lover of nature might linger with unmixed pleasure. But these are matters foreign to the matter-of-fact business of a campaign, and to the cogitations of a ploughman turned patriot.

For two or three days occasional ranchos had indicated an approach to civilization, or the settlements, and on the morning of August 24th, we came in sight of the long looked for San Antonio. As the permanent camp could not be selected before consultation with General Wool, our tents were temporarily pitched near the "Mission Concepcion," in the vicinity of a detachment of regular dragoons. Our first stride towards Chihuahua, has been accomplished in less than a fortnight, one day's experience of which, will illustrate the process of initiation through which the volunteer enters upon the path to glory.

The prairie partakes of but few of the characteristics which had been anticipated. Instead of boundless plains covered with carpets of perpetual verdure, and enamelled with flowers of various and gorgeous colors, over which the wild horse may be seen careering in his untamed strength, and herds of deer bounding in their native grace and beauty (see writers on Texas *passim*), there is before you, for the most part, nothing but barrenness, stretching away in the distance until the eye aches with vacancy. Down come the rays of the sun, scorching and scathing every thing on which they fall. All of animal and vegetable life seem gasping for a moment's respite from heat, or for one priceless drop of moisture; but there is no grateful shade, no passing cloud—no bubbling fountain, visible over the wide waste of that arid plain. The atmosphere seems on fire, and even in its rare intervals of motion, when a current of air strikes the cheek, it is like burning lava. Yet, on we go, taking no heed of toil, or heat, or distance. That we advance is hardly known by any change of scene, though sometimes the phantom of a lifeless shrub rises along our path. Clouds—few and far between—soar above us, fly away, or evaporate into nothings; the air is roused for a moment from its stagnation, but the stifling solitude, the vast vacuity of the desert, the suspension as it were of vitality, cling to you with an oppressive reality that is almost withering.

If it were not for the native of the animal kingdom—noxious as is the vegetable, meagre and worthless—life would seem extinct; but the fly alone, as if feeding fat the grudge of some ancient hate and long deferred vengeance, heeds not the scorching vapor and famished earth, but preys with active unceasing vigor, upon the wasted energies of our toil-worn beasts. What cares he for water, when he may gorge himself on blood? Still the column drags its slow length along, cheered by the ever hopeful presence of its leader, who, mounted on his white charger, leads the way, or moves to and fro along the line with words of encouragement for all.—The fire of his eagle eye was quenched on the bloody field of Buena Vista, where, with so many others, he who had ever borne himself as a gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, sealed his devotion to his country's honor with his blood. And those who served with him on that campaign, will pardon and appreciate this passing but imperfect tribute to the noble heart and heroic virtues of John J. Hardin.

Wearied almost to exhaustion, panting and gasping under the rarefied air—a halt to droop, if not to die, seems inevitable; when a tree is revealed in the distance, a cloud is wafted into being, and before the change is completely realized, dark masses are piled up and lowering all around the horizon. The sun is hidden, the air cools—lightning dances in the distance, and flash after flash keeps time to the music of electric artillery. Drop by drop the rain falls at first, and disappears beneath the gaping and famished earth. Anon it quickens, and soon the entire firmament appears converted into a fountain; every sunbeam has become a cataract, and torrents follow fast and follow faster, until the scorched plain is transformed into a hissing lake. The rivulet, whose proximity has been apparent for some time, in the quickened vegetation along its banks, and which within a few moments one of our famished beasts might almost have drunk dry, is swollen into a river, rolling on with a constantly accelerating impulse, and of sufficient volume and power to arrest the progress of an army. The day's march is done. Slowly the stragglers come in from the rear, and preparations are made for a bivouac. A few tents are pitched on the soft and slippery earth. The soil, saturated with water, yields at every step, so that one position cannot be abandoned without danger of being mired in another. Such a night is, perhaps, as disagreeable as any part of a soldier's troubles. Worn

down by the exertions of a long day's march, parched by the heat of a tropical sun; buried ankle deep in mud, except where the long rank grass waves its wet drapery around you; to raise a fire on the damp ground, to kindle into a blaze the green and hissing wood, and to find a spot where the water does not ooze from beneath you, as from a wet sponge in the grasp of an Irish washerwoman; are assaults of no ordinary magnitude upon a volunteer's philosophy, and degrees of misery of which our pampered legislators, and pigeon-hole, red-tape and soft-cushion statesmen, who annex empires and wage wars, with no knowledge of either, have but very imperfect conceptions.

If Texas may be judged by the specimens between San Antonio and Labaca, its principal feature must be its grazing territory, which probably includes two thirds of its area. Cotton may be grown in the valleys of many of its shallow streams, but the variableness of the seasons, and the consequent uncertainty of the crops, will not justify the farmer, who is already well located, in disposing of improvements at a sacrifice, for the purpose of making the dangerous experiment of producing more at less cost. Many a man it is said has been seduced by the promise of the spring, and the golden prospect then presented, to part with his old homestead, sever for ever the most sacred associations, and turn over the graves of his fathers to the keeping of strangers, for the purpose of removing hither, who has found on his arrival, that the desolating drought has blighted the hopes predicated on the vernal bloom; and while bitterly lamenting the folly of his course, finds his sole consolation in the fact, that if he saves one crop out of two or three, he is doing quite as well as his neighbors. If the farmer trusts his seed to the high grounds, the crop is endangered by the parching rays of the sun and the total absence of rain for months; if he plants in the low grounds, the chances are equal that ruin will come from floods and freshets. He has to run the gauntlet between Scylla and Charybdis—to be drowned by the one or burned by the other. He has no surety in either position, and the maturity of the crop depends upon accident rather than upon industry. But in these regions, there is one harvest that never fails, that owes its success neither to deluge nor to drought; its products are not exposed for sale in the market-place, nor quoted on the exchange: it is the harvest of bilious fever. Where the lands are rich and fertile, and, *per se*, worthy of cultivation, there sickness and

disease flourish with rampant vigor; and where people can live unmolested by these unwelcome attendants, the soil will scarcely repay the labor of cultivation. It may be true that Texas has the purest air, and finest land on the continent—but they appear to repel each other, like the opposite poles of a magnet.

There is another point in relation to the habitable portion of Texas, so peculiar in itself, and so important even now to the emigrant in all its bearings, that it is entitled to special attention. It is the fact so forcibly presented by Mr. Senator Benton in his celebrated speech at Boonville, in 1844, that to almost every acre of land here, there are innumerable claimants under innumerable titles. There is an original Spanish grant, then a Mexican grant, then a Texan grant or "head-right," and the latter transferred perhaps so often that the actual fee simple is involved in a labyrinth, the clew to which can only be found in the tortuous track of winding wickedness, which Justice so often adopts as the only avenue to her temple. If the current reports be true, the purchaser of Texas lands has secured to himself a lasting lien upon litigation, a legacy of lawsuits in reversion for ever, and involving the combined obliquity of the civil and common law. If the titles of the numerous claimants to the best parts of Texas, could be actually spread out on the country, they would envelope the soil like the coats of an onion; and some enthusiastic geologist, eager for novelties and discoveries, stumbling upon the exhibition, would imagine that he had added a few centuries to the age of the world in finding a new formation, which he might possibly designate as the titular-aqua-igneous-bi-transition-revolutionary series. Whatever lands here, not now covered by this multiplicity of claims, may be considered as a legitimate and acknowledged range for the Comanches; since it cannot be presumed that the holders of "floats" and "head-rights," which may be located at will on lands not taken up, would invoke the expense, delay, and harassing anxieties of litigation, and risk the total loss of their investments, when other lands of even inferior value could be secured involving no questions of title.

In every view in which Texas may be considered, with reference to fertility of soil, geniality of climate, freedom from disease, regularity of crops, validity of land titles, facilities for transportation, convenience and safety of harbors, and proximity to markets, it is probably equal to but few of the States and superior to none. These

facts explain the great secret, why the people with a unanimity unparalleled on any other subject, and in opposition to the behests of their political leader who carries the ballot-box in his breeches pocket, joyfully relinquished their sovereignty, and voted for annexation. None knew so well as they—for their knowledge was experience—that the country was almost wholly destitute of the essential elements and resources of an independent power, and was utterly exhausted by a trivial contest with an imbecile foe. Its actions for years had been but the convulsions of expiring energy, and when it was Tylerized into the Union, it was in its last paroxysm. The people of Texas imagined that annexation would heal all their diseases, and that the gold to be introduced by two inevitable if not immediate consequences—a war with Mexico and with the Comanches—would infuse its own warmth and vigor into the torpid and prostrate corpse of the body politic.

Life has its varieties even in San Antonio. The fandango of last night is followed by the funeral of this morning;—thus sorrow treads on the heels of joy, and checkers with black and white, the universal picture of human life.

"Fandango" is the term given in the dictionaries for a "lively Spanish dance," but is here applied to nocturnal gatherings for dances, "lively" enough, certainly, but possessing very few of the qualities of the "poetry of motion." The women who attend these assemblies are seen, with their rebozos drawn closely over the face, serving for bonnets, which they never wear, wending their way early in the evening, by the light of their own *cigarretas*, and puffing most industriously, to the place of rendezvous. These are of a class not definable, as in Mexican female society here, there appeared to be little distinction between vice and virtue, and the chaste matron or maiden (if there be such), and the leprous prostitute, seemed to be on terms of social equality. The young girl not yet indoctrinated in the ways of vice, finds ready instructors at these gatherings, where she soon loses the modesty of feeling and purity of heart, innate in the sex, and by degrees falls at last into that pit from which there is no recovery. Fandangoes, as conducted here, are mere schools of corruption and immorality for the destruction of the younger attendants, soul and body; in which the alphabet of vice and the rudiments of prostitution are acquired with fatal facility. Yet there is positively nothing more attractive in them, than the discordant tones produced by the

untutored hand of a village blacksmith, upon fibres of untanned catgut. The males were drawn entirely from the Americans; the few Mexicans who were prowling round the outside of the building, seemed to surrender without a struggle or a regret, their wives, sisters, and daughters to hopeless pollution and degradation. In the dance, the females are ranged in a right line on one side of the room, and the males opposite their respective partners; then to the sounds of unearthly music, they proceed to go through with the most laborious antics and gyrations; motions fore and aft and up and down, vulgar if not voluptuous; and having succeeded in working themselves up to the proper point of perspiration—thereby generating a species of perfumery less delicious than the "gales of Araby"—the dance ceases, and each man conducts his partner to a refreshment table, where he purchases a dime's worth of cake or *tortillas*, which she receives in her handkerchief or hands, and proceeds to deposit under a bench, or with a friend, for safe keeping, so that it may not encumber her performances in the next dance. This pile accumulates during the evening, if she is tolerable good-looking, to a mass large enough to feed a small family of Mexicans, until the next fandango. The dance is thus considered a business transaction, conducted on the cash system.

Tortillas constitute the ordinary Mexican bread. They are of corn, and as thin as pancakes, which in appearance (only) they resemble. The grain is first soaked in ley, until it becomes soft and loses the outer covering; it is then thoroughly washed in water, and made ready for the mill. This consists of a flat stone, the upper surface slightly concave, and a cylindrical crusher of the same material. A woman places the corn thus prepared beside her, and with the stones before her, she crushes about a handful at a time, when it becomes pulpy and soft. It is then turned into a trough, and after a little additional manipulation, is ready for the oven. *Apropos* of this operation, one of our countrymen was in a sort of cake shop belonging to a native, where the woman was making pies. There being no chairs, he was about to make use of the bed as a substitute, when the woman, under an unaccountable excitement, earnestly begged him to *desist*. As her language was wholly unintelligible, she was compelled at last to reveal the cause of her uneasiness and opposition, by exhibiting a layer of pies which she had snugly stowed away between the sheets, preparatory to transferring them to the oven.

The cracked bell of the old church rang out early the morning following the fandango, a cry of distress, in broken accents, and about nine o'clock a straggling procession moved from the western entrance, which proved to be a funeral. The priest, preceded by three boys—one bearing the cross, the others swinging their censers—was in advance of the body, garnished in faded robes, and chanting in a sing-song tone, in company with another, the ritual of the dead. A few uncovered men and noisy boys followed: the affair presenting none of the solemnity to which we are accustomed in the performance of the last duty to departed friends. The coffin was uncovered, and exposed the corpse of an aged female, of a haggard and emaciated appearance. She was clothed in an ordinary calico dress, as unlike a corpse as possible, while a man bearing the top of the coffin, trotted along heedlessly beside it.

While the troops were "marking time" at San Antonio, the town was usually besieged on Sunday by the military from Camp Crockett, who in the course of their rambles, generally dropped into the Roman church, during a few minutes of the service. The building is without a floor, and was originally without seats; but the vicinity of Protestantism has recently partially supplied the latter deficiency, a few rough benches having been constructed near the altar. The audience, save those belonging to the army, was mostly females. These were squatted on their hams on the ground, and appeared humble and attentive listeners to the harangue of the priest. His address was in Spanish, and delivered in the monotonous, sing-song tones of his profession.

The building is of stone or *adobe*, and belongs to that class of architecture common to the "missions" in the vicinity, though of more limited capacity. Its walls are of great thickness, but the material is soft, and in many places crumbling away. Over the principal or eastern entrance, there is a small niche, occupied by a very ornate statue of his holiness the successor of Saint Peter in general. He has lost the fraction of one arm below the elbow, and a portion of his nose; his robes are rent in many places, and other fractures are visible about his person. There is no sadness, however, amid so much dilapidation; and the figure reminds one of a clown, drawing down the usual thunders of applause from the juveniles, in the very facetious act of placing his thumb on his nose, and extending his fingers, while he autochthonizes "you can't come it."

The city of San Antonio de Bexar differs from all other towns in the United States, unless possibly Texas may possess its parallel. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the houses, with the exception of four, are of one story, built of stone or mud, or of a combination of mud and wood. To construct those of the latter class, long poles are driven into the ground, as close as their crookedness will permit, and the intervals are then filled up with clay. The surface of the interior is smoothly plastered, and looks passably well, but the exterior has the appearance of a pig-pen rather than the abode of man. The roofs are thatched, and afford but miserable protection from the weather. The stone and *adobe* (unburned brick) buildings, are generally plastered and whitewashed on the outside, and of course present a more comfortable aspect than the others. The side walls rise higher than the lower line of the roofs—which are almost flat—forming a kind of parapet with openings at regular intervals for the passage of the water. The roofs incline only in one direction; they are formed by heavy rafters laid a few inches apart, upon which boards, running in the same direction, are firmly nailed, the joints being immediately above the rafters. The whole then receives a covering of cement, and perhaps a foot or two of clay. Wooden gutters pass through the holes left in the parapet walls, and project several feet into the street, so that at a short distance the houses present somewhat the appearance of a fortification, bristling with artillery. With few exceptions, they have no floors other than the ground. This, when dry, forms a hard surface; but in many houses they have worn away so much as to bring the level below that of the streets, which are thus drained into the houses. All of the buildings of Mexican origin are without windows, and, while they look very like prisons, are indeed little better.

On the whole, this place, though nearly as old as Philadelphia—it was settled about 1685—presents to the stranger only ideas of abject poverty and wretchedness. Whether it is due to the stagnant character of the people, their imbecile government, or the tyranny of their religion; the fact cannot be denied, that the native Mexicans are in an extremity of degradation, rarely reached even by the semi-civilized. Instead of having advanced with the world, they actually appear to be less civilized and enlightened than were the Aztecs when they fell before the power of Cortez. They seem to be subject to some mysterious influence which

hangs like an incubus upon them, paralyzing their physical and stultifying their intellectual energies. They live, nobody knows how, transmitting from one generation to another, mere cumberers of the earth. It may be doubted—whatever may be our hopes—whether the galvanizing power of our own republic will ever be able to infuse into them any thing of life or activity. Like the aborigines, whose blood they so largely share, they appear to be fast dwindling into mere wrecks, monuments of greatness that has passed away for ever.

The Inspector General arrived on the 31st of August, and commenced his duties at once, by mustering and inspecting the troops. His presence created no little excitement among those of the regulars who had recently had nothing to do with razors, and had cut the acquaintance of the barber. Even the few who presented no Esau development, save a graceful tuft pendent from the salient point of the chin, trembled with anxiety, lest that little might be shorn of its fair proportions. All save the volunteers, (lucky fellows, who regulate themselves!) who in any degree swerved from the form and dimensions, so accurately and perspicuously described, as I find it to be, in the Army Regulations, above a line [straight, curved, broken or disjointed, the book says not], drawn from "the lower tip of the ear" to "the curve of the mouth," were in great trepidation. They had very reasonable doubts as to the reading, and very unwholesome fears as to the construction. The article is almost as unmeaning as "the resolutions of '98," and must certainly have originated with a Virginian. If the line had to be drawn "*to the mouth*," it might be understood; but to have it to what any military anatomist may be pleased to consider the "*curve*" of that beautiful and essential facial appendage, is rather too general for a strict constructionist. The "*curve of the mouth*," moreover, has never been determined. It is not discussed as any one of the conic sections, nor does it figure among lines of the transcendental order. It is neither algebraic nor logarithmic, and its properties appear to have been investigated only in relation to military whiskers. The scarcely fledged subaltern, in the chrysalis state from adolescence to manhood, sighs as he thinks the silky down upon his upper lip, which he has reared with so many delicate attentions, must be nipped by the early frost of a general order. The offender more daring perhaps, but not more confident, who in adhering to the "*regulation whisker*," hopes to force through a

contraband moustache, shudders as the crisis arrives which must expose the enormity to the Argus of the Army. While the hardened and reckless, whose grim visages present a growth untouched by the barber's blade, and as undefiled as Samson's when it fell before the shears of Delilah's treacherous confederate, look with philosophic but desperate unconcern upon the alarm of others, and with heroic firmness, hold themselves, as represented by their beards, ready for the guillotine.

The "Mission Concepcion" is one of the numerous structures for *quasi* religious purposes, created by the Spanish Jesuits for the conversion of the Indians to Romanism. They are all now deserted, and abandoned literally "to the moles and the bats," and there is nothing visible in the condition of Mexican or Indian, to indicate any knowledge or any appreciation of the pure doctrines and divine morality of the New Testament. From an imperfect inscription now almost obliterated, on the building—which is of stone and of stately appearance—it seems to have been erected or completed in the year 1754. But little is left of the interior finish, and that hardly visible, as the building was so darkened by bats and so offensive that entrance was almost impossible. Near this place, on the 28th of October, 1835, occurred a brief, but hotly contested engagement, between a party of about one hundred Texans under Fannin and Bowie, and three hundred Mexicans, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of near one hundred killed and wounded, and a small piece of artillery.

On the right bank of the river, and about six miles below San Antonio, stands the "Mission of San Jose." It is a building of more pretension in its size and style of architecture than the other, and doubtless retains at present much of the imposing appearance designed for effect on the Indians. The front is of elaborate finish, the doorway being surrounded with six figures in *alto relievo*, and other richly sculptured ornaments. The ground forms the only floor, except at the altar, where an area of twenty-five or thirty feet square is covered with stone. As you enter, an apartment at the right displays through a grated door, a statue of the Virgin, apparelled in an old, faded calico gown; and as well calculated, perhaps, to stifle any sentiments of devotion, and substitute those of derision, as any design that could be erected in a temple to the Almighty. There are small chapels on either side of the principal aisle, but untenanted even by the symbol of a saint in sackcloth,

The roof is formed by three cloistered arches, resting upon massive pillars, and a dome, of perhaps thirty or forty feet in diameter. The altar still preserves its elaborate workmanship, but the rich gilding is seen only in a few spots, which have eluded the corroding touch of time. Back of the main building, extends a long wing, to which arched porticoes are appended, which an old negro, sole occupant, and not unworthy successor of the Jesuits, represents as having been constructed for, and occupied as, a convent. By the aid of steps cut into a log, extending from the ground to a stone stairway, the visitor is enabled to ascend to the tower. He there finds two cracked bells, bearing date, "Seville, 1782." A large stone cross, which originally rose over the entrance, has been broken off, and its fragments still remain on the roof. Here, too, may be best seen how the old pile is crumbling into ruins, from the devastations which time and neglect have already wrought. There is a broad fissure in one of the arches, which must be constantly widening, and unless speedily arrested, will not long hence bring the old edifice to the ground. Peach-trees are springing from the roof, and round the highest point of the turret, the *nopal*, or prickly pear, is winding its branches, and yielding a most abundant growth of fruit.

In any other part of the United States, a building, so venerable and classical in appearance, rising as it were from the midst of a vast solitude, yet in the vicinity of hundreds starving for the bread of life, would become an object of wide-spread interest, and might perhaps induce some liberal man of wealth to interpose the "almighty dollar," to arrest, if possible, its downward progress, and convert it not only in name but in reality to the uses of a pure Christianity. But here it is only a haunt for the half-starved, semi-civilized, mongrel and dissolute descendants of the Spaniards and Aztecs, whose stagnant energies would permit the golden fruit of Hesperides, to remain unplucked for ever.

We were soon initiated into another phase of military life, that of a court martial, which was ordered from the Arkansas cavalry, on two Illinois officers. Colonel Yell was president, and Lieut. Kingsbury of the army, judge advocate of the court. The most striking member of the body was Captain Albert Pike, a man of original genius and varied powers, already distinguished as a poet and a lawyer, and only waiting for the opportunity, to weave with his civic wreath, the laurels

of the soldier. He is tall, broad chested, and well developed, with a most exuberant growth of dark hair about his face, and in his military costume, certainly looks more like a corsair than a poet. The power of genius, however, is unmistakably enthroned upon his brow, and its fire flashes from his eye.

The Alamo is by far the most interesting object in the vicinity of San Antonio, though rapidly losing the romance connected with its historical recollections. It is now a shapeless mass of ruins. The walls on the north-eastern side are level with the ground, and there are broad openings on the other fronts, which preserve only detached portions of their original dimensions. The entrance to the chapel, the remains of which are at the northern angle of the work, still shows the elaborately cut stone which formed the façade, and indicates no ordinary degree of taste and skill. The doorway is arched, supported by two lofty columns. The Mexicans have a tradition that the cement of the walls was mixed with goats' milk, by which some peculiar sanctity, if not strength, was given to the structure; but how much or how little of the tale is true, cannot now be determined. Extending from the western side of the chapel is a wing, similar to that at the old mission, used as a convent, according to some, and by others, supposed to have been a barrack for soldiers. Gibbon observes in substance, that the barbarian now stables his steed in the palaces of the Cesars; and within this consecrated inclosure, the hammer of the quarter-master now rings upon the anvil, and the sacred retreats of the Mexican vestals (?) are decorated by the rude presence of the grim followers of Vulcan. *Sic transit.* &c.

Of the ditch which, it is affirmed, originally surrounded the work, all signs have so completely disappeared, that one may be pardoned for doubting whether it ever had an existence. There is a rank growth of weeds within the outline of the walls, and a few Mexican hovels on one side, which seem to have been erected from its fallen materials. Every thing around it is stamped with gloom and desolation. The solemn chant, the lofty swell of the organ, the prayer which daily rose to heaven, have vanished for ever from the church; the glitter of the soldier, or the veiled faces of the nuns, will be seen no more; and the fire of musketry and the roar of artillery, are hushed, until a mightier power than man shall cause these dry bones again to revive, and re-

people the habitations which are now desolate. Time and the elements will soon complete what the Mexican army commenced, and this spot, which is worthy to be revered as a second Thermopylæ, will present but a shattered and crumbling monument to the immortal memory of its defenders.

On the 23d day of February, 1836,* General Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bexar, and took possession of the town without firing a gun. The small garrison of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of William Barret Travis, retired as he advanced to the Alamo, on the opposite side of the river, determined there to offer such resistance to the progress of the tyrant, as their energies and resources should permit by a direct appeal to the God of battles. Flushed with the conquest, so easily effected, of the town, the Mexican Commander prepared for an immediate attack upon the Alamo. He ordered breastworks to be thrown up on every commanding point, and artillery to be planted, wherever it could be made most effective. One battery was completed on the right bank of the river, by the 25th, and without waiting for others, the siege was at once commenced.

It is a dark and gloomy morning, devoted to a dark and unholy purpose. Exulting in the work of death upon which he is entering, Santa Anna crosses the river in person, and establishes his headquarters in a small stone building—yet standing—from which he may the more accurately perceive the progress of his designs, without exposing himself to his enemies. The signal is given, and ere the sun has risen upon those hostile hosts, the roar of the Mexican battery awakens the echoes far and wide, and rouses from their slumbers the yet unconscious inhabitants. But the defenders of the Alamo have not, for a single moment, lost sight of the movements of their wily and implacable foes—they watch the studied direction of every gun; they see the match lighted, they listen breathless, as if even at that distance, they could hear the command to fire; and when the walls of the citadel tremble under the shock of the iron hail, and the fragments of the parapet are whirled aloft by the sudden impulse; they send back a shout of defiance, mingled with a discharge from their own guns, as distinctive, if not as deafening, as the thunder of their assailants. Before the smoke rolls away, and the reverberations are lost in the distance;

while the shouts of the besieged still linger in the ears of the besiegers, the cannonade is renewed, and for seven hours, without pause or relaxation, fiercely continued upon the walls of the Alamo. But these walls yield no more than the spirits of their defenders. The fire is steadily returned; and though stones are shivered around them, there are stout hearts and willing hands ready to repair every breach, and to restore from the interior whatever may have been destroyed from without. Earth is thrown up; every crack or fissure is closed as fast as created, by the eager efforts of those who will permit no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of their enemies. The sun has almost sunk behind the western plains, when there is a pause in the work of demolition. The firing of the besiegers ceases for the day, with the Mexican thirst for blood unsatiated: not a single drop has been shed within the Alamo. Many of Santa Anna's own men have bit the dust, before the artillerists and riflemen of the fort; but thus far they are un-avenged. Darkness falls upon besieger and besieged. The former raise new intrenchments to prosecute the assault; the latter establish a close watch for the night, and endeavor to seek that repose which shall renew their vigor for the contest which they know will come to-morrow.

The morning of the 26th dawns, and reveals to the occupants of the fort, the effect of the midnight labors of their enemies, in the establishment of two additional batteries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The bayonets of the infantry which have crossed the river during the night, glitter in the morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry are seen waving on the eastern hills, to intercept the expected aid from that quarter. The contest is renewed by a slight skirmish between a small party of Texans, sent in quest of wood and water, and a Mexican detachment under General Sesma: but this is a mere overture to the grand performance of the day. The thunders of the heavy ordnance, under the direction of Colonel Ampudia, are soon roused into action: volley after volley is poured into the fort, and answered only, except at rare intervals, by the shouts of those within. There is no pause—no cessation. Still the cannonade goes on; shells fly hissing through the air, and balls bury themselves within the ramparts; but night again comes on and the Mexican General

* The details of the following sketch, are derived from Almonte's Journal, and from living Texans.

in vain looks for evidence of success. Baffled, but not discouraged, he advances his line of intrenchments, and prepares, with the morning light, to resume his bloody task. The north wind sweeps over the prairies, as it only sweeps in Texas, a stormy lullaby to the stormy passions of those contending hosts. The darkness is broken only by the feeble blaze of a few huts,—fired by the Texans,—which had furnished a cover to the enemy. The flames curl upwards with a sickly glare, and their fitful flashes throw a lurid light for a moment upon the slumbering army, and expire. The reign of darkness and of silence is restored.

The next day the Mexicans appear inactive, though engaged in the construction of additional batteries. There is but little firing on either side. Travis and his men, with spirits unsubdued, and with energies weakened, but not exhausted, are applying their contracted resources to the purposes of defence. No heart falters; no pulse throbs with diminished power; no hand shrinks from the labor that necessity imposes. All is confidence and determination; and in every breast there is firm reliance springing from the holiness of the cause and the certainty of its final triumph.

Sunday follows; but brings no rest to those whom God has created in His own image, and who in violation of His commands, are thus yielding to their erring and unhallowed passions. Perhaps within the chapel of the Alamo, consecrated to the worship of the Almighty, and distinguished by the emblem of suffering and of salvation, which surmounts the dome, heads may be bowed in prayer to the God of battles for deliverance from their sanguinary foe: but that foe takes no heed of Sabbaths. Exclusive followers, as they proclaim themselves, of the true church, they doom to destruction the very temple they have erected for its worship; and kissing the cross suspended from their necks, and planted before every camp, they point their guns upon the very symbol for which they profess such unbounded reverence. The fire of the Mexican artillery keeps company with the minutes as they roll on. Morning, mid-day, and evening are passed, yet there is no faltering among those who are defending the Thermopylæ of Texas liberty. Another sun rises and sets, and yet another; still the indomitable hearts of Travis and his companions quail not before the untiring efforts of their enemy. In spite of that enemy's vindictive vigilance, the little garrison receives from

Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty-three men; additional victims for the funeral pyre, soon to be kindled by Santa Anna, on the surrounding hills, as a human hecatomb to Mexican vengeance.

New batteries are erected by the besiegers; from every point around, the missiles of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo. The circles grow smaller and smaller. The final hour must soon come. Provisions are not yet exhausted, but the ammunition cannot last many days longer. Water has long been supplied solely by the daring efforts of a Mexican woman, who, through showers of grape and musketry, has threaded the way to and fro between the river and the citadel, while her own blood has marked the path. She bears within her the stern and lofty spirit of her illustrious ancestor, stretched upon the racks of Cortez, and it is not the fear of torture or of death, that can swerve her from her purpose.

The siege has continued for ten days. The Mexican General has received large reinforcements, and his army now numbers thousands. He has been unceasing in his efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus far failed. The triumph is with Travis; but it is written in the heart of his ruthless foe that he must die, and when the cannonade is suspended on the 6th of March, a small breach has been effected, and Santa Anna has determined, without a summons to surrender, that the hour for the assault has arrived. During ten days a blood-red flag has been streaming from the spire of the church in San Antonio, proclaiming that no quarter is to be given to the champions of the Alamo—that blood alone will appease the fury of Mexican malice. When the sun again goes down, the flag is no longer seen, for the deed of which it was the sign has been accomplished.

It is midnight. Stars are smiling in the firmament, and the repose of paradise seems hovering over the armed hosts, and hills, and plains which encircle the Alamo. The calm is so deep and solemn, that the angel of death seems to pause before the strife and carnage which are to follow. A low murmur rises upon the air, which gradually becomes more and more distinct. Lights are glancing mysteriously in the distance, and indicate some unusual movement. The besieging army is in motion. There is no advance by columns: the force of the Mexicans is so great that the fort may be completely surrounded, leaving intervals only for the fire of artillery. The place is girdled by a deep line of in-

fantry, and these are hemmed in and encompassed by another of cavalry. If the first falter or shrink, they must be thrust forward to the assault by the sabres and lances of their comrades. Suddenly the batteries are in a blaze, and from their concentric positions, pour forth radii of fire from the circle of Santa Anna's vengeance, verging to a single centre. Amid the thunders thus created, their own shouts hardly less terrible, and the martial blasts of a hundred bugles, the Mexicans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of flame, from rifles that never failed, is the answer to the charge. The infantry recoil, and fall back upon the cavalry; their ranks broken and disordered by the deadly fire of the besieged. The shouts from the fort are mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying on the plain, while the officers are endeavoring to reform their scattered masses. They return to the attack, but the leaden shower which they again encounter, fells them to the earth by platoons. Travis shows himself on the walls, cheering his undaunted followers. Around him are Crockett, Evans, and Borham, roused to a last struggle, for they know their doom is sealed. In quick succession rifle after rifle is discharged, sending hundreds to their long account. The Mexicans are again repulsed; they fall back, dismayed and disheartened by the dead and dying around them. The battalion of Toluca—the flower of Santa Anna's army—is reduced from four hundred to twenty-three. Men have become for a moment regardless of their officers, and are almost delirious from the cries of anguish of their fallen and expiring comrades, yielding to influences which no discipline can restrain, and no efforts repress. But the breach now appears practicable; the disjointed forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties, are rallied, and once more return to the assault. The fire from the Alamo has for some time been growing slower and slower. Rifles have dropped from many a vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others cling to their weapons even in the agonies of dissolution. Ammunition, too, has been failing; one by one the muzzles drop; and ere the last rifle is loaded and discharged, the Mexicans have gained the wall. Fearfully conspicuous in that awful moment, Travis receives a shot, staggers and falls. He dies not unavenged. A Mexican officer rushes upon him, and is about to plunge his sabre into the bosom of the fallen man; when gathering his remaining energies for a desperate effort, he bathes the sword to

which he still clings, in the blood of his enemy, and they die together.

In the mean time, the conflict has become hand to hand, and has been raging hot and thick. The Mexicans have poured into the citadel like famished wolves furious for their prey. Each man struggles with his adversary, with the energy of despair, dealing the death stroke with rifles, sabres, or whatever missiles may be within reach. The Texans are almost buried beneath the numbers of their opponents. The carnage has been so terrible that the slain are piled up in heaps. Death stares each survivor in the face, yet still he struggles on. Crockett has been conspicuous in the *melée*, wherever the blows fell hottest and fastest. He has force his way over piles of the dead bodies of his enemies, and has reached the door of the chapel. Here he determines to make his last stand. At one glance of his eye, he sees that the fate of the Alamo rests upon himself alone, and that that fate nothing can avert. Travis has fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to the heart by a Mexican bayonet; Borham falls directly before him, and he finds himself the only living warrior of the one hundred and sixty-three who had been his companions. Perhaps, at that moment, the life-blood creeps to his heart by a natural impulse; but it is only for a moment. The desperation of his position sends it back with the force of an avalanche. His foes glare on him with the fierceness of demons, and assault him with blows from muskets, lances, and sabres. The strength of a hundred men seems concentrated in his single arm, as he deals out death to his pitiless and unsparing assailants. Their bodies have grown into a rampart before him. Blackened with fire and smoke, besmeared with blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands like some fabled god of antiquity, laughing to scorn the malice, and the power, and the fury of his enemies. New fire flashes from his eye, and new vigor nerves his arm. On his assailants rush, but it is upon death, certain and immediate. They fall, but their places are still supplied; and so quickly, the dead seem to rise up before him, like armed men from the teeth of Cadmus. At length a ball from an unseen rifle pierces him in the forehead; he falls backward to the earth, in the streams of gore which curdle around him. No groan escapes his lips; no cry of agony gratifies the implacable rancor of his enemies: he dies,—and the Alamo has fallen.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRIAN SALT MINES.

HAVING enjoyed an excellent opportunity for exploring the curious mineral treasure-house near Salzburg, it is natural to desire that others should be interested in the same scenes, and if possible drawn into a region which Sir Humphrey Davy pronounced unequalled by Switzerland itself for romantic views, sublime mountain-heights, and lakes that Italy might envy. Intelligent travellers, who have tired of the hackneyed route by railroad, and crossed from the Danube by way of Linz and Gmünd to Salzburg, have wanted words to express their admiration of scenery continually changing from sublimity to loveliness—the greenest and best tilled fields, the most picturesque little lakes, the marble crests of snow-clad Alps, the frowning gloom of vast forests, uniting the beauty of various lands in one. That our enjoyment of these less-visited German beauties is not exaggerated, may be considered proved by the preference shown among the cultivated Viennese to Tschl upon this route, the regular summer resort, not only of nobles, but of sovereignty itself. At the time at which we write, the salt-baths are filled, or the trout-streams thronged, or the summer theatre crowded by the nobles of Germany, and princes from the south or the east, flocking together for their annual holiday.

Salzburg, the nearest city to the principal salt-mines, is really unequalled for beauty of position by any inland town in the world. A romantic castle, once belonging to the archbishops, and built eight hundred years ago, towers over the city—in one of the dungeons of which an archbishop suffered a long confinement for having taken to himself a wife: in other apartments many of the instruments of torture remain by which Protestants were worried out of life not very long ago. A better memorial of their pious lordships is a tunnel cut through the native rock more than four hundred feet long, bearing the bust of its builder, Archbishop Sigmund, with the inscription, "The rocks tell of thee!" I was still more interested by an ordinary, comfortable-looking house, the birthplace of Mozart, whose bronze statue by Schwanthaler, struck me as one of the noblest in Europe. Nor is this the only master of song whose memorials Salzburg rejoices to treasure: a mean-looking tomb was shown in one of the city churches as that of the great Haydn, but I suspect it is some other personage of his name, as the composer of "The

Creation" died at Vienna, and would hardly have remained to this time with so poor a monument.

All the walks and gardens of the town are arranged so as to display the magnificence of surrounding nature, showing how busy the hand of taste has been; while ruder art has carved half a street of dwellings out of the lime rock, erected two imposing castles and a famous old riding-school of solid stone.

Nor is it a mere fancy, that even the humblest citizens through this section of country are remarkable for kindness and courtesy: they have not been "ridden to death" by cockney travellers—have not come, like the Parisian, to depend upon the stranger for their principal support—are not, like the Oriental peasant, driven to beggary in order to meet the extortions of an insatiable despotism. Much as the republican has cause to detest Austria, she does not seem so hateful at home: the people are remarkably light-hearted and joyous; upon the surface you detect none of that detestation of oppression, that sense of degradation under a grinding yoke, felt by so many in their secret hearts. More pleasure-gardens, more crowded dances, more love of innocent relaxation, more earnestness of devotion, more through-going honesty are hardly to be found any where,—in proportion of course to the population,—than through the district bearing the inodorous name *Salzkammergut*.

But, we must hasten to Hallein, the salt-village, over which towers the salt mountain Durnberg, which we have first to walk up on the outside, and then descend through its hollow heart. Fortunately again for a lonely traveller, the church had availed herself of the constant necessity of ascending this lofty hill, and erected what she calls "a Calvary" along the way, and, being at the right season when the Catholic heart of Germany pours itself out with a peculiar and refreshing enthusiasm, fair village-maidens, and sometimes tottering village sires were my companions up the steep road; and, every little while, a rude shrine stood at my side, with a crucifixion rudely carved, and some scene from the "Last Suffering" painted beneath. And here, this unsophisticated devotion gave free vent to itself in groans, and prayers, and sighs, and tears, then passed on refreshed and lightened to the next lowly altar, where another picture carried the Saviour still

nearer to his crucifixion-agony. And so I had company enough, and of those who, though differing from me entirely in opinion, I could have fellowship with at the heart—not questioning their sincerity, and rejoicing, as I did, at the joy which their religion evidently gave their child-souls. And so the four miles were soon finished, and I was in the office, asking permission to inspect subterranean works which were six centuries old; and though I was *en solitaire*, and my visit would require just as many attendants and nearly as much artificial light as the usual quota of twelve, I was at once robed in a miner's dress of white duck, my right hand guarded by a thick mitten, and my head protected by a well wadded cap of coarsest fabric.

The first process was to walk through a long, narrow, dark, cool passage way, gently descending for three thousand feet, into the mountain's heart. As the workmen passed me on their way to dinner, we had to make the best of our poor candle light to get by one another in the confined path, and each said "laub," a hasty contraction for the German "with your leave, sir." And now came the curiosity of this underground journey. The gently sloping path, sustained by boards and beams, and just wide and high enough for one beef-eating Englishman at a time, made a sudden dip, and the guide threw himself down and made me do the same; slipped his right leg over a smooth wooden rail, and grasped with his right hand a cable supported on rollers; and thus we slid down as fast or slow as we pleased, a depth of a hundred and forty feet at an angle of forty-one degrees. It was not very funny to see your only dependence in human shape sinking out of your sight into the bowels of the earth; but, I found the exercise delicious, and would recommend it to all good people who have mines to exhibit or sunken caves to explore, as certain to bestow upon them an unprecedented popularity.

This was succeeded by another gallery-walk, then a second descending shaft—again a nearly horizontal footpath, followed by a third "coast" downwards—and so on, the longest walk being the first of about three thousand feet, and the greatest descent at one time falling short of two hundred feet. In no part was the air unpleasant; the greater coolness was compensated by the constant exercise and the thick miner's dress. Several times we came upon large chambers, which showed with no brilliancy as our poor candles made their darkness visible, because the saltspar is mixed up with large masses of

earth, though some fine crystals are shown at a little museum, in the centre of the mountain. After this succession of similar passages had begun to be monotonous, a number of little lights began to spring up all around me, as if in fairy land; and the guide to a flat boat, which an invisible Charon set in motion at once across this lake of salt, over three hundred feet in length. Here was the secret of secrets. A chamber is excavated, wooden pipes are led to it and from it—the first of which bring the fresh water from mountain springs which gradually impregnates itself with strong brine; then after a period of months the lower pipes are opened, and the manufactured little ocean runs off to some place where wood is plenty—where I had already seen it a distance of thirty miles, boiling down into a beautiful, pearly white article for commerce. I was not a little perplexed at first, and I find other travellers have come away without ascertaining how the salt was procured, by not seeing the whole process going on at once, and from supposing that this pond was made by nature, and had no special concern with the government manufacture. But, as fast as this lake is formed and the fresh water dissolving the salt and separating it from the clay, another is prepared where the mineral is thought to be more abundant; and, only the worthless earth is seen in process of removal in little carts, while the precious salt carries itself out, silently and away from observation, in hollowed trunks of trees. The great care is to prevent the earth from falling in upon the workmen and crushing them, as has been the case repeatedly; but the most surprising puzzle to an uninitiated observer is, why, in the process of six months or a year, this water does not run off through some natural outlet, by dissolving the salt in its way. These ponds must sometimes lie very near together, and directly above one another: besides, as their roofs are entirely flat, frequently destitute of artificial support, and what rock there is crumbles to the touch, we might expect these wide sheets of water would sometimes break through. Accidents, however, are rare, though there are sometimes forty excavations in a single mountain.

How parties of pleasure feel in crossing over this deathlike lake at such a funereal pace, with not a sound to break the oppressive stillness, and rarely a single crystal reflecting the feeble twinkle of the illumination for which you have paid, I cannot say—but, to a lone voyager like myself, it was one of the most solemn mo-

ments of life—darkness seemed to rest like a tombstone upon me—none but fearful images filled my visions—the repose of my body added to the gloom of my mind—and it was a blessed relief when I could use my own limbs on what seemed solid earth again.

Still other slides came, one at an angle of fifty degrees, and one, the longest in all the works, of four hundred and sixty-eight feet. This brought me as far down as the four miles of winding road had carried me up; but, as there was none of its sudden changes of view, no wild forest, merry mountain-stream, knot of cherry-faced peasant-girls, laughter of happy childhood to "cheer the toil and cheer the way," I may be pardoned for wishing myself out.

But, now came a new vehicle. I stood alone in the very heart of this mountain of limestone, gypsum and marl, when two wild boys mounted me between them upon a wooden horse, on a rude enough wooden railway, and, in a moment, my steeds began to show their mettle, and I was run through a passage of a mile tunnelled in the solid stone: once only the ragged colts paused to take breath, and to let me admire the light from the mouth, which seemed nothing else than a bright blue star. Very soon genuine daylight came to our relief; and, but slightly wearied, I bounded from the cavern mouth to take the Eilwagen on its return to Salzburg.

I learnt little more of the salt-trade in Austria. It is a government affair, and six thousand men are said to be employed, some in preparing the rock crystal for the market, some in boiling or evaporating the sea water, and more in connection with mines like the Durnberg. The men did not seem very healthy, and one part of the process must often cause the sacrifice of life. At Ebensee I found them boiling down the water brought from Hallein in thirty miles of pipes, and I learnt that whenever the iron vat leaks, a workman is obliged to wade through the boiling liquid to the injured place upon a kind of stilts—if his feet should slip, he would certainly boil to death, and if not of strong lungs he is likely to stifle—a horrible fate either way. For more than a week these fires are continued day and night, eating sadly into the forest, the salt being removed as fast as it is crystallized, and fresh brine poured in. Then the fire is extinguished, the pan, which is a foot deep and sixty round, thoroughly retinkered, the calcareous crust which adheres to the bottom and sides broken off, and poor plates replaced by new.

So much for the great Salt Mine of central Europe, a great source of wealth to its Government, and a main dependence for a prime necessary of life of Southern Germany, and the countries to the eastward upon the Mediterranean Sea.

ANNEXATION.

HOW many and loud, are the objurgations which that pattern father of a family, Mr. Bull, visits upon the marauding propensities of his disinherited son, Jonathan? "The graceless urchin," the old gentleman is constantly saying, "who has already grown so large that his feet stick out far beyond his trowsers, is as greedy as one of his own turkey-buzzards, and as sharp and unconscionable as one of his own peddlers. He has, during the very short time that he has lived, cheated the poor Indians out of twenty or thirty States, has flogged Mexico into the relinquishment of half a dozen more, is bullying Spain for the surrender of Cuba, has hoodwinked Kamehameha I., until he scarcely knows whether the Sandwich Islands

are his own or not, and has deliberately surveyed Japan with a view to some future landing! Was there ever a more unprincipled, insatiable, rapacious, gormandizing Filibuster than that same Jonathan, who fancies that the whole world was made for use, and his use too, and has no more scruple about laying his hands upon any part of it, than a fox has in satisfying his hunger in a hen-roost!"

Having said this, Bull rolls up his eyes in the most moral manner, heaves a lugubrious sigh, and sits down to read the *Times*, which contains several long columns of dispatches from India, and a general account of the troubles in the colonies from Australia and the Cape, to the most northern iceberg on which Capt. Maclure

has recently hoisted the "meteor-flag." He is, however, considerably consoled by the perusal, and especially by the comments of the editor on the inappeasable ambition of republics, and their eager spirit of self-aggrandizement. These encourage him into a sound appetite for his rolls and coffee, after which he smilingly turns to *Punch*, whose jokes upon Yankee-doodle-dom are exceedingly mirthful, causing John to split his fat sides almost, over its cunning exposures of American hypocrisy, boastfulness, negro-driving, and land-stealing. Meantime, the entertaining volumes of some traveller in "the States" are laid upon his table, hot from the press, and brilliant with the keenest sarcasms provoked by our vulgarity, which the facetious Cockney (who, if he were called upon to read aloud what he had written, could not pronounce his own mother tongue), shows up in a variety of the most amusing lights.

Well, touching a great deal of this, which gives John a good laugh, we shall have nothing to say; many of us enjoy it quite as much as he can, and for better reasons; but on the subject of Annexation, or the imputed zeal of republics to grasp all they can get, we mean to put in an apology, using the word in its ancient sense of a denial and a justification. We mean to prove, firstly, that a willingness on the part of nations to take the property of their neighbors is no new thing under the sun, so that if the United States had been guilty of it, they would have been acting only in a line of decided precedents. But the truth is, as we shall prove secondly, that we have not been guilty of it at all, in any injurious sense, while our entire national action and diplomacy have been more liberal, just, candid, and forbearing than those of any other nation. Yes; you facetious and vituperative Bulls! we have been the first among nations to set the example of an open, generous, equitable international policy, and whatever advances modern statesmen may have made towards the substitution of highminded negotiation for overreaching intrigue and secret diplomacy, they have learned from us much calumniated republicans! Of that, however, by and by.

Many of the foreign tourists and editors, who chatter of American annexation, really seem to suppose that annexation has never before been heard of in the history of the world. "Did you ever!" they exclaim in tones of offended virtue, like an old lady, who has just been told some precious piece of scandal, forgetting in the excess of her indignation and surprise, the small

indiscretions of her own youth. "Did you ever? These republicans must be actually insane in their avidity for more land! Not satisfied—the cormorants!—with the immense slice of the western continent they now possess, they warn us Europeans off the rest of it, and are consumed with fiery desires for the islands of the sea. Like the republics of old—like the republics of Italy, this modern republic gives token of the characteristic weakness of its kind; it must live by conquest, and, like all its forerunners, swell until it bursts."

Oh! Crapeaud and Bull, how can you utter such nonsense? Annexation is no new thing, nor is it peculiarly republican! Every page of history is full of it, from the time of the earliest vagabond and fugitive, Cain, who built a city in the land of Nod, which was not his, until the latest English war in Burmah! It is the one subject, indeed, the burden of human annals. The first command given to Noah, after the flood, was to be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth; or as it may be translated, take possession of the earth; and ever since, that divine injunction, if no other, has been faithfully and incessantly obeyed by his descendants. Do we not all remember, that the condition of the magnificent blessings which the Lord promised to Abram, was, that he should begin a long process of annexation, by "getting out of his own country, and his own kindred, and his father's house," and settling in another land? What was the Exodus of the Children of Israel, under Moses, but a preparatory step to the seizure of Canaan, which was no sooner taken, than it was divided by lot among the nine and a half tribes, the other two and a half having already pocketed their allowance on this side the Jordan? and what the whole subsequent career of the Hebrews under Joshua, but a series of skirmishes with their amiable neighbors, the Amorites, the Hittites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, &c., whose country they had invaded, annexing "all the land, the hills, the south country, the valley and the plain, and the mountain of Israel and the valley of the same;" appropriating the cattle, despoiling the cities, smiting the kings, and utterly routing and rooting out the people, so that, as we are told, "not any one was left to breathe!" Nor was this wholesale and slaughterous policy much changed under the Judges and the Kings, in spite of the reverses experienced at the hands of the Moabites, the Midianites, and the Philistines; for, scarcely had they recovered their power under Saul and

David, before they struck out again to the right and left, burning cities, levying bond-service, and converting every body's territory to their own use. Jerusalem, their great city, fell a prey at last to the same spirit, manifested by their Roman neighbors; yet in the heels of this overwhelming disaster, the last vaticination of the apostle of Patmos, as his prophetic eyes swept down the nebulous tracks of time, was, that good Christians every where should not only be "priests and kings unto God," but "inherit all things."

The fact is, that none of those Orientals were ever over particular as to seizing the territories of a friend. If they wanted what he possessed, they took it, and gave him a drubbing besides, if he made any outcry about the process. As far back as we can penetrate in their annals, even to those remote periods when the twilight of tradition itself merges in the primeval darkness; we find that their kings and leaders were capital adepts in the annexing business, carrying it on on a prodigious scale, and quite regardless of the huge rivers of blood, which they often had to wade through, in the accomplishment of their purposes. Some of them, indeed, have left no other name behind them, for the admiration of posterity, than that acquired in these expeditions of butchery and theft, undertaken with the laudable design of stripping a neighbor of his possessions. We know little of Sesostris and Semiramis; but that little is enough to justify Edmund Burke, in setting over against the conquests of the former, about one million of lives, and against those of the latter about three millions. All exposed, he exclaims, in quarrels in which the sufferers had not the least rational concern. Old Nebuchadnezzar, too, who flourished in Babylon, according to the Bible, what a thriving fellow he was, in this line! The little state of Judea was scarcely a flea-bite for him; and though he despoiled Egypt, and demolished Tyre, he was quite uncomfortable until Phœnicia, Palestine, Syria, Media, Persia, and the greater part of India, were added to his already considerable farm. But what was he, after all, to that series of magnificent Persian monarchs, who thought no more of razing hundred-gated cities to the earth, and laying hold of vast empires, than Barnum's lazy anaconda does of bolting a rabbit? There was Cyrus, a most prosperous gentleman, as the good Xenophon relates, who overran pretty much the whole of Asia, and his promising son, Cambyses, who took Tyre, Cyprus, Egypt, Macedonia, Thrace, &c., and his son

again, Xerxes, "a chip of the old block," and then his descendants once more, Artaxerxes, first, second, and third,—all "chips of the old block,"—what unscrupulous ways they had of sacrificing millions upon millions of people in their little territorial disputes? It was well, indeed, that Alexander of Macedon put a stop to these ravages, or there is no telling to what extent they might have carried their sanguinary sports,—perhaps as far as Alexander himself, who beginning with a small strip in the south of Europe, annexed patch after patch, until he became beyond all question the largest landed proprietor in the known world. A bird flying for several days together in a straight line, could scarcely have passed from the western to the eastern boundaries of his dominions. A splendid annexationist, truly, was the great Alexander!

He was not a whit in advance, however, of a famous Tartar captain, who called himself Genghis Khan, and who achieved prodigies of brutality and crime. In advance of him? No! For the magnitude of his rapacity, for the rapidity of his slaughters, and for the exquisite refinement of cruelty which attended his marches, he was as superior to Alexander as the wild tiger is to the domestic cat. Genghis, we all remember, ruled over the Mongols of Tartary, and signalized his accession to power by putting seventy chiefs of an opposite faction into as many caldrons of boiling water. He next seized the vast dominions of Vang-Khan, or Prester John of Austria; after which he reduced the kingdoms of Hya in China, Tangan, Turkay, Turkistan, Karazin, Bukaria, Persia, and a part of India; killing upwards of fourteen millions of people in the process, and annexing eighteen hundred leagues of territory east and west, and about a thousand leagues north and south; and when he had died, one of his sons subdued India, and another, after crossing the Wolga, laid waste to Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia, while a third enlarged the patrimonial possessions by Syria, and the maritime provinces of the Turkish empire.

There was one of the ancient nations, more modest than the rest, which we ought to except from this career of conquest and spoliation; for during the greater part of its existence, it was content with its own moderate limits, and the production of Iliads, Prometheuses Vincituses, Parthenons, and Orations de Corona. We refer to Greece, which, being more republican than the rest of the world, ought to have been, according to the modern theory, more

omnivorous than the rest. But Greece was poor-spirited in comparison. She had become so enamored with her own glorious skies and hills, was so delighted with her own fair climate, and so besotted with a certain dreamy notion of beauty and self-perfection, that, like a woman as she was, she seldom passed beyond her own threshold. Not that she was afraid of fighting, either, as certain places named Thermopylæ and Marathon bear witness; but that she was quite destitute of that grandeur of soul which led Belus, Sesostris, and the other illustrious individuals to whom we have referred, to cut their way to glory, by cutting the throats of so many of their fellow humans.

We shall have to dismiss republican Greece, then, as rather an untoward case, and turn to imperial Rome. Ah! how her records blaze with examples of a thorough spirit of annexation! Suckled by a wolf in the beginning, Rome never lost her original vulpine nature, but to the day of her dissolution, went prowling about the world, wherever there was a sheep-fold to break into, or an innocent lamb to be eaten. Look into the index of any popular history of her triumphs, and mark how it is composed of one unbroken series of annexations! Thus it reads: B.C. 283, the Gauls and Etrurians subdued; B.C. 278, Sicily conquered; B.C. 266, Rome mistress of all Italy; B.C. 264, the First Punic War; B.C. 231, Sardinia and Corsica conquered; B.C. 224, the Romans first cross the Po; B.C. 223, colonies of Placentia and Cremona established; B.C. 222, Insularia (Milan) and Liguria (Genoa) taken; B.C. 218, the Second Punic War; B.C. 212, Syracuse and Sicily conquered; B.C. 210, Scipio takes New Carthage; B.C. 204, Scipio carries the war into Africa; B.C. 195, war made upon Spain; B.C. 188, Syria reduced to a Roman province; B.C. 168, Macedonia becomes a Roman province; B.C. 149, Third Punic War, and conquest of Corinth; B.C. 146, Greece becomes a Roman province; B.C. 135, Spain a Roman province; B.C. 133, Pergamus a Roman province; B.C. 118, Dalmatia a Roman province; B.C. 105, Numidia becomes a Roman province; B.C. 99, Lusitania becomes a Roman province; B.C. 80, Julius Caesar's first campaign,—and after that the reduction of the world, from the hot sands of the desert South to the fogs of Britain in the North, and from the Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, in the other direction. The *veni vidi vici*, in short, was not an individual saying, but a universal Roman maxim.

We might refer, too, now that we are

on the train of historical locomotion, to those extraordinary migrations of the German races, who seem to have had no other object in life, than to overrun the territories of others, and who, in the end, coming on like whirling sand-storms of the desert, paid Rome in her own coin; or to those exciting episodes of the Middle Ages, when myriads of pious and blood-thirsty Crusaders flung themselves upon Asia, with an entire looseness, to recover the Holy Land; or to the impartial ferocity of the Spanish and Portuguese in their excursions over South America; or to the entertaining annals of treachery, freebooting, and assassination by which the many great and royal houses of Europe built up their power,—such as the house of Bourbon, which gradually enlarged its right to a few acres, to a right coextensive with France—or the house of Hapsburg, a small German dukedom at the start, but now a mighty empire in which a dozen kingdoms are absorbed—or to the house of Bonaparte, which began without a sous to bless its stars with, but which speedily enlarged its phylacteries, and got itself warm on nearly all the thrones of the Continent; or, in brief, to a hundred other instances of enormous adventure and gigantic brigandage. But the truth is, that this kind of thing is the staple and uniform of all annals.

Rabelais, in his famous outline of conquest, which the gallant statesmen of Pichricole presented to that chivalric monarch, though he has caught the spirit of this national Rob-Royism, combining its own largeness of view with the easy effrontery of the swell-mob, hardly equals veritable history. "You will divide your army," said the Duke of Smalltrash, the Earl of Swashbuckler, and Captain Durtaille, who were Pichricole's advisers, "into two parts. One shall fall upon Grangouzier and his forces; and the other shall draw towards Onys, Xaintoigne, Angoumois, and Gascony. Then march to Perigourt, Medos, and Elanes, taking wherever you come, without resistance, towns, castles, and forts; afterwards to Bayonne, St. John de Luz, to Fuentarabia, where you shall seize upon all the ships, and; coasting along Galicia and Portugal, shall pillage all the maritime places even to Lisbon, where you shall be supplied with all necessaries befitting a conqueror. By Copsodie, Spain will yield, for they are but a race of boobies! Then are you to pass by the Straits of Gibraltar, where you shall erect two pillars more stately than those of Hercules, to the perpetual memory of your goodness, and the narrow

entrance there shall be called the Pichricolinal Sea. Having passed the Pichricolinal Sea, behold Barbarossa yields him your slave! And you shall conquer the kingdoms of Tunis, of Hippo, Argia, Bominé, Corone, yea, all Barbary. Furthermore, you shall take into your hands Majorca, Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, with the other islands of the Ligustic and Balearian seas. Going along on the left hand, you shall rule all Gallia, Narbonensis, Provence, the Allobrogians, Genoa, Florence, Luccia; and then—God be wi' ye—Rome! Italy being thus taken, behold Naples, Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily all ransacked, and Malta, too! From thence we will sail eastward, and take Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Cyclade Islands, and set upon the Morea. It is ours, by St. Irenæus! and the Lord preserve Jerusalem!" With the enumeration of Lesser Asia and the entire east of Europe, the imagination of the monarch was excited, and he shouted, "On, on, make haste my lads, and let him that loves me, follow me!"

No! the fertile fancy of Rabelais, in the widest circuit of its fun, does not equal the serious doings of some even of our modern nations. "A century ago," says the latest Blackwood, "Russia, still in the infancy of civilization, was scarcely counted in the great European family. Gigantic, indeed, have been the forward strides she has since made, in power, influence, and territory. On every side she has extended herself: Sweden, Poland, Turkey, Persia, have all in turn been despoiled or partially robbed by her. North and south she has seized upon some of the most productive districts of Europe; the Baltic provinces on the one hand, Bessarabia and the Crimea on the other."

Be it observed, however, in justice to critic and criticized alike, that Russia is bashful, self-denying, almost ascetic in her lust of annexation, compared with another power, which we shall not name, lest we should shock its delicate sensibilities. But we could tell, "an we would," of a certain little island of the North Atlantic, in itself scarcely bigger than a bed-spread, yet boasting of an empire on which the sun never sets. It has annexed to its slender chalk-cliffs, from year to year, one country after another, until now it exclaims in the pride and plenitude of its dominion,—

"*Quæ regio in terris, nostra non plena laboris?*"

which, in its own vernacular, means, "on what part of the earth have we not gained a foothold?" In Europe, there are Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, Gibraltar, Malta, Heligoland, and the Ionian Isles;

in America, there are Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas; in the West Indies, there are Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Tobago, Trinidad, Antigua, Dominica, the Bahamas, Guiana, and a dozen more; in Africa, there are Good Hope, Mauritius, Sierra Leone, Gambia, and St. Helena; in Australia, there are New South Wales, Western Australia, Southern Australia, and Van Dieman's Land; and in Asia, there are, most monstrous of all, Ceylon and India, with its dependencies. Enough, one would say, in all conscience for a reasonable ambition; but it is not enough for the people of that little island—that model of all the national proprieties—which omits no opportunity now for extending its possessions, and almost with every steamer sends us word of new acquisitions in the East!

Alas! we must repeat it, annexation is *not* a new thing, *not* a peculiarity of republicans, and of late American republicans, in particular; not in any sense a novel iniquity over which we are just called to moralize! It is a practice as old as our race and as broad as our race; known to every people and every age; and as invariable, in its promptings, if not its effects, as a natural law. Wherever there have been weak nations to pillage, and strong nations to pillage them; wherever there have been men, like those splendid robbers of antiquity, willing to offer hecatombs of lives to their insane will to rule; wherever there have been chances opened to military genius, to rapacious selfishness, to the love of a row, to the hope of plunder, to the appetite for distinction and blood, to the mere vague restless feeling for movement and change,—there annexation has flourished, in one form or another, and the relations and destinies of empires have been relaxed, or enlarged, or revolutionized. But, God in heaven! what a phantasmagoria of wrong, outrage, and despotism it has been! What spoliations, ravages, wars, subjugations, and miseries have marked its course! What crimson pictures it has painted on every page of almost every history! Indeed, when we look at it, how the whole past comes rushing down upon our vision, like a vast, multitudinous, many-winged army; with savage yells, with wild piercing whoops, with ringing war-cries, with sackbuts, and cymbals, and trumpets, and gongs, and the drowning roar of cannon; naked heroes, shaggy sheep-skinned warriors, glittering troops, phalanxes and serried legions, colossal cavalries; now

sweeping like frost-winds across the plains—now hanging like tempests on the mountains—now breaking in torrents through rocky defiles—and now roaring like seas around the walls of cities,—onward and downward they come, irresistible, stormy, overwhelming: the mighty host, the stupendous vanguard of never-ending annexationists!

Note, also, that it is not in conquest alone that this spirit of aggrandizement has been exhibited; for next to the history of conquest, the most terrible book that could be written, would be a narrative of national colonization, or of the peaceful attempts of nations to create auxiliaries on distant shores. It would be a second Book of Martyrs, eclipsing in atrocities the rubric of Fox. It would show us innumerable homes, in all lands, made vacant by forced, or, quite as dreadful, voluntary exiles: the pathways across the lonely seas, lined, like the accursed middle passage of the slave-trade, with the bones of victims cast down to watery deaths; the inoffensive natives of many a continent and island driven mercilessly, by intruders, to the jungles, or the swamps, or to the solitary fastnesses of the mountains; weary years of struggle on the part of the intruders themselves against disease, against poverty, against capricious and persecuting climates and intractable soils, and against the cruel extortions and oppressions of remote administrations; and, as the end of all, failure, in its worst forms, of industrial bankruptcy and social ruin. Many, indeed, is the colony, to which we might apply the heated, but not overdrawn language of Sheridan, in describing the desolations wrought by Hastings in the province of Oude. "Had a stranger," he exclaims, "entered that land, and, observing the wide and general devastation of fields, unclothed and brown—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry; had he inquired, 'what has thus laid waste this beautiful and opulent country; what monstrous madness has ravaged with wide-spread war; what desolating foreign foe; what civil discords; what disputed succession; what religious zeal; what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and with malice and mortal enmity, withered by the grasp of death, every growth of nature and humanity?' The answer would have been, not one of these causes! No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages! no desolating foreign foe! no domestic broils! no disputed succession! no religious superser-

viceable zeal! no poisonous monster! no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged us, cut off the sources of resuscitation! No! this damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity. We sink under the pressure of their support! We writhe under their perfidious grips! They have embraced us with their protecting arms; and lo! these are the fruits of their alliance!"

Now, compared with the Brobdignagian scoundrelism of the older nations, both in the way of conquest and colonization, what have we poor republican Americans done? Why are we stigmatized, as offenders above all others, or as the special representatives of that national *avidus alienum*, which confesses neither limit nor principle? We have, since the commencement of our political existence, perfected three things: we have entered the lands of the Indians; we have acquired Louisiana, Florida, and Texas; and we have beaten Mexico out of California and a few other morsels of earth; to which let us add, that we meditate some time or other getting possession of Cuba, and perhaps of the Sandwich Islands. That is positively the front and substance of all our trespasses! But in what manner have they been committed?

No one, we suppose, will question the propriety of our mode of acquiring Florida and Louisiana, which were purchased honorably in the open market; therefore we will begin with the poor Indians. We have robbed them of their lands, it is said. But it is not so; not a rood of their land have we which has not been honestly paid for, and more than paid for, as land goes, and a thousand times paid for in superior returns! De Tocqueville made this charge in his book, and led Mr. Benton, who was then in the Senate of the United States, to call for a full "numerical and chronological official statement of all our dealings with the Indians, from the origin of the federal government in 1789 to his day, 1840," which he procured from the department, making a full and accurate list of every acre that we had ever taken from any Indian tribe or individual. What is the result? Why, it appears from the document, that the United States had paid to the Indians eighty-five millions of dollars for land purchases up to the year 1840, to which five or six millions may be added for purchases since—say ninety millions. This is near six times as much as the United States gave Napoleon for Louisiana, the whole of it, soil and jurisdiction, and nearly three times as much as all three of the great foreign purchases—

Louisiana, Florida, and California,—cost us! and that for soil alone, and for so much as would only be a fragment of Louisiana or California. "Impressive," says the distinguished statesman, to whom we are indebted for this exposition of an Indian policy, "as this statement is in the gross, it becomes more so in the detail, and when applied to the particular tribes whose imputed sufferings have drawn so mournful a picture from Mons. de Tocqueville." Fifty-six millions went to the four large tribes, the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Chocktaws and the Chickasaws, leaving thirty-six millions to go to the small tribes whose names are unknown to history, and which it is probable the writer on American democracy had never heard of when sketching the picture of their fancied oppressions. Mr. Benton adds, in respect of these small remote tribes, that, besides their proportion of the remaining thirty-six millions of dollars, they received a kind of compensation suited to their condition, and intended to induct them into the comforts of civilized life. He gives one example of this drawn from a treaty with the Osages in 1839, which was only in addition to similar benefits to the same tribe in previous treaties, and which were extended to all the tribes which were in the hunting state. These benefits were, "two blacksmith-shops, with four blacksmiths, five hundred pounds of iron and sixty pounds of steel annually; a grist and a saw-mill, with millers for the same; 1,000 cows and calves; 2,000 breeding swine; 1,000 ploughs; 1,000 sets of horse-gear; 1,000 axes; 1,000 hoes; a house each for ten chiefs, costing two hundred dollars a piece; with six good wagons, sixteen carts, twenty-eight yokes of oxen, with yokes and log-chains for each chief; besides agreeing to pay all claims for injuries committed by the tribe on the white people, or on other Indians, to the amount of thirty thousand dollars; to purchase their reserved lands at two dollars per acre; and to give them six thousand dollars more for certain old annuities. In previous treaties had been given seed grains and seed vegetables, with fruit seed and fruit trees, domestic fowls, laborers to plough up their ground and to make their fences, to raise crops and save them, and teach the Indians how to farm; with spinning, weaving and sewing implements, and persons to show their use." Now all this, observes our authority, was in one single treaty, with an inconsiderable tribe, which had been largely provided for in the same way in six different previous treaties! But all the rude tribes—those in the hunting

state, or just emerging from it, were provided for with equal solicitude and liberality, the object of the United States being to train them to agriculture and pasturage—to conduct them from the hunting, to the pastoral and the agricultural state. Not confining its care, however, to this, and in addition to all other benefits, the United States have undertaken the support of schools, the encouragement of missionaries, and a small annual contribution to religious societies who take charge of their civilization. Moreover, the government keeps up a large establishment for the special care of the Indians, and the management of their affairs; a special bureau, presided over by a commissioner at Washington City; superintendents in different districts; agents, sub-agents, and interpreters, resident with the tribe; and all charged with seeing to their rights and interests—seeing that the laws are observed towards them; that no injuries are done them by the whites; that none but licensed traders go among them; that nothing shall be bought from them which is necessary for their comfort, nor any thing sold to them which may be to their detriment. Had the republic been actuated, in its intercourse, by any of that selfish and infernal spirit, which animates the old monarchies, it would have swindled or beaten the Indians out of their possessions at once, and, in case of resistance, put the whole race to the sword.

But it will be answered, "You have carried them by force, from their ancient homes, from the graves of their sires, and planted them in new and distant regions!" We reply, that we have done so, in the case of a few tribes, or rather remnants of tribes, as a matter, however, of absolute necessity, and not in any grasping or unkind spirit. A small, but savage and intractable race suddenly surrounded in the Providence of God by a powerful and civilized people, whose laws and customs it cannot or will not accept, but whose vices are readily spread among them, has no other destiny but to die of its corruptions, to perish in arms, or to be removed by gentle methods to some more remote and untroubled hunting grounds. It was at the option of the United States to choose either of these courses, and its choice, on the advice of Jefferson, whose noble fortune it has been to initiate so much of our most wise and beneficent policy, fell upon the most humane, peaceful, and considerate of the three. Indeed, the language in which this plan was urged, in the second inaugural address of the eminent democrat we have just named, may be used also as the

language of the history which records its execution. "The aborigines of these countries," said he, "I have regarded with the consideration their position inspires. Endowed with the faculties and the rights of men, breathing an ardent love of liberty and independence, and occupying a country which left them no desire but to be undisturbed, the streams of overflowing population from other regions directed itself on these shores. Without power to divert, or habits to contend against it, they have been overwhelmed by the current, or driven before it. Now reduced within limits too narrow for the hunter state, humanity enjoins us to teach them agriculture and the domestic arts—to encourage them to that industry which alone can enable them to maintain their place in existence, and to prepare them in time for that state of society which, to bodily comforts, adds the improvement of the mind and morals." We have therefore liberally furnished them with the implements of husbandry and householdure; we have placed instructors amongst them in the arts of first necessity; and they are covered with the ægis of the law against aggressors from among ourselves. A few stubborn individuals, misled by prejudice or ambition, and carrying with them fragments of their tribes, have resisted the inevitable fate of their race, and have compelled our authorities to subdue them by arms; but the greater part of the tribes have gone to their new homes beyond the Mississippi cheerfully, and in peace. Some, like the Cherokees, have been raised to a higher European civilization; and all are in a condition superior to that in which they were found by our people.

The annexation of Texas, secondly, it is needless to dwell upon, because it was an event so inevitable as a historical development, and so clear in all its principles, that it requires no justification. A bordering people, in the natural increase of population and trade, settle in a foreign state, where they acquire property and rear families; they gradually become citizens, and look upon the place as their home; but they are oppressed by the government, and rise in revolt; they carry on a successful revolution; they organize and maintain a free and stable government: they are acknowledged as independent by all the leading powers of Christendom; and then to secure themselves from external assault, and to acquire additional internal strength,—led too, by old and natural affinities,—they seek a constitutional alliance with the people to whom they formerly belonged, and are still cordially at-

tached. That is the whole history of Texas, and we see nothing in our yielding to her request for admission to the rights and protection of the Federal Union, that is, in the least, extraordinary, or atrocious, or particularly greedy. As a question of domestic policy, the annexation may have properly divided opinion; but as a question of international relations, nothing could have been more simply and obviously just.

Again: in respect to conquests, we have but one to answer for—that of Mexico,—and there is nothing in either the commencement, the course, or the end of that—if even it may be called a conquest—for which the lover of his country or humanity, needs to blush. It was a regular war, begun in vindication of the clearest national rights, which had been outraged; carried on with vigor, but with the strictest regard also to the most just and honorable principles; and closed by a deliberate treaty, in which, though it was in our power to confiscate the whole nation, by reducing it to the state of a dependent province, we refrained from all arbitrary or exorbitant demands, and agreed to pay generously for every acre of land that we retained, and for every iota of loss we had occasioned! It is true that the territories thus acquired proved subsequently, through their unexampled mineral deposits, to be of priceless worth; but this peculiar source of value was unsuspected at the time, while it is probable that, if they had remained in the same hands, they might have been unknown to this day.

Compare, then, the "annexation" of the United States, for which it is so largely ridiculed, or so roundly abused, with the same process as it has been conducted by other nations! Not with those predatory expeditions of the magnificent bandits of the East; not with the Roman conquests, which were incessant scenes of spoliation, violence, subjugation and tyranny; not with the irruptions of the northern hordes, whose boast it was that no grass grew where they had trod; not with the merciless and gory marches of Pizarro or Cortes, because those were the deeds of rude and brutal ages; nor yet even with the stormy *anabasis* and *ratabasis*, as De Quincy somewhere calls it, when,

"The Emperor Nap. he did set off
On a pleasant excursion to Moscow;"

but compare it with the more modern, and, therefore, we may suppose, the more just and humane management of their external relations, by any of the most advanced nations of Europe! With the treatment of Algiers by the French,

for instance; or of Poland by Russia; or of Hungary and Italy by Austria; or of Ireland and India by England! We shall see the latter subduing, plundering, depopulating, carrying decay or death wherever they spread, maintaining their supremacy only by armies of functionaries and soldiers, who consume the substance and blast the industry of their dependents; and shaping their entire policy with a single eye to their own interests. We shall see, also, that they are hated and cursed, with unrelenting bitterness, by their victims. On the other side, we own no subject nations, no colonial victims, no trembling provinces—and we never desire to own them;—we waste no fields, we ruin no cities, we exhaust no distant settlements;—the weak Indian tribes among us we have striven to redeem and civilize; the weak Mexican and Spanish races about us, a prey to anarchy and misrule, we offer the advantages of stable government, of equal laws, of a flourishing and refined social life; and we aim at no alliances which are not founded on the broadest principles of reciprocal justice and goodwill. Away, then, with the base calumnies which hold us up to the world as a nation of reckless filibusters! Away with the European cant of the invading tendencies of Republicanism!

"Our past, at least," as Webster said, "is secure." It brings no crimson to our cheeks; not, however, that our people are any better in themselves than other people—human nature, we suppose, is much the same every where—but because our free and open institutions, through which the convictions of men and not the interests of monarchs or families are expressed, incite no sinister and iniquitous proceedings. The glory of Republicanism is, that it is aboveboard, reflecting solely the extant wisdom and justice of the aggregate of its supporters.

Thus far, we have only disposed of the invectives of foreigners, showing what gratuitous and unfounded malice they are; but we have yet to consider our subject in its most important aspects, or in its bearings upon the internal policy of the State. The annexation of contiguous territories, in one shape or another, is a question that must constantly arise in the course of our progress, and it is well for us to know the true principles on which it should be managed.

From the time that Adam was sent out of the sunset gate of Eden; from the earliest descent of the Scythians upon the plains of Iran; from the Phœnician settlements in Greece; the tremendous invasions of the Mongolians in Russia; and

the dispersion of the Teutonic races over Italy, France, and England; down to the exodus of the Pilgrims, and the hegira from all lands into the golden reservoirs of California, there appears to have been a decided movement southward and westward of the populations of the world. It was never constant and continuous, and yet, contemplated in large epochs, it was always discernible. Sometimes, creeping slowly like a silent brook in the shade of forests; sometimes arresting itself like pools in the hollows of rich valleys; sometimes, indeed, seeming to recede, and then springing suddenly from hill-top to hill-top, as the lights which bore the news of Grecian victory, in old Homer's poem, it has gone forward, to the gradual civilization of the earth. By natural growth, by the multiplying ties of trade, by warlike excursions, by voluntary migrations, by revolutions and by colonizations, the superior races of the great central cradles of Western Asia have spread, pursuing the paths of the sun, until they now quite circle the globe. Nor is there any reason for believing that this diffusive *conatus* will be stopped, while there remains a remotest island, or secluded western nook, to be reduced to the reception of Christianity and European arts. An instinct in the human soul, deeper than the wisdom of politics, more powerful than the sceptres of states, impels the people on, to the accomplishment of that high destiny which Providence has plainly reserved for our race.

Annexation, consequently, is an inevitable fact, and it would be in vain for the American people to resist the impulses which are bearing all nations upward and onward, to a higher development and a closer union. Nor, when we consider the attitude in which we are placed towards other nations of the earth, is it desirable for us, or them, that this expansive, yet magnifying influence, should be resisted? As the inheritors of whatever is best in modern civilization, possessed of a political and social polity which we deem superior to every other, carrying with us wherever we go the living seeds of freedom, of intelligence, of religion; our advent every where, but particularly among the savage and stationary tribes who are nearest to us, must be a redemption and a blessing. South America and the islands of the sea ought to rise up to meet us at our coming, and the desert and the solitary places be glad that the hour for breaking their fatal enchantments, the hour of their emancipation, had arrived.

If the Canadas, or the provinces of South

or Central America, were gathered into our Union, by this gradual and natural absorption, by this species of national *endosmosis*, they would at once spring into new life. In respect to the former, the contrasts presented by the river St. Lawrence, which Lord Durham described, and which are not yet effaced, would speedily disappear. "On the American side," he says, "all is activity and bustle. The forests have been widely cleared; every year numerous settlements are formed, and thousands of farms are created out of the waste; the country is intersected by roads. On the British side, with the exception of a few favored spots, where some approach to American prosperity is apparent, all seems waste and desolate. . . . The ancient city of Montreal, which is naturally the capital of Canada, will not bear the least comparison in any respect with Buffalo, which is a creation of yesterday. But it is not in the difference between the larger towns on the two sides, that we shall find the best evidence of our inferiority. That painful but undeniable truth is most manifest in the country districts, through which the line of national separation passes for a thousand miles. There on the side of both the Canadas, and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor, and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated by tracts of intervening forests, without town or markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, drawing little more than a rude subsistence from ill-cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thriving neighbors on the American side." The Canadas have rapidly improved since Durham wrote, galvanized into action chiefly by American example and energy, and the larger freedom they now enjoy; but what might not their development be if wholly emancipated and republicanized? Or, still more, in respect to the silent and barren regions of the Southern Continent, what magical transformations, a change of political relations would evoke? The rich wastes given over to the vulture and the serpent,—where the sunshine and air of the most delicious climate fall upon a desolation,—would blossom and put forth like the golden-fruited Hesperides, opening a glorious asylum to the over-crowded labor of Southern Europe; the immense rivers which now hear no sound, save their own complaining moan as they woo in vain the churlish banks that spurn their offers of service, would then laugh with ships and go rejoicing to the

sea; the palsy-smitten villages broken into pieces before they are built, would teem like hives with "singing-masons building golden caves;" and the scarcely human societies, leprous with indolence, or alternately benumbed by despotism, or convulsed by wild, anarchical throes, would file harmoniously into order, and like enchanted armies, when the spells of the sorcerers are gone, take up a march of triumph:

"Such power there is in heavenly polity."

Nor would the incorporation of these foreign ingredients into our body,—we mean by regular and pacific methods, by a normal and organic assimilation, and not by any extraneous force or fraud,—swell us out to an unmanageable and plethoric size. It is the distinctive beauty of our political structure, rightly interpreted, that it admits of an almost indefinite extension of the parts without detriment to the whole. In the older nations, where the governments assume to do every thing, an increase of dimensions is always accompanied by an increase of danger,—the head is unable to control the extremities, which fly off into a St. Vitus's dance of revolution, or the extremities are paralyzed, through a congestion of despotic power in the head. But with us there is no such liability: the political power, dispersed and localized, the currents of influence pass reciprocally from the centre to the circumference, and from the circumference to the centre, as in the circulation of the blood; and whether the number of members in the system be more or less, the relations of strength between them and the head remain pretty much the same; or, rather, as our federal force is the net result and quotient of the contributions of the separate States, it is rather strengthened than weakened by the addition of new elements. Our circle of thirty-one integers works as harmoniously as it did when it was composed of only thirteen, while the probability of rupture is lessened, from the greater number which are interested in the Union. A powerful community, like New-York or Ohio, might have its own way opposed to a mere handful of smaller communities; but opposed to a vast network of communities, though never so small in themselves, it would be compelled to listen to reason. Indeed, the dangers likely to arise in the practical workings of our system, will result from an excessive centripetal, rather than centrifugal tendency, and the annexation of new States is, therefore, one of the best correctives of the vice.

But be that as it may, it is clear that we must maintain some relations to the

other nations of the world, either under the existing international law, or by treaty, or else by regular constitutional agreement. Now, which of the three is the best? International law, as we all know, is the merest figment in practice, proverbially uncertain in its principles, without sanctions or penalties, and wholly ineffective when it conflicts with the will of powerful states, of which fact the whole continent of Europe is witness. Treaties of amity and commerce are often only temporary, and may be abrogated at the option of the parties to them, or openly violated, when one of the parties is strong and unscrupulous. But a constitutional union, an eternal and brotherly league of independent and equal sovereignties, is the most permanent, peaceful, and unoppressive in which states can be joined,—the wisest, strongest, and happiest relation that can be instituted among civilized nations. We are, therefore, decidedly in favor of its adoption in settling the terms of our intercourse with all the people who are around and about us; carrying our faith in its efficacy and beneficence so far, in fact, that we expect to behold, at no distant day, the whole earth encompassed, not by warring tribes and jealous nationalities, but by a glorious hierarchy of free and independent republics.

The fears, therefore, that some express at our assumed velocity and breadth of expansion, would, if they were well-founded, be ungenerous, as well as unmanly and un-American. They are petty, unreasoning, and extra-timid. If we ever had swept, or were likely to sweep over the earth, sirocco-wise, drinking the dews, withering the grass, blinding the eyes of men, or blistering their bodies, there would then be some excuse for such apprehensions; or, if in the might and intensity of the centrifugal impulse there were danger of dislocating our own system, whirling the fragments off into measureless space, it would become the character of every patriot to shout an earnest halt. But Caucasians as we are, carrying the best blood of time in our veins,—Anglo-Saxons, the inheritors of the richest and profoundest civilizations: Puritans, whose religion is their most imperishable conviction: native Yankees of indomitable enterprise, and a capacity for government and self-government, which masters every element,—the effeminacy of climate, the madness of gold-hunting, the spite and rage of seas and winds,—we go forth as a beneficent, not a destructive agency; as the bearers of life, not death, to the prostrate nations—to the over-ripe or the under-ripe

—to all who lie on the margins of Bethesda, waiting for the good strong arm to thrust them in the invigorating pool.

Precisely, however, because this tendency to the assimilation of foreign ingredients, or to the putting forth of new members, is an inevitable incident of our growth,—because too, of the manifest advantages to all concerned,—there is no need that it should be specially fostered or stimulated. It will thrive of itself: it will supply the fuel of its own fires: it requires only a wise direction. A masterly inactivity is here emphatically the rule, for it will better secure us the desired result than the noisy, proselytizing, buccaneering zeal of over hasty demagogues. The fruit will fall into our hands, when it is ripe, without an officious shaking of the tree. Cuba will be ours, and Canada and Mexico, too,—if we want them,—in due season, and without the wicked impertinence of a war. Industry, commerce, silent migrations, the winning example of high prosperity joined to a Freedom which sports like the winds around an Order which is as firm as the Pyramids, are grappling them by unseen ties, and drawing them closer each day, and binding them in a unity of intercourse, of interest and of friendship, from which they will soon find it impossible to break, if they would, and from which, also, very soon, they would not break if they could. Let us then await patiently the dowries of time, whose promises are so complacent and decided,

"Nor weave with bloody hands the tissue of our line."

It should be, moreover, always borne in mind, as the truth most certain of all the truths that have been demonstrated by the experience of nations, that their home policy, their domestic relations, their internal development, the concentration, not the dispersion, of their energies, are the objects to which they should devote their first and last, most earnest and best regards. It is the most miserable and ruinous of all ambitions, which leads nations into dreams of external domination and power. The wars they engender, deadly as they may be, are comparatively nothing to the sapping, undermining, exhausting drains and sluices they open in the whole body and every limb and member of the state. "Ships, colonies, and commerce," has been the cry of the old world cabinets, and the effects are seen in bankruptcies, in Pelion-upon-Ossa of debt, in rotten courts, in degraded and impoverished peoples, and in oppressed and decaying neighbor-nations. Thus, France, instead

of giving a chance to her thirty-six millions of lively and industrious people, to recover and enrich their soils, to open roads, to make navigable their streams, and to build themselves up in knowledge and virtue, has ever been smitten with an insane love of foreign influence; but might rather have been smitten with the plague. She has overrun and ruined Lombardy; she has overrun and paralyzed, if not ruined, the Netherlands and Holland; she has overrun and arrested the civilization of Catalonia; she has overrun and deeply wounded Belgium; she has been the perpetual enemy of the free cities of Germany, stirring up thirty years wars, and assisting Austria in infamous schemes of destruction; she has invaded Genoa, Sicily, Venice, Corsica, Rome, suppressing them time and again with her armies; she hangs like a nightmare upon Algeria; she maintains penal colonies at Guiana—and all with what gain to herself? With what gain? Heavens! Look at the semi-barbarism of her almost feudal rural population; at the ignorance, licentiousness, and crime of her cities; at her vast agricultural resources, not only not developed, but laden with taxes and debt; at her unstable governments, shifting like the forms of a kaleidoscope; at her *Jacqueries*, her *St. Bartholomews*, her *dragonades*, her *Coups d'Etat*; her fusiladed legislators, and her exiled men of science and poets! France, under a true decentralized freedom, with the amazing talents of her quick-witted and amiable people, left to the construction of their own fortunes, might now have been a century in advance of where she is; but she followed the *ignis fatuus* of glory, of power abroad instead of industry and peace at home! England, too, in spite of her noble qualities and gigantic industry, has depopulated Ireland, starved India, ruined her West India islands, hamstrung the Canadas, in order to make distant markets for her trade,

and yet, her poor at home are imbruted, half-starved, earning only one tenth of what they might for her, while younger and freer nations are enticing away the commerce of the very dependencies which it has taken whole generations of wrong, torture, and bloodshed to create!

On the other hand, the United States, refraining from the spoliation of her neighbors, devoting herself steadily to the tasks of industry set before her, welcoming the people of all nations poor and rich, restricting government to its simplest duties, securing every man by equal laws, and giving to every citizen opportunities of honor, fortune, self-culture,—has, in a short fifty years, overtaken the most advanced nations, has left the others far in the rear, and in less than ten years from the date at which we write, will take her stand as the first nation of the earth—without a rival—without a peer—as we hope without an enemy,—but, whether with or without enemies,—able, single-handed, to dictate her terms, on any question, to a leash of the self-seeking, and therefore decrepit, monarchies of Europe. By not aiming at foreign aggrandizement, of which she is so often recklessly accused, she has reached a position which puts it easily in her power. Her strength has been in her weakness; her ability to cope with the world has grown out of her unwillingness to make the attempt; and behold her now a magnificent example of the superior glory of peace, justice, good will and honest hard work. God grant that she may never find occasion to walk in the devious paths of intrigue, to raise the battle cry of invasion; and God grant too,—we ask it with a double earnestness,—that she may not, in her prosperity, forget those that are in adversity; that she may never take part with the oppressor, but give her free hand of sympathy to the oppressed, whenever they shall undertake the struggle for their rights!

AT REST.

With folded hands the lady lies
In flowing robes of white,
A globed lamp beside her couch,
A round of tender light.
With such a light above her head,
A little year ago,
She walked adown the shadowy vale,
Where the blood-red roses grow!
A shape, or shadow joined her there,
To pluck the royal flower,

But stole the lily from her breast,
Which was her only dower.
That gone, all went: her false love first,
And then her peace of heart;
The hard world frowned, her friends grew cold,
She hid in tears apart:
And now she lies upon her couch,
Amid the dying light,
Nor wakes to hear the little voices
That moan throughout the night!

THE MAYFLOWER.

DOWN in the bleak December bay
 The ghostly vessel stands away ;
 Her spars and halyards white with ice,
 Under the bleak December skies.
 A hundred souls, in company,
 Have left the vessel pensively—
 Have touched the frosty desert there,
 And touched it with the knees of prayer.
 And now the day begins to dip,
 The night begins to lower
 Over the bay and over the ship
 Mayflower.

Neither the desert, nor the sea
 Imposes ; and their prayers are free ;
 But sternly else, the wild imposes ;
 And thorns must grow before the roses.
 And who are these ?—and what distress
 The savage-acred wilderness
 On mother, maid, and child, may bring,
 Beseems them for a fearful thing ;
 For now the day begins to dip,
 The night begins to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
 A hero of the commonwealth)
 The axes that the camp requires,
 To build the lodge, and heap the fires.
 And Standish from his warlike store
 Arrays his men along the shore—
 Distributes weapons resonant,
 And dons his harness militant ;
 For now the day begins to dip,
 The night begins to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower ;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—
 She sees a Book, in vellum drest,
 She drops a tear and kisses the tome,
 Thinking of England and of home—
 Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then
 Ordained to do the work of men—
 Have seen, in visions of the air,
 While pillowed on the breast of prayer
 (When now the day began to dip,
 The night began to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
 A boundless empire of success ;
 And seen the years of future nights
 Jewelled with myriad household lights ;
 And seen the honey fill the hive ;
 And seen a thousand ships arrive ;
 And heard the wheels of travel go ;
 It would have cheered a thought of woe,
 When now the day began to dip,
 The night began to lower
 Over the bay, and over the ship
 Mayflower.

A POT POURRI OF POETRY AND PARODY.

MARGARET.—CLARIBEL.—ZOE.

CLARIBEL.—Zoe, may I ask why, in spite of the promise that you early gave of poetical ability, no one has seen of late any of the productions of your pen?

ZOE (with animation).—Pretty good poetry is like a pretty good egg. Who ever relished an egg that was at all doubtful?

CLARIBEL.—True: poetry is a luxury; one must have it of the best, or not at all.

ZOE.—I have been looking this evening through this volume. 'Tis one of the old Annuals so popular in England, when poetical glow-worms were treated as great lights, and shams of every kind were in fashion, for Royal Turveydrop was "first gentleman of Europe," and England is too loyal not to follow the example of her kings. In those days poetastering was at its height, and society was afflicted with a flux of rhyme.

She put him on a little shroud,
A chaplet on his head,
And gathered early violets
To strew above the dead.

True poetry ought to be tonic—strengthening, refreshing, and stimulating. Such things as this once honored "little shroud," do not even rise to the dignity of bosh:—they are mere twaddle,—the paper baskets of poetry; trumpery nothings, made out of materials the most flimsy which become in the making flimsier still.

CLARIBEL.—Bosh! What is bosh?

ZOE.—The Turkish word for *nothing*. Bosh is a wind-bag composition, whether in poetry or prose.

MARGARET.—There is great distinction to be drawn between "twaddle" and "bosh." Of the former any poet's-corner in Annual, or Country Newspaper, will furnish us a prompt example—some affecting historical or familiar incident done into fluent rhyme. The latter is less common. It has sound and fury—but not sense. It partakes of *galimatias* and *phébus*.* It soars into the regions of the incomprehensibly sublime. It has varieties. The Bosh grandiloquent, and the Bosh transcendental being prominent

kinds. Of the former, many admirable specimens may be found in modern fiction.

"Isabel," he exclaimed, in a voice that ran *through her heart like ice*"—is an instance I read recently in a popular work. But the richest preserve of striking passages of "bosh" is to be found, I think, in the works of a modern Bard, called the "Poet of the West" by his admirers. Hear him describing the sensations of a bridegroom.

He stood before the altar; and a shade
Of darkness flashed one moment o'er his brow,
Then melted into beauty on his lip.

And by the same author is a poem called the "Wreck at Sea" of which the first verse and the last are printed and published as follows:

The sun was low—a flood of light
Slept on the glittering ocean—
And night's dark robes were journeying up
With slow and solemn motion.

Gaped wide the deep—down plunged the wreck,
Up rose a fearful yell—
Death's wings flapped o'er that sinking deck,
A shudder!—all was still.

ZOE.—To write "twaddle" is so easy, and the public grew so tolerant, that I am astonished donkeys did not learn to bray in rhyme. Select a well-known incident; historical should be preferred. Carefully cut off the point, strip it of individuality, lard it with "prithes," "mayhaps" and "perchances." Don't flavor it with any thing. Serve it in lines of six and eight, with manners of romance, and moral sauce in the concluding line.

MARGARET.—It is surprising that some of our best modern authors have occasionally degenerated into this kind of composition. Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, and half the Hebrew *Melodies*, are twaddle; and Campbell's works contain poems in the most approved poetastical style. You know his *Adelgitha*,

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded
And slew the slanderer of her fame.
She wept delivered from the danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove,

* La galimatias renferme une obscurité profonde, et n'a de soi-même nul sens raisonnable. Le phébus n'est pas si obscur et a un brillant qui signifie ou semble signifier quelque chose, le soleil y entre d'ordinaire et c'est ce qui a donné lieu en notre langue au nom de phébus, ce n'est pas que quelque fois le phébus ne devienne obscur jusqu'à n'être pas entendu, mais alors la galimatias s'en joint, ce ne sont que brillans et ténèbres de tous cotés. Вожном. *Entretien d'Ariste et d'Eugène.*

"Seek not," she cried "oh gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love,
For he is in a foreign far-land,
Whose arm should now have set me free,
And I must wear the willow's garland
For him who's dead or false to me."
"Nay, say not that his faith is tainted;"
He raised his vizor.—At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted:—
It was indeed her own true knight.

ZOE.—*This* from the man who wrote
"The Rainbow," the "Last Man," "Hohen-
linden," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "O'-
Connor's Child!" Oh! the corruptive
influences of second-rate adulation. One
wonders in what frame of mind he could
have been, to sit down and write any thing
in this strain. Perhaps it was penned af-
ter the excitement of some great effort,
and so served the purpose of the block-
heads whose society was a relief to Ma-
dame du Barry, "J'aimais à leur voir,"
said she, "car me reposait l'imagination."
It needs no tax upon one's wits to write
verses of that kind. Trepan me, and I
could compose you portfolios of such stuff
without a brain.

MARGARET.—Claribel smiles.

ZOE.—Don't you know, my dear Clari-
bel, that the criticisms of an amateur are
sharper than those written by the ever-
pointed pencil, or sharpest steel pen of a
critic by profession? Just as in speech
and private correspondence, we say a thou-
sand things more cutting than any we
should choose to print and publish to a
friend's disadvantage. In private life we
are all of the family of Bludyer. We
may not, indeed, cut up a three-volumed
book, and take a dinner and pint of sher-
ry out of it at a coffee-room, but we make
ourselves agreeable guests at the expense
of the victim we discuss, and amass con-
versational capital out of the weakness of
our associates. Bludyer would go dinner-
less if authors had no faults, and some of
us would be unwelcome company enough
but for our little talent in exposing the
least foibles of a friend. But to prove to
you the worth of my recipe—the facility
of "doing" an incident into fluent rhyme—
let us each take a pen, and see how many of
such things we can strike off this evening.

MARGARET.—On what subjects.

ZOE.—On any; "The Fall of Wolfe,"
"The Death of Guatamozin"—any of the
stock subjects to be found in every book
of history, or amongst the "examples" in
any grammar.

(A pause of five minutes, during which
the scratching of pens is heard.)

ZOE.—I have done.

MARGARET.—And so have I. Read
yours first, Zoe.

ZOE.

Upon the sword, beside a rill
The dying Hero lay,
The life-blood from his wounded side
Was ebbing fast away;
When through the startled air a cry
Of sudden triumph ran:
"They run—our foemen run!" was passed
Along the struggling van.—
"Who run?" exclaimed the dying chief,
"The French!" was the reply;
"Once more on England's pennon lights
The bird of Victory."
"Then I die happy," cried the Brave,
"I am content to die."
A glow of triumph tinged his cheek,
His spirit soared on high.

MARGARET.—Mine is by no means so
successful. I attempted a different style;
the imitation of a Poetess guiltless of
either "bosh" or "twaddle." She affects
the rugged grief style of composition.
My sympathies cannot follow her through
such a "Vale of Misery." Indeed, I see
no necessity for inviting me to the journey.
But some women prefer walking abroad
in storm and rain, when they had better
be at home; forgetting what Archbishop
Leighton has so beautifully said, That
like the bees "when there is foul weather
abroad we should be busy in the hive."

CLARIBEL.—Your temperament, Mar-
garet, disposes you to make yourself com-
fortable. Had you been here, you would
have put up an umbrella to break the
fury of the storm. Something in miti-
gation of the ills of life, always turns up
for such as you.

ZOE.—But the poem.

MARGARET.—

ONE MOMENT'S CONSOLATION.

Soul of my soul! Why wert thou made too dead;
Why was my soaring spirit linked to thine?
Why am I taught to fear—ay—taught to fear
The tender tones that used to answer mine.
Come blackness—come despair—sweep o'er my brow,
Sad night, thou gazest on a shivered soul,
Tears—tears unsluiced my spirit overflow,
The big drops slow adown my sad face roll.
Meseemeth that I stand on yon lone shore
Where once we stood together—thou and I—
Canst thou recall the place? No more—no more!
Away sad thoughts!—weak waters dim mine eye.
Come storm—come darkness—hide ye in mine heart,
Make there your nest—nurse there your sable
brood,
Undaunted yet my soul shall bear her part,
And reap—aye reap—her heritage of good.

CLARIBEL.—I am ashamed of you, Mar-
garet. Have you never read her lines on
"Absence"—lines which ring through my
memory a daily chime, calling me apart
from worldly things to better thoughts,
and those brave deeds which are the com-
plement of better thoughts, and ought al-
ways to succeed them.

Oh! how and by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that calls thee back more near;
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time—and thou art here?
I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds each moment that is told,
While thou beloved one art far from me.
So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall yet be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

MARGARET.—Nobody can appreciate the beauty of that poem more entirely than I, nor that of the other little gem, which a Christian Minerva might inscribe upon heregis, and carrying it before her into the battle of life, keep herself unspotted from the world.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart which if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

ZOE.—It is a question of taste, and not of appreciation. Margaret does not like to see grief bowing at the foot-lights, and will not throw her a bouquet. But see what I have done while you were talking.

A DREAM OF THE INFINITE.

Deep hidden in the clouds of circumstance,
My captive spirit pined its strength away,
Waiting the coming of the glory ray,
Wrapt in a fixed Immutability—
An awful deathlike trance—
Till the faint spirit tones came rushing by
And actuated by its own Intensity
My spirit soared on high!
Far out into the Dread
Their mighty pinions spread,
Crowned with the lightnings—and the unceasing
roll
Of the immeasurable in our track!
Till whirling echoing back,
Pealed the great spirit-minor o'er my head,
Striking the knell of earthly hopes and fears,
While the pale glister of an Angel's tears
Shone o'er the conquered soul!

There! I maintain that that production is not one whit more incomprehensible than the song of the Morning Star to Lucifer in the "Drama of Exile."

MARGARET (*hesitatingly*).—I do not defend the "Song of the Morning Star," nor many other things in the "Drama of Exile," but I think that there are admirable beauties in that poem, which should have kept it sacred from your satiric pen. The moment that the author's muse comes down from the shadowy into the human, leaving the "Desertness" and "spectral Dread," the poem becomes full of a beauty and pathos unequalled as I think by any other poem by a woman's pen. There is a passage in Adam's blessing to the Woman, which ought to be printed on

broad-sheets, and scattered by *colporteurs* throughout the length and breadth of these United States, till a copy were in the hands of every individual tainted or taintable with the prevailing heresies on the position of woman.

If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed made bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for each new human life
Some weariness in guarding such a life;
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those
beloved
Too loyally some treason: feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without,
And pressures of an alien tyranny
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chaunt itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

ZOE.—The tears are in our eyes, Margaret. I too propose to benefit my sex by a speech I shall have the questionable honor to deliver some day at Syracuse, the capital of the Amazons. "Fellow-women," I shall say, "did it ever chance to you to find yourselves singly or in pairs in the midst of a wide solitary field, surrounded by moderately excited cattle? and did you render a philosophical account to yourselves of the relief you experienced on seeing a small boy advancing towards you? Tell me, fellow-women, has not nature implanted in us a conscious sense of difference on some points—may I not say inferiority?"

MARGARET.—Zoe, do you imagine that a woman, who has stood unmoved for hours on a platform before a raging assembly of the other sex, is to be daunted, as you or I would be, by a drove of cattle?

CLARIBEL.—You are more severe on them than Zoe is. She gave them credit for retaining some of the most natural feelings of womanhood. But I have heard that some of those who wish to create perfect equality between the sexes are very *exigeantes* in society, where they are great sticklers for the present code of Ladies' Rights, *en attendant* the redress of the Wrongs of Women.

MARGARET.—It seems to me that if you make the solution of the question to consist, as some do, in "ignoring the habitual discrimination of men and women as form-

ing separate *classes*, and, regarding all alike as simply *persons*—human beings," that the argument becomes in danger from both horns of a dilemma. Once place the sexes on all points on an equality as "simply persons—as human beings," and the

Dynastic reasons of larger bones

destroy the equality at once, by creating the relation of protector and protected.

Zoe (*catching a moth, which has been fluttering about the light, and shaking him from her handkerchief into the open air*).—If I never speak at Syracuse on Woman's Rights, at least I will aspire to the presidency of a society for the proper regulation of insect suicide. Gray millers shall not grill themselves at an expense of human feelings in our lights, and flies shall be restricted to the use of water, and not cream or milk, for purposes of *felo de se*. By the way, "to the great mind every thing becomes an incident." Is not that in Emerson?

MARGARET.—I never found it in his works.

CLARIBEL.—Margaret, you once owned a very capital imitation of transcendental versery.

MARGARET.—Yes; in the days of the Dial. "Ecstasy the law of Nature." It contained all the catch words of the sect, and was written by a witty friend.

Single, multiform creation!
Soul-dissolving ecstasy!
How shall our souls come full circle,
If we dwell not orb'd in thee?
Strife of kings and crime of nations,
Weakness, wickedness of heart,
All are adjuncts to this power,
All in ecstasy have part.
All-pervading, ever-flowing,
Orbing, circling ecstasy!
Mortal props and rafters vanish,
Prone we cast ourselves on thee!

CLARIBEL.—That is not more incomprehensible than the usual run of transcendental poetry. I remember a few lines of "The Sphinx," a poem much admired by the understanding few when it came out in the Dial.

The journeying atoms
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive
By their animate poles.

MARGARET.—Transcendentalism is as a lamp gone out. It was a protest against Unitarianism, which in the preceding generation had been a protest against Puritanism. It cast a wide glare over New England, but the smoky flame died out as speedily as it had kindled, attesting at

once the wide-spread feeling of a *want*, and the insufficiency of the new faith for its satisfaction. Transcendental poetry was never of much account. It was mere prose snipped into verse and metre, tagged with indifferent rhyme.

CLARIBEL.—I have been reading Margaret Fuller's Life, of late, and have been disappointed very much. Its defect is in its plan. It is like a "Long Thursday" London opera night, distracting one with acts from half a dozen operas. Margaret was eminently a progressive person. The interest of the first thirty-five years of her life consists almost entirely in the development of her character. Either of the three distinguished gentlemen, Clarke, Emerson, and Channing, who wrote the book, might have written her biography; but from the system pursued of a plurality of authors, it is entirely impossible to follow out her development. As soon as we fancy we have gained a certain insight into her character, the clew is broken off and another fastened on.

MARGARET.—She died with Vanitas Vanitatum inscribed on all her labor, with no wish granted her on earth except that touching prayer for death with her husband and her child. And in the hour of shipwreck her pride of intellect—her habit of command, may have been fatal to herself and those she loved. She had not learned her woman's lesson of implicit obedience in time of danger, especially at sea. An ignorant emigrant mother might, with a kiss of agony—a prayer of trust, have given up her baby into the hands of the good steward who pledged his life to save the boy, and have re-embraced her little one on the sand-hills of Fire Island; but nothing would induce Margaret to part from her husband and her child.

CLARIBEL.—It is a touching fact, that the only papers of any value which escaped the wreck, were the love letters that had passed between her and Ossoli.

MARGARET.—Yes; and these records of a late but tender married love, and the marble form of her dead infant, seem like a mute plea for sisterhood and gentle judgment made by this woman, so beloved yet so calumniated, whose own mind, like a troubled sea, cast up mire, and dirt, and gold, and gems. "Walking through *dry* places, seeking rest, and finding none," might be the motto for her biography. The book, such as it is, is the saddest thing I ever read, not only from the circumstances of her life, which were of themselves sufficiently trying, but from her entire and constant disappointment in her own theories. She constantly ex-

pressed strongly her weariness of life—how all had failed; but there is no looking beyond; no resting on the hope of an eternal home, where we shall see all things in the light of God.

CLARIBEL.—For some months before the wreck, her boy had been teaching her the lessons she should have learned in her own infancy. Her heart had been born old, and it was growing young. He might also have led her to a simple faith. She might, guiding his infant steps, have entered "as a little child" the kingdom of God.

ZOE.—While you have been talking, I have made another poem.

LINES ON SETTING A CAPTIVE MILLER FREE.

"Put out the light,"—*Shakespeare*.

Fly, airy sprite; imprisoned now no more,
Haste to the mossy dells where violets lie,
Upon the pinions of the south wind soar,
And all rejoicing in thy liberty;
Hence, child of freedom, fly!

Hie to the greenwood, where the gushing rills
Flow swiftly onward on their gentle way,
Where the glad nightingale her vesper trills,
And flowerets fold their leaves at close of day;
Haste joyously away!

Where the pine forest rears its stately head,
Where the pale primrose pours its rich perfume,
Where tulips bright their gaudy petals shed,
And the young roses all unrecked of bloom
Amid the deepening gloom.

Hence! cleave once more the blue ethereal air,
And when the moon illumines the ocean's breast,
Seek thee some bed beside the waters fair,
And when the earth in her dark robes is drest
Fold thy light wings and rest!

MARGARET.—That is so speciously nonsensical, that it would be worth while to try if it might not impose on the editor of some literary journal, who, deceived by the sweetness of the metre, might print it in good faith as the production of a disciple of Mrs. Hemans.

ZOE.—Multitudes of published poems are to the full as absurd. Did we ever show you, Claribel, the poem Margaret and I once wrote to see what we could do as a *bona fide* joint impromptu? Vile as it is, it is an average specimen of the style of poem to which it belongs. We agreed to compose in alternate lines. Neither was to hesitate or change a word. We started without any design, nor did we find one, till I gave the two last lines in a breath and wrote over it a title.

THE ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

They wandered slowly o'er the plain,
The father and the daughter,
Until they reached a silvery lake
Of clear and placid water.

Where sitting sadly by its side

Her tears dropped slowly in;
They were soft tears of woman's pride,
Of sorrow, not of sin.

There came a maid from the wave,
And caught them in a shell!
More purely white than mountain-snow,
She caught them as they fell.

The father watched the glancing sprite,
And bending o'er his child,
He said with accents low and soft,
And life that faintly smiled—

"Behold, sweet girl, the ways of love;
Those tears that sadly fell,
Shall prove bright gems of precious worth
Hid in that prison shell."

CLARIBEL.—Was that really *impromptu*?

ZOE.—I hope you don't suppose it was any thing else. It was repeated off without pause, as I have said it to you.

MARGARET.—I can be more lenient to original trash, I think, than to the trash which spoils a foreign poet by translation. I greatly prefer to read the works of any foreign bard (if I cannot understand them in his own tongue), through the medium of a prose translation in a third language. One is not annoyed by awkward English, and the poetry retains a sort of foreign flavor.

CLARIBEL.—By the way, German prose may be literally translated, and the English version of a German work gains by a little foreign flavor; but Frenchified English is a caricature of fine writing; and justice may be best done to a French author by rendering his work, not word for word, but idiom for idiom.

ZOE.—I seldom read poetical translations without thinking of what the cockney draper aptly said, that Homer by Mr. Pope was "*unclassicked*, not translated."

MARGARET.—A few years since every literary miss, and forward schoolboy tried their hands upon translation, and the result was, both so vile and so voluminous, that it is a mercy the task of compiling an edition of the "Poets and Poetry of Europe" was not appropriated by one who, as Carlyle says, would have edited them as one "edits wagon loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon."

CLARIBEL.—One of our very best English translations, is Leigh Hunt's spirited version of Redi's Bacchanalian Ode in praise of the wines of Tuscany.

And drink of the wine of the vine benign,
That sparkles warm in Sansovine!

Those lines are more musical than the Italian—and think of the old gentleman having been a water-drinker after all!

ZOE.—He sings the praise of ice as musically and enthusiastically as that of the vine. If I were a member of the skating club, I'd skate an inscription from the Ode on Lake Wenham.

MARGARET.—Reading a translated poem ought to be made a punishment for not having studied the language of the original, and therefore I would never find fault with a translation, like Cary's Dante, in which the strained involved English makes the author's meaning harder to get at than it would be to a student with common sense in the original with even an imperfect knowledge of the poet's tongue; but the huge mass of modern poetical translation is in the glib versification of the Laura Matilda school. I speak feelingly upon this subject, because I number amongst the sins of my youth a translation, which I suffered to appear in print, of what was probably in the original a rude, rough, broken, and effective ejaculatory people's ballad. I reduced it to smooth annual-like stanzas—reminding me whenever I think of it, of Champagne or sparkling Moselle in a cut glass decanter. It was courteously alluded to, too, at the time, by no less an authority than a London Quarterly Reviewer!

ZOE.—Who can write a respectable imitation of the national poetry of the old Sherwood Forest days? Why is it that the Ballad, the earliest expression of popular feeling, dies out at the approach of civilization? Sir Walter Scott's "Glen-falas" is scarcely worth the trouble of reprint—and if you want to see degeneration, compare the fragment "Barthram's Dirge" with "Elfinland Weed," or "Rudiger," or the "Eve of St. John."

MARGARET.—It was always a proof to me how greatly the national taste for poetry was far gone from original simplicity in Johnson's days, that Chatterton's imitation was so widely mistaken for a genuine old Ballad. Any one familiar with Ellis, Ritson, and Bishop Percy, could, it seems to me, detect the forgery in half a line. There is another vice of ordinary translation—I mean expansion—which interferes with our rendering the lays of an earlier day. A nation in its infancy lisps in numbers, intent not on its form of speech, but the expression of its feeling. When it has acquired greater command of language it is so pleased by "the beauty

and newness of its art" that it floods its ideas with words, and loses the conciseness and simplicity, and at the same time the pre-Raphaelitic attention to details, which characterized its earlier poetry.

ZOE.—To resume your champagne simile it would be well if our translators in decanting would be content to give us *du champagne non mousseau* at least free from the adulteration of their own turnip juice or gooseberry.

C'est le bon roi Dagobert
Qui mit sa culotte à l'envers.

Translate that, Margaret.

MARGARET.—

The Monarch roused Elm from his slumbers.
The foe came on, and great their numbers.
Good was the king—a warrior brave,
Bold Dagobert the name they gave.
So hasty dressed he for the row, sirs,
That wrong side out he donned his trowsers.

ZOE.—You are not competent to the task, Margaret. You have no genius for redundancy. The nursery distich has five principal words. These you have only expanded into a line a-piece with one to spare for the interpolation of your own gratuitous supposition. You have given, however, the jerky way in which some folks translate epigrams:

CLARIBEL.—It is nearly twelve o'clock,

"See, we have wasted half a summer's night!"

may we not say with Arteveld. You have damaged the reputation of poets we all love; and mercy and truth have not met together in your estimate of the poetlings. What good does it do to point out spots in the sun? Leave us to fancy him all brightness.

ZOE.—What good may I have done to poetlings? Such good as may be done by nailing a dead hawk to a barn door! Nor does it do us harm to turn our opinion of our favorites sometimes wrong-side out, and ravel out unsightly threads. And principally good is done by reflections on this subject, because young writers may be warned to have an eye to sense, and some may be scared, as Margaret and I have been, from second-rate attempts at versification. A verse containing bits of broken similes is not redeemed by unimpeachableness of rhyme—or sweetness of rhythm.

THE LOST PRINCE.

[We shall probably not again be called upon to give place to another article on the subject of the Dauphin, and we only do so now in justice to our readers, whose curiosity has been excited by the two previous articles from Mr. Hanson, and who may consider themselves entitled to know all the developments which have been made in this strange history since his last communication. The first article which we published on this subject, "Have we a Bourbon amongst us?" was introduced by a letter from one of the most distinguished clergymen of the Episcopal Church, vouching for the respectability and disinterested zeal of the author, and the following review is by another eminent clergyman of the same church, who, as will be seen, has had the advantage of knowing Mr. Williams from his boyhood, and whose testimony is beyond the suspicion of sinister motives or partisan zeal.—Ed. P. M.]

THE LOST PRINCE: facts tending to prove the identity of Louis the Seventeenth of France, and the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By John H. Hanson. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1864. pp. 479.

THE Rev. Mr. Hanson, author of the articles on this subject published in this magazine in February and April of last year, avowed his deep interest in the question from the start, and has not hesitated to declare his conviction, that the Rev. Eleazer Williams is the son of Louis Sixteenth of France, and, consequently, the Dauphin, who was alleged to have died in the tower of the Temple at Paris, on the 8th of June 1795. Under such an impression, it was not to be expected that Mr. Hanson, after all that he had done, would let the subject sleep. He has, accordingly, given it diligent attention—has examined critically all that has been written and said against the claims of Mr. Williams—has travelled extensively, to look up additional evidence—and has finally come forth with the result of his investigations, in a handsome duodecimo of 479 pages, in a little less than a year after his first article on the subject was published. The volume bears the title of the motto at the head of this article, *THE LOST PRINCE*. And Mr. Hanson has not labored in vain. He has certainly accomplished something. We may even say, he has done a good deal. Where his work does not produce conviction, it will at least command respect. He has, we think, cleared the way for, and abundantly justified the following propositions:

1. The Dauphin did not die in the Temple, as the French Government alleged at the time, and as has been commonly supposed.

2. The child that died there was clandestinely introduced as a substitute for the Dauphin, while the Dauphin was secretly carried away.

3. He was brought to America, and disposed of, with the intent that he should never appear as a claimant of the throne of France.

4. Two French refugees, as they were supposed to be, a man and woman, appeared in Albany, N. Y., in 1795, in charge of two children, a boy and girl, under such circumstances as to justify the theory, that the boy was the Dauphin; and that they left Albany for parts unknown.

5. In the same year, 1795, two Frenchmen, one of them having the appearance of a Roman Catholic priest, brought "a weak, sickly boy, in a state of mental imbecility," to Ticonderoga, and left him with the Indians. The child was adopted by an Iroquois chief, named Thomas Williams.

6. This child is proved to be the Rev. Eleazer Williams.

7. Mr. Williams is not an Indian.

8. The Duchess D'Angoulême, and the other members of the French Bourbon family, have always known that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, and that he was carried to America.

9. The same members of the French Royal family have always been well advised, so as to believe the fact, that the Dauphin was still alive, in the person of the Rev. Eleazer Williams.

We do not say that all these propositions are clearly demonstrated; for then there would be no remaining question. Some of them are, doubtless, better established than others. Some, indeed, are proved beyond the possibility of doubt. But the sum of probabilities which cluster around the more doubtful, is of a nature and character fully to justify the conclusion, that Mr. Williams *may* be the Dauphin, and, perhaps, to justify the belief, that he actually is so. Mr. Hanson has prefaced his argument by the following two mottoes, which appear on his title-page: "There is no historical truth against which obstinacy cannot raise some objections. Many people think themselves justified in asserting, against an alleged historical fact, its impossibility, without considering, that nothing is true or untrue in the eye of history because it is probable

or improbable, but simply because, assuming its general logical possibility, it can be proved to be or not to be a fact."—*Bunsen*. "On appealing, after a number of years, to the evidence of facts, it will always be found, in the end, that probability is, in all things, the best symptom of truth."—*Lamartine*. According to the principle of these two mottoes, wherein the above propositions, as stated by us, are not clearly demonstrated, they may be safely weighed in the balance of probabilities; and it is on this principle that we have thought proper to give them form and place. The negative of either of them cannot be established by like probabilities, as, for example, in the contradiction between Mr. Williams and the Prince de Joinville, which, indeed, has no direct bearing on either of the propositions we have laid down, though it may possibly be regarded as having an incidental relation. But, assuming that the Prince de Joinville was disappointed in the result of his interview with Mr. Williams, it is easy to see, that he was forced into this contradiction by his plan and policy, admitting the facts alleged by Mr. Williams. Here the rule of probability applies with great force in favor of Mr. Williams' account, as it is very improbable that the Prince would assent to its truth. He could not do it, in consistency with the alleged purpose of his mission.

Mr. Hanson, by his industry and zeal in this cause, has certainly collected most important and vital evidence on this question, since his first papers were published, in February and April of last year; and in the volume now under consideration, he has grouped all the testimony in the case with great skill and with telling effect. For his zeal he needs no apology; for he professes to believe in his story, which, if true, is worthy of any man's enthusiasm. The first item of additional evidence brought forward, which we propose to notice, is the second affidavit of Mr. Williams' reputed mother, Mary Ann Williams, which was made by her to correct the false statements of the first. To speak in the mildest terms that will properly characterize the discrepancy between the two documents, as it applies to the question at issue, it is a most astounding disclosure—astounding not only for the sudden flood of light which it casts on the main question, but especially and altogether more astounding for the audacity of the fraud practised in the means of obtaining, and in the mode of uttering, the first affidavit. This document, it would seem, was obtained at the

instance of M. De Courcy, though there is no evidence that he gave instructions that would suggest or justify the fraud. It appears, however, to have been quite acceptable to him, as might have been expected from his known feelings. For what reasons he took it to France, before it was published here, or whether he went expressly on that errand, we are not informed. It is natural to suppose, from the fact of his going to France with this document in his pocket, that it required to be submitted there. He then returned it to New-York, to be published in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, from which journal it went the rounds of the papers of the country, silencing, as was supposed at the time, the pretensions of Mr. Williams, and overwhelming them with ridicule and contempt. The history of this remarkable document is sufficiently indicated by the following certificate:

"I certify that the affidavit sworn to before me in March last, by Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, was in the English language. She came to my office, in Hogansburgh, either in company with, or met there, the Rev. Francis Marcoux, Roman Catholic priest at St. Regis. Two Indians were also present. Mr. Marcoux acted as interpreter, and put the questions to her in the Indian language, and interpreted them in English. A. FULTON, J. P.

"Hogansburgh, July 8, 1853."

It will be observed, that Mrs. Williams gave her evidence in the Indian language, not understanding English; and that Mr. Marcoux interpreted it to the Justice of the Peace, Mr. Fulton, in English, to be put down, sworn to, and published in that language. It was executed and published accordingly. But, in all the particulars mentioned in this affidavit, touching the question before the public, Mrs. Williams is made to contradict her reputed son, the Rev. Mr. Williams, and to implicate him in false statements. She is made repeatedly to declare, that Eleazer Williams is her own son; to deny the story to the contrary, and to maintain June as the month in which she thinks he was born. Suffice it to state, that she is made to say and swear to in English, a language which she did not understand, many things important to the point in issue, which she did not say in her own tongue, which she did not intend to say, and which she could not say with truth and a good conscience; all which, when she came to have it explained to her, as it really was, she entirely repudiated, and went before the same magistrate, Mr. Fulton, a second time, and made a new affidavit in her own language; and notwithstanding she was followed up by Mr.

Marcoux's friends, with assiduous efforts to embarrass her, and to prevent her from purging her conscience, she nevertheless, in her second affidavit, declared, that the Rev. Eleazer Williams was an *adopted* child, and corrected all the other points in which she had been misinterpreted by Mr. Marcoux in her first affidavit. Mrs. Williams swears, in her second affidavit, that Mr. Marcoux, with others, some women, persuaded her to make the first, and that she found, when the first was explained to her, that it contained things which she did not intend to say, and which were not true; that is, all the material points of the case. These two affidavits, and the history of them, are given in the twentieth chapter of the book now under notice, and they claim an attentive perusal by those who desire to understand the merits of this controversy. We need not name the legal or technical denomination which characterizes this fraud, as all know that it constitutes a very high crime. Mr. Hanson might well be eloquent, as he is, on this branch of his argument. We cite a single sentence: "Taking advantage of her ignorance of all languages, but Indian, and relying upon the obscurity of a barbaric tongue, to hide from the world his imposture, this clergyman falsely interprets her answers to the magistrate, substitutes wholesale statements, adapted to his own ends, for those which she in reality makes; then falsely interprets his interpretation to her, procures her oath to his fabrication, poisons the fountains of truth and justice at their primal and most sacred source, and seeks to send the poor woman into the grave with a sworn lie upon her lips, against the child of her adoption, that he might at once destroy his reputation, and deceive the world upon a grave question of history." And when M. De Courcy gets possession of this precious document, he goes on a mission to France, peradventure to have it determined there when and where it shall be published; and it is sent back to be published in New-York.

It is true that this enormity in the social state does not prove that the Rev. Eleazer Williams is the son of Louis Sixteenth; but it does prove that man must have a strong motive, and should receive no trifling compensation, to practice subornation of perjury to prevent the establishment of such an historical fact. It proves, moreover, that there is some stupendous wrong in this business, be it to rob a born prince of his right to a throne, or a private and humble individual of his character, the latter of which may, possibly, in this case, be

more highly prized than the former. So palpable a fraud too, and a fraud of such a character, will naturally lead men to think, that, after all, there is something in this question not only deserving of consideration, but of very grave import. There is not, perhaps, in the whole history of this complicated affair, another incident of a more striking and impressive character. Every one will ask, what could be the motive of this subornation of perjury? and let him who can, answer.

Another interesting and instructive part of the additional evidence adduced by Mr. Hanson, is the narrative, and more succinct affidavit, of Mrs. Brown, of New Orleans, also given in the twentieth chapter of the book, and in Appendix N., Mrs. Reid certifies by affidavit to the character of Mrs. Brown, and the Rev. Mr. Whittall, in the same way, to that of Mrs. Reid. The credibility of the testimony is well guaranteed. Mrs. Brown was formerly wife of the Secretary of Count D'Artois, and resided six years, from 1804 to 1810, at Holyrood House, Edinburgh, with the royal exiles; and for nearly as long a time afterwards, she was on terms of intimacy with the Bourbon family, and did them some service, which was highly appreciated. Her position as wife of the Secretary of the Count, was doubtless above that of a domestic. Hence, while in exile, the Duchess d'Angoulême seems to have admitted her to some degree of confidence. The knowledge, however, which she attained from the Duchess, and through other channels, while in this relation to the royal family, of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, as the recognized Dauphin, seems to have been purely accidental, and it is all the more valuable on that account. She testifies that the Duchess d'Angoulême told her, that "She knew the Dauphin was alive and safe in America." The affidavit also proves, that the royal family knew that he was called by the name of Williams; but they said "he was incompetent to reign;" or as detailed more particularly by Mr. Hanson, page 420, "Mrs Brown went on to say, that, according to Mrs. Chamberlain's statement (Mrs. Chamberlain was wife to the Secretary of Count De Coigny,) the subject had been much discussed in the palace, and that the royal family said, Williams was incompetent to reign, and his elevation to the throne would only increase the difficulties of the times—that a man had come out from America to confer with them on the subject, and that she had seen him. Money was given to this man, and he returned to America." Mrs. Brown had often heard in the royal family, that

Bellanger was the name of the man who carried the Dauphin to America. Mrs. Brown was an old and retired lady, had passed through many trying vicissitudes of life, and had nothing more to hope for from the world, being on the borders of the grave, and dying of a cancer in the breast. Her testimony is simple, and apparently honest. It is entirely independent of all other sources; and yet, so far as it goes, it is perfectly coincident with the history of Mr. Williams' life. She was never before acquainted with any body, except the members of the royal family, who knew any thing about Mr. Williams. This, certainly, is a very remarkable fact. The name of Williams she knew well as being that under which the Dauphin was known to the royal family; but his Christian name she had forgotten. When asked if it were Joseph, or Aaron, or some others, she promptly said, No; but when Eleazer was mentioned, her memory seemed to brighten up, and she said, "It seems to me it *was* Eleazer." If Mrs. Brown's evidence is to be received, it proves, that the history of Mr. Williams was as well known to the royal family, as to any of those who have been personally acquainted with him all his life in this country. It is probable, from all accounts, that the Duchess d'Angoulême, while a young person, supposed her brother the Dauphin was dead. But the Duke de Provence, who came to the throne as Louis the Eighteenth, who plotted against his brother, Louis the Sixteenth, in the progress of the Revolution, and who is supposed to have intrigued to get Bellanger into the Tower, in charge of the Dauphin, is known to have had the care of his niece till her marriage; and it were strange, if he could not prepare her mind, after the horrors of the Revolution were chiefly obliterated, and when she herself was interested in the exclusion of the Dauphin from the throne, to receive the intelligence, that her brother was yet alive, but in a condition that unfitted him for the assumption of regal power. But the Duchess was not a Lady Macbeth, and conscience will always work in tender minds. It is in evidence, that she went down to the grave with a weighty sorrow upon her heart.

Mrs. Brown never had supposed that the information she possessed on this subject could be of any practical importance. She obtained it accidentally, and had occasionally spoken of Mr. Williams accidentally. Mrs. Reid had heard her speak of him for the last fifteen years, as an interesting item in the history of the royal family, in which she sympathized; but

neither she nor her auditors ever supposed that any thing would come of it. All this—and it is by no means inconsiderable—is manifestly a distinct and independent chapter in the field of evidence on this subject; and being perfectly and even strikingly coincident with all the rest, it adds to the sum of probabilities belonging to the question a quantity of great weight and force. It is more especially important, as it shows, first, that the royal family never had any doubt that Mr. Williams was the Dauphin; and next, that they have never failed to keep themselves well informed about him. Admitting these facts, the theory of the case supposes that he was sent here to get rid of him, and that, so long as this purpose could be maintained, there was humanity enough in the family to take some interest in his obscure and humble fortunes, and in an indirect way, and by occult agencies, to administer occasionally to his support and comfort. It will be seen, also, that this theory tallies exactly with the interest in Mr. Williams shown by the Louis Philippe family, and with the alleged mission of the Prince de Joinville to Green Bay.

We will now return to propositions laid down by us, in the former part of this article.

1. The Dauphin did not die in the Temple. The evidence on this point must, we think, now be regarded as conclusive. Mr. Hanson has collected and arranged it most satisfactorily. It amounts to demonstration. We may perhaps say, that the instincts of historical acumen have long since decided this point against the alleged death of the Dauphin in the Temple; or rather, they have never been able to entertain it as a fact. Even to superficial observers, it has always seemed, more or less, as a got up affair, or political trick played off on the public. In view of the alleged facts of the case, wrapped in so much obscurity, no strong mind has ever been satisfied with the *procès verbal* ordered and sanctioned by the Convention. The theory of the Dauphin's escape supposes that the Duke de Provence had, by his intrigues, outwitted the Convention. The Duke had got rid of his brother, Louis XVI., as he had wished, without having the responsibility of his decapitation; and the only obstacle now in his way to the throne was the Dauphin. But Dessaux, the first physician in all France, had pronounced that his disease was not incurable, and that with proper treatment, he might get well; or, as the Duchess d'Angoulême says, "he undertook to cure him." Dessaux suddenly dies, with rumors whispered

about, that he had been poisoned. His medical pupil, M. Abeillé, uniformly said he was poisoned. The appointed physician of the Dauphin, attached to the royal family, who would naturally feel the strongest interest in the life and health of the child, who had pronounced his complaints by no means alarming, and who manifestly felt a confidence that he could raise him up again, is out of the way. They who, in so great an emergency as that of opening the way to a throne for a favorite, would not pause at the secret disposal of the life of a private citizen, might, nevertheless, shrink from imbruing their hands in the blood of a prince; more especially, if that prince could, by any means, be spirited away, put beyond sight and hearing of the public, and a sickly child be made to die in his place as the Dauphin. Certain it is, that Bellanger, in the interest of the Duke de Provence and of his party, and by their influence, was introduced to the Temple, just at this time, as commissary, and spent a day there, having every thing his own way, while others acting in concert with him were in and about the Temple. If the Dauphin was not carried off at this time, and another sick child substituted, it was not because they had not the most favorable opportunity. It is no less certain, that the archives of police in France will show the record of an order, dated the 8th of June, 1795, the day on which the child in the Temple died, which was sent out to the departments, to arrest, on every high-road in France, any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years old or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple. But, if it was important to the Duke de Provence that the Dauphin should be carried off, as he was not likely to die a natural death, it was equally important to the Convention, that he should be supposed to have died in the Temple; and a child did die there on the 8th of June. Hence the sham of the *procès verbal*, and the hasty and irreverent funeral of the child. Hence, when Louis XVIII. ordered prayers for the souls of those members of the royal family who perished in the Revolution, he was not impious enough to order prayers for the soul of Charles Louis, the Dauphin. Hence the searching eye of astute historians has never been able to find the death of the Dauphin. Hence the studious abstinence of the Bourbons, when in power, from too much pains of search for the bones of the Dauphin. And hence the uniform belief of the Bourbon family of France, down to this time, that the Dauphin was alive, and in America.

Should they not know where they had sent him? And should not the common dictates of humanity, even in such an iniquitous plot, prompt them to observe the track of their victim, so long as he did not threaten to rise and compass their deep damnation? They must watch him any how, to see that he had no chance of doing so. We may, perhaps, be justified in saying, that a clearer case was never made out, in the records of historical evidence, than that the alleged death of the Dauphin was a political fabrication, which the French Convention, since the Dauphin had slipped through their fingers, and the royal family were all that time equally interested in maintaining before the world. We have no space to present even a tithe of the evidence on the point.

2. Our second proposition is, that the child that died in the Temple was clandestinely introduced as a substitute for the Dauphin, while the Dauphin was secretly carried away.

Even Beauchesne has left a chasm in his narrative, amply sufficient for the accomplishment of this object, viz., from the 31st of May, when Bellanger left the Temple, to the 5th of June. In pandering to the tastes of that class of religionists in the Church of Rome, who delight in nothing so much as in the supernatural and miraculous, Beauchesne has utterly ruined himself in the estimation of all sober and right-minded men, Christians and others. That want of honesty which could revel in such arrant fictions, destroys his character for credibility in all things else, except as verified by other authorities. He was undoubtedly the paid agent of his employers, and wrote for a party. This is all we choose to say of a man who could be guilty of such rant, except that we have no objection to any of the things he has chosen to put in the mouth of the child which Bellanger left behind him when he took away the Dauphin, as they carry the stamp of their fictitious and utterly incredible character on the face of them. For nursery tales they might do very well; but to be put forward as history, is an insult to every lover of truth. For the multifarious evidence which Mr. Hanson has adduced on the disappearance of the Dauphin, and the introduction of another sick child in his place, who died there on the 8th of June, we must refer to his own argument, after remarking that, in our opinion, no question of history ever had a more satisfactory solution.

3. The Dauphin was brought to America with the intent that he should never appear as a claimant of the throne of France.

We do not claim for this proposition any thing more than the sum of probabilities which arise from previous and subsequent history. From the nature of the transaction, as a secret mission, we do not expect to find the name of the ship, or a history of the voyage, or a publicly authenticated record of the names of the persons in charge of the child. What is certain is, that the ambitious and unscrupulous Duke de Provence found his brother, Louis XVI., and the Dauphin, in his path to the throne of France; that he connived at the Revolution, so far as it tended to remove his brother out of his way; that, without authority of law or precedent, he set up his own court, and issued his proclamations as Regent, after his brother was beheaded; that the Dauphin was still in his way; that Dessaux, the most eminent physician of France, had been in attendance on the Dauphin for nearly the whole of the month of May—and, let it be known, that, although he found the Dauphin suffering under mental imbecility, and tumors on the knees and wrists, as the result of long confinement and bad treatment, he did not consider his physical constitution essentially impaired, or his life in danger; that, consequently, it was naturally expected the Dauphin would be restored to health, under the treatment of Dessaux; that Dessaux, when asked one day, on leaving his patient, if he thought the child would die, expressed himself in a low voice, that he feared there were those who wished him dead; that Dessaux died on the thirty-first of May, in a mysterious manner, and that Abeillé, his pupil, said he was poisoned; that the Duke de Provence intrigued successfully to get his own tools in and about the Temple, till they had possession and control of the person of the Dauphin; that Bellanger, his employé in the arts of painting and design, obtained the place of Commissary of the Temple, under the Convention, surrounded by his associates in and outside of the prison; that he was alone with the Dauphin a whole day, including a night, seeking and succeeding to amuse the child with specimens of his art; that, on the 8th of June, the very day when the child in the Temple died, the whole police of France was put on the *qui vive*, by order of the agents of the Convention, to arrest any travellers on the high-roads, bearing a child with them of eight years old or more, as some of the royal family had escaped from the temple; that, afterwards, in the same year, 1795, a French gentleman and lady appeared at Albany, N. Y., under noticeable circumstances, in charge

of two French children, a boy and girl, the boy about the age of the Dauphin, but disposed to amuse himself after the manner of a child of two or three years of age, and refusing to notice any attentions and addresses of strangers; that the boy passed under the name of Monsieur Louis; that this party left Albany for parts unknown; that, not long after, two Frenchmen, one taken for a Roman Catholic priest, appeared at Ticonderoga, in charge of a boy answering to the description of the one brought to Albany, who was left with the Indians, and adopted by an Iroquois Chief, of the name of Thomas Williams; that the same French gentleman—apparently the same—who disposed of the boy to Thomas Williams, came to visit him afterwards, when the family were at Lake George, where a touching interview ensued; and that the Rev. Eleazer Williams is the same person as the boy thus adopted. Moreover, it is certain that the royal family of France have always known and believed that the Dauphin was alive, and that he was carried to America; that they have always kept themselves informed of his history, and known him under the name of Eleazer Williams, afterwards Reverend and Missionary among the Indians; and that Bellanger, above named, has always been recognized by the royal family and other parties, as the agent who brought the Dauphin to America, took him to Ticonderoga, and disposed of him as the adopted child of Thomas Williams. Still, the Rev. Eleazer Williams may not be the same person with the Dauphin who was confined in the Temple, and who is alleged to have died there. There are those who say that he is not; and Beauchesne has told us, not only that the Dauphin died in the Temple, but how he died. Unfortunately for Beauchesne, he has spoiled his story by his zeal and extravagance. No man of sober judgment can believe a word of it. And this, now, is the chief reliance for that side of the question.

Let any candid person review the items above stated, as verified by history, in connection with many other things of the kind too numerous to mention, and he may safely be left to the necessary operations of his own mind on the question, whether they do not amount to a sum of historical evidence, or of probabilities, if you please to call them so, or to a chain of circumstances, which are often the strongest kind of evidence; in view of which there is no escape from the conclusion, that the Rev. Eleazer Williams is the son of Louis Sixteenth.

As the ground of all the propositions laid down in the former part of this article, subsequent to the third, excepting only the seventh, is chiefly covered in the statements above made under the third; and as it is not our purpose to give the whole of Mr. Hanson's argument, but only to call attention to some of its main points, we will now close our remarks on the aforesaid propositions in form, in a long notice of the seventh:

That the Rev. Eleazer Williams is not an Indian. This is determined, in the first place, by the instincts of that portion of the public, not small, who have known Mr. Williams, in the course of his somewhat eventful life. The value of this feeling, in the present argument, consists chiefly in the fact, that it has been spontaneous, and nearly or quite uniform. So long as he was supposed to be an Indian, in his childhood, in his youth, and in his riper years, incredible as it might and always did seem to observers, the belief in it could be entertained only as one of the unaccountable varieties and freaks of nature. He an Indian? every body thought or said, with some sign of incredulity; and there is probably not a person within the entire range of his acquaintance, during a long life and much intercourse with the world, who does not remember that this question had its place in his own mind, and that it has been frequently a topic of conversation. That Mr. Williams had a predominance of European and French blood, has almost universally been believed, before the question of his belonging to the Bourbon family was agitated, and back even to his earliest years. All the people of Longmeadow, now living and old enough, remember well the difference between him and his reputed brother John, as long as John stayed there, which, we believe, was some years—at least four or five. While Eleazer took to civilized life naturally, John was always averse to it; and though the latter was a mere child when he came to Longmeadow, probably about ten years of age, his discontent was so abiding and stubborn, that he was finally sent home to his father, to live and enact the Indian. But Eleazer could only be happy in civilized society. Being thought much of as a promising Indian youth, he was much cherished by the best society in New England, particularly by the clergy, who, on account of his religious disposition, expected he would be an Indian missionary. As if he had been rocked in the cradle of the Tuilleries, he was never so much at home, as when he received the

kind attentions of highly cultivated society, and with all such he was a universal pet. As if some mysterious Providence presided over his destiny, and gave him favor with the kind and gentle, all such had an instinctive feeling, not only that he *was* something, but that he would *be* something. With the religious portion of the community he was the nursling of piety and prayer. Nature in those whose hospitality he enjoyed, forgot that he was an Indian, and never felt it. He was ever cherished as the best of human kind.

All these feelings, we think, may be put down as the instinct of nature, which overrides the barriers of conventional caste, supplies the lack of history where it is wanting, and arrives precisely at the same result where true history would guide us. Eleazer Williams would not have been cherished more in New England, while in a course of education there, if it had been known that he was a son of Louis XVI. Who will deny, that there is argument in these revelations of instinct, so far as the historical problem now before us is concerned? Nobody *felt* that Eleazer Williams was an Indian. Add to this common, universal, and abiding feeling, the opinion of numerous and well-known professional gentlemen of great eminence in the Medical Faculty, who have examined Mr. Williams carefully for that object. They unanimously declare that there is no Indian blood in him, and that he belongs to a superior class of European society. As is well known in the medical profession, there are certain infallible indications on a question of this kind, in the texture of the skin, in the articulations of the body, and in general anatomy, all of which have been applied, in a scientific examination of Mr. Williams, and which prove that he is not an Indian, but a European of an elevated class. It will be seen that this is an important point in the general argument, and we think it must be admitted, that it is conclusively settled.

The writer of this article has known Mr. Williams from the time when he was brought to Longmeadow to be educated; was for some years intimately acquainted with him; is well versed in his history from beginning to end; has always entertained respect for him; in the mutations of life has occasionally lost sight of him; and has had a little correspondence with him, since this Bourbon question came up. But, being otherwise occupied, he has never taken much interest in it. His first impression was, that Mr. Williams could not have been old enough to have

been born in 1785, which, if true, would of course exclude him from the pale of this question. But having made repeated inquiries at Longmeadow on this point, of persons of Mr. Williams' own age, and older, who know him well and have a distinct remembrance of him when he came there, and as long as he made a home there, the writer has been convinced, that Mr. Williams might have been born in 1785. That difficulty being settled, he was forced to the conclusion, that there were facts enough in this case, of a remarkable character, to make it worthy of a full and fair hearing, and he has read most that has been written on the subject with care. During the agitation of this question, down to this time, he has had no personal intercourse with Mr. Williams, except once for a few minutes, when we talked on this subject, and a second time in the street, when we had no time to speak of it.

In the remarks above made on the common instinctive feeling, that Mr. Williams is not an Indian, the writer has given a copy of the workings of his own mind, and thinks he is not mistaken, that he has described those of all others who have known Mr. Williams. In reading Mr. Hanson's late work, under the title of the *LOST PRINCE*, the writer is convinced that the subject has received much new light, and that, if Mr. Williams is not the son of Louis XVI., here is the most marvellous combination and concentration of evidence on a historical problem, which the world has ever witnessed.

An examination of the claims of the other pretenders to the rights of the lost Dauphin, has never failed to expose their impostures, as in the cases of Naundorff and Richemont. Not so in the case of Mr. Williams; but time, events, and scrutiny are constantly throwing new light on the question, and augmenting the evidence in favor of the claim. When the fraudulent affidavit procured from Mr. Williams' reputed mother by the Rev. Francis Marion, was published, it was thought the question was settled; but now when the fraud is exposed, it has only helped, and greatly helped, that which it was intended to injure. It is seen and felt, that such an atrocious transaction would never have been ventured on, if the claims of Mr. Williams had been without foundation. The contradiction of the Prince de Joinville to Mr. Williams' statement, is only confirmative of the theory which it was intended to overthrow, and places the Prince in almost unfavorable position. For here are

numerous disinterested witnesses against him as an interested one. Besides, his denial is absurd. What! not know the name of Williams, when his own Secretaries had been and were in correspondence with Mr. Williams, by his order, and when his father was doing the same thing! He ignorant of a name which was a household word with the entire family of the French Bourbons! But the position of the Prince in this matter is well understood at the first glance, by all the world. It was with him and his family a question of policy and interest. Humane though they might be, they never intended to commit themselves. All know that in State diplomacy there is no forum of conscience, and that the simple truth may be an unpardonable blunder. The Prince's contradiction of Mr. Williams proves nothing against Mr. Williams; it only shows that the Prince was careful of his own secrets, after having failed in his mission.

On the whole, the field is entirely clear for Mr. Williams. There is not, so far as we can see, a single fact that militates against his claim, while a world of facts indicate its validity; and what is remarkable, new facts of the same class are constantly transpiring. The question is not, whether Mr. Williams be qualified by education and life to rule an empire; or whether there be any chance, that he will ever attain that high dignity; but whether he is the son of Louis XVI. The theory of his being the Dauphin supposes that his mental structure was crushed and broken down in childhood, by inhuman treatment. Even if the throne of the Capets were open to the legitimate claimant, and Mr. Williams were the man, his life has been a poor school for the cares and responsibilities of that place, and he is a Protestant. These facts must be insuperable obstacles in the minds of the French Bourbons and of French statesmen. They may respect misfortune, and be willing to alleviate it; and that, probably, is the sentiment which has actuated some of the members of the royal family of France in the interest they would seem to have taken in the fortunes of Mr. Williams. While Louis XVIII. was living, who is supposed to have sent the Dauphin to America to get rid of him, nothing of course would be done to bring him back; and when he was dead, it was too late. The hypothetical heir of the throne was then disqualified to occupy it. Humanity might have its claims; but the state was supreme. A sense of a mighty wrong might rest on the conscience of those concerned who had a conscience; but the reparation

of such wrong would be controlled and limited by considerations of policy. Herein, probably, may be seen the motives of the treatment of Mr. Williams by the royal family of France down to this time, on the supposition that they knew he was the son of Louis XVI. They have not failed to keep themselves informed of his history, and in some instances, apparently, have manifested compunctious visitings of remorse, as for example, the Duchess d'Angoulême, who, doubtless, was for a long time too much under the influence of her uncle, Louis XVIII.—so long as to lose for ever the opportunity and hope of doing justice to her brother. She is said never to have smiled for many of the last years of her life. Alas for those who are born to a high condition!

Like the fraudulent affidavit obtained from Mrs. Williams, the elaborate work of Beauchesne, prepared evidently in the same interest, by the same party, and for the same purpose, has served only, can only serve, in the view of fair and sober minds, to open the eyes of the public on this question, and to impart an immense additional force to the argument in favor of Mr. Williams' claim. A desperate cause requires a desperate remedy. Look on Mrs. Williams' affidavit—the first one—said the opponents of Mr. Williams triumphantly, when it first appeared. But her second affidavit overwhelmed them with confusion and dismay, and proved what was intended to be disproved by the first. It did vastly more. No one can look at that fraud, without feeling, believing even, that they who devised and carried it into execution, knew that Mr. Williams was the son of Louis XVI. What else would have prompted such an atrocious crime? And read Beauchesne's book, says the private Secretary of the Prince de Joinville, by his master's order. And who, in following this advice, is not as fully convinced, that Beauchesne's account of the Dauphin's death is an unadulterated fiction, as that Mrs. Williams' first affidavit was a forgery, after having read the second? Beauchesne had the folly—the infatuation, we might say—to construct a drama of supernatural agencies, to honor the death-bed of the Dauphin. For the dark ages this might have been well enough, and it might have been after the taste of those times. But to demand such credulity now, is preposterous. Such a book, except as it may answer the purposes of a party and of interested persons, or entertain the miracle-loving portion of Papists, can produce no other effect than to excite disgust, and to help forward the

very cause it was designed to destroy, as does the second affidavit of Mrs. Williams in relation to the object of the first.

Look at Beauchesne's book! Look at Marcoux's forgery! They both belong to the same category, were prompted by the same interests, and will produce the same effect. The motive of one is not more transparent than that of the other; and that of the poorest fraud—proved by the solemnities of the public judiciary—is, surely, sufficiently patent. Nothing but the imperative necessity and infatuation of a bad cause would have encountered such a risk. It is a virtual concession of the validity of Mr. Williams' claim; for, if there were nothing in it, the proper and the only wise course was to do nothing—to allow the pretension to wear itself out, as it necessarily would. A false and groundless claim of such magnitude and importance could never make any effective headway, or produce any uneasiness in the minds of interested parties, who knew it to be false and groundless. It would be fit only for ridicule and contempt. But here are fraud and fiction,—the former of a most grave, and the latter of a most elaborate character,—got up at infinite risk to encounter an imposture, which needs only to be left to itself to fall and be crushed under the weight of its own infirmities, if it be an imposture!

The sum of the evidence on this question, as it now stands before the world, is as follows:—The Dauphin did not die in the Temple, but was carried away by the party attached to the Duke de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII. This is demonstrated to the satisfaction of all reasonable minds. There are few who now believe that the Dauphin died there, and his death has always been doubted. But events have since proved that he did not die there. Being in the hands and at the disposal of the self-styled Regent, and in his way to the throne, we have only to consider the probable course he would pursue, from what we know of his character. It was evident, that if the child, whose mind had been thus crushed by cruel treatment, could be transported to a remote part of the world, and disposed of among barbarians, under false pretences, he would never be likely to trouble the usurper of his rights. To assassinate him, therefore, would be a wanton murder, as well as a more shocking and more aggravated crime. Precisely in coincidence with this theory, we find Bellanger, the tool of the Duke, and by his intrigues Commissary of the Temple, in charge of the Dauphin, surrounded by others of

his own class, and together with him, having power to remove the child and substitute another. We find, on the very day of the alleged death of the Dauphin, and when a child did die in the Temple, the whole police of France put in action with orders to arrest any travellers on the high-road, bearing a child of eight years of age or thereabouts, acting, of course, under authority of the Convention, who had made the discovery of the escape of some members, as alleged, of the royal family from the Temple. Next we find Monsieur Louis, a boy of the same age with the Dauphin, apparently non compos mentis, and a little girl, in charge of a gentleman and lady, at Albany, New-York, all French, who leave there for parts unknown. Next we find two French gentlemen, one a Roman Catholic priest, visiting some Indians at Ticonderoga, with a little boy of like age as above, whom they leave with Thomas Williams, an Iroquois chief, by whom the boy was adopted, and is now living, and known as the Rev. Eleazer Williams. This boy is afterwards visited by a French gentleman, and caressed with great affection and with tears. We find, from various independent sources of evidence, that the royal family of France have always known that the Dauphin was living and in America, and that they have uniformly identified him with Mr. Williams. We find, too, that the name of Bellanger is always coupled with the Dauphin's transport to America, as the agent in this transaction. Every item of evidence on the subject—and it is a large chapter constantly augmenting as time advances—is perfectly harmonious with the theory, that the Rev. Eleazer Williams is the son of Louis XVI. We are disposed to say, nay we are confident, that such harmony of evidence, from so many independent sources, and so much of it, could never be accounted for, except on that supposition. All parts of it corroborate the hypothesis, and reduce it to a chapter of well authenticated history. Every circumstance tallies with the theory, and all the parties in the drama enact precisely the parts which the theory requires as natural and probable. Bellanger in the Temple, after having obtained introduction there as Commissary, and his assistants in and about the Temple, enact precisely the parts which the hypothesis requires. The Convention, also, having discovered the escape of the Dauphin, do precisely what might be expected, in ordering the sham *procès verbal* of the death of the Dauphin, *alias* of the stranger child that was found there, in arranging the

funeral solemnities, not very solemn, and in putting the public police on the track of the fugitive. But they did not find him. Bellanger—for it was doubtless he—did exactly what might be expected at Albany, at Ticonderoga, and in his subsequent visit to the child. The royal family, while in exile, and at other times, would naturally speak on the subject, in their own circle, as we find they do; and it comes to us, in a most credible form, from those who were a long time inmates of the family. When Louis Philippe comes to the throne, he inherits the obligation of looking after the LOST PRINCE, who is known not to be lost, except to his rights. He writes to him. He entertains, perhaps, the benevolent design of calling him home, and treating him like a prince on condition that he will resign all right to the throne; and he sends his son, the Prince de Joinville, to treat with him for this object, not doubting, from his knowledge of his position, that his proposal ought to be, and probably would be, accepted. All this was perfectly natural; it may, perhaps, be called generous and noble. Louis Philippe having come to the throne, as an elective monarch, without having had any personal responsibility in the wrong of Louis XVII., if living, as he believed he was, could not be expected to impair his own rights, or those of his family, in treating with Mr. Williams; and he doubtless knew enough of history to be of the opinion, that the idea of restoring the son of Louis XVI. to the throne of his father, after all that had passed, could not be entertained by any parties of influence in France, the people or others. The mission of the Prince de Joinville, therefore, may have been prompted by humanity and benevolence. But it failed; and when the nature of it became public, and being incapable of verification, for lack of witnesses, it would of course be denied from motives of policy. That, too, was natural. Unfortunately, however, for the Prince, he said too much in his denial, and brought down upon himself several witnesses of a most credible character, to impeach his statements. Some of them also were absurd, in view of known facts of history. In this predicament of affairs, the forged affidavit of Mrs. Williams was also a natural expedient, though a very unwise one. It was thought it would settle the question, and it certainly has done so, in a very great degree, if not conclusively, though directly on the opposite side from that intended. Beauchesne's work, too, was a natural expedient in the same cause, and though its fictions are not so criminal as those

of the affidavit, because not uttered under like solemnities, they are, nevertheless, equally transparent, and both are doomed to the same stamp of reprobation in history, so far as Beauchesne's work bears on this question. It is impossible to impair the force of such accumulated evidence, running in so many independent channels, over such a length of time, and such a broad field, all coinciding harmoniously to establish the same fact. More especially is it impossible, when the expedients adopted to impair it, are so easily proved to be wicked and false.

When we have spoken of the *claim* of Mr. Williams in this article, we have used the word in its appropriate technical

sense on a question of this kind, and not as a pretension put forward by him. So far as we know, he has been chiefly passive in this agitation, except when prompted to act by others. All who know Mr. Williams, must also know, that he is a man of great simplicity of character, and that he is totally unskilled in controversial tactics. "He is not able," says Dr. Hawks, "to invent a complicated mass of circumstantial evidence to sustain a fabricated story." There would certainly seem to be no demand for it in this case, as all the evidence required turns up provisionally without being invoked, and naturally falls into its place without any art of arrangement.

STAGE-COACH STORIES.

(Continued from page 94.)

PRESENTLY I discovered, that wherever a turn of the road made a favorable light, I could see, notwithstanding the barege veil, the large eyes of the fair lady looking at me curiously from under their dark-fringed lids, and the brunette, whose veil was often drawn aside, would, when replying to Cranston, sitting before her, allow her glance to pass by him, and rest fairly on me. From these circumstances, and an occasional look of intelligence which they exchanged, a corner of which I thought included me, I conjectured that I was the subject of their observation and remarks.

I flattered myself too, that this attention, with which I was favored, was somewhat more distinguished than the notice that ladies are wont to bestow on strange young gentlemen, and upon this my spirit rose, and I began to pull up my shirt-collar to a corresponding elevation, until prevented by a dismal recollection, that in the privacy of my bedroom, that very morning, on an inspection and count of my stock of clean shirts, I had decided that the two days' worn article of that species, doffed the previous night, would do well enough to take a dusty stage-ride in.

"However," thought I, partially recovering from the confusion into which I had been plunged by this humiliating reminiscence, "I'm clean shaven at any rate, if my linen be not as immaculate as the

daguérreotype man's. I'm not going to stand back for the Judge and Cranston. They, themselves, are bachelors both, and for all old Walker's fatherly airs towards the young women, he's but fifty at the very outside, and looks at them very much in the same way that I do, I reckon."

As for the artist, since he had tried to force a laugh at the clock story, he had remained under a cloud, with no apparent intention of making his light shine through it.

"By dash!" thought I, "what shall I say. I must begin a talk somehow, and not sit here like a deaf mute."

I took advantage of a turn of the road, which brought into view a long and picturesque reach of the river.

"Ahem!" I began, clearing my throat of the dust, "this is a beautiful prospect, Judge."

"Eh?" said the Judge, turning towards me, and intercepting the furtive glance which I threw at the ladies, in order to notice what effect the sound of my voice would have. "Oh! the prospect, yes, a charming view from where you sit, but looking from my position, now, riding with my face forwards, it is comparatively uninteresting."

The wicked Cranston, who divined the motive I had in dipping my oar into the current of conversation, turned his face carefully from the ladies, put his tongue in his cheek, looked out quizzically under

his eyebrows and did his best to make me laugh.

"The foreground of the picture, viewed from my position," I returned, as maliciously as I dared, "is anything but beautiful, but beyond that it is enchanting."

"And don't it make you melancholy, my dear fellow," inquired Cranston, with a hateful grin, "to think that you are not getting ahead at all in the direction you are looking?"

"Speaking of pictures," interrupted the artist, feeling in town on this subject and brightening up; "I took a daguerreotype of this valley last summer, while I was stopping at Byfield, from that high hill over yonder, and, as this gentleman says, the background is really lovely, but the foreground is confused and did not take well at all."

"Well, if I might advise, gentlemen," said Cranston, "as you both seem to prefer the background, perhaps you'd better keep there—or, by the bye, sir," he added, turning to the artist, "are you quick enough to be able to take yourself off?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied the daguerreotype man, "there's no difficulty about that. I've done it repeatedly, sir."

"Perhaps you'll be so good, sir," said Cranston, "as to do it again at the next stopping place."

The artist began to explain that his apparatus was not in order, but the half suppressed smiles of the Judge and the ladies suggested the malicious meaning of Cranston's remark, and he was straightway enveloped in the cloud again.

The kind-hearted Judge, to cover his discomfiture, resumed the conversation. "It is," said he, "one of the pleasantest rides I know of. You never were in Guildford. I think I heard you say, Lovel?"

"Never," I replied; "my practice is confined pretty much to my own corner of the State."

"It is a grand old place," pursued the Judge; "in the midst of a charming country; rather dull and quiet to be sure, but they live on the fat of the land down there. I like to hold the term in Guildford."

"They feed the bench better than they do the law," said Cranston. "There's a score or two of rich old codgers in the village, all with lots of unmarried daughters. The sons all emigrate as soon as they are sixteen. So there's a plentiful lack of beaux, and a marketful of belles. The Judge, being a bachelor, the patriarchs and deacons give him rich dinners, and dose him with old Madeira; and the girls set their caps at him and call him that dear, old judge; they make him watch-

cases, pen-wipers and book-marks, knit him purses, and quarrel among themselves who's to have him. Their not being able to decide that question is the only reason why he's at large yet."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Judge, fumbling at his watch-guard and looking round out of the corner of his eye at the ladies. "Though I must own," he added, thoughtfully, "the village is remarkable for its hospitality."

"And for the number, beauty and exceeding amiability of its young ladies," said Cranston.

The eyes of the artist glimmered transiently as if he were about to shine through the cloud once more, his lips parted, but encountering the short glance of Cranston, he inserted between them the head of his cane and remained silent.

"Guildford is a fine place to pick up a wife in," continued Cranston; "plenty of candidates, many of them rich and handsome,—many a man out of hand before he knows it, sometimes, I'm told. Perhaps, Lovel, you'll meet the twin of your soul down there."

"To tell the truth," said I, "some years ago, I *did* intend to visit Guildford on a most particular errand."

"Eh?" cried the Judge, briskly, extremely willing to escape the chance of taking his turn again with the common enemy, Cranston. "Eh? What was it?"

"Why," said I, with some embarrassment, for I saw the four eyes of the ladies bent upon me; "the fact is, that I had formed a plan—an intention, to go to Guildford, for the purpose of—to visit a lady."

"In a word, a-courting," cried Cranston, looking back at the ladies; "and now you are merely going to court—a distinction not without a difference."

"Why, didn't you go?" suddenly inquired the artist, with a look of manifest interest.

"Exactly," laughed Cranston; "a very pertinent question, 'why didn't you go?'"

If any one else had told in my presence, under similar circumstances, such a story about himself as I began to tell, I should not have failed to detect and appreciate the folly of the act. But the occasion came suddenly. I was possessed of an insane desire to attract and retain the attention of the ladies on the back seat. "These pretty girls," thought I, "shall remember me as somebody else than a green, awkward, silent, stiff, country lawyer, the helpless, harmless butt of a fluent city advocate." I didn't stop to consider whether the regard I should be apt to win would be

favorable or not. A man sometimes, rather than remain in obscurity, will be anxious for the sake of getting a figure, to expose himself to ridicule and even ridicule.

"Do you know Frank Eliot of Guildford?" I inquired, addressing myself to the Judge.

"Of course he does," interrupted Cranston; "if he has marriageable daughters."

"I know him very well," said the Judge; "a very good fellow; was bred to the bar and makes the best country magistrate I know of. I've dined with him several times since I've been on the bench. He has the best cellar in the country, and now I think of it, I remember of his inquiring once about you very particularly, and whether you were doing well, and all that."

"Ha! ha!" shouted, Cranston, "hasn't he a notion of commencing a breach of promise suit in the name of his daughter?"

"You're mistaken this time, my fine fellow," said I. "If Eliot has a daughter she must be altogether too young to be the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit."

"Ay—but he has a sister though, or cousin," said the Judge, smiling, "a very beautiful girl, I've heard. I never happened to see her."

"Eliot has no sister, I know, and as for cousin," said I, "I suppose, of course, that he has them like other people, but I never heard of more than one, and she is married. You have seen Eliot's wife, I suppose, Judge."

"Frequently," replied Judge Walker; "a remarkably fine-looking woman; considerably younger than her husband, I should think."

"Just so," said I "ten years or more."

"Nearly that, I should think."

"Well," I resumed; "for a whole year together, in my younger days, I fully intended to go to Guildford, court and marry Eliot's wife."

"Come," cried the lawyer, "thereby hangs a tale!—Begin, Lovel; so you were nominated even before you filed a declaration. Well, God willing, I humbly trust you'll not have much better luck in your courtship this term."

"We'll talk to the Judge about that on Monday," I returned.

"Right," said the Judge; "now go on, just give us the facts of the case."

So gentlemen, like a fool, I proceeded to tell a story, which I will endeavor for your amusement to repeat in as nearly the same words as I can.

"Go on," said the stout gentleman, who it seems had not yet gone to sleep.

Thus encouraged the lawyer proceeded as follows:—

CHAPTER II.

A TWENTY-TWO PAGE.

"You must know," I began, glancing shyly around to see that all were listening, and vastly gratified to observe the eager attention of the lady passengers, "you must know that Eliot and I were at college together. To be sure he is older than I am by several years, and was in the class two years ahead of me; but we were chums awhile, belonged to the same society, and were of course intimate acquaintances and very good friends. But after he left college I heard and saw no more of him until the occasion of which I shall speak presently."

"From the time when I was old enough to read Robinson Crusoe, the Red Rover and Peter Simple, all through my school-boy days, I had a strong inclination for a seafaring life, which manifested itself chiefly in frequent truant wanderings about the wharves of my native city, climbing the shrouds and exploring the decks and holds of vessels in charge of good-natured mates and ship-keepers, and coming home late at night, if not captured earlier by my anxious father or some of his myrmidons, with trousers, hands, and hair besmeared with pitch and molasses, or stained with bilge water and iron rust; in divers stealthy, but timely discovered packings of an old chest in the garret, with all my clothes within my reach; and in repeated declarations to the servants, duly repeated to the higher powers in the parlor, that I would be a sailor in spite of opposition and denial. In consequence of this I was pretty closely watched by my revered parents and reverend schoolmasters, lest I might run away to gratify this untoward desire, and was finally promised, that if I would go to college like a steady boy, and behave myself with propriety, as my father and grandfather had done before me, at the end of the tedious four years I should be permitted to make the tour of Europe, and indulge my fancy for rambling and seeing the world. As soon, therefore, as I had got my parchment, I claimed the fulfillment of this promise; and four weeks to a day after Commencement, I stowed away my trunks in a stateroom of the old Liverpool liner, Independence."

"Why didn't you go in a steamer?" asked the artist; "the voyage is so much shorter in them."

"Pooh!" said Cranston; "don't you know that the longer the voyage the more you get for your money?"

"I went aboard while the ship lay at the pier," I continued, without heeding the interruption, "three days before the time of sailing. I solicited permission to eat and sleep aboard, but this being refused, I put up, hard by, at the United States Hotel, deriving extreme comfort and satisfaction from the circumstance of sitting at table, each day at dinner, between two nautical gentlemen. All day long I haunted the deck of the ship, getting into every body's way, inquiring the names and uses of the ropes; causing, I have no doubt, vast annoyance and some countervailing amusement to the mates and stevedores, but, nevertheless, enjoying myself intensely in my maritime fancies, the bustle and hurry of getting the freight and stores on board, the smell of tar and dock mud, and the brilliant anticipations of the voyage. Finally, to my infinite delight, the day of departure arrived. Early in the morning the crew came on board, we hauled out into the stream and dropped down with the tide, and before a light breeze, to the quarantine-ground, where we anchored to wait for the steamboat which was to bring aboard the rest of the passengers.

"About two o'clock the steamboat came alongside. There were a good many people on her decks, and among them I very soon recognized, somewhat to my surprise, my old friend Eliot, in company with an elderly lady and gentleman and two very pretty girls. I stood on the quarter-deck of the ship, and forthwith hailed him. Frank looked up in surprise, recognized me, called my name, and then eagerly pointed me out to the elderly lady, who was leaning on his arm. 'Isn't it lucky, mother,' I heard him say, 'there's my old chum, Lovel, going out in this ship. Now you'll certainly feel easy about me.' Upon this the old lady and gentleman and the two pretty girls looked up, and stared at me with great interest, and Frank sung out, 'Come aboard the boat, Lovel, and I'll introduce you to my folks. My mother here will want to give me into your charge.' 'Oh yes,' cried the old lady, 'do come here Mr. Lovel, I want to speak with you very much indeed, and I'm so thankful you are going abroad; but I shall never be able to climb the side of your big ship.' The old gentleman, too, flourished his cane, and had something to say, that was lost in the sudden whiz of the steam-pipe and the shouting of the sailors. As for the pretty girls they looked at me steadily, but waited, before speaking, for a more formal introduction.

It would have been very easy for me to

go around to the gangway, and get aboard the boat by the safe means an ordinary landsman would have chosen to use. But I had been three days afloat and was too much of a sailor to consult convenience and security. Besides, there was a good deal of a crowd at the gangway. So I climbed over into the mizzen-chains, intending to jump from thence to the promenade deck of the little steamer. The pretty girls watched my motions attentively, of which I was by no means unconscious. Whether it was that their bright eyes dazzled me, or that the distance between the ship and the steamboat was wider than it appeared to be, I know not. I sprang out gallantly over the gulf—my feet touched the railing of the steamer's promenade deck. I wavered a moment and threw up my arms. I saw Eliot and the old gentleman spring forward, and the younger of the pretty girls cover her blue eyes with her hands. The next thing that I recollect were the figures marking the vessel's draught on the stern-post, and the gleam of bright copper over my head, seen through the green water in which I was struggling, ten feet below the surface."

"But you wasn't drowned—at least," said the artist.

"Don't be alarmed," said Cranston, "there is a class of people proverbially exempt from casualties of that sort."

"I could swim very well," I resumed, "and a boat being lowered, I was soon taken on board, a little confused in my ideas, my head bleeding slightly and my clothes in a very damp condition. The remedies for these misfortunes being duly applied, with the assistance of my friend Eliot, in the course of an hour I left my state room and went on deck again, to find the ship under way, and running down the narrows with a favorable wind.

"Eliot and I very naturally became close friends. He agreed to vary his plans somewhat—I changed some of my purposes and we resolved to keep together during our travels.

"The voyage was an uneventful and pleasant one. Nevertheless, I was surprised to find at the end of it how much my passion for the sea had abated. I was as ready to leave the ship at Liverpool, as I had been eager to join her at New-York.

"We staid in London a little too late for Eliot's good, and were obliged to travel hastily to Naples. Here Frank took a hard cold, having been caught in a shower, while on an expedition with me to the crater of Vesuvius. I nursed him carefully, kept by him day and night for

three weeks, and at the end of that time I think we loved each other right heartily.

One of them when he had got nearly well, we were sitting together talking over old times, and comparing them with the present, when Eliot suddenly inquired—

"Frank, are you in love with any body?"

"Now, it so happened, that our landlady's daughter had a pair of large, dark eyes, a well-proportioned, rounded form, a taper waist, a most bewitching soft, white, plump little hand—yes, two of them—and the same number of adorable little feet; and it also happened, that a few days before the unlucky excursion to the volcano, I had endeavored to express to the young woman my perception of the existence of these various charms, and, in some faint degree, the remarkable effect which the sight of them had had upon my feelings; and although my knowledge of the language of the country often failed to aid me in making the mother comprehend my wishes with respect to clean linen, fuel, water, and such necessary matters, I had experienced no difficulty whatever in conveying to the daughter's mind a vivid impression of the fact, that she was, in my estimation, an angel and divinity, and the object of my most fervent adoration. Indeed, since Frank's illness, and especially during the period of his convalescence, I had occasionally met the damsel in the long corridor, and on the stairs, and we had, by means of the few words of Italian that I could utter and understand, as well as by appropriate signs, tokens and gestures, given each other assurances of distinguished consideration and regard.

"I looked at my interrogator, who was leaning forward in his chair, waiting, with an appearance of much interest, for my reply.

"Why," said I, a good deal confused; "what makes you ask that question, Frank?"

"Because I want to know," said he, in his quiet way, "I've an object in it."

"The deuce you have," thought I, "you are going to read me a lecture, Master Frank."

"Eliot was a prime good fellow; free, social, generous, and of a lively disposition. He liked the things that young men are wont to like—a fast horse, a glass of wine, a pretty face—but then he was seldom guilty of nonsense, and never of extravagances. He had always carefully avoided speeces when in college. I had never known him to flirt, and I was aware that he denounced without mercy any thing in the way of gambling. He was set down

by his classmates and others as a good, but rather steady fellow. In fine, I had no reason to expect much sympathy or encouragement from him, if I should tell him of my situation, and I suspected that he was paving the way for a friendly admonition and rebuke in relation to this very matter.

"Told you—have you—noticed any thing in my manner?" I asked.

"Bless the boy, no," replied Eliot, laughing.

"Why," said I, greatly encouraged, "the fact is, that I *am*—at least I was—"

"Pray excuse me," continued Eliot, "if I venture to call your passion for—let's see—what's her name?"

"Rosetta," I replied, a little sulkily; "and it's a very pretty name, but none too pretty for her."

"For the charming Rosetta, who is, really, Charlie, a very pretty girl—as merely a transient matter; something from which you will surely recover speedily. You've had an inflammation of the heart, Charlie, while I've had the malady on my lungs. We shall both get well, I trust; though let me say now, and don't look so cross, or take it ill; we must both be careful. These vital organs of ours should not be trifled with. I don't think it is wise to let one's fancy run after the pretty girls one sees in travelling."

"Perhaps not," said I; "still one can't help it sometimes."

"Very well," said Eliot, laughing, "this Rosetta affair, for which you shall have a special dispensation, is the only love matter that you have on hand, is it? No sweetheart at home, who has your hair in a locket and your heart in keeping?"

"Why, as to that," I answered; "unless the girls have burnt them up, there are locks enough of my hair in New Haven to make a wig of; but the last one I gave away was when I was a junior, and I went to the lady's wedding just before last May vacation."

"Good," said Eliot, sinking back in his chair. "I'm heartily glad."

"Why so?" I asked, somewhat surprised at the manner of my friend, and not a little curious to know the reason of it.

"Because," replied Frank, as coolly as you please, "I've found a plan for you—in fact, I've picked you out a wife!"

"Eh?" said I, "what?"

"I've got a cousin at home," he continued; "she's a charming little girl; an orphan, and my father is her guardian."

"How old is she?" I inquired with much interest.

"I should say not more than fifteen, though she may be a year more."

"Pooh!" said I, with all the contempt that young gentlemen of twenty are wont to feel for young ladies of fifteen.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Eliot.

"She's decidedly too young, Frank," I replied, stroking a carefully cherished and very downy moustache that was budding on my upper lip.

"But she'll mend of that fault, daily," said Eliot, encouragingly. "When you are twenty-three, and you'll not think of marrying before then, she will be just eighteen."

"Indeed, that's true, very true," I replied; "you say she is handsome?"

"She is very beautiful, I think. But you have seen her; rather briefly though, I must own."

"What!" said I, you don't mean to say—it must be though—that she was one of those pretty girls with you on the steamboat?"

"Eliot nodded.

"Which one?" I asked, with animation.

"Which would you rather have her to be?" asked Eliot, leaning forward in his chair, and waiting for my decision with an air of eager curiosity.

"Oh! the blue-eyed one—the younger one by all means."

"All right," cried Eliot, joyously; "you shall have her, Charlie. I can bring it about. No fear of rivals at home; those few fifteen years keep beaux at a distance for the present. Aha! old Lovel, we'll be brothers-in-law after all."

"No," said I, correcting him, "cousins-in-law."

"Well, well," said Eliot, "it will amount to pretty much the same thing, you'll find. She has been as a sister to me."

"And who was the other girl, Frank?" I asked after a while.

"Oh—ah!" replied Eliot, blushing a little, and stooping to pull up the heel of his slipper; "the other one? She is a—friend of Helen's."

"Helen!" said I, who the dash is Helen?"

"Helen Eliot, you stupid fellow—your Helen."

"Oh—ho! exactly. Helen Eliot; a mighty pretty name. It runs off the tongue handsly. Helen Lovel—Mrs. Helen Lovel. Good. But now, Frank, isn't this other one a friend of one Francis Eliot, of my acquaintance—a particular friend—come, old chap?"

"Well," said Eliot, after a moment's hesitation, "I'll enlighten you on this

point if you won't ask me any thing more. She is a lady that I believe I love very dearly. I think she loves me. Whether we ever marry depends upon circumstances. I hope so—but we are not engaged, as the term is—there you have it."

"Good, old fellow!" I shouted, clapping his back until I set him coughing. "Now just tell me her name."

"No, ugh—ugh—*sir*," coughed Frank, any thing but doubtfully. "Recollect the bargain. She is Helen Eliot's friend. That's all you can know."

"But what shall I call her when I speak of her?" said I.

"You needn't go out of your way to speak of her at all," replied Eliot. "But if you must have something to distinguish her by, call her the other one."

"Well, in a few days afterward, Frank wrote home and told them all about his having been sick, and how I had tended him like a brother, and how grateful he was to me, and how much he loved me, and how well and strong he had got to be, and that he was never heartier in his life. He stretched the truth a little with respect to his renovated health, but that was natural, writing to an anxious mother four thousand miles away. And he wrote to Cousin Helen, too, and told her to mind her books, and her music, and take care of her heart, for that he had a lover chosen for her, his dearest friend—meaning me—whom he specified, and that I had tumbled overboard on her account solely, wishing to distinguish myself in her eyes, and a good many other things that pleased me very much when Frank read them to me. And he wrote a very long letter besides, which I surmised was to the Other One, and tried to get a look at the superscription of it, and didn't succeed in the attempt.

"And the next month, having a chance to send parcels as well as letters home by a returning government vessel, he wrote again to father and mother, to Cousin Helen, and, I had no doubt, to the Other One; and I added a postscript in my own handwriting, ostensibly for the purpose of indorsing Frank's boastings of his exceedingly robust health, though, strange to say, this document was appended, not to the letter to the old gentleman and lady but to the one to Cousin Helen. And I sent her a little heart made of a piece of lava from Herculaneum, all set in gold—the shape and material of which I exulted in thinking was very expressive, and was terribly cut up when Frank hinted, that considering the lava had once

been melting but now grown cold, may be it would be more appropriate to give it to Rosetta.

"And in due course of time, when Frank got letters from home, if there wasn't a postscript by Helen herself, not to me, directly, in the second person, to be sure; but which, nevertheless, began forthwith—'Tell your friend, Cousin Frank, that,' &c., &c. It was signed 'Helen;' and I asked Frank to let me look at it so often, that he finally tore it off and gave it to me.

"So, for a year the postscripts went back and forth. Cousin Helen's second one commenced, 'Tell our friend,' and the third, 'Tell Charlie for me,' and so on.

"In the mean time we had made the usual continental tour, and got back to Paris. Eliot's health was now established, and—"

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to tell us what became of Rosetta?" inquired the artist, with some hesitation.

"Ah! pray now!" said Cranston, "you are indiscreet to press such a question on the gentleman."

"I will tell all I know, with pleasure," I replied. "When we returned to Naples after a cruise up the Mediterranean, I found that Rosetta had married a rich macaroni manufacturer.

"We found in Paris," I continued, "several countrymen of our acquaintance. There were an attaché to our Legation, and several medical students whom we had formerly known in college. It was not long, therefore, before we found our time fully occupied in one way and another, and had more engagements on hand than we were able to fulfil.

"Among the number of our new female friends there was one Madame—I'll call her Madame La Vigne. Her Christian name was Sophie—but whether she is still Madame La Vigne or not, I shouldn't dare take upon myself to say. Now this lady was young, rich, and a widow—young, for she had seen less than thirty summers; rich, for she had a clear income of more than thirty thousand francs a year, besides a pretty estate in the provinces and a fine hotel in the city proper. She was a widow. Moreover, Madame La Vigne was gay, coquettish and very handsome.

"I don't know whether the possession of these desirable qualities by the charming widow will seem to you a satisfactory reason for what I am about to tell you—nevertheless, so it was, that my friend Eliot being presented to the lady was

presently fascinated, and being apparently encouraged thereto became speedily and completely bewitched, bewildered, and enchanted by her graces and charms. I saw, at the very first, that he was a smitten youth, but putting great trust and reliance on his steady temperament, and especially on the influence of his liking for the Other One, I felt nowise uneasy about him, but supposed that this unexpected aberration would be as transient as it had been sudden. Indeed, I amused myself exceedingly in observing the adroitness with which the coquettish widow seemed to lure him on, and the change in Frank's speech and conduct to me, respecting the matter, from the transparent attempt at concealing the nature of his fancies to unchecked expressions of admiration and passion.

"At last, one night after our return from the opera, where we had been for the whole evening favored occupants of the widow's box, when Eliot, as had been usual of late, began to let off some skyrocketing praises of Sophie's eyes, and hair, and lips, and hands and so forth, I got a little alarmed at his extravagance and began to rally him.

"Suppose," said I, "that the Other One could hear you now; wouldn't she think that there was some danger of her getting the go by?"

"Nonsense!" replied Frank, in a moderated tone and reddening; "you don't suppose that—that the Other One, as you call her, has any claims on me, or I on her?"

"Oh! she hasn't then!" said I, "I thought you told me once that you hoped to marry her?"

"That was a mere boyish fancy," returned Eliot, with an air of irritation. "I beg you won't mention it. The Other One is my—that is to say, your Helen's friend, that's all."

"And for that reason I must stand up for her. Come, Frank; you're getting in too deep. Let's leave this wicked town and go home."

"Come, come," cried Eliot, impatiently: "a truce with your nonsense. Go to bed. I want to sit up and write a letter."

"Nonsense!" I repeated. "Perhaps, my wise friend, you don't remember the talk we had in Naples a year ago. I told you then that if you should happen to fall in love with some pretty Parisian, you would not incline to call it nonsense."

"Preposterous!" cried Frank, bristling up to hide his embarrassment; "you don't pretend to institute a comparison between that Rosetta of yours and—"

"No, no," I interrupted, "not mine, she belongs to the macaroni man now."

"And Madame La Vigne?" continued Frank, finishing his interrogatory with undiminished fierceness.

"By no means," I replied; "but——"

"But what, sir?" said Frank, with an inflamed countenance. I had turned the tables so completely on him that he was as cross as a bear.

"But if I should," said I, with a mocking laugh, "I don't think that Madame La Vigne would have any reason to complain. And then again——" but here I stopped, for Eliot made a sudden motion that had the appearance of looking after something to throw at my head.

"And then again," I continued cautiously, when my companion had recovered his thoughts a little; "suppose I should compare Madame La Vigne with Rosetta, or any body else, what have you got to do or say about it?"

"I have not got the trick," he exclaimed, "of disguising my feelings when I am strongly excited, and let me tell you that you mustn't speak lightly of Madame La Vigne in my presence. I can't suffer it. I love her—yes—I love her! Let me alone; I am resolved."

Eliot continued to pace to and fro, and plainly endeavored to hear me patiently. He winced when I spoke of the Other One, and when I asked him if he thought his father and mother would like a gay Parisian belle for a daughter, let her be ever so rich and handsome, I saw that I had touched a tender place in his heart.

"Charlie," said he, interrupting me suddenly, "don't waste your breath and torment me by talking in this way. It is all in vain. I know my own mind. I did think I loved—the Other One—he brought out these last words with a queer attempt at a smile—but I see now how infinitely I was mistaken. Love! Great God! To call by the same name the quiet sentiment which we entertained for each other—which I have still, for I like her as well as ever—and the burning, all-absorbing passion that consumes me now. It's of no use, Charlie," he continued, rapidly, as he saw me about to speak. "I've thought over all you have said and a good deal more besides—but I love this lady—love, love, love her, Charlie! Do you know what that means? I cannot live without her! I am willing to give up every thing for her. I wish that she were poor—a peasant girl, a grisette, any thing, so that I might show her how much I love

her, and how cheerfully I would make any sacrifice for her sake. I am resolved to win her or die!"

"I saw that talking was useless, indeed; but after another pause I put a good face on the matter, and said,

"Well, well, Frank; you're in love, there's no mistake; all of a glow, but mind you, I shall do all in my power to cure you of your passion."

"Look you, Lovel," said he, through his shut teeth, walking up to the sofa where I was lounging, "Let's have no hypocrisy. If you are my rival, be an open and avowed one."

"Good night, Frank," said I, pleasantly, turning towards him in the doorway.

"Wait a moment," said Eliot. "On your word, now, old friend, do you—have you any—liking for Sophie yourself?"

"Why no, you jealous fool," cried I, laughing. "Have all your senses left you?"

"On your honor, Lovel?"

"On my honor, Eliot, or if you prefer it, I'll swear to it."

"And you've never thought that Sophie seemed to favor you—to-night, for instance—you know what I mean," persisted Eliot anxiously.

"What a goose love will make a man," I replied. "I'm going to bed, and you'd better follow my example," and so I left him to walk the room and recover his equanimity as best he might.

"I felt seriously uncomfortable about this extraordinary passion which I had so unexpectedly discovered was entertained by my friend. I could see very plainly that it was all passion. The object, to be sure, was not so exceptionable. She was rich, handsome, and respectable. But then what a wife for the staid Frank Eliot! What a daughter, half skeptic, half Catholic, for the strict old descendants of the Puritans, his worthy Presbyterian parents! What a probable contrast between the gay, frivolous, Parisian belle and the Yankee bred, modest Other One. I was conscious that Eliot, blinded as he was by passion, was yet secretly and vehemently dissatisfied with himself for yielding to its promptings, and with the choice that he had made. It was evident that there had been a severe conflict between his judgment and his feelings, and that he had wilfully permitted the latter to conquer. I could not doubt that he was resolutely bent upon marrying the widow if he could, and running the risk of repenting his precipitation at his leisure.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—Mrs. MOWATT'S *Autobiography of an Actress* is one of the freshest and most readable books that the season has produced; it is precisely such a volume as its title does not promise, for we naturally anticipate a *piquant*, egotistical, frivolous and green-roomish narrative, full of rouge, spangles, and false sentiment; but, instead, we have a simply-told story of an earnest and heroic woman, whose life has been one of contention with adverse fortune, sweetened by many brilliant successes, which were the result of her own exertions. It will prove a most profitable book to a very numerous class of readers, by teaching them the importance of self-dependence, and the folly of caring what Mrs. Grundy may say. There are a few little disclosures of the earlier years of the autobiographer, and the particulars relating to her marriage, which are neither essential to the understanding of her character, nor particularly edifying in themselves, but they do no harm, and are not discreditable to the persons involved. Mrs. Mowatt is yet a young woman to write her own history; but being on the eve of retiring to private life, she publishes her autobiography in obedience to the request of her husband. Her actual entrance upon the stage of real life, her *début* in public, took place on the reverses of fortune which befell her husband soon after their marriage; she then gave readings in public, then commenced her career as an author, which furnishes the most interesting and instructive part of her history. She employed her pen with great diligence, and produced novels, essays, cookery books, books of needlework, and became a hack for a cheap publisher, and at last tried her hand upon a comedy, which proved successful, and was the means of turning her thoughts to the stage as a profession. The simple narrative of her trials and successes as an actress has all the interest of a romance, and, if published anonymously would hardly be taken for truth. But, it has also the appearance of truth, and we nowhere discern any evidence of exaggeration, or attempts to sacrifice truth to dramatic effect. The admirable characteristic of Mrs. Mowatt's confessions is the union of a highly wrought romantic sentiment with a sweetly simple style, and a degree of practical good sense which might be envied by a denizen of Wall-street. She is always true, candid, and tender,

but always keeps an eye upon the main chance; and, better than all, she never whines, but has a high-hearted and religious trust that doing right will lead to right results. We should be glad if our space would allow us to give a few characteristic extracts from her autobiography, but we can give but one, the account of her debut in England, which shows how differently our brethren across the Atlantic receive an adventurer from the New World, to the manner in which all adventurers from the Old World are received here. The contrast is by no means favorable to the other side.

"Previous to our *début*, Mrs. S—a entertained undigested fears that we would receive harsh treatment at the hands of the proverbially caustic Manchester critics. She called upon the most acetic of the cynical brotherhood, to 'smooth the raven down,' by interesting him in my history. The experiment was only calculated to render him more uncompromising. In another field she was more successful. Her womanly efforts raised me up an army of defenders amongst the members of her husband's congregation. They were prepared to support me if I betrayed the faintest glimmering of genius.

"Another anxious friend called upon the theatrical critic of the Manchester Guardian, the leading oracle of the press, and offered to present him to me. The cautious and conscientious critic declined the introduction until *after* my *début*, remarking that a personal acquaintance might prepossess him in my favor, and interfere with the justice of his criticism. And of such judges was the tribunal composed before which we were to be sifted, scanned, and tested. In such hands was placed Distinction's

'Broad and powerful fan,'

that,

'Puffing at all, winnows the light away.'

If our talents fell short in their 'fair proportions' of some fabulous or imaginary standard, we were to be annihilated by a paragraph—stabbed by thrusts of steel in the forms of pens—exterminated by the simoom of a critic's breath. Pleasant auguries, these, to usher in our career in a land of strangers.

"The theatre was a remarkably beautiful one. The play selected for our *début* was, as usual, the *Lady of Lyons*. Our only rehearsal took place on the day of performance. We could not but notice the half-smile that flitted across the faces of the English actors during that rehearsal. They were incredulous as to our abilities, and, perhaps, not without some cause. Now and then there was a contemptuous intonation in their voices that seemed to rebuke us for presumption. Their shafts 'hit, but hurt not.' Our American independence was an *égis*, from which the arrows fell without producing any effect but merriment. No hand of welcome was extended—no word of encouragement was spoken to the intruding "Yankees." We were surrounded by an atmosphere of impenetrable frigidity. And yet there were, no doubt, kind hearts among the doubters. But the 'stars' were transatlantic, and their light was unacknowledged in that hemisphere. Even the subordinates of the

theatre gave it as their private opinion that these new luminaries would be extinguished without trouble.

"At night, when the curtain rose upon Pauline, the greeting of the audience said plainly, 'Let us see what you can do!' and it said nothing more. Claude received the same gracious though promiseless permission. But even that greeting assured us of that downright generous trait in John Bull which makes him the fairest of umpires, even where he is a party to the contest. Once make it plain to him that he is beaten, as in the case of the trial with the New-York yacht, and he will buzz for the victor as vociferously as he would have done for himself had he been on the winning side.

"Before the fall of the curtain on the fourth act, it was decided that the 'stars' were not to be 'put out.' At the fall on the fifth, they had taken an honorable place in the theatrical armament, and were allowed to shine with undisputed light."

Her reception in London by the actors and the managers was the same as in Manchester, and as we cannot doubt the correctness of her narrative, we can only wonder at the want of courtesy exhibited towards the young debutant by a class of Englishmen who have been accustomed to the most indulgent reception on this side of the Atlantic. But Mrs. Mowatt was confident of her power to win applause from the public, and she bravely encountered the rudeness of professional jealousy and hostility. We are tempted to give another extract describing her debut at the Princess's Theatre in London, for it is not only an interesting story in itself, but it will serve as an illustration of national character.

"Our first rehearsal in an English provincial theatre had not proved particularly delightful. But it was a foreshadowing of, and a needful preparation for, the more aggravated, temper-trying inflictions that awaited us at a London rehearsal. The stage aristocrats of the company made no effort to conceal their absolute contempt for the American aspirants.

"Figuratively speaking, we were made to walk through a lane of nettles, so narrow that we could not avoid getting scratched. The more gently they were touched, the more deeply they stung. At the request, politely urged, of 'Be so good as to cross to the right—I occupy the left'—the answer dryly returned was, 'Excuse me; I played this part originally with Mrs. Butler, at Drury Lane—I always kept this position—it is the proper situation.' Then there was a significant look at the prompter, which said, 'This republican dust offends us! We must get rid of it!'

"The more mildly Mr. Davenport and myself uttered our unavoidable requests, the more decidedly we were answered with objections to our wishes, founded upon the authority of some mighty precedent. Neither patience nor gentleness could disarm our antagonists. Worn out with hearing that Mrs. Butler sat during her delivery of a certain speech, and, therefore, that nobody else could stand—or that Miss Faucit fainted with her head leaning forwards, and, therefore, no Julia could faint with her head inclined backwards—or that Mrs. Kean threw herself at a certain point into the arms of Master Walter, and, therefore, the embrace was a necessity—I at last boldly, and, I confess, with some temper, said, 'Sir, when I have made up my mind to become the mere

imitator of Mrs. Butler, or of Miss Faucit, or of Mrs. Kean, I shall, perhaps, come to you for instruction. At present, it is for the public to decide upon the faultiness of my conception. I shall not alter it, in spite of the very excellent authority you have cited.'

"This determined declaration (it was certainly a 'declaration of independence') silenced my principal tormentor. He made up his mind that, if I was wanting in talent, I was not deficient in spirit. He would have bowed before the one, but he at least yielded to the other.

"But this was not my only or most serious annoyance. Miss Susan Cushman was to enact the character of Helen. She sent an apology for her absence at rehearsal on the plea of indisposition. The manager chose to imagine that she entertained some theatrical jealousy towards a countrywoman, and purposed to absent herself on the night of our first appearance. No substitute for so important a part as Helen could be provided at short notice, and the play would necessarily have to be withdrawn—the anticipated *début* postponed.

"I see no reason for supposing that Miss Cushman meditated any such unamiable intentions as were attributed to her by the manager. We were very slightly acquainted, but our intercourse had been agreeable.

"Miss Cushman's name was unceremoniously expunged from the 'cast;' and Miss Emmeline Montague, the leading lady of the theatre, was persuaded by Mr. Maddox to undertake the rôle of Helen.

"At the last rehearsal, for we had several, just as Miss Montague commenced rehearsing, Miss Susan Cushman walked upon the stage. She inquired by what right the character belonging to her was given to another lady. The manager, who was not celebrated for a conciliatory demeanor towards his company, bluntly informed her of his suspicions. An angry scene ensued, such as I never before, and I rejoice to say, never after, witnessed in any theatre. Rehearsal was interrupted. I sat down at the prompter's table in a most unenviable state of mind. The actors stood in clusters around the wings, enjoying the dispute. Miss Cushman and Mr. Maddox occupied the stage. A casual spectator might have supposed they were rehearsing some tempestuous passages of a melodrama. Miss Cushman declared that she would play Helen, for that she had done nothing to forfeit her right to the performance. Mr. Maddox maintained that the part should be played by Miss Montague. Miss Cushman was very naturally exasperated. I remained silent, but internally wishing that the disputants might suddenly disappear through some of the trap doors that checkered the stage and were devoted to the use of fairies and hobgoblins.

"Finally Mr. Maddox ordered that the stage should be cleared and rehearsal continued. Miss Cushman was forced to retire. Just as she reached the wing, she turned back and offered me her hand. I gave her mine—she departed, and rehearsal proceeded. This extraordinary scene in the drama of real life thoroughly unnerved and unfitted me for the business of the hour; and that night I was to make my London *début*!"

— POOLE'S INDEX.—A simple account of the contents of this volume is the best eulogium that we can bestow upon it. The title tells its object and it is strictly what it professes to be, an Index of Periodical Literature. Mr. Poole has made a careful examination of all the standard periodicals which have appeared since the beginning

of the century; classified the articles of each number; and arranged all the subjects treated in them under their appropriate heads. The result is, an index which carries you to the opinions of the reviewers and essayists of this long period as readily as a table of contents does to the chapters and sections of a single work. The name of the author has been given wherever it has been possible to ascertain it; and for one review, the North American, the list is complete. Mr. Poole must be a lover of hard work, and what many people would think dry work, or he would never have had the courage to do this. But he has done it well, and produced a volume which will necessarily become a manual for every thorough scholar.

The inevitable errors of a work like this must be errors of omission. We had noticed a few which we should have inserted, if it had not occurred to us that it would be more courteous to send them directly to the author. We will, however, make one suggestion. Let every body that has ever written for a review, even though it should be no more than a single article, examine Mr. Poole's Index, and if he finds his name omitted send him the correction. In a few months the omissions or mistakes might all be corrected, and then the addition of a short appendix would make this volume as complete as a work of this nature ever can be.

We must add, that the work is printed just as works of permanent value always ought to be; and if the meeting of a great and acknowledged want is a guarantee of success, both author and publisher will be amply rewarded for their labors.

—GRACE GREENWOOD'S *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, has the quality of readableness, which many books of much greater pretensions lack; but the books of almost all lady authors are readable, just as the conversation of all women is entertaining; the errors, volubility and misconceptions, which we will not tolerate in men, become amusing and entertaining in the case of a lady, or a child. Grace tells us nothing new about Europe, and even her own haps and mishaps are without piquancy or wonder, but her impetuosity, good-heartedness, and freshness of feeling impart to her letters the charm and fascination of a private communication. Such candor, prittle-prattle, and unreserve seem to have been intended for private reading, and not for the eye of the great republic of readers. She hurries through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and Italy, taking no distinct or definite notes of any thing, but mingling up in

a hasty kind of pot-pourri, remarks about every thing and every body. No future author will ever quote any thing from the Haps and Mishaps, as reliable information, but those who read her book will have many old memories freshened by her allusions, and gain new ideas of persons and places that they have not known from personal acquaintance. She is a right-feeling, generous, and impulsive woman, who jots down upon paper her vivid impressions without much concern about the profundity of her opinions, or their correctness. She knows she is right in her intentions, and goes ahead. It is the better way, for stopping to consider in such cases would be fatal to letter-writing and book-making. It is better that the public should be at the trouble of verifying facts and justifying criticism. Like all European tourists, Grace dabbles in art and politics, showing much more knowledge and judgment in the latter than in the former; she is a radical in politics, a vehement Protestant in religion, and a Catholic in art. She laughs at the Pope, pities the poor people who are oppressed by their rulers, and glorifies all the pictures, churches, and statues she encounters. If ever there should be a concordance made of her book, the repetition of the word gorgeous would be startling. It occurs on almost every page, and only yields now and then to such mild adjectives as grand, superb, and delicious. These terms are applied without discrimination to every thing that catches her eye. But her favorite expletive is gorgeous. In one place there are "glorious Vandykes," in another "delicious" pictures of Andrea del Sarto, Raffaele is "grand," Michael Angelo "sublime," and Scott's Monument in Edinburgh "gorgeous." Sunsets, mountains, trees, churches, paintings, music, and pyrotechnics, are all gorgeous. But, as we have no standard by which to measure the value of her expletives, we do not know what they are worth, and their frequent use raises a suspicion that they are worth nothing at all, but are merely used to simulate a real sentiment. In architectural drawings it is necessary either to introduce a human figure that the relative size of objects may be judged by the eye, or a scale given of so many feet or miles to the inch, that the size of objects may be determined. It would be well for authors to introduce some such contrivance into their descriptions, that some idea may be formed of their meaning by the adjectives they employ in conveying their ideas. A writer who commences by calling a small monu-

ment gorgeous, loses all chance of conveying an idea of the greater works which he will be shortly called upon to describe. The most brilliant red would appear dull painted on a vermillion background. The defects of Grace's letters are that they tell us nothing which has not already been told by others, and the most hackneyed themes receive the same attention at her hands as the most novel. It is quite a useless labor to attempt to describe the Louvre, Hampton Court, or the Vatican, but a description of Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, which has recently become a point of great interest to Americans from the honors paid to Mrs. Stowe by its noble owner, as it has long been to the polite world from the treasures of art which it contains, would have been something new. But Grace, who had the privilege, which few travellers have ever enjoyed, of visiting this magnificent mansion, with Lord Carlisle for a cicerone, makes no more of her opportunity than she did of her visit to the Louvre, which thousands of tourists have already wearied the reading public by describing. To criticize works of art requires first a natural capacity which is quite as rare as the genius to produce them, and then, an education, which few have the opportunities to gain, without which it is impossible to judge correctly of the relative excellence of the productions of the artists. But all our travellers who go to Europe, whether they have any of the requisite qualifications or not, feel themselves not only qualified to form opinions of works which they merely glance at, and which artists study with care, but think it their duty to publish their opinions to the world. Grace Greenwood is a lady of too much natural good sense and right instincts to have fallen into such bad habits; but she runs through the Louvre and other great collections of art, and publishes her opinion about the works which she rapidly glanced at with as much flippancy and freedom as though she had made art the study of her life, and had a right to speak, ex-cathedra, upon all subjects that come within the province of criticism, from St. Peter's at Rome down to Scott's Monument in Edinburgh.

—"I. MARVEL" founded a school of *littérateurs*, whose peculiar characteristics are, much sentimentality, and a little thought about nature and the poetic side of every-day life, expressed in the form of soliloquy, although occasionally breaking into the colloquial, the author addressing his words to some imaginary hearer. We have read the works of the founder of the

school, we cannot say with pleasure, but with respect, because so many people liked them. It was the first sentimentalism, the dawn of the school, when there was some freshness and glow in it, though not much, and before every man, woman, and child, who had experienced a vague sensation of satisfaction at the sight of a sunrise or a mountain, attempted a vague rendering of the impression upon paper, and published it with success. Reveries, musings, and thinkings, memories, mysteries, shadows, and death—old times, voices from the past, stars, moonlight, night winds, old homesteads, flowing rivers, and primeval forests, filled the pages of the new books, and the columns of the daily papers. *Ed.* delighted the readers of a morning paper with a deer, a dog, and a dead girl, served up in every conceivable style of sorrow, sadness and sighs, for a whole year, at least once every week. This may be called the middle sentimentalism. Latterly, the disciples of the school, sinking to a lower point, have broken out with increased vigor and popularity, and are now filling the newspapers with tiresome and salacious namby-pambyism, which has neither simplicity nor sentiment to recommend it. This is the newest, and, we hope, the last sentimentalism. *January and June*, a new work, by Benjamin F. Taylor, belongs to the middle stage, and is a good specimen of its class, and will be relished by those who like such writing. As to the "Hot Corn" writers, we shall pay our respects to them and their patrons at another time, to which the reader is referred; and to the admirers of the new sentimentalism, we would recommend a course of Sterne, which will effectually cure them of their unwholesome fondness for diluted sentiment, by teaching them the difference between the true and the false in this kind of literature.

—On taking up a book called *Old Sights with New Eyes*, our attention was attracted to the introduction, by Dr. Robert Baird, in which he commends the work in the highest terms. Among other things he says: "The style is pure and beautiful, and the descriptions of places and things are exact, concise, and highly interesting. It is manifest that the work is the production of a well cultivated and superior mind. It is altogether the most readable and instructive book of travels, embracing the same field, which the subscriber has seen for a long time. None but the most important places and objects are made to occupy the attention of the reader, and these are always spoken of in

the fewest words possible, so that the interest is well sustained from the beginning to the end of the volume. The discrimination with which the author treats of the various objects of art which he saw, displays no ordinary cultivation of judgment and taste. In this respect, the book before us reminds one of Mathews' *Diary of an Invalid*, a book of surpassing interest, even yet, one of the best works of art to be seen in Italy." Again, he says, "none can read it without pleasure and profit." Now, what will be the surprise of readers to learn that there is no truth whatever in these panegyrics, to which Dr. Baird has lent the high authority of his name. The book is one of the most entirely commonplace books that was ever written about Europe. It is commonplace in its selection of topics, commonplace in style, commonplace in sentiment, and as utterly dry and uninteresting as it could well be made. The meanest sixpenny "Guide" that you may buy on the bookstalls of any European city, will give you the same information as this author, and in much the same style, only with greater fulness of detail. The title is a misnomer, too, and ought to have been, "Old Sights, with very Old Spectacles," for we defy any body to find a single new view in the volume.

—*Passion-Flowers* is the title of a small anonymous volume of Poems, published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, to which we have only time to allude. The book is full of a remarkable power and an unusual experience, and is evidently the work of a woman. It betrays more subtlety of emotional analysis, than we had anticipated from the title. For, if we are not mistaken, the title was the result of consideration. But it does not describe the book. The poems indicate a shrewd intellectual sympathy with passion, but they are not passionate. They are the result of a searching glance upon the author's shifting moods of experience, and a glance determined that these moods shall be variations of passionate emotion. But they do not scorch the eye and penetrate the heart. Their entire subjectivity would lead us to suspect this, at first; but they are so full of life, so audacious, so evidently the natural product of the author's experience and self-knowledge; they are so full of a generous human sympathy, such an unblenching heroism and social independence, that it is impossible not to hail them with the heartiest welcome. We do the author and ourselves the greatest injustice in so fragmentary a notice as this, and it is our intention, at

the earliest moment, to consider more at length the recent American *Poetesses*, if we may use a disagreeable, but convenient word. Meanwhile we urge our readers not to fail to know this new book, which offers in so many ways so singular a contrast to *Mrs. Whitman's Poems*, lately noticed in these pages.

—It is the fate of our successful poets, after running a career of small editions, to receive at last a typographical apotheosis in some large volume, profusely illustrated, and richly bound. This has been the history of Bryant, Longfellow, Willis, Halleck, Whittier, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, and now of GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS. It would be superfluous for us, at this late day, to attempt to characterize the merits of a writer, whose songs have become literally "household words," and who has never appeared before the critical tribunal, without being greeted by the chorus of applauding voices; but we may say of them, that his verses never seemed more graceful or striking than they do in the handsome volume before us. One merit that Morris has—in our estimation a great one—is the local and national interest of his subjects. He writes about things that concern us in our own homes, not about the distant and hackneyed themes furnished by old world models. It is this homeliness and familiarity of his themes that has made him popular with the generality of his readers—more perhaps than any felicity of execution that might move the critical mind. Other writers would do well to copy his example in this respect.

REPRINT.—The Appletons have republished an abridged translation of the *Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*, by HARRIET MARTINEAU. It is more full and detailed than the small popular exposition of Mr. Lewes, which we have lately noticed, and is, of course, for that very reason a more faithful representation of the labors of the great French thinker. Digesting the substance of some six thousand pages of French into about as many hundred of English, it must omit many illustrations, and give only an outline of the original. Yet, on the whole, it presents as much as those who are not special students of philosophy will care to read. Comte's own works are quite diffuse: having been prepared, too, originally as lectures, they abound in repetitions; while a great many of his references to the current scientific facts of the time in which they were written have been superseded by the progress of discovery. Be-

sides, the substance of all Comte's theory is contained in what he calls his three fundamental laws, and these once mastered, any body tolerably informed of the intellectual history of his race can supply the needful proofs and illustrations. One special disadvantage, however, the compend labors under is that of excessive dryness. The original is quite destitute of any of those charms of style, which relieve the dull discussions of science, and in the condensed state it has become literally, to use a homely phrase, "as dry as a basket of chips."

Miss Martineau, in her preface, explains her motive in giving this version of Comte, as follows:

"Seldom as Comte's name is mentioned in England, there is no doubt in the minds of students of his great work that most of all of those who have added substantially to our knowledge for many years past are fully acquainted with it, and are under obligations to it, which they would have thankfully acknowledged, but for the fear of offending the prejudices of the society in which they live. Whichever way we look over the whole field of science, we see the truths and ideas presented by Comte cropping out from the surface, and tacitly recognized as the foundation of all that is systematic in our knowledge. This being the case, it may appear to be a needless labor to render into our own tongue what is clearly existing in so many of the minds which are guiding and forming popular views. But it was not without reason that I undertook so serious a labor, while so much work was waiting to be done which might seem to be more urgent.

"One reason, though not the chief, was that it seems to me unfair, through fear or indolence, to use the benefits conferred on us by M. Comte without acknowledgment. His fame is no doubt safe. Such a work as this is sure of receiving due honor, sooner or later. Before the end of the century, society at large will have become aware that this work is one of the chief honors of the century, and that its author's name will rank with those of the worthies who have illustrated former ages: but it does not seem to me right to assist in delaying the recognition till the author of so noble a service is beyond the reach of our gratitude and honor; and that it is demoralizing to ourselves to accept and use such a boon as he has given us in a silence which is in fact ingratitude. His honors we cannot share: they are his own and incommunicable. His trials we may share, and, by sharing, lighten; and he has the strongest claim upon us for sympathy and fellowship in any popular disrepute which in this case, as in all cases of signal social service, attends upon a first movement."

It is a curious piece of literary history, which she mentions, that after she had undertaken the work, her purpose was mentioned to a Mr. Lombe, an Englishman residing at Florence, who had conceived the same project. But as soon as he heard that she was engaged in it, he sent her a check for £500, to assist in its publication. He afterwards made an offer of a further advance, to assist in the pro-

mulgation of its principles, but died before any plan on the subject could be matured.

Comte's three fundamental laws to which we have referred are these: FIRST, that human knowledge is limited strictly to the phenomena of the universe, of which we can learn only their laws, or their relations of co-existence or sequence, and not their causes. The entire duty of Philosophy, then, is to inquire what exists or how it exists, according altogether the question why it exists or by whom it was established. SECOND, that human intelligence, in the acquisition of this knowledge passes through three stages of development; first, a theological or fictitious stage, second, a metaphysical or critical stage, third, a positive or scientific stage. In other words, it is the nature of the mind, in its progress, to employ three methods of philosophizing, or of accounting for what it sees and hears, the character of which is essentially different or radically opposed—the theological, the metaphysical and the positive. THIRD, The science, or the generalizations of our knowledge, follow each other in a regular series, from the most simple and general to the most complex and special, beginning with the Mathematics as the foundation, and passing through Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology, to Sociology, which is the summit of all the sciences. (We should add that since the "Positive Philosophy," Comte has constructed in "Positive Politics," in which he adds "Morals and Religion" to his scientific hierarchy.)

As we propose to make the theory of Comte the subject of an elaborate consideration in the body of the magazine, we will not remark upon its obvious merits and extraordinary defects in this place. We have no doubt that his three laws are scientific truths, confining science to the mere study of the phenomenal world, and yet so far are they from exhausting the intelligence, that they seem to us not to have reached the threshold of genuine knowledge. They are, consequently—though not without a certain importance, as we shall hereafter show—superficial to the last degree, when presented as the sum of philosophy.

ENGLISH.—A large and handsome volume is *Norway and its Glaciers*, by Mr. Forbes, the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It describes a tour which he made in 1851 in Norway, one of the most picturesque countries of the world, and subsequently extended to the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne and Savoy. It is finely

illustrated throughout, though its literature is scientific rather than popular. The important phenomena, the glaciers, which were the chief objects of the traveller's search, were never before more profoundly investigated or more beautifully described.

—Mr. BARTLETT, known by his famous *Views of Switzerland*, the Danube, the United States, &c., generally poetic rather than accurate treatments of their subjects, has issued an illustrated volume, that possesses more interest for Americans than Englishmen. It is called *The Pilgrim Fathers, or the Founders of New England in the Reign of James the First*. He has gathered together all the most remarkable memorials of these renowned men, private narratives as well as rare pictures; and has thus presented a complete account of their doings, their departure out of England, their voyage to Holland, their brief residence in the quaint old Dutch cities, their perilous ocean passage, and of their final settlement in the New World. The etchings and plates which accompany the volume, give curious copies of many things relating to them, from the ships they sailed in to the chairs they sat upon, the dishes and kettles they used, and the very cradles that rocked their babies. It is a volume, of course, that will be speedily republished in this country.

—The author of the suppressed memoirs of the first wife of Milton, of Mrs. Moore, and of Madame Palissy, and other bygone dames, has just put forth a new work of the same character, called *Cherry and Violet*. It relates to the time of the great plague in London, and is written in the style, and printed in the type, of that period. The narrative is artless and verisimilar; and the incidents, especially those which relate to domestic life, full of pathos and beauty; while the writer wisely avoids any attempts to describe the terrible desolations of the pestilence, already handled in a manner so masterly by Defoe, as to render rivalry a mere presumption.

—*A Peep at the Pixies*, is a pleasing and successful attempt by Mrs. BRAY to revive the legends of certain western localities of England, and make them instructive to children. Her little book is well illustrated by Browne.

—A movement has been for some time silently in progress in the Church of England, which, we are told, is likely to produce a greater sensation than the celebrated Oxford schism, which resulted in what is termed Puseyism. It takes a different direction from that, however, and indicates

a tendency not to higher views of church prerogative and discipline, but to more latitudinarian doctrines. The leader of it is the Rev. Professor Denison Maurice, who has been recently dismissed from his place in King's College, London, on account of the imputed heterodoxy of his opinions touching the nature and extent of future punishment. A series of "Theological Essays" by him, going over the whole ground of theological controversy, are just out, and will be speedily reissued in this city by Redfield. His previous works leaves us in no doubt as to his rare and large abilities, as well as to his sincere and deep piety; and we may expect in his volume, a profound discussion of the points to which it relates. We hope that the correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, who objected to an allusion to Professor Maurice, last month, will read these essays, when they appear, that he may have a better understanding of the subject than he appears to have at present.

FRENCH.—"The Abbe Cochet, Inspector of Historical Monuments of the Seine-Inférieure," says the London Athenæum, "so well known for his researches in France among the cemeteries of the Gallo-Roman and Merovingian period, announces for publication a work in octavo, under the title of *La Normandie Souterraine*" in which he proposes to give the result of his experience in that department of archaeology. It is a somewhat singular fact that France, so much alive to the importance of classical antiquities, remained so long dead to those which are peculiarly her own—namely, the remains of the Frank period. For some time her *savans* were disinclined to believe that the weapons and personal ornaments found in the Frank graves of Envermeu and Londinières were of the period to which they are now ascribed; but they are at length sensible of their value, the hint having doubtless been conveyed to them by the researches of our English antiquaries in Anglo-Saxon burial-grounds. The Abbe proposes to divide his work into three parts: the first to sepulchres in general, the second to the Roman and Gallo-Roman cemeteries in Normandy, and the third to the Frank and Carlovingian cemeteries of Londinières, Parfondeval, and Envermeu. The volume is to be published by subscription, and will appear during the present winter.

A question of considerable literary interest has been just decided in France, after many months' litigation. Messrs. Didot, the eminent Paris publishers, com-

menaced some time ago the publication of a "New Universal Biography," to be brought down to the present time, and to be made more complete and exact than any previous one. For the first volumes of the work, they made no scruple in borrowing a number of biographies from the famous "Biographie Universelle," of the Messrs. Michaud, such articles having, they thought, become public property, owing to the length of time which had elapsed since the death of their authors. Messrs. Michaud objected both to the title of the new Biography, which they said was a plagiarism of theirs, and to the taking of the articles from it, which they said were still their property, as, though the authors were dead, they formed part of a collective work which they had revised and paid for. The question as to the title was at once decided against Messrs. Michaud, the courts holding that they could not monopolize the words, "Universal Biography;" but that respecting the proprietorship of the articles, drew forth contradictory decisions,—one, to the effect that they were right, the other, that they were wrong. A third court has settled the matter by laying down, that the right of possession of articles by deceased authors passes after the number of years from their death fixed by law, though forming part of a work in which copyright still remains.

—M. EDGAR QUINET has given to the public the fruits of his exile in the publication at Brussels of a dramatic poem, whose hero is Spartacus and whose title is *Les Esclaves*. It represents the famous gladiator and rebel, as history shows us he really was, a man of large genius, and of ideas expanded under the hard lessons of bondage and degradation, till he was able to comprehend the liberation of all bondmen, and the existence of society without chains or scourges. The interest of the piece turns also on the conflict which really rendered the efforts of the heroic leader nugatory after all his triumphs, the resistance of his followers to the discipline he sought to enforce, and the purposes to which he desired to firm them. The catastrophe consists in his fall, amid the maledictions of the creatures who could not understand him; while his daughter is tortured by them for having allowed a captured Roman, whom she loves, to escape; and the play concludes with the entrance of the Roman general Crassus upon the scene, and the smiting of the still warm body of Spartacus to a crucifix.

—M. VIOLLET LE DUC, is publishing in numbers a *Dictionnaire Raisonné* of

French architecture from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. The engravings are all from the designs of the author. The work will be in two volumes of 500 pages each, costing about \$12. No man is more competent to such an undertaking than M. Viollet le Duc.

—M. DE BARANTE has completed his history of the *Convention*, by the publication of the sixth and last volume. It is a careful and valuable work. Its author, who is a constitutional monarchist, is far from sharing the admiration with which revolutionary writers treat the leading actors of that vast and bloody drama, mingling horror for their sanguinary acts with exultation at their noble phrases. The character of Robespierre is here exhibited in the most odious light; all generous aspirations are denied him; all humane impulses are represented as strangers to his bosom; no good end sheds its light over the dark and sanguinary path of his policy; no large idea penetrated the gloom of his narrow and relentless mind; he was great only in hatred; he was enthusiastic only in cruelty; he labored for nothing but the extermination of his enemies; and all were his enemies who were superior to himself; if he was dexterous in conducting the furious elements of the revolution, envy alone gave him skill; if he was ever eloquent, it was the rage of envy, alone, which warmed him out of the monotonous coldness of his ordinary life. Two things were intolerable to him, a rival, and contradiction. Such is the picture of the redoubtable revolutionist, as drawn by M. De Barante; it is very different from that by Lamartine in the *Girondins*, and we think not so just. The truth does not lie in an extreme view even of such a man as Robespierre; and they who utterly condemn him, are, as well as those who make him an angel, led astray only by the force of circumstances. The present history of the *Convention* should, however, be consulted by all who would thoroughly understand the most remarkable and deeply interesting portion of all human experience, the French Revolution.

—M. GUSTAVE PLANCHE is the author of a vigorous and severe essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the dramatic pieces which the last year has added to French literature. It condemns at the outset the entire drama of France since the Restoration, as having ridiculously failed to keep the pompous promise with which the new school began its career, to furnish a dramatist who should not merely rival Calderon and Lope de Vega, Schiller and Goethe, but should even transcend Shakspeare.

speare, as much as Napoleon was superior to Charlemagne. All this wealth of boasting has resulted in nothing but the miserable poverty which puts the costumer and machinist above human nature. It has produced tragedies in which the faith of history has been rigorously observed, but the truth of the heart and soul entirely forgotten. It has produced comedies—and Messrs. PONSARD and AUGIER's *Honneur et Argent* and *Philiberte*, brought out last year, are examples,—which have exhibited talent, and enjoyed success, but have not contained one real personage nor a single spark of genuine life. Madame GEORGE SAND's last comedy, *Le Pressoir*, is an ingenious assemblage of true details and good sentiments, but there is no action and no object in it; and it might as well have been extended to two acts, or reduced to one. The thousand other pieces of the year M. PLANCHE deems unworthy of notice. Finally, he considers the method by which dramatic writing may regain its lost worth and excellence. Tragedy cannot be written any longer by pretentious ignoramuses, but must be based on thorough study and thoughtful digestion of history and philosophy; nor should it confine itself to Greek antiquity. The Bible is rich in tragic subjects, and ancient Italy can as well serve for the renewal of the tragic drama, as ancient Greece. As for comedy, while France abounds in that of manners and that of fantasy, it no longer has the comedy of character; and to this the authors of the day are recommended to turn their attention. In justice to M. Planche, we ought to add, that Molière's *School of Women*, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, form his standard of dramatic excellence.

—If there are any admirers of Russia, who desire to find their affection for that country expressed in a high key, we commend them M. ZANDO's *Russie en 1850*, which has recently been translated from German into French by the author himself. Here they will learn that Russia is not only perfect in every moral and intellectual respect, but enjoys the most delicious climate in the world. M. Zando ought at once to get an ukase from the Czar, changing his name into the more ancient and well-known one of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto.

—M. TEGOBORSKI, the eminent Russian economist and statistician, has published the third volume of his *Etudes sur les forces productives de la Russie*. It is a work which every publicist should possess, though it cannot be relied on as revealing the whole truth with regard to its subject. M. Tegoborski is too ardent a Russian,

and too faithful to his official obligations (he is a Councillor of State), to give publicity to any truths which might be apparent to one of equal knowledge, whose judgment was not influenced by any patriotic illusions.

—M. VIOLLET LE DUC has just published a romance, written thirty-five years ago, entitled *Histoire de six mois de la vie d'un jeune homme en 1797*. (History of Six Months in the Life of a Young Man of 1797.) We have not seen it, only a limited edition having been published, and not a copy having as yet made its way to America. But we find it warmly recommended by no less a critic than M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who praises it as a faithful picture of the manners and ideas of the remarkable epoch in which the scene is laid.

—M. SAINT-REUE TAILLANDIER has collected, in two volumes, the essays on German politics and literature, which, since the end of the last German revolution, he has published from time to time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is a book which may be read with instruction, though it is impossible always to agree with the writer in his criticisms or his hopes. The latter are directed to the restoration, in Germany, of what the author calls spiritualism, by which he seems to mean, that vague philosophy about which Cousin makes so much ado—a kind of dilettante and transcendental apotheosis of the soul, without any definite religion, or any precise view of the nature of man or his relations with God. M. Taillandier is apparently neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither orthodox nor heterodox; but a sort of tertium quid superior to both; above all, superior to the German Hegelians and Rationalists in general. He is, however, well worth reading, particularly by those who are, unfortunately, unable to study the German literature for themselves. Some of his descriptions of noted personages are true and striking, among the rest, that of Goethe.

—A new edition of the *Œuvres Complètes*, of MATHURIN REGNIER, has appeared at Paris, accompanied by explanatory notes. He was a satiric poet of the time of Henri IV., and his art and eloquence are fresh to this day. The volume opens with an interesting history of Satire in France, from the pen of M. Viollet-le-Duc.

—An association has been formed at Paris to publish the voluminous posthumous works of Arago, the astronomer. Among them is a *Treatise of Popular Astronomy*, on which the highest value

will be set by all who know the admirable power which Arago brought into the popular explanation of scientific subjects. There is also a large work, entitled *Notices of the Most Famous Discoverers*, and an account of Arago's own youth, with all sorts of piquant anecdotes and revelations. His memoirs and reports to the Academy, most of which have never been published, will also be given in full.

—Memoirs, autobiographies, and personal revelations, are now in fashion at Paris. VILLEMARIN, the accomplished and manly Academician, is about to publish his, a book, we may be sure, that will make its mark, both in respect to the classic vigor and perfection of its style, and the elevation of its ideas and tone. The Duke of Pasquier also announces his *Memoires*, in three volumes. He was Grand Chancellor of France under Louis Philippe; and, among other attractions in his bill of fare, promises a complete list of the secret agents employed by the government of that virtuous monarch.

—We hear from Paris that the translation into French of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, on which LAMENAIS has for some time been engaged, is advancing with all the rapidity possible, in the rather uncertain health of the illustrious translator.

GERMAN.—A book quite unique in its freshness and beauty is *Das Thierleben der Alpenwelt* (Animal Life in the Alps), by FRIEDRICH VON TSCHUDI. It reminds us of some of Henry Thoreau's sketches of New England, though the Yankee naturalist and poet is inferior to the Switzer in breadth of culture as he is in glow of feeling and beauty of style. Of all the books we have looked into in the discharge of our duty in the preparation of these Notes of Foreign Literature, this is the one which, above all others, we have read with enthusiasm. It is a poem, a romance, a scientific treatise all in one, full of the healthy air and exciting grandeur of the Alps, but withal as genial as the sunshine, and as lovely and refreshing as the summer flowers of Swiss valleys. After an introductory account of the mountain regions of Switzerland, and of their vegetation, we are led through the entire circle of their animal inhabitants, including the trout of the brooks as well as the eagles on the cliffs, and the chamois and goats, and the inaccessible heights, concluding with the dogs of St. Bernard. We quote a passage from the introductory chapter:—

"The Alps are the pride of the Switzer, who has made his home at their feet. Their neighborhood exercises an indelible, far-reaching influence on

his whole existence. Partially at least, they form the conditions of his natural and intellectual, his social and political life. He loves them almost as if by instinct; the secret roots of his affections cling to them, and when he leaves them he longs to be back with his beloved hills. His love for them is perhaps greater than his knowledge of their nature. Even now when search is made for the slope in which the locomotive can easiest wind its way over the saddle of the Central Alps, and the galvanic stream be led along the wires—even at this day, after the weariless ardor of our many great naturalists have led thousands of exploring parties to the shining peaks of their highest ranges, a deep mystery rests upon them. Their wonderful structure, the stratification of their rocks, the formation of their icy diadems, the part they play in varying the course of nature, their relation to living organisms, their earliest and latest history—all form a riddle which has hardly begun to be solved. There are mighty mountain masses which have never yet been trodden by a human foot, and nameless horns rise in the air that never echoed to the sound of a human voice, or to any sound but the rushing flight of the royal eagle. There are icy seas stretching their motionless waves for miles, that no wanderer has seen and no observer has ever studied the animal and vegetable life of their stony island. There is many a valley reposing in the torn and jagged arms of the high Alps that scarce a hunter's foot has visited and that is less known than the shores of the remotest countries, or the banks of the Nile or the Mississippi. And besides this, the regions under our very feet and eyes, the familiar world of the Alps with its superficial and subterranean mineralogical relations, its ice-formations, processes of vegetation, meteorologic laws, climatic changes and gradations, the series of development of its living creatures and their varying relations to the series below them, their differences according to difference in mountain position and peculiar Alpine form,—all these are yet far from being well understood; we are only at the doors of knowledge, and there are few who seriously knock and desire admission. *****

"This mountain world is so extraordinarily varied, its phenomena so remarkable and peculiar, that every excursion into it has its profit and reward. From its woody base, and from the genial hills with which it first rises from the valley, to the icy crown of its summits, it nourishes according to fixed laws and climate conditions, a changing and infinite wealth of life. Here in the ascent of a few miles we often find a gradation of animal phenomena which in the low country we should either not find at all, or only in distances of hundreds of miles. A few hours' travel takes us from the last chestnut grove, where the Italian scorpion climbs along the wall, to the pigmy vegetable and animal forms of the polar regions. The great variety of the mountain localities, their central position between Northern and Southern Europe, their multiform climatic and meteorologic relations, condition and favor this magnificent richness of organic phenomena, extending as it does, with incredible economy and pertinacity into domains shut up in ice, which we usually suppose devoid of all life, and sink in the desolation of death. What a range of animal individualities is that which includes the mighty eagle floating in the morning clouds and watching his prey in some far-off valley, and the glacier flea that lives in the minutest crevices of the ice—which extends from the fleet and watchful chamois to the microscopic animalculæ of the iced snow! Let us then attempt to comprehend this stupendous world of mountains in the outlines of their animal life, and in the connection of all their phenomena. Though we make but a slight

advance toward an understanding of them, it will yet be a satisfaction to study them and to combine increasing knowledge with that inborn love we devote to them as the cradle of Swiss freedom and nationality."

—KARL THEODOR VON KUESTNER gives in his newly published *Vierunddreissig Jahre meiner Theaterleitung* (Thirty-four Years of my Theatrical Management), a pretty complete view of the condition of the German stage, with an endless stock of anecdotes of actors and actresses. The difference between the mechanical and scenic resources of the stage at the time Mr. von Küstner began his career, is striking; but we do not find that dramatic art has advanced in any thing like the same proportion; he himself admits that the acting and singing of thirty years ago were about as good as those of the present day. And yet it would seem that the enormous sums which the governments of France and Germany spend in support of theatres ought to produce some improvement. The French government gives the Grand Opera \$120,000 a year, or more than a third of its whole expenses, and to the Opera Comique, the Odeon, the Italian Opera, and the Theatre Français \$10,000 each. The Prussian government gives the Royal Theatre at Berlin \$100,000 yearly; this establishment Mr. von Küstner regards as the most perfect in the world, employing more persons and doing a more varied and extensive business than any other. In the little city of Mannheim, a place of 24,000 inhabitants, \$10,000 is contributed to the theatre, the government paying a fifth and the municipal treasury the remainder. This is, of course, in addition to what is received at the doors as the price of admission.

—A complete account of the new way of raising and multiplying fish, discovered and practised in France, is given in a work by Dr. Haxo, published at Leipzig under the title of *Die Befruchtung und Ausbrütung der Fischeier auf künstlichem Wege als eine der Nutzbringendsten entdeckungen dargestellt*. It is illustrated with engravings.

—The fifth volume of the present series of FREDERICK VON RAUMER's *Historisches Taschenbuch* contains a number of interesting and valuable articles, first among which is one on the English in the Indian Archipelago, and especially in Borneo, by Dr. NEUMANN of Munich. RAUMER himself contributes an account of a journey to South America. Dr. SOLDAN has an article on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which casts new light on that monstrous crime. The concluding article

of the book is by Dr. COLLOFF on Rembrandt's Life and Works, based on documents not used by former writers. The *Taschenbuch* this year fully sustains its reputation.

—Great attention will be roused, especially in the Catholic Church, by a pamphlet of which Prof. LEU, of Luzerne, is the author, entitled *Warnung vor Neuerungen und Uebertreibungen in der Katholischen Kirche Deutschlands*. (A Warning against Innovation and Extravagance in the Catholic Church of Germany.) The author we hold to be the ablest Catholic writer in the German language, as well as one of the soundest scholars in the Church. A great part of this pamphlet is occupied by local controversies; but such is the keenness of the satire, and the vigor of the reasoning, that it interests, if it does not edify, even the distant Protestant reader. Prof. Leu is a decided ultramontane, and contends that the attempt to separate the Church from the State, and under the pretence of rendering it more independent, is an error and absurdity, especially in Germany at the present time. The bishops, who are in the habit of declaiming against the Protestant governments under which they live, are handled with great severity, as contrary to the traditions and the interests of the Church. The Jesuits are criticized for their insubordination to the decrees of Rome, which they have manifested on several recent occasions in Germany.

—An excellent popular manual of astronomy is MEYER's *Die Erde in ihrem Verhältnisse zum Fixsternhimmel, zur Sonne und zum Mond*. (The Earth, in its relation to the Fixed Stars, to the Sun and Moon.) In no country has the popularization of the natural sciences advanced with such admirable rapidity as in Germany since the appearance of Humboldt's *Cosmos*. There are many works in regard to the various kingdoms of nature, which might very advantageously be rendered into English, and the present is one of them.

—We commend KLIPPEL's *Deutsche Lebens-und Characterbilder* (Pictures of German Life and character) to whomsoever would read an agreeable collection of biographies of men, most of whose names are strange to him. The author covers the last three centuries in the plan of his work, and of course begins at the beginning in the first volume, which is now published.

—We learn that Tauchnitz of Leipzig has published an edition of Mr. R. B.

Kimball's novel of *St. Leger*, or the *Threads of Life*, and that he has remitted a voluntary remuneration to the author, whose *Romance of Student Life* is about to be published by the same publisher. Tauchnitz has published editions of nearly every popular English author, and, unlike the Brussels and American piratical publishers, in all cases makes a remuneration to the author.

FINE ARTS.

Music and Art are now suffering "a syncope and awful pause," very natural to the excitement of the past season, for after such storms there must always come a calm. The Crystal Palace has fulfilled its mission and ceased to exhibit its wealth of artistic merchandise; the Opera artists have all deserted us to sing to the Cubans, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians, making discoveries and achieving victories that their great predecessors, Columbus and Cortez, never aspired to; Metropolitan Hall, the beautiful, the gilded cage that has held so many singing birds, has been burned down, and Jullien's grand *bal paré* has ended in smoke. Jullien himself has given his farewell concert, for the present, and gone South; Sontag is concertizing in the backwoods somewhere among the mocking-birds; even Powell's "great national painting" has been taken to New Orleans; our "resident artists" are quietly preparing for the next exhibition, and there is nothing left for our public but Uncle Tom's Cabin, which has a fascination beyond the reach of philosophy to account for. The genius of Meyerbeer and the united talent of the best opera troupe that has been heard in New-York, failed to fill one place of amusement with paying audiences, while Uncle Tom fills three of our theatres nightly and gives fortunes to their proprietors, thus reversing the old proverb, for "the Prophet" was without honor in a strange country, while Uncle Tom is not without profit at home. We have not the shadow of a misgiving as to the future of Art in this progressing country of ours; but, at present, there seems to be a determination by our enterprising countrymen not to put too fine a point upon it, for all our art tends to a rather coarse development, and, instead of producing Sévres vases and Gobelins tapestries, or operas and oratorios, we are rather ambitious to develop ourselves in the form of Pacific railroads and monster steamships. But these things call for artistic embellishments, and the fine arts will flourish all the more vigorously by

the growth of the arts which are not so called. The future uses of the Crystal Palace are not yet exactly determined upon; but agents are now in Europe to secure articles for another Exhibition, and it will, doubtless, become a permanent institution; that is as permanent as a bubble of glass ribbed with iron can be expected to be.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GOD WITH MEN, or Footprints of Providential Leaders. By Samuel Osgood. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1853.
- THE DAY SPEING, or Simple Bible Instruction for the Least and Lowest. New-York, 147 Nassau-street. 1853.
- GOLDEN LINK, or Poems and Tales for the Young. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1853.
- GUSTAVUS LINDORF, or Lead us not into Temptation. By Emilie Carlen, with a Preface to her American readers by the authoress. From the original Swedish by Elbert Perce. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1853.
- HARRY HARRISON, or the Benevolent Bachelor. By the Author of the Attorney, with illustrations. New-York: Samuel Hueston.
- TIP-TOP, or a Noble Aim; a Book for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1853.
- OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURAL GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY, Illustrating the Historical portions of the Old and New Testaments. By Edward Hughes, F. R. A. S., F. R. G. S. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1853.
- THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEMENT, or Satanic License. Dedicated to Maine Law Progress. By Rev. Joel Wakeman. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1853.
- THE CONVENT AND THE MANSE. By Hyla. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1853.
- THOUGHTS TO HELP AND CHEER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1853.
- SPARING TO SPEND, or the Loftons and Pinkertons. By T. S. Arthur. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1853.
- AN ATTEMPT TO EXHIBIT THE TRUE THEORY OF CHRISTIANITY AS A CONSISTENT AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM. By William S. Grayson. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853.
- THE ART OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING IN OIL COLORS, with Observations on Setting and Painting the Figure. By Henry Murray. New-York: W. Schaus. 1853.
- THE JEW OF VERONA, an Historical Tale of the Italian Revolutions of 1846-49. Translated from the second revised Italian edition. 2 vols. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1853.
- LINES FOR THE GENTLE AND LOVING. By Thomas MacKellar. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1853.
- HOME FOR ALL, or the Gravel Wall and Octagon Mode of Building, new, cheap, superior, and adapted to rich and poor. By O. S. Fowler. New-York: Fowlers & Wells. 1854.
- LIFE SCENES, Sketches in Light and Shadow from the World around us. By Francis A. Durivage. With illustrations. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1853.
- JANUARY AND JUNE. Being Outdoor Thinkings and Fireside Musings. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Illustrated. New-York: S. Hueston. 1853.

- THE FLUX TIDES OF ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI.** A Series of Sketches. By Joseph G. Baldwin. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853.
- OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.** In a Series of Views taken on the Spot. By Alfred Bunn. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.
- THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH;** with an Historical Account of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, also Practical Suggestions in regard to Insulation and Protection from the Effects of Lightning. By Laurence Turnbull, M. D. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.
- LADIES' GLEE BOOK.** A New Collection of Choice and beautiful Music in English, French, and Italian, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By Henry C. Watson. New-York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law. 1854.
- THE HEARTH-STONE.** Thoughts upon Home-Life in our Cities. By Samuel Osgood. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.
- SEPTIM CONTRA TERBAR.** A Tragedy of Eschylus. Edited with English notes. By Augustus Sachtleben. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1853.
- ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC;** Comprising an Analysis of the Laws of Moral Evidence and of Persuasion, with Rules for Argumentative Composition and Elocution. By Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1853.
- ART AND INDUSTRY,** as represented in the Exhibition of the Crystal Palace, New-York, 1853-54. Showing the progress and state of the various useful and esthetic pursuits. From the New-York *Tribune*. Revised and edited by Horace Greeley. New-York: Redfield. 1854.
- SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS.** By the Author of *Three Experiments of Living*. 2 vols. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.
- TESTIMONY OF THE FOUNT.** Boston: E. B. Manney & Co. 1854.
- OLD SIGHTS WITH NEW EYES.** By a Yankee. With an Introduction by Dr. Baird. New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1854.
- HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.** By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS;** or Eight Years on the Stage. By Anna Cora Mowatt. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.
- VANCOUSELOA.** A Romance of the New World. By Frank Cooper. New-York: Redfield. 1853.
- THE SPANISH WIFE.** A play in five acts. By Samuel M. Snatcher, of the New-York Bar. With a Memoir and Portrait of Edwin Forrest. New-York: W. Taylor & Co. 1854.
- LITTLE BLOSSOM'S REWARD.** A Christmas Book for Children. By Miss Emily Hara. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1853.
- CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CHERRYBUT HILL.** By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1853.
- BURNELIFF;** its Sunshine and its Clouds. By Paul Croyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854.
- CHARL KRIEGER:** His Christmas Stocking. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.
- THE YOUNG VOYAGERS;** or the Boy Hunters in the North. By Captain Mayne Reid. With twelve illustrations. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.
- POKES AND PARODIES.** By Phoebe Carey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.
- PASSION FLOWERS.** Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.
- DOVECOOTS;** or the Heart of the Homestead. By the Author of *Cap Sheaf*. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1854.

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NEW-YORK DAGUERREOTYPED.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

PRIVATE dwellings in a country like the United States, where every man labors for his own individual comfort, and not for the glory of the state, or the ambition of a monarch, offer the best evidences of the prosperity, the intelligence, and the general taste of the people. It is in the private mansions which are built, ornamented, and furnished to conform to the tastes, the incomes, and the exigencies of their occupants, and not in the public edifices that we must look for the true development of the national taste. The case is different in other countries; even in England, the residences of the most noble and wealthy are of secondary importance when compared with the palaces of the monarch, and the edifices appropriated to state uses. But, a traveller from the old world sees at a glance, in landing in our city, that here every man is a monarch in his own right, and that palaces are built by the people for their own enjoyment and not for the comfort of a prince. Hence we have an immense number of very fine houses; which, in the aggregate, form streets of greater beauty than any city of the old world can boast of, but no single building to be compared with the splendid triumphs of architecture which constitute the glory and attraction of Paris. Splendors of architecture are not to be looked for here, excepting in the shape of bridges and aqueducts, until we shall have been educated to the point of discovering the superior advantages of a combination of interests in our private dwellings, to the present independent and isolated style of construction; when it shall be found that twenty or thirty families may live in a palace by combining their means, in the construction of one spacious dwelling, while they would be

compelled to live in an inconvenient and plain house, if each one built separately. Our hotels are an indication of what might be done by the plan we have hinted at; but, in the mean while, we are living and learning at a very fast rate, and building, like bees, better than we know. The exigencies of our rapid growth, the sudden accumulations of large fortunes, and the instincts of our building architects, are daily manifesting themselves in some remarkable examples of architectural ingenuity and external ornamentation, which put all precedent at defiance, and set at naught established rules. New-York is continually rising like a phoenix from the ashes, and, at each revival with increased elegance and splendor. The old economical style of buildings, without a shadow of ornament, which succeeded the more imposing structures of ante-revolutionary times have nearly all disappeared, and scarcely a vestige of old New-York remains. Stores and warehouses occupy the sites of the houses in which the last generation lived, and the new city has risen up like enchantment telling of new times, a new people, new tastes, and new habits. The old houses in Broadway were all of brick, and plain in their exteriors beyond belief; and the cheapest "colony houses" of the present day, built for the accommodation of poor emigrant families, are elegant structures, externally, compared with the city residences of our wealthiest families but few years since. Plain brick fronts have been succeeded by dressed freestone and sculptured marble; plate glass has become universal, and lace window drapery has displaced the old chintz curtains which once flaunted their bright colors through small window panes.

The introduction of pure Greek models into England and this country, produced some slight improvement on this plain brick style, and in houses of the best class exhibited designs similar in character to those in Bond and Great Jones streets. But the most elegant Grecian mansion in New-York is, without doubt, that in College Place, at the corner of Murray-street. The Grecian style, however, is not easily adapted to modern uses, though more so than the Egyptian, which has been less successfully adopted by Mr. R. L. Stevens in his house in Barclay-street. The semi-circular Corinthian portico of the house in College Place has a bold and graceful appearance, being ascended by a handsome flight of steps in front, to the old level of the College ground, on which it is built. Although two stories of architraved windows are not in strict accordance with a single Grecian order of columns, we should have preferred them to the mere slits between pilasters which are made to serve for windows in this building. The conservatory to the right, and the dome upon the roof extend and raise the composition to a good proportion. The opposite view from Murray-street, in which the portico appears backed by the trees, is even more picturesque than the one here given.

Twenty years ago, the houses in Waverley Place, forming the north side of Washington Square were among the finest private dwellings in New-York. These somewhat resemble the Philadelphia style of building, being of the smoothest red brick, with white marble porches, steps, and lintels;—too violent a contrast of color, and made worse by the addition of green blinds, instead of the Philadelphia white or brown shades. But Waverley Place is still the most uniform and imposing side of a



College Place and Murray-street.

square that New-York can boast of, and presents a solid, respectable, and cheerful aspect; while the interiors of some of the houses, for spaciousness and decoration, are not excelled by many in the Fifth Avenue.

About fifteen years ago, the white marble colonnade row in Lafayette Place was pointed out as the most ornamental block of that part of the city. In itself, this Corinthian colonnade is undoubtedly of great beauty; but it darkens the rooms, is of expensive and not solid construction, and assumes too much the character of a single public building. The balcony railings ought not to have concealed the bases of the columns, but to have been placed between them, or else omitted.

The Grecian taste, in which the above buildings are erected, has within the last few years been succeeded and almost entirely superseded, both here and in England, by the revival of the Italian style, of which the mansion in University Place, at the corner of Tenth-street, is one of our best-proportioned and most correct imita-

tions; more particularly of that modification of it which prevails at Florence, which is visible in the circular-headed windows, and grooved stones of the principal story, and the carved *torus* string-course above them. The balcony, supported by brackets, over the door, is the best specimen of that kind of Italian portal that has been yet introduced: they are sometimes made so heavy, as to seem as if they would fall on our heads. The basement, principal story, dressings, and cornice of this building are of brown stone, while the plain wall above is of red brick. In this case, as in many others, we prefer this mixture of brick and stone to an entire stone front: the brown stone harmonizes well in color, and appears more brilliant by the contrast. We do not approve of the outside window-blinds, especially to circular-headed windows, as they form a disagreeable shape when thrown open. The dormer windows are not in accordance with the Italian style, but are small and unobtrusive. The area railings are very elegantly formed of small twisted pillars, and colored bronze.

At the corner of Tenth-street and Fifth Avenue stands a large, quaint, old-fashioned single house of red brick and brown stone,

with a steep slated roof, and conspicuously ornamented dormer windows; which, when time shall have destroyed its freshness, and mellowed its tone, may appear to some stranger, from his native south or west, a relic of ante-revolutionary times. This is the residence of a French gentleman; which may account for the owner's adoption of a style of building which would remind him of the courtly formality, and solid gentility of the olden time in his native country. The style of this building is a mixture of French and Italian, with a remnant of the Gothic principle traceable in the kneed architraves over the third story windows. Its general good effect will be found to arise from the windows not being too close together, and from the string-courses at every floor, which seem to bind it together, and form agreeable subdivisions of the whole mass. The railings and entrance steps are very rich and effective. A conservatory may be seen in the rear; there is also an entrance into the coach-yard beyond, not delineated in our cut.

"Every man's house is his castle," says the law-maxim; but in these days of peace-societies, we cannot think the *castellated* Gothic the best style to build it



Waverley Place.

in! This observation applies to the two houses at the corner of Twelfth-street and Fifth Avenue; in which, even if we excused the choice of style, to which we have several objections to offer, we are obliged to notice several faults that might easily have been avoided. The attic windows are too wide; and all are without stone mullions, which are essentials in Gothic construction; while the external blinds, —inappropriate for Gothic windows, when closed, destroy all depth and shadow. The balconies and porches have no connection with the general design. In point of solid execution the buildings deserve praise, being entirely of brown stone, and the doors of real oak.

Our view of West Fourteenth-street from Fifth Avenue, exhibits one of the handsomest ranges of buildings of this size in the neighborhood. The doors and windows of this, as of many of our examples, are more enriched by carving than the small scale of our engravings can show. If the apertures of houses of this class were a little reduced in width and height, the construction and effect would be greatly improved, and the cost of the building diminished. The brackets to the cornice of the nearest houses are too far apart, and placed at unequal distances, which is against all rule. The balustrades to the area and steps are of iron, but solid and effective.

The fine residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and West Fifteenth-street is a massive and dignified structure in the Italian style, of brown stone. The windows are simple, and uniform on every story, and are better proportioned, that is, narrower compared with the piers, than they are shown in our engraving. The principal decoration of the building is concentrated upon the entrance doorway,



Lafayette-place.

which consists of an arched recess between half-columns or pedestals, projecting from pilasters, of the Corinthian order. Two circular flights of steps with balustrades and pedestals, lead the eye in a graceful manner to this handsome entrance, and add apparent breadth to the base of the building. The only alteration we could desire to this house, would be, to have omitted some of the supernumerary blank windows on the side.

The Palladian residence of Mr. Haight, at the south corner of East Fifteenth-street and Fifth Avenue, erected some five years ago, was among the first mansions in the Italian style built in this city; and though it may have been since exceeded in richness of decoration, we doubt if it has been in good proportion, and purity of design. The ample space afforded between the windows countenances, if not demands the slight projection of the wall in the centre of each side, which is also made available in assisting the effect of the central door, wide windows and chimneys of the entrance front; and in grouping together the centre windows and

balconies of the other front, upon the Avenue. The arched entrance between two Tuscan half-columns is in the true Italian taste, and far preferable to a projecting portico in this situation: pilasters of the same order on the other front preserve a due correspondence. A lower range of offices, and a stable-yard entrance is seen down the street; while there is also another arched entrance for carriages between two projecting columns, on the right, not included in our view. The wide semi-circular basement windows are judiciously introduced.

The building is of brown stone.

The brown stone mansion of Colonel Thorne, in West Sixteenth-street, near Fifth Avenue, shares the merit of Mr. Haight's in being one of the first erected in the Italian style; and, though its situation is more retired, and it only presents a single ornamented front to the street, yet in chasteness and elegance of design it is fully equal if not superior. It has the advantage of standing back in an inclosed fore-court, with double gates and a carriage-drive sweeping under a portico, of the Tuscan order; the shaded recess behind is an open vestibule, with the same order continued round the inside, supporting a panelled ceiling. On each side of the entrance door is a niche, with a bronzed figure of a Mercury, holding a lamp: there are also two recumbent figures of dogs on the landing before the door. A pretty white marble basin and fountain stand in front of the portico, which are omitted in our engraving.

East Sixteenth-street, opposite St. George's Church. This is a well-proportioned row of houses, and the uniformity of such an extent of wall is pleasing and effective. The iron balconies appear solid,



Corner of University Place and Twelfth-street.

and form a horizontal bond to the composition, in the place nearest above the eye, where it is most required. But the cast-iron window heads, and the brackets to the cornice of the houses are very offensive to good taste, being of a nondescript upholsterer's style, and seeming as if stuck on, as, indeed, they are, and they are only allowable on the score of economy.

St. George's Rectory, the residence of Dr. Tyng, opposite the houses just mentioned, is a plain brown-stone building, not remarkably pleasing in itself, nor successful in the vain attempt to harmonize a modern five-story house with the Italian Gothic style of the church adjoining. This imitation has only been made in the porch, the architraves of the windows, and the cornices to the gables. But we have no authority in antiquity, nor reason in common sense to apply church ornaments to domestic dwellings. What the domestic architecture of the so-called *Byzantine* period really was, would puzzle the enthusiastic but paradoxical author of "The Stones of Venice" to inform us. But judging by analogy from the old English, French, and Netherlands remains, it probably re-

sembled any thing rather than their church architecture.

For a similar reason, we cannot commend the attempt at Gothic street-architecture, at the corner of Twentieth-street and Sixth Avenue, opposite the church of the Holy Communion; although its novelty and prettiness may be taking to an inexperienced eye. In placing the gables towards the street, it is far more true to principle than the Gothic row in Fifth Avenue. But this mode of roofing is very objectionable, as tending to accumulate snow and rains in the intermediate hollows. The details of these buildings, however, are incorrect, and flimsily executed; being only of stuccoed brick, and sanded wood. We know of no successful efforts in Gothic street-architecture, in England or in this county: we have no models in antiquity of this kind except collegiate buildings; and for churches and colleges we are of opinion that the Gothic style, if used at all in cities, should be kept sacred.

The view of West Twenty-first-street from Fifth Avenue affords an averaged specimen of domicils in this neighborhood, but we regret that the scale of our engraving is too small adequately to represent the variety of styles and decorations that are here found within a small compass: some of the fronts being of the purer Italian, others of the French style

of Louis XIV. or XV., and others with spurious *Gothic* labels over the windows, supported by *Grecian* brackets! But, in spite of these incongruities, the quiet tone of color of these buildings, the inviting elegance of the doorways and flights of steps, the absence of noise, the verdure of the shade trees against the brilliant sky, and some spire or tower picturesquely terminating the vista—all combine to produce an agreeable frame of mind in the passer-by; who, while mentally penetrating *within* these handsome exteriors, and reflecting upon all the "appliances and means" of happiness contained there, may well be reconciled to any incongruities of style in the dwellings in remembering the fortunate condition of those who inhabit them.

Adjoining the right-hand houses in this street there is now in process of erection, but not sufficiently forward for illustration when these engravings were made, a work, which in point of grandeur of scale, and magnificence of design, will surpass any former effort of the kind that we possess. We allude to the New Club House at the corner of West Twenty-first-street and Fifth Avenue; of which, to convey some general idea, we subjoin a brief description. The building is of three stories in height above the basement; but the two principal stories are nearly equal in height to four of the adjoining dwelling-

houses. The longest front is towards Twenty-first-street, of five windows in width, the two external ones being wider Venetian windows of three compartments, and placed in the centre of two slight projections from the main wall. The front to the Avenue has three windows in width, and no break in the line of wall. The entrance doorway is in the centre of the long front, with an arched head and two three-quarter Corinthian columns, projecting from pilasters, a pediment above, and the entablature continued round the two fronts. There



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth-street.



Fifth Avenue, corner Twelfth-street.

we coupled Corinthian pilasters at all the angles of the building, ranging with the columns at the door; and two isolated columns, with their entablature, projecting out from the centre of the narrowest front; between these columns is a very rich arched Venetian window, supported by smaller Ionic columns. The windows of the second story have circular pediment heads, those of the upper story angular pediments; all of them supported by very rich brackets and architraves. Grooved corner-stones are continued up the angles of the building over the coupled pilasters, till they reach a grand Corinthian entablature and cornice, which crowns the whole edifice. The general effect is that of a Venetian *palazzo*: we only wish it had been of white marble, instead of brown stone. This superb building has been erected for the Union Club.

The extensive row of dwellings in West Twenty-third-street, called London Terrace, was erected by Mr. Horsey Palmer, of the Bank of England. It has a more imposing effect in the engraving than the reality warrants, the houses being of but moderate dimensions. The centre of the row is indicated by a raised parapet (over the carriage in our cut), the farthest extremity having a hexagonal bow similar to that of the nearest corner house; with three unmeaning and ineffective projec-

tions from the general line of the front on each side of the centre. The design consists of Grecian pilasters and entablature of the height of three stories; but the pilasters are too tall and too close together, and the windows have the appearance of the stage-boxes of a theatre, and the whole front the flat character of joiner's work. The buildings are of brick stuccoed, of an agreeable light tint, and appear to stand the weather well: the basements are of brown stone; the attics of wood.

Mr. Waddell's residence, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth-street, may be called a suburban villa, and is remarkable for being inclosed in its own garden ground, which is as high as the original level of the island, and descends by sloping grass banks to the grade of the street. Our objections to *rows* of houses in the Gothic style, do not apply to this case. The general composition and effect is picturesque and commendable, notwithstanding an occasional want of character and correctness in the details. It is built of brick stuccoed, with brown sand-stone dressings, the color of which does not quite harmonize with the yellowish gray of the walls: external blinds we have already noticed as incompatible with Gothic mullioned windows. A conservatory, and various offices extend to the left: there is also a Gothic cottage



East Fourteenth-street, from Fifth Avenue.

lodge on the north side of the garden, of which, and of the whole ground, a fine

view is obtained from the terrace of the Croton Reservoir; while two or three old trees still standing in the garden on that side add to the semi-rural character of the edifice.

The above is a specimen of our "Domestic Architecture;" which, we think, considering its very recent pretensions to attraction as a fine art, has made a far more satisfactory progress than our public, commercial, or ecclesiastical structures, except in a few instances. For the sake of our distant, and foreign readers, we may add, that the *interiors* of the stores, hotels, and private dwellings we have represented, are, besides being replete with every modern convenience, in point of decoration and furniture, of a more elaborate, showy, and generally tasteful character than the exteriors; and, owing to the greater diffusion of wealth and luxury, more rich and costly than those of corresponding buildings in Europe.



Fifth Avenue, corner Fifteenth-street.

Objections have been made, on moral and economical grounds, to the display of wealth and splendor in architectural decoration, but, we cannot think with justice: we regard it as the mere natural and normal expression of progress, the counterpart of that formerly exhibited by the great commercial republics of Italy and Holland. Luxury is a vice, only when it is extravagance in an individual: The private vices of ostentation and extravagance become public benefits to trade and industry. The due scale of expense for every grade of society can never be fixed by lawgiver or moralist. The sumptuous environments of the richest merchant are by use and familiarity no greater luxuries to him, than more homely comforts are to the mechanic; and in a country, where all are striving to get rich, it may seem to be hypocrisy and envy, to cavil at the use and display of riches. But, viewed in a public light, every external indication of prosperity tends to add attractions to a city, and to promote its increase and influence in more important objects.

The Bowery Savings' Bank was not included in our former illustrations of public buildings of that kind. We venture

to pronounce this one of the most original and successful compositions of its size and class which we hitherto possess. It may be a little overloaded with ornament, not of the best taste, but it has higher claims to praise, than the mere application of ornament. It is a well studied design, and unites variety and uniformity, relief and prominence, light and shade, in a remarkable degree. It will be observed that the main division of the front into three compartments is not arbitrary, but suggested and demanded by the three doorways required. This is also a sufficient reason for making the windows over

the doors larger and richer, and of different shape from the intermediate ones. But the centre doorway and windows are, besides, made wider than the two side ones, with the addition of three-quarter columns to the door to make it the main point of attraction. The entablature over these columns, and the upper cornice of the building, are the bonds of unity to the composition; while the parapet is divided by the balustrades into five compartments to correspond to the first story below. The variation of the upper window-heads, and the insertion of the two small panels in blank spaces otherwise too bare, are



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth-street.

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finishing touches to design, which show the hand of an artist.

It is very natural and very proper that the commercial buildings of a commercial city, should be in themselves the embodiments of the city's greatness and wealth. We are a church-going people, undeniably, and our churches are among the most conspicuous monuments of our thrift and prosperity; but it is in our stores and banking houses that the real feeling of our merchants is most palpably embodied. Our banks for savings, which might reasonably be plain and unostentatious, are among the most showy and beautiful of our financial buildings.

The savings-bank in Chambers-street is a grand and solid structure of granite, and there is a highly ornamental façade of polished white marble, now in course of erection, in Broadway, for the Broadway Savings Bank. The Seamen's Savings Bank on the corner of Pearl and Wall-streets, of brown free-stone, is one of the handsomest and most imposing buildings in the business quarter of the city.

While "Broadway, New-York," is the most famous and oftenest-borrowed name of any street in the United States, and perhaps the only one that has any European name and celebrity, the curiosity of our untravelled readers may be excited to inquire, what street and city in Europe do Broadway and New-York most resemble? Formerly, when so many trees were on the sidewalks, our first impression was its resemblance to a Parisian *Boulevard*; that is, one of those wide streets, lined with trees, that form a belt round the city of Paris. And, from the



West Sixteenth-street near Fifth Avenue.

abundance of its foreign population, we still think the general aspect of our city a medium between that of Paris and a sea-port of the Netherlands; with the addition of an atmosphere, not second in brilliance to Italy. But the peculiarity of Broadway consists in its being not only the *principal*, but the *only* main artery of the city, not only the focus, but the agglomeration of trade and fashion, business and amusement, public and private abodes, churches and theatres, bar-rooms and exhibitions, all collected into one promiscuous channel of activity and dissipation. As Paris is France, so is Broadway New-York; but this should not be. Fresh channels are imperatively demanded by its present over-crowded state, when carts and omnibuses are daily at a dead-lock for half an hour together, and the pedestrian, desirous of crossing, stands in the situation of the rustic in Horace, waiting upon the bank until the river has run by! Whether the with-

drawal of the licences of so many omnibuses, the substitution of a railway, or the widening and continuing of other streets to the Battery, are to effect this improvement, or whether they are not all required together, this is not the place to determine. We would only hint at a few other improvements required, before Broadway can be a thoroughfare worthy of the city: such as the perfect cleansing of the streets, the removal of obstructions from the side-walks, of the few still remaining wooden shanties, and low grogeries, as well as of vulgar, obtrusive, and disgusting exhibitions, that disgrace the name of *Museums*. As in trade we put our best goods foremost, so let us at all events keep our inevitable vices, follies, and vulgarities in the background. A great metropolis must have its bright side. But there are no evils without corresponding advantages; and, viewed in connection with the influence of New-York upon the whole United States, all such evils sink into significance, compared with the *national, liberal and cosmopolitan spirit* that is generated only, by *one acknowledged central city* of a great country; that shall frown down all local animosities, and sectarian bigotries, and give its stamp of approval to the political will of the majority, to commercial credit and enterprise, to medical and judicial knowledge, and to general literature and

education; as well as become "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in matters of taste, and in the fine arts; the value of which is now universally attested in teaching the world

"To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life."

But, as we have before observed, New-York is only beginning to develope herself, and every day is tending to make her what she inevitably must be, in spite of the jealous opposition of neighboring towns, the queen city of the Atlantic—the great metropolis of the West. New-Yorkers are too much absorbed in their schemes of business and pleasure to take heed of the rivalries and jealousies of their neighbors; they find the wealth of the world pouring into their hands, and have no time to waste upon the angry feelings of those who envy their more fortunate condition. The complaint that New-York is the worst governed city in the Union, and the most neglected by its own inhabitants, is, unquestionably, well founded as relates to the management of its municipal affairs; but then this mismanagement and neglect, however much they lead to inconveniences and disorders, are owing to the rapid growth of the city, and the overwhelming flood of business constantly pouring in upon the people which give them no time to attend to public affairs.



East Sixteenth-street opposite St. George's Church.

If things go wrong in the city government, if the streets are neglected, if the public purse is plundered, if the taxes are high, our citizens console themselves with the reflection that their own private affairs are all right, their private residences are externally beautiful and internally well arranged, and the taxes can easily be borne.

Broadway will soon cease to be the main artery of the city and will become a mere channel for the commercial life of the city to ebb and flow in; it terminates, properly, at Union Square, and above this point lies now the most beautiful part of the city; nearly every one of the illustrations we have given, in this article, of the domestic architecture of New-York are of examples in streets above Union Square. The finest residences are to be found in the magnificent avenues which stretch away through the centre of the island towards the Harlem river; of these the Fifth and Second avenues are now the noblest, and present the most splendid ranges of private residences. Crossing these magnificent streets at right angles, and leading from river to river, are Fourteenth, Twenty-third, and Thirty-seventh streets, each of them a hundred feet in width, and containing residences of great beauty and truly splendid proportions. Every street below Union Square is destined to be converted to business purposes, but it must be many years before commerce will invade the sanctity of the great avenues above it, excepting those that have been devoted to trade in the beginning, such as the Third, Fourth, Seventh, and Ninth Avenues; regions of which many old inhabitants who reside below Union Square know hardly more than they do of Belgravia or the Boulevards. The illustrations in this article do



St. George's Rectory, Sixteenth-street.

but indicate the general character of our new streets, for there are many noble squares and places from which we have not taken a single example. Union Square, Madison Square, Gramercy Park, Stuyvesant Square, and Tompkins Square all contain private residences of palatial pretensions, which have been erected within these few years past; then, there are the Second Avenue, Madison Avenue, Fourteenth-street, and Lexington Avenue, from which we have borrowed nothing, although either of them might have furnished a greater number of examples of fine houses than we have given. New-York is no longer what Cooper the novelist called it, "an extension of common places;" wealth and fashion have begun to crystallize in certain spots which they have appropriated as their own domain, and natural centralization is accomplishing for our society what laws could never effect.

The growing scarcity and dearness of building lots are producing a great revolu-

on in the economy of domestic dwellings; the whole city is laid out in lots of twenty-five feet front and a hundred feet in depth, the supposition of a perfect equality in the social condition of every family. But, it has been found convenient for some families to live in houses of smaller dimensions, while some others require larger; and so houses are now sometimes constructed on one lot, while the majority of the new buildings are not more than twenty feet front; and it has been found that quite spacious rooms may be had in a house twenty feet front, as in the old style of houses built on a full sized lot. The new style, instead of cutting off a hall or entry five feet from the parlors, divides the

basement story, or first floor, into two apartments of equal width, one serving as a hall and the other as an office, and putting the parlors on the second floor, the whole width of the house, with a vestibule between the two, making a suite of three handsome rooms when the sliding doors are thrown open. The houses in Sixteenth-street, of which we have given an engraving, are constructed in this manner, on lots but nineteen feet in width, and are much more spacious, elegant, and convenient than any of the old style of twenty-five feet houses we have ever seen. Many of the new blocks on the Fifth Avenue constructed in this manner, though of even a smaller frontage, have a very



Block in Twentieth-street corner Sixth Avenue.

sporting and elegant appearance, while the interiors are finished with a degree of splendor which could not have been indulged in by their owners in houses of greater extent. The improved methods of lighting and warming houses, and the use of Croton water, together with the general system of drainage now almost universally adopted have led to great economy of space in the construction of city dwellings, and it seems hardly possible that any thing more compact, cosy, comfortable and elegant in the shape of a dwelling house will ever be invented, than the first class houses now built in the upper part of the city. Painted ceil-

ings, gilded cornices, and floors of colored marbles, or inlaid with vari-colored woods were once very rare, even in the houses of the wealthiest merchants; but now these elegancies are so common that their absence would be much more likely to excite remark than their presence.

Too many of the better class of houses in New-York are of a monumental character, solid in structure, massive in appearance, and calculated only for the occupancy of families with almost princely incomes. They are too costly to be occupied by the descendants of those who construct them, and can be turned to no profitable account by any one who may

purchase them; the absence of a law of primogeniture will prevent them from ever gaining an historical interest, for they cannot remain long in the occupancy of the same family, and must of necessity come to an ignoble destiny very soon after their owners have deserted them. We should imagine that such considerations as these would be an effectual bar to the erection of large and costly houses in such a city as New-York, where fortunes are no sooner accumulated than they are dispersed, on the death of their possessors, and families rise and fall continually like the waves of the ocean. The wealthy merchant builds himself a palace to-day which

will be inhabited by the son of his porter to-morrow; or at the best be used as a

boarding-house by the widow of his clerk. There are now remaining in New-York



West Twenty-first-street from Fifth Avenue.



London Terrace, West Twenty-third-street.

but two of the fine old mansions which were built before the Revolution, and one of them is occupied as an emigrant boarding-house, and the other as a restaurant. If their builders could have foreseen the base uses to which they have come, they would probably have taken less pains and pride in their erection. Where the laws of primogeniture prevail, a man may well take pride in building and ornamenting a mansion which he feels assured will be inhabited through all time by his descendants; but where it is quite certain that his house must pass into the possession of strangers as soon as he leaves it, it can hardly be expected that one should build as though he were founding a dynasty. Yet our merchants and land speculators do build themselves houses of sufficient solidity and grandeur to satisfy the architectural sentiment of even the exacting author of the "Seven Lamps," who maintains that dwelling houses ought to be built as durably as the pyramids.

For our own part, we ought to feel grateful to these men who are willing to lavish their wealth in the erection of costly houses which so beautify our streets and thoroughfares, and render a walk through our avenues as agreeable as a visit to a gallery of art; yet we cannot help thinking that so much wealth, such stores of valuable materials, and so much intelligent labor as they have cost, might better serve the cause of human happiness by being employed in other ways. But we will not quarrel with those who contribute in any manner to the public welfare, even though in doing so they have no higher object than self-glorification. The excessive ornamentation of the street fronts of some of the new houses "up town," remind one of the anecdote of a noble architect in London, who built himself a very showy house after his own designs, and was advised by Lord Chesterfield to hire the house opposite, that he might enjoy the view of his own mansion.

The use of iron and glass are effecting an architectural revolution in the con-



Bowery Savings' Bank.

struction of stores and warehouses, and it will not be long, we imagine, before these materials will enter more largely than they have done into the construction of private dwellings; and the time is probably not very far distant when we shall have to live in those brittle mansions which make people proverbially cautious about throwing missiles at their neighbors.

In the meanwhile, the new city that is springing up beyond the sound of the busy wheels of trade, consists of solid and substantial structures, which will outlast many generations of our posterity, if no disturbing causes interfere to prevent their gradual decay. A law has been enacted authorizing the formation of a park beyond the present lines of city improvement, which will convert the central part of the island on which New-York is built into a pleasure ground, around which will spring up terraces, villas, and blocks of dwelling houses excelling in beauty and magnificence any we can now boast of in the New World, and giving new ideas of the beneficent principle of de-

mocracy, which permits the mind to expand to its utmost possibilities. The great obstacle to architectural improvement and embellishment in this country, has heretofore been the existing structures of the Old World, in imitation of which nearly all our public and private edifices have been built. Hence our streets have been filled with costly and meaningless copies of Grecian porticoes, of Gothicized dwellings, of ambitious imitations of baronial castles, Egyptian tombs, turreted churches, useless campanile towers, and every thing else in the shape of a house of which a drawing could be found in a book. Our architecture can hardly be called eclectic, though it is composed of parts of every known style that has been in vogue since the days of Noah, because it is rather a jumble, than a selection of peculiarities. The great hope of our national success in art rests upon our achievements in ship-building, the greatest of the arts, for, in that department of industry, we have been thrown directly upon the resources of our own genius. Europe and the past had nothing to offer us worthy of imitation; we were placed in circumstances wholly new, and we required new instruments to enable us to achieve our purposes. The merchant who saw no absurdity in going back to the time of Pericles or Queen Elizabeth to

find a model for his town house or country villa, would have laughed at the folly of building his packet ship after the manner of a Greek galley, or in the shape of the gallant vessels that were to encounter the Spanish Armada. Yet, in the esthetic sense, there would be no greater folly in one case than in the other. The difference in the two cases is that the ship would be unprofitable, but the house might be inhabited. When we shall have outgrown our childish dependence upon the Old World, then we shall be able to boast of our own architects as we do now of our ship-builders. As yet, there is no such person as an American architect whose name is known beyond the circle of his own employers; nobody asks who designed this building or that, our Wrens, Joneses, and Palladios have yet to be developed; but the names of our ship-builders are among our national boasts, and George Steers, the yacht builder, has become renowned wherever the art of navigation is practised.

As private dwellings form the subject of the present article, we have not felt at liberty to give any statistics of the cost of the buildings noticed, or to make any part of them the subject of illustration or remark, excepting such as are exposed to the public eye and which may be regarded as legitimate objects of public comment.



Corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh-street.

THE GREAT CEMETERY.

Palaontology of New-York: containing descriptions of the Organic Remains of the Lower and Middle Divisions of the New-York System; equivalent to the Silurian and Lower Devonian Rocks of Europe. By JAMES HALL. Volumes I. and II. Albany: Published on Behalf of the State of New-York.

THERE is a place of burial, older and grander than the uninstructed mind of man ever imagined, ordained when the foundations of the earth were laid, destined to receive, and to perpetuate to the end, the mortal frames of all living forms which our planet has sustained. And in their preserving epitaphs which cannot be distrusted, monumental statues and reliefs above the suspicion of incorrectness, nature herself has provided for those who, during all time, shall desire to trace back the long order and sequence of the past; a series of inscriptions, from which the patience of the student and the earnest zeal of the historian may form a record of most certain authenticity.

By a singular paradox, the conservative agent by which all the past is made permanent, the repository of alphabets which can never become obsolete, and of inscriptions which can never be effaced, is the element which has been proverbially the type of wasting restlessness and instability.

The rain which dashes on the hills, slowly, but surely, wears away their substance. The originally pure element descends every slope, loaded with solid earth, either dissolved in a limpid stream, or suspended in a turbid torrent. The mould of every field, the banks of every ravine, the surface of every rock are wasting and wearing. Slowly indeed, for in few instances can the brief experience of man's observation perceive the change. But it is not the less real and certain. Since the day when the first clouds shed their burden on the earth, and the eldest of rivers began to feel its slow way to the deepest basin, the work of abrasion has gone steadily on until now, and it must go on while earth and ocean remain. Every exposed inch of the earth's surface is sending its tribute through the ever-flowing rivers to the sea. Out from myriads of estuaries pour the fresh floods laden with the waste of the land. Far away from shore, swept out by tides and currents, float the particles brought from the plateaus of Central Asia, or the prairies of Nebraska; mingled with others, worn from myriads of leagues of coast by the

unceasing action of the billows. In the still depths of ocean they settle down, precipitated in an impalpable sediment, but so slowly, that months elapse while it attains the thickness of the pulp which on the paper-cylinder formed this white sheet. Though in many local instances, near the mouths of rapid rivers, or coasts worn by impetuous currents, coarse and heavy sands are deposited much more rapidly, the general process must be exceedingly slow. For the sea-deposits can be formed no faster than the waste of the dry land supplies material, and the filling up of the ocean's bed must be as imperceptible in its progress as is the wearing down of the continents. Slow as the change is, yet year after year, century after century, cycle after cycle it continues, and new layers are added to the increasing pile in every age. The deposits formed during this century overlies and conceal those of the last; beneath these lie those of preceding ages; and, at the base of all, are buried those of the first period of creation.

But it is not only the inanimate dust of earth which is thus carried into this great storehouse. There the remains of innumerable forms of fishes and all aquatic things lie, and settle into the oozy bottom. Thither float reeds, and leaves, and tree-trunks, drifted from every shore. Thither tend the skeletons of drowned quadrupeds of a thousand species, swept down the swollen rivers and across the surf far out to sea. There, too, sink the bones of sea-fowl and exhausted land birds. And there, in this latter age of man's dominion, lie scattered over the bottom the lonely remains of thousands who die on the ocean; and thither, year after year, descend hundreds of ships, to leave their oaken ribs for ever in that region of nether gloom.

Over all spreads the sediment. Softly and slowly through the green middle depths it settles downward, and enshrouds every relic in its folds. Film on film, inch on inch, fathom on fathom, from the beginning of the world it has accumulated, while the relics of all living forms of earth, or air, or ocean, have been committed to its keeping. And just as the earth now borne to the Atlantic from the rivers of Europe and America, is beginning to bury the huge timbers of the lost steamer President and the skeletons of her crew,—so does the deepest and oldest layer hidden below contain the remains of those races which populated land and sea, when that

first and lowest foot of the series was deposited.

There is the Great Cemetery. Layer above layer are spread its graves, over millions of square miles. Tier above tier lie its tenants in one great series, from the lowest to the highest in place, from the earliest to the latest in date. There are buried in darkness the records of all past time. The once soft ooze and silt which enveloped them, has been setting and hardening through unknown ages, until its contents are now hermetically sealed up, as closely and imperishably as the heart of Bruce was bound in its investing mass of hardened bitumen.

These relics lie beyond our grasp. No sounding lead or dredge can reach below the newest and softest layer of their burial clay. They are inaccessible, and while the imagination is excited at the thought of their existence, the mind admits the hopelessness of solving the mystery which surrounds them.

Yet is there no possibility of obtaining some glimpses of these secrets? In some quarter of the globe where volcanic fires burn fiercest, where their forces have depressed the land beneath the sea, and lifted up the ocean-bed to become dry land,—perhaps on the coast of Chili or among the islands of the Pacific,—may not the elevation of some old sea-bottom, and its breaking up by clefts and fissures, have exposed some part of this vast necropolis? Is it not practicable to find some such locality, where we may trace back the downward series, and distinguish the remains of later centuries from the deeper buried relics of more distant ages? And,—as the antiquary digging in the mounds near the Ohio or the Dnieper, or in the long-accumulating sands which overspread the shores of the Nile, recognizes in the fashion and workmanship of the articles which he finds, evidence of the character of vanished nations and the civilization of ante-historic periods,—may we not, from the relics of these old ocean-sands, learn whether the living things of the early ages were like those of our own day; or whether a variety of plan and different forms of animated existence have maintained a perpetual change, and the present tenants of earth are but the latest development of one long and varying series?

This is not a dream, but a reasonable speculation. That such remains exist, seems almost certain. That, though inaccessible in their original position, they may by natural causes be brought within our view, is not improbable.

And, to drop at once the theoretical

course of thought which we have been pursuing, and pass abruptly to the statement of proved facts,—they *are* within our reach. Not only in remote and isolated localities, but almost every where, the successive tiers of this Great Cemetery, with the remains of its innumerable dead, have been uplifted to light and air. Every hill built up of layers of stone is a portion of this universal monument, a remaining mass of vast uplifted tracts of old sea-deposits; which, originally formed from the waste of earlier continents, have since their upheaval been in turn worn into ravines and valleys; and from which our rivers are daily returning their substance to the sea whence they arose, there to entomb anew the forms of later ages.

In spite of an hundred scientific books, and of the boasted diffusion of practical knowledge, this simple assertion will be read by many with entire incredulity. A score of difficulties and objections will suggest themselves, to all of which one answer is sufficient, "Go and see." The evidence is open to all, in the gorge of the cascades of Trenton,—along the slaty banks of Lake Erie,—in the ledges of the Genesee,—in almost every quarry between the Hudson and the Rocky Mountains.

There are to be examined the actual relics hoarded up by the primeval ocean. There, from its hardened slime and sand, may be collected in abundance the scattered frames and imprints of its tenants. Each stony cast was a living thing when that rock was a loose, soft mass under the water, thousands of feet below its present place.

There in abundance are shells, some entire and closed as when living, others open and flattened out, others still with their valves separated and mixed confusedly together.

There the large and beautiful nautilus lies clenched in the hardened ooze in which it sank, which at the application of the chisel parts off and reveals the graceful outline, the striated surface, and its curiously chambered interior. Within its cavity perhaps lie some tiny contemporaries, forced in with the mud which filled its apartment when first vacated by the death and decay of its builder tenant.

There are spread out the jointed columns and graceful tufted heads of the encrinites,—those singular links between animated beings and lower organic forms, so abundant and varied during early periods, so few and rare in our modern seas. There are the vague and half defined impressions of the seaweeds of that ancient ocean. There are its corals, perfect in every

branch and pore,—some, which were of parasitic character, still attached to the shell on which they began to grow. There are the dis severed joints and plates, sometimes the entire forms, of its crustaceans, their many-faceted eyes yet distinct as when they first admitted the light. There are the oldest of all starfishes, with their symmetrical form and complicated structure perfectly preserved. And there, on the sandy slab which was once the margin of a shoal or beach,—and yet retains the ripple-marks of the waves,—are plainly visible the trails of shellfish, which crawled upon it, when it was as soft and yielding as it now is hard and unchangeable. We have said that it is a seeming paradox that the wasting and restless sea should be the means of perpetuating the forms of the beginning even to the end;—it is also the strangest of truths, that the print on the tidewashed sands, the very proverbial type and symbol of evanescence, should thus become an imperishable record.

All these relics which occur within the limits of New-York, collected with the utmost patience, studied with the minutest care, scrupulously compared with both living and fossil analogues from all explored regions, grouped together in their natural association, accurately described and figured, form the subject and contents of the work referred to at the head of this article. Belonging to some of the earliest deposits of the Great Cemetery, they are of the most interesting and instructive character, and form, so far as yet finished, the most valuable collection of their kind yet made in any country. The form of the territory comprised within the state of New-York displays the order and succession of the layers which underlie it with remarkable clearness, while the relics imbedded in them are abundant and well preserved. So fortunate an opportunity for research occurring within this State, has been prosecuted with a liberality of patronage honorable to an enlightened commonwealth, and with an ability honorable to the earnest students of nature to whom the task has been committed; and the result is a contribution of the first value to the great cause of "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."⁷

These handsome volumes are in fact a collection of authentic monumental inscriptions; not indeed a history, but a magazine of historical facts. And as the splendid works depicting the remains of Roman art disinterred from the ashes of Vesuvius, furnish the historian with a

multitude of facts from which to restore the age of the Caesars—so the descriptions and illustrations of this and similar works will supply materials from which the infinitely older story of the earth's progress will one day be compiled.

It is not our purpose in this brief article to speak of the details of these volumes. The most cursory reader will be impressed with the evidence of care and accuracy presented in the minute descriptions of some seven hundred different species of fossils which they comprise, and the constant reference to European works in which information illustrative of the subject may be obtained. The engravings, (over two hundred plates, comprising on an average six or eight figures each), not only present striking pictorial representations, but show every detail of structure, and the very texture of the specimen, so that the plate will sometimes bear magnifying almost like the original. A little examination of the illustrations of the corals and crinoids of the Niagara rocks, and of the trilobites of these and of the Trenton limestone, will show how high a degree of artistic excellence has been attained.

We have spoken of this work as a valuable contribution to the general and catholic cause of science. It is worth a few minutes' reflection, to note from how many quarters contributions of the same character, drawn from widely-separated portions of the same vast field, are being added to the common stock of knowledge.

Among the old deposits known to be of similar antiquity with those of New-York (the unbroken continuity of which to the Mississippi has been traced by Hall, Owen, Whitney, and others), are, first, those so early explored in the southwest of England by Sir Roderick Murchison, and afterwards in the same region and in Ireland by the British Geological Survey. In the north of Russia, Murchison and Deverneuil have found strata with similar remains extending for hundreds of leagues. The existence of extensions of the same deposits has long been known in Scandinavia and near the Rhine. Barrande now sends the most ample illustrations of a vast series of the same age in Bohemia; and even from the Cape of Good Hope, and the stony layers of the Table Mountain, are brought relics similar to, if not identical with, those of the slates of Central New-York. The separate investigations of all these scattered observers are gradually consolidating into a general system, which not only restores the living

forms of the earliest period, but displays their prevalence over half the globe.

Among the higher and more recent layers of the same great magazine of the past, similar explorations lead to a like result. * The beautiful vegetable remains of the coal rocks, in which every leaf is perfect in all its nervures and furrows, (for the leaf proves to be no more a consistent emblem of evanescence than the footprint in the sand!) are traced in our own land, in Oregon, in the now ice-bound ledges of Melville Island, in Europe, in the East Indies, and in China.

The later generic forms of the Jurassic period were not less cosmopolites in their day, for they are identified in the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas.

And in a still newer department of the vast series, our explorers are now annually bringing from the Upper Missouri numbers of skulls and bones, which, compared with those collected by Cuvier in the quarries of Paris, prove that at the

same period the "mighty rhinoceros wallowed at will" among a herd of nameless associates, at the remote points where now are the ravines of Nebraska, and the fertile meadows on the Seine.

Fifty years since, but a glimmer of light hung around a few celebrated localities, where the relics of extinct races were too conspicuous to be overlooked—barely enough to excite curiosity, and faintly suggest the possibility of further discovery. We now see the darkness of the past dissolving, and the outlines of the long-vanished world with its tenants gradually and dimly appearing. Every year return the ardent explorers, reporting further progress than before, bringing more remains discovered, more lost forms restored, more truths established. And every ensuing year will show a still further advance, and a fuller and clearer revelation of the mysteries hidden for myriads of ages, in the faithful repositories of the Great Cemetery.

NOTES FROM MY KNAPSACK.

NUMBER II.

BATTLE OF THE PRESIDIO—COSTUME—MEXICAN DIET—CLIMATE—A DUEL—LAW—MILITARY BLUNDER—REVIEW—COLONEL HARNEY—HEAD QUARTERS IN MOTION—CASTROVILLE—THE LADIES—NIGHT AND MORNING—SNAKES.

THE ordinary incidents of Camp Crockett—guard duty, drills, and parades—were so much alike, one day with another, that we were indebted to the town for whatever of novelty or excitement relieved our sojourn in the vicinity of San Antonio. Of excitement there was certainly no lack, whether due to rumor or reality; and fact and fiction generally vied with each other in giving zest to the entertainment.

Before General Wool's arrival, an expedition had been planned, to effect the conquest of Mexico, with about nine hundred men. Things having somewhat changed since the time of Cortez, the leader had returned without the anticipated spoils. Three companies of the command, however, had remained near the Presidio de Rio Grande, and on the 5th of September, an officer arrived from that point, with the intelligence that the detachment had been compelled to withdraw. Two or three hundred armed Mexicans very

unexpectedly made their appearance, drove the Texans across the river, and captured the supplies which had been accumulated on the southern bank. According to report, the affair was the closest approximation to a victory that the Mexicans made during the war, the Texans having retired in such hot haste, that, although the enemy had no means of crossing the river, and though their firing had been fatal to one poor mule, every thing was destroyed or left behind that might by possibility encumber the fugitives in their flight. Horses were saddled at the report of the first gun, and the redoubtables ready to start at the earliest glimpse of a sombrero.

The result of the court-martial was what had been foreseen, and the facility with which the American mind can adapt itself to any contingency, was happily illustrated in the course of the trial. Here was a purely military tribunal, constituted of men taken at random from the various pursuits of life—farmers, laborers, physi-

cians, merchants, and lawyers, but no practical military men—and called upon to decide intricate questions of fact and law, according to a code with which hardly one could have had any previous acquaintance; yet the proceedings were marked by dignity, decorum, and impartiality. Technical distinctions, legal evasions, or judicial minimums, may possibly sometimes have taken the place of what in ordinary military courts is regulated by the usage of service, but it may safely be affirmed that the sound, practical common sense of the members, reached a correct conclusion. Nor is it improbable that among the learned Thebans, thus assembled, one of whom is not less celebrated in the literary than in the legal world, and whose shrewdness and acumen were conspicuous during the trial,—the judge advocate—unread in the pages of Coke, Chitty, or Blackstone—may have felt himself, in what the adjutant-general of the army calls, an "anomalous position."

There are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in the philosophy of Horatio, and a rare thing sometimes turns up even now, foreign to the philosophy of Horatio's successors. What would the fair Ophelia have thought of straps to her pantalettes? Yet this fanciful idea found illustration in the streets of San Antonio, among other pleasing varieties in costume. The arrangement may have reference to exercise on horseback, the damsels riding after the manner of some oriental ladies, not sidewise, but otherwise; or possibly in this warm region of rarified atmosphere, the specific gravity of the material, may give it a tendency in the wrong direction, and hence, &c.

This mongrel population, realizes any ideal embodiment of laziness and vagabondism, of which the elements of loafism may be considered capable. The huts in which the people vegetate, appear to be the first fruits of the rudest civilization, and it is not known, even by old residents from the United States, how, or why the natives subsist. They neither sow nor reap; visible occupation they have none; they are too lazy even to live by fishing. The essence of their vitality is probably found in red pepper or chili. Every dish with them is a stew, and this is the staple of all the stews, which are usually fabricated in quantities to supply the family a week. During this period the overt efforts of men and women are limited to roaming about the streets, with their children

sometimes almost, and sometimes altogether naked, or puffing their *cigarritas*—made of paper and tobacco—at their own doors. Their entire lives are continuous episodes of viciousness and indolence. A fearful number of the females are given over to hopeless prostitution; there are no well defined distinctions of class, and vice and virtue are indiscriminately thrust into the same wretched kennel.

Fandangoes were a frequent source of trouble, in consequence of the mixed character of our troops, and on one occasion, a very serious disturbance had its origin at one of these fashionable assemblies. So much of martial law had been introduced into that obsolete mass of mud, masonry, and mankind, as the establishment of a nightly patrol for the preservation of order, there being no civil police; and hearing an unusual demonstration at the nightly gathering, a sergeant and file of men repaired to the spot. A gentleman just discharged from a Texas company, beautifully excited by whiskey, with all his latent chivalry roused to fever heat, was found making night hideous with a party of his drunken associates. The sergeant of the guard, after repeated admonitions to him to be silent, without effect, proposed arresting him and transferring him to the guard-house. But the gallant son of the south, "ardent as a southern sun" and stiff potatoes "could make him," declined acceding to so fair a proposition, and threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to execute it. He was taken at his word, and the sergeant being the "first man," received a pistol ball in his knee. The bone was much shattered, and though amputation did not follow, the man was made a cripple for life.* The chivalric brawler, as soon as he had perpetrated the act, began begging most piteously for his life, fearing that he might be sacrificed at once to the just indignation of the Illinois volunteers. They did not, however, extend to him this sort of summary justice, but kept him in custody, until General Wool directed his delivery to the sheriff. Proper deference to the civil authority, doubtless indicated this disposition of the case, though the immediate consequence thereof was perhaps unfortunate. Much of the civil power of Texas was at that time in the transition state from Lynch to Littleton, and this was too large a demand upon its authority. After three weary days of drained industry, of

* Through the patriotic exertions of the gallant Colonel Russell, of Illinois, it is believed that a pension to this worthy man was granted at the last session of Congress.

legal labor and judicial incubation, the blind representatives of a legal fiction, recognized by courtesy as a court, arrived at the sage conclusion that the man ought to be "bound over." The recognizance was supposed to be imaginary, and thus the "bright particular star" of this southern constellation, was again permitted to shed forth his lambent rays with undiminished effulgence over the society of which he was so eminently the ornament.

Our experience of the health of San Antonio and its vicinity, was very much at variance with the reports we had received of its salubrity, before our arrival. Burials occurred in camp almost daily. Of one company, numbering about eighty, upwards of forty were, at one time, on the sick report. Regulars and volunteers, officers and men, suffered alike. Many were compelled to resign or to get their discharge on account of sickness. Notwithstanding the thousand and one reports industriously circulated by Texans and Texan editors, about the health of this place, as surpassing that of any portion of the North American continent, and notwithstanding certain facetious gentlemen have laid a very heavy tax upon their humor and their brains, to prove that a residence there is almost equivalent to taking a bond of fate, and that the spring of Ponce de Leon is no longer a fable since the *elixir vite* is found near the head waters of the San Antonio; it is a fact that in the army assembled there of less than three thousand men, the average number of sick was very near four hundred. Nor can it be urged that the illness of these people was due to their want of acclimation, or to the exposures and irregularities of camp life; for this proportion was probably not greater than that among the older inhabitants of the town. Indeed, there, it is said, coffins were called for faster than the lumber could be procured for their fabrication, and the cracked bells of the old Catholic church, were almost daily heard tinkling the morning and evening requiem over the departed. Yet this was in the most salubrious part of Texas; that portion to which all eyes are directed by the inhabitants, whenever any thing is insinuated prejudicial to the country. Health blooms there, every stranger is assured, in perennial freshness and vigor; and the invalids of every clime, and victims of every disease, are invited to resort thither, as to the fountain visited of old by the angel, and be healed. They come, and find the fruits are but apples on the Dead Sea's shore.

On the 12th, an unfortunate difficulty

occurred between two of our Illinois physicians; one a surgeon regularly appointed by the president, the other an acting surgeon temporarily commissioned by the governor of Illinois, to accompany the regiments until superseded in the regular way. The latter had just been relieved from duty, and deeming himself wronged in some manner by his successor, he assaulted him, according to report, with his cane. "Satisfaction" must of course be had, "in the mode usually adopted by gentlemen," and to establish an approximate equality between the two, the one being a large and the other a small man, an appeal must be made to the ordeal of gunpowder. The challenge passed on Saturday; the parties met the following Monday. The secret was tolerably well kept; but murder will out.

In the midst of a cluster of live oaks, about a mile from Camp Crockett, and in the vicinity of the river, was the spot selected for the trial. There was but a brief interval between the arrival of the antagonist parties on the ground, which was a few minutes after five o'clock. The stars were yet visible, and twinkled merrily in the heavens. The waning moon gave a fitful light, as she emerged from the flying clouds, by which she was at intervals obscured. In the indistinctness of the darkness that precedes the dawn, the figures moving among the trees appeared like phantoms. Yet the snapping of a broken limb, the rustling of the dry leaves, the neighing of a horse, or the clatter of his equipage, and the low hum of human voices, in earnest and deliberate converse, gave evidence of flesh and blood realities. Perhaps it was fancy, but men's motions seemed cautious and subdued, even to stealthiness, as if conscious of being engaged in unholy means for the accomplishment of unholy purposes. Each one of the parties, nevertheless, was calm, collected, and determined, and appeared satisfied that his position was the true one; that it was the only alternative permitted him. We know that this view has been taken by many, otherwise gifted with clear perceptions of the right, and fearless in its defence, but who have sacrificed the noblest part of their integrity to the tyranny of a false and unnatural state of society, which takes to its bosom the wrongdoer, and visits but too often the injured party with undying scorn, unless he dares to violate the command of his Maker, and seek to imbrue his hands in another's blood. There is no thought of the great tribunal for the final adjudication; of the vast and awful responsibility

incurred in the attempt to divorce that union which God himself hath made; the union of soul and body.

The choice of position, and the giving of the word, were determined by the toss of a dollar: on such chances man chooses to fix the destiny of human life! The parties were stationed at a distance of ten paces from each other, back to back; the fire of both to be delivered between the words "Fire!—one—two—three." As the principals take their positions, a cloud suddenly appears in the east, and the rising sun is veiled before such a scene. But there is one solitary star yet blazing above the horizon, and perhaps many of those who saw it at that moment were reminded of the lines here so sadly, but truthfully, illustrated:

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The word was distinctly and deliberately given: the challenger fired immediately, and without effect; his antagonist appeared startled for an instant by the shot, recovered himself in time, and discharged his pistol as the word "three" fell from the lips of the second. A moment later, and it is said the fire would have placed him beyond even the pall and panoply of the "code of honor." His opponent stood erect for an instant, his face assumed a pallid hue, and an expression of extreme agony; he took one step forward, and sunk to the ground. His friends rushed to him, and bore him away. It was found that the ball had entered the right side just above the hip, and passed out in front: the wound was not mortal.

I have no disposition to indulge in any reflections, common-place as they must be, over the scene of which I have given but a brief and imperfect description. The facts in themselves suggest more thought than can be written. Like ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, of resorts to this Draconian code, the verdict is against the injured or challenging party. In this instance, we have seen an individual subjected to a most cruel and mortifying assault, and in the effort to obtain "satisfaction by the laws of honor"—for the laws of the land afford no compensation for wounded pride and insulted feelings, if society would not laugh to scorn the innocent victim who might seek such redress—he is severely, if not mortally wounded, by the same hand. He is thus compelled by the tribunal to which he has resorted, to wash out the injury which he has received with his own blood, while the transgressor not only leaves the field

unscathed, but perhaps revels in the eclat of being a "capital shot." Such is the restitution which this last relic of barbarism and chivalry yields to wanton insult and personal outrage. And thus right and justice become shuttlecocks, to be banded about by the criminality of society, and thus is human life sported with by the hypocrisy, the weakness, and the charlatany of enlightened civilization, not subject to the teachings and restraints of Christianity.

Duties of all sorts were multiplied as the time of departure drew near, and increased activity prevailed throughout all the departments. General Wool's long experience as inspector-general of the army, seems to have given him a knowledge of the details of service, scarcely to be acquired in any other capacity; and this knowledge was in daily requisition in the organization and preparation of his troops for the campaign. With a view to a proper determination of the extent of his resources, he appears to have established a complete *surveillance* over every corps and department of his command, requiring the most minute details to be given him of the daily condition and progress of affairs in the various supply branches of the service, and which, from the grumbling that was not always whispered, many staff gentlemen did not seem to digest with peculiar delectation.

The genius of a commander may be displayed not only in his capacity to grasp at once the complicated materials, and comprehend the varied machinery of an army, but in the facility with which he traces out the details, and discovers the lesser wants, which are lost sight of by the incompetent officer. But it is not to be presumed that the most insignificant matters of execution require his personal attention, or that such attention is given them, if the proper industry and capacity exist in other quarters. General ideas and directions in relation to these matters, ought, it is supposed, properly to come from head quarters; but the chief of an army should not be harassed with the issue of a ration of beans, or of a cartridge, the purchase of a few bushels of corn, or the expenditure of a few feet of plank: these matters might be intrusted to qualified officers of the proper departments. The necessity that has apparently compelled General Wool to take these affairs to a certain extent, into his own hands, is to be regretted, as there are those who are not indisposed to complain, under a small pretext, of improper interference with their own duties. Some who appear to

think that a general has nothing to do, but to lead his troops against the enemy, may be surprised at the unexpected qualities which are found necessary to constitute the chief of an army. It is true that his mere attention to the *minutiae*—however necessary—may not have convinced the grumblers of his fitness for a commander, any more than the fact that he happened to have “men about him that are fat,”* like Julius Cæsar, demonstrated that he must therefore be as bald as that illustrious hero, or that he must be slaughtered in the Senate chamber.

The great blunder—originating at Washington and growing out of an insane desire to concentrate troops in advance as rapidly as possible—in ordering us to San Antonio, before a proper accumulation of supplies, was with much difficulty finally overcome, even by the energy of General Wool. The governmental folly of marching more than two regiments from Labaca, a month before their services were required, was not only ruinously expensive, but materially retarded the operations of the campaign. The consequence was, that for a time rations were consumed as fast as they arrived; whereas if we had remained at Camp Irwin, where we might have been equally well instructed, the wagons employed in hauling provisions for our daily consumption, could have been engaged in adding that quantity—probably not less than forty thousand rations—to the supplies destined to accompany the army.

Preparatory to a speedy advance, a general review of all the troops was ordered to come off on Sunday, the 20th of September. The commanding general, in costume and bearing worthy of his position, with a portion of his staff, appeared in full uniform; the remaining portion might have been taken for harlequins, such was the ridiculous variety of their uniformity. One thing or the other ought to prevail. If the full dress is not to be taken into the field and worn by all, it ought to be abolished. It is the popular opinion that an army is intended for war rather than for peace, and a style of dress adapted only to the latter vocation, ought to be banished from the service. Whether caps or chapeaus, dress coats or frocks, pompons or plumes, are worn, all should fare alike in the finery. It is certainly more in accordance with the dictates of good taste, if not with military propriety, to make a display of uniform

simplicity, rather than of mongrel magnificence.

With the thermometer stretching to ninety-six degrees of Fahrenheit, and every sunbeam plunging torrents of caloric upon the earth, the motley cavalcade left town about 2 o'clock, P.M. Half way to the camp, an ugly cloud made its appearance, and before the party came in sight of the tents, every member of it was thoroughly drenched. Polished steel sabres were for the time lustreless, and epaulettes wept in sorrow over the destruction of their brightness; plumes, which a few moments before rose with conscious gracefulness above the arched necks of gallant steeds, now drooped mournfully towards the earth, and white pantaloons were starchless, which, when donned, had the form and pressure of a Corinthian column. The sun, however, soon dispelled these watery appliances—though without restoring the starch—and before the grand exhibition commenced, the moisture had almost entirely evaporated from the reeking limbs of horse and rider, and the party entered upon the field almost as brilliant—if not quite as beautiful—as a rainbow from the shower.

The display, considering the character of the troops—the volunteers constituting much the larger portion,—and from necessity but imperfectly drilled—was respectable and imposing. Having passed from the right down the front of the line, and back by the rear, the general took his position opposite the centre. The line then wheeled into column, preparatory to passing in review. The battery of artillery was in advance; their bronze pieces and glittering sabres flashing back the rays of the sun as proudly as they were received; while the martial bearing of the men, and their precise and accurate evolutions, vindicated their right to the post of honor. Then came the two squadrons, one from each regiment of dragoons. Armed with pistol, carbine, and sabre, whose bright blades and barrels gleamed in the sunbeams, each man seemed a host and looked the hero. After these followed the infantry with measured tread and stately bearing: each company moving as if by machinery, controlled by an invisible power. To those familiar with army operations, this may have seemed a small affair, but the effect during the march of the column far surpassed in beauty the military displays to which we are accustomed at home. In the background rose

* The reader may perhaps be reminded of the Inspector-general, the chief quarter-master, the aide-de-camp, &c., &c.

a range of hills, carpeted with verdure, and relieved by groups of trees, picturesquely planted by the hand of nature. Prairies stretched away to the right, far as the eye could reach, swelling into hillocks or sinking into valleys, in a series of lively and romantic undulations. In front the silver waters of the San Antonio flowed in quiet beauty, through banks gorgeously decked with the varied foliage of autumn. Upon a plain thus bounded, the column moved to the stately notes of martial music, with waving plumes and floating banners; rattling sabres and glittering bayonets; the "war horse whose neck is clothed with thunder," champing at his bit, and the "ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum," all contributed to the perfection of the spectacle, and made one that will not soon be forgotten by the lookers on—nor by those probably who were so thoroughly soaked in the preliminaries.

But there is ever but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and our review was but another illustration of the fact. There is no way of controlling the curiosity of a recruit; it runs through all the feminine degrees, from fifteen to fifty, and such turning, and twisting, and dodging and squinting, to see all that was going on, while the general was riding up and down the line, could only be rivalled by a battalion of the happy inmates of another Capsicum Hall. One cocks up the visor of his cap here, and another throws back the broad brim of a chip hat there; a third performs a semi-revolution to the great peril of his perpendicularity in one place, while perhaps a fourth whirls entirely around upon his axis, causing the whole company, like the plane of the ecliptic, to make a very variable angle with the regimental equator.

The order for the advance to march on the 26th, was issued on the 22d: the body to consist of the artillery, 2d dragoons (one squadron), three companies of the 6th infantry, one Kentucky company, two companies from each of the Illinois regiments, and six companies of the Arkansas cavalry.

A sort of cabinet council—a conclave of the "ten"—was ordered to convene the same evening at head quarters. The commanding general appeared determined to shake the staff napkin, to discover if possible what gem was hidden in it. If all were present, it would not be difficult to fancy the character of the proceedings. We may imagine that the same stale suggestions, the same sage questions, the same solemn responses, were repeated

which had monopolized certain brains for weeks, and then an adjournment. Pens were probably often dipped into ink and applied to paper, and the higher orders of arithmetical addition and subtraction invoked; ——— suggested the weight of a ration, and ——— that of a cartridge, for discussion; the motive power of a mule afforded an appropriate topic for the owl-like eloquence of ———, whose discourse may be supposed to have abounded in many grave suggestions touching the number of wagons on hand, and how many might probably be wanted; ——— perhaps inquired how many common tents a common wagon will carry, while ——— was curious to know how many shirts an officer should take into the field, and probably quoted the example of Frederick the Great: these themes having afforded matter for serious thought and speculation, the assembled military wisdom doubtless dispersed to their respective quarters to dream of "fifth-chains," "mule-wagons," "hard-bread," "gun-powder," and glory.

The weather did not smile upon our incipient effort at the conquest of Mexico. For weeks we had had no rain, and the troops that marched the 26th, were anticipating fine roads and a pleasant promenade to the Rio Grande. Their hopes suddenly submerged, as on the night of the 24th we were visited with a miniature deluge, and the streets for two days were mud—no one knows positively how deep—but to the depth of every man's specific gravity. Wagon masters, teamsters, and mule-drivers, and every other camp retainer busy for the march, wore visages as long and wo-begone, as Don Quixote's in his greatest tribulations. San Antonio was perhaps never before the scene of so much life and activity, but in the midst of the bustle, all was dejection and disgust. The speedy prospect of "enlarging the area of freedom," an object so dear to many of our patriotic hearts, was incapable of relaxing any man's grim visage into a smile. The effect of the weather was too deep, and so was the mud.

The troops left in the morning, as prescribed in the order of the 22d. The roads were bad, but the temperature was much improved by the rain. The different detachments were directed to meet at the Medio. When united they came under the command of Colonel Harney, whose patriotic exertions a few weeks before, in attempting "on his own hook," the conquest of Coahuila, were not crowned with complete success. He is a dashing officer,

however, but, acting from impulse, he may sometimes err in his views of duty.*

The order of march was promulgated in a "memoranda," from the adjutant-general's office, in which the "pioneers" were placed nearly in the rear. From the position to which they were thus assigned, it may be presumed that they had in some way forfeited their proper functions, as a "pioneer" is defined to be "one who marches in advance of an army, to hew down woods, clear roads, &c." If these were mere nominal pioneers, it was of little consequence perhaps, whether they were in front or rear; but if they were intended to be of practical utility, the propriety of their position must be found in the apparent slip of the pen, to which they must be indebted for it.

Propos of pioneers: — and — had a favorite way of pronouncing this word, as if the *o* preceded the *i*; and though no order was issued regulating the orthography, we of the "optics" expected one making the word "*poiners*," by "particular request" as the play bills have it.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, the escort of the commanding general was drawn up in line in the lower plaza. The town was of course agog. Streets, doors, and windows, were lined with wagons, carts and cattle, loafing Texans, and sombreroed Mexicans, señoras and señoritas, muchachas naked and half-naked, all staring as if an event as wonderful as the inauguration of a President was occurring. The result probably disappointed many, as the affair passed off quietly and without display. The cavalcade moved from town a few minutes before nine, with clanging arms but without music or banners.

Three miles from San Antonio, we crossed the bed of the arroyo Alazan, now reduced to a dry mass of gravel. Near the rising and open grounds in the vicinity, which derive their name from the sometime stream, Santa Anna encamped with his army, in 1836, prior to his descent upon the town, and the siege of the Alamo. It is affirmed, by the way, of this most remarkable shuttlecock of fortune, that a night or two before the arrival of his forces at the heights of Alazan, he entered San Antonio in disguise, was present at, and, not being then troubled with a wooden

leg, participated in the gyrations of a fandango, with those who a few weeks later became the victims of his barbarity. These heights are also famed as the scene of a conflict which occurred in 1814, between the troops of two rival Mexican factions.

After leaving this place, the country becomes higher and broken, but except where relieved at distant intervals by the vegetation which skirts an occasional stream, is one vast prairie, treeless, herbless, lifeless,—diversified, it is true, by hill and dale, but suggesting no ideas save those of sterility and desolation. Several fires were blazing amid the grass, and the flames were whirled aloft in spiral columns, as the wind caught the fire, creeping snake-like over the ground; but there was nothing of the frightful rapidity which Mr. Cooper so graphically describes; nothing to produce frantic terror, even in a child, nor an approach to the sublimity of horror which he has so vividly and fearfully portrayed. Night perhaps would have added to the magnificence of the scene, but unfortunately we could not pause—our motto being, business before beauty.

The picturesque valley of Culebra, through which flows a small stream that falls into the Medina, lies a mile or two from the Wool † road, and about fifteen miles northwest from San Antonio. It was formerly occupied as an extensive stock rancho, attached to the Mission of San Jose. This rancho was near the centre of eleven leagues of land granted by the Spanish government to the Indians of this region, subject to the control and ministrations of the pious fathers, who celebrated their orgies and their orisons within the consecrated walls of that grand and gloomy structure. Immense herds of sheep, goats and cattle, at that time covered the plains, over which barrenness flourishes now in uncontested dominion.

We forded the Medina about four o'clock in the afternoon. It is a beautiful little stream, rolling over a bed of solid limestone at the crossing place, clear as crystal, and flowing with a very rapid current. Our route lay through the village now growing up here, to the spot chosen for our encampment, about a mile beyond.

This village (Castroville) was founded in 1844, by Mr. Henry Castro, of Paris.

* In the daring charge at Cerro Gordo—perhaps the most brilliant single achievement of the war—compared with which the celebrated canter at Resaca sinks into comparative insignificance, Col. Harney has established his claims to the first rank as a cavalry officer, and there his

— "Sabre's whirling away,
Shed fast atonement for its first delay."

† So called because cut by Gen. Wool on his march into Texas in 1842.

The location, considered in reference to the romance of reality, is very beautiful. It lies in a lovely valley, the pellucid waters of the Medina tumbling over the rocks on one side, and gracefully undulating plains and hills stretching in every direction on the other. The settlement is in extreme infancy, and one cannot well judge how the experiment will terminate, but at present, the evidences of prosperity are not very satisfactory. The buildings are all small, of gossamer materials and rudely put together, the timber of the country being hardly large enough for mills. The products of the last year have consisted mostly of a few hundred bushels of corn, and it is not probable that the quantity will soon be materially increased. Notwithstanding the apparently liberal offers of the proprietor—three hundred and twenty acres to every married man who will domiciliate himself—the population increases but slowly, the inducements for agriculturists to settle here being so few. The soil is only of moderate fertility, and the means of getting produce to market, worse than wretched.

The camp was honored about sunset by a visit from the daughter and granddaughter of Mr. Castro, to pay their respects to the commanding general. They were apparelled in neat riding costume, and mounted on small Mexican ponies, and accompanied by several attendants. The daughter had all the complimentary exuberance of the French character, and with less experienced veterans, there might have been fears for their blushes. There was no difficulty, however, in this instance in appreciating the fine things that were said, as General Wool having himself flourished in the *salons* of Paris, was quite able to repay them in kind.

The incident just related, — suggests, presents a strong invitation to indulge in a little classical pedantry, by way of introducing some very pretty and profound reflections upon the striking resemblance of this visit to that of Agrippina to the Roman legions. But as we are in Texas now and not on the Tiber, our troops Steen's cavalry and not Cæsar's cohorts, the occasion must pass unimproved. Neither is it conceived necessary to indulge in a chapter of lamentations over the troubles, and inconveniences, and perplexities, and privations incident to a transition from the halls of Paris to the huts of prairiedom: this was doubtless a matter of choice and speculation, and those who seek notoriety or profits from such migrations, must find their recompense in the particular gratification.

The call of the ladies was returned in the evening by General Wool and his aide-de-camp, the latter, it is said, an accomplished French scholar, whose fluency, for a while, may have beguiled the damsels into the sweet delusion that they were once more in the land of their nativity. Thus auspiciously closed the first day of our advance, distance marched twenty-seven miles.

The stars were yet twinkling when our camp was first in motion the next morning. The air was raw and chilly, and the long rank grass drooping with the heavy deposits of dew. The river here is about three feet deep, foaming like a torrent, and the music of its waters rolling over the white pebbles of its bottom, gives to the wild and romantic scene a singular fascination. Many of us made our toilet on the bank, the river forming a natural mirror, and the foliage above and around, a more magnificent boudoir than art has ever conceived. The deep repose and quiet grandeur with which nature was here imbued gave new force and beauty to Bryant's exquisite thought—

"The groves were God's first temples."

On such a morning as this, and with the scene before me as memory now recalls it, seated upon the bended trunk of an overhanging ash, there is a sense of awe, of reverence, and of devotion excited, surpassing any which has its origin in the loftiest and proudest structures of man. The place seems formed for prayer and meditation, and I could not resist offering an humble invocation to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, for strength and guidance for the future, and presenting the offerings and acknowledgments of a grateful heart for the blessings of the past.

All would fain have lingered longer round the lovely spot, but breakfast had to be disposed of, when the tents were struck and the wagons loaded, and we were off at seven o'clock. Soon after leaving camp we ascended the highest point yet seen in Texas, the view from which presented a grand panorama of hills clothed with verdure, and valleys garnished with rich foliage of varied hues, almost equal to a prospect from the tops of the Alleghanies. In descending this eminence, however, the poetry was extinguished by the breaking down of a wagon.

After a three hours' march, we rested a short time at the Quihi, a small stream about nine miles from the Medina. It is said to abound in fish, though our stop was not long enough to prove the fact.

Up to this point the country is rolling and the soil rich. On the north a range of hills has been visible since morning, which in its progress farther west takes the name of San Saba. Between the Quihi and the Alamos, a distance of four or five miles, the roadway is bordered by a species of sumach, though very little like the plant of that name found at the north. Its leaves are mixed with tobacco by the Indians, and are found to be agreeable for smoking: it thus forms an article of traffic.

A solitary house stands on the west bank of the Quihi, the pattern for a German settlement, where we were fortunate enough to procure a quarter of a pound of butter for the *quid pro quo* of the same fraction of a dollar, while others purchased a few eggs at the same liberal rate. The sellers were German women, who although unable to understand English, found no difficulty in apprehending our wants, through the medium of the universal interpreter—cash. From the Alamos to the Hondo, the distance is about seven miles: the country generally stony and broken. It abounds principally in Texas live oak, in other words, a scraggy, stunted, knotty, and crooked specimen of the *quercus virens*, which probably grows nowhere else, and even here is a lumberer of the earth.

The Hondo at present appears to have lost the character of a stream, and consists only of a series of basins formed in the limestone rock, evaporation and the current having probably broken the connection, though it is not impossible there may be a subterranean channel. Some of the party have secured fish enough for supper, but the angler not being of my mess we are without perch. This evening we were enabled to enjoy a most delicious bath, in one of the marble basins, as it were, to which the Hondo here accommodates itself. The pool or fountain is bounded on one side by a rock rising almost perpendicularly to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet, while the other

is approached by a gentle slope, descending in the water to a depth of five feet. It is impossible to conceive any thing more delightfully arranged for the luxury of a bath. The water is a perfect transparency, revealing the pebbles of the bottom with the distinctness of day-light. The scenery on a small scale is surpassingly beautiful, and a succession of such spots, with a fertile and productive country around, might justify the erection of country seats and villas vying with those of the Delaware and the Hudson.

It is a received fact among prairie travellers and the inhabitants of Texas generally, and is therefore recorded for what it may be worth on such highly respectable authority, that a hair rope, stretched upon the ground so as to envelope the person, is a sovereign protection against snakes. This, it is said, may be demonstrated by placing a snake within a circle of rope, and then attempting to drive him over it. The result is, according to the testimony aforesaid, that as soon as his head touches the hair, he turns aside in disgust, and takes a new direction. This may or may not be a fiction; but even the incredulous are not unwilling to avail themselves of a doubtful truth, though the success of the experiment may depend entirely on faith. One of the party last evening proposed to appropriate to himself at once the advantages of this remarkable prairie discovery in physics and natural history, and accordingly after going to bed requested that he might be surrounded and protected from nocturnal invasion, by this magic girdle. On awaking the following morning he was somewhat surprised to find four uprights planted near his bed, from which the rope was suspended in a series of graceful festoons, the lowest point being a foot or two from the ground. The sleeper at any rate was not disturbed by snakes, and the success attending the experiment renders it not impossible that the hair may be just as effectual above the ground as upon it. Of course the rope was hung by an Irishman.

THE COCKED-HAT GENTRY.

AMERICANS of the present day give a little thought to the past: the age is an age of progress—forests are to be hewn down, rivers spanned with bridges, railroads and canals to be webbed all across the land. The practical overthrows and puts to rout what, for the want of a better word, we must style the poetical. The poetry most popular with the men to-day, is that of marble custom-houses, telegraphs, and iron horses annihilating space and time for us. This is the new American poesy, and it recommends itself more powerfully to the advocates of progress, than all the chants of Homer and Ariosto.

Let us not complain of it—it is not unworthy of the admiration of its disciples; but still we may find both pleasure and profit in occasionally losing sight of the great elements of wealth and power around us, of the telegraph, the railway, the “thoughts that shake mankind”—giving our attention for a space to the past times of the land we live in. Justly proud as we may be of what our era has accomplished, it is not the part of true philosophy to disregard the past. Rather let us endeavor to penetrate its character, and derive from it a lesson:—from its bright deeds and celebrated men, the models for our own lives, from its ignorance and weakness, a warning to avoid such ourselves.

But it is not an easy thing to return to former days, and realize in their full force those strange peculiarities of character which made them so different from our own times. Books scarcely furnish us any assistance:—mere historical facts are like skeletons, which, doubtless were a genuine portion of the body now crumbled into dust, but can afford no adequate idea of the once living and breathing form—of the bright eye, the eloquent lip, the locks around the forehead, the graceful and easy movement of the limbs. To get at the blood of history we must seek elsewhere:—we must explore old letter-chests: go into dark closets where mouldering doublets, and rust-eaten swords have long been suspended, the prey of oblivion and the moth; scan the odd costumes, and the noble features of old dusty portraits, which leave a white space on the wall when they are taken down. In presence of these objects, the past again revives in some degree; their warmth penetrates the yellow parchment, and the sympathetic traces

slowly reveal themselves:—for the first time we begin to realize the fact, that this elder day actually existed, characterized by a thousand peculiarities of thought and usage quite as good or bad, as admirable or ridiculous as the habitudes of our own era. The old sword flashed above the head of some valiant soldier, in times beyond the recollection of any one of the present generation. The rusty doublet, with its hanging cuffs and embroidery, enveloped the broad shoulders of some well-known ancestor, as he moved nimbly in the gavotte and reel, or bowed low in the stately minuet: the discolored portrait was “considered an excellent likeness of that ruffled and be-powdered worthy, now almost as completely forgotten as the painter, whose name the merciless hand of time has obliterated from the canvas. The sword, and doublet, and portrait, assist the imagination powerfully, indeed seem to open and illuminate some hidden crypt of memory. Looking upon them, we are carried away from the present to the past—just as we return almost in reality to some scene of sorrow or joy as we listen to the strain of music associated with it in our memories.

There are great numbers of these portraits in Virginia homes: in the broad halls of some mansions, they completely banish the deer-antlers, fishing-rods, guns, and pictures of celebrated races, immemorial ornaments of halls generally. Ranged in long lines, they look down perseveringly with never-winking eyes upon the hurrying, bustling household: comprehending, you would say, plainly, every thing which is going on before them, but forbidden by some magical spell, to speak, or close their eyes, or move. There are chevaliers of the time of Captain Smith, with bright steel cuirasses and ferocious fringes on their upper lips:—ladies with high towers of lace and curls reared on their heads: and courtly gentlemen with ruffles and cocked-hats, and hair gathered in a queue behind, and tied with bows of ribbon. Some grasp swords, others rest their white hands, heavily ruffled as in Vandyke's pictures, on excellently bound books—others again hold hunting horns burnished still by the bright October sunlight. The soft-eyed dames float in clouds of pale saffron lace, and sparkle all over with diamond bracelets, breastpins, and rings: they hold in their delicate taper fingers rose-buds and other flowers; or else caress

with snowy hands the narrow heads of greyhounds, or curling backs of little poodle-dogs. There they all are quite as natural as life. We have read of them in books, and gazed upon their portraits, but who has seen them in their homes?

No one of the present generation:—for alas! those gallant cavaliers and excellent dames have long since “gone to supper” with *Polonius* in the play. The bright roses are withered:—the greyhounds have coursed their last hare, and been in turn run down by a brace more fleet:—the lapdogs no more snarl and sleep away their idle aristocratic days, gone long ago to sleep on colder and harder beds than ladies’ laps. The rich laces have regaled some royal family of dainty moths—gone in their turn, and forgotten even by the annalists of Mothland:—the books the fair hand held, in which the words all ended with an *e*, are now unopened, being far from easy to peruse—the hunting bugles no longer echo through the hills, chronicling the death of Reynard, their gay music is no more, and like those “horns of Elfland faintly blowing,” dies away in the far distance of the Past. All are gone; and in their turn too, the stalwart soldiers, and fine courtly gentlemen—men who looked around upon their broad possessions, and thought the sun would shine for them always, not push them soon into night, to make room for those other actors waiting for their time to make an entrance on the stage of life. They are all crumbled along with their nobleness and meanness—their thousand conspicuous faults and bright virtues. They empty no more goblets: hunt no more: league no more against royal oppression, or the encroachment of the peasant galling the courtier’s heel. They are all gone long ago, like the days they filled with their gay revels and great deeds.

Let us endeavor to return for a moment to the times they moved in, and, if possible, look upon the old race in their homes. To accomplish any thing like a complete picture of their manners, would require, of course, much space—far more than we have on the present occasion; but we may find something to interest us, even in a hasty glance at a single period. Let us select the commencement of the Eighteenth Century, before there were any cities in Virginia, and when the royal Governors, like moons shining with borrowed light, held their miniature vice-regal courts in Williamsburg—or as they called it then, Middle Plantation. The wealthy Virginian did not live at Middle

Plantation—having an unconquerable aversion to assemblages of houses. He resided in baronial splendor on his large estate, surrounded by a small army of “followers”—in other words, of black and white indented servants. He went to Middle Plantation on all occasions of ceremony, and, of course, resided temporarily there, when he chanced to be a member of the House of Burgesses, but he was by no means fond of the place. He was much more at home on his plantation, and we will go to find him in his comfortable home.

He sits there, in the long portico whose trellis is covered all over with bright flowering vines—a tall, fine-looking cavalier, with open honest features and a pleasant smile. He is clad in rich cloth and velvet, with silk stockings, ruffles at wrist and breast, and his long waistcoat, fitting easily over his portly figure, reaches to the knees; it is of exactly the same length with his square-cut coat, and of the same material, but ornamented with figures worked with silver thread. The hair is brushed back from the forehead, covered with powder, and tied behind with plain black ribbon. On days of ceremony he wears a handsome, but strong and serviceable sword, suspended from a broad belt, buckled over the coat and falling down very low on the left side. When he visits Middle Plantation he wears fine shoes of Spanish leather, ornamented with diamond buckles; those which he goes about his plantation in are much stronger and plainer. Thus dressed, with his courtly smile, pleasant openness of face, and good-humored air of self-importance, engendered by long sway upon his large estate, he is as elegant an old cavalier as could be well imagined. Place him surrounded by his family in the wide, oak-wainscoted dining-room of his mansion, with a volume of the new serial of Mr. Joseph Addison in his hand, and we have a tolerable idea of the external appearance of the worthy gentleman, at home on his plantation, or at Williamsburg.—Let us now, after speaking of his costume, spend a few words on his character. The “Old Virginia gentlemen,” as they are now often called, were a race of men with probably more good and bad qualities, and with those good and bad qualities in greater excess, than any other class of human beings that ever lived. They were brave, true, honest, and open-hearted—better men in every way than their English prototypes. The “gentlemen” of England—the untitled nobility, as some one calls them—were men of great cour-

age and extreme ambition, if we could get at the truth of the matter, in all times and places;—but with this courage, they possessed vices and meannesses which make the reader of the present day hesitate whether to admire, pity, or despise them. The Virginian was improved by his distance from the vices and temptations of a corrupt and dissolute court: in Virginia there were no lords to bend to, no rapacious ministries led on by scheming Bolingbroke to flatter or be ruined by. There were no palaces which made him ashamed of his comfortable manor-house; no maids of honor, fair and frail, to make his daughters blush for their country manners and fashions, or corrupt their pure morals; no elegant, perfumed, fine gentlemen to lead his sons into wild revels and contaminating purlieus, or to gambling-houses, there to fleece them after the fashion very much in vogue with “roystering blades” and “jolly Mohocks.” His wife was not subjected to the insulting admiration and insidious compliments of some notorious rake—admiration just of that description, and carried just so far, that the indignant husband must feign not to see it, and smile, and be the excellent good friend of his insulting guest, on pain of being subjected to that most dreadful of ordeals, ridicule. His daughters could grow up with unblemished reputations, as well as pure hearts, safe from the shameless hints and innuendoes, then fashionable talk with ladies in their morning calls—safe, more than all, from the trained skill and diabolical cunning of those men whose enormities the comedy of the time could not caricature: every thing was purer far off, here, in Virginia. The inane jests and laughter of a social organization which tried thus to conceal its unbelief in man or woman, or in God—to drown the stings of conscience in wine and revel—were not heard across the wide Atlantic: the atmosphere laden with the odor of a corrupt, festering court, vainly endeavoring to smother its rank effluvia in perfume, did not extend as far as the fresh “*Virgin Land*.” And so, with all around him purer and fresher, like the bright morning which blessed him, the Old Virginia gentleman became himself much more pure. He was a simple, worthy man in heart—with chivalry for ladies and honesty for all men with whom he dealt. His door was never closed, and the broad board was spread for every comer throughout the year. No beggar ever went away hungry from his door, or asked in vain for a night's lodging in winter. That is the plain, unvarnished picture; we can

only lament the shadows which deformed it.

There were dark colors in the picture, which I, for one, will not suppress. The Virginia gentleman, so honest, hospitable, generous, and estimable, was, with all this, intensely aristocratic in the very worst acceptation of the word. Not aristocratic in the sense which should attach to the term truly—a sense in which every one should regard it, which should make us cling to the doctrine of aristocracy—power to the Best—as the greatest hope and stay of nations: the Virginia gentleman did not so translate it. With him the *apocryphal* were the gentlemen by birth, the hereditary landed proprietors, the men whose forefathers were “gentlemen” before them—who could bow elegantly over a lady's hand, and tread a minuet gracefully. I know that in the characters of this old race of men were to be found a thousand conspicuous virtues and bright graces, making them, as far as these things went, undeniably the “foremost men of all the world.” I have no desire to question the existence of those virtues, for many reasons. They did possess them; I know it, I do not deny it. They are justly entitled to the praise of having been a courageous and honest race of men—as true, and honest, and courageous as the world has ever seen, when duty called on them. But, what was wicked, what was shameful, what was unchristian, here as elsewhere, was that contempt they felt toward every man who chanced not to be born a “gentleman.” It was wicked and shameful, because it mortified and humbled noble natures sprung from low estate—a thousand times unchristian, because opposed directly in the very teeth to what our Saviour taught men in his life and words. Nothing excuses it; scarcely any thing palliates it. It was not concealed, or pretended to be denied. It was a contempt and disregard, as genuine in its character and excessive in degree as any other trait of the “cocked-hat gentry.” It was indiscriminate in its exercise—no exception was permitted to assert itself, and no genius, no nobility or elevated purity could cause the taint to be lost sight of for a moment. A man of the people might distinguish himself never so much, but the invisible barrier between himself and the “gentry” defied his utmost efforts to remove it. This cannot be denied, and will not be; because in our vastly liberalized day and generation much of the same prejudice exists among many of the best men, not only in Virginia, but throughout the Union. It was no less

true of them than contracted and unmanly. That was the feeling of the whole race, the dark shade in the picture; the shadow which history, when she begins to speak, not stammer, will vainly endeavor to remove.

But to leave this part of the subject and pass on. The daily habits of the old Virginia gentleman are not without interest, and suggestiveness. The stout planter rose with the sun, made a hearty ploughmanlike breakfast, surrounded by his brightfaced wife and children, then mounting his easy-going cob, made the tour of his plantation, seeing that the little army of white and black laborers were at their work in the wheat, corn, or tobacco field. He gave his orders to the overseer, saw to his stock, caressed the glossy necks of his hunters and race-horses who whinnied at the sound of his well-known voice, and then with a healthy color reddening his open face, rode once again into the field, and so came home to dinner. The wits and beauties of England had lately introduced the fashion of going to dinner at the late hour of two or three o'clock: but Virginia was not quick to follow every caprice, and "new fangled notion" of the Mother Country. The old Virginian dined still, as his fathers had done before him, at the honest hour of noon. And plainly too:—we very much fear that the "silver and gold plate" which so figure in rhetorical diatribes against the class were more imaginary than real. True, the tea-service was of silver, and more valuable for the workmanship than the material, like Cellini's chisellings today: but plain, trenchers, and steel forks were used at dinner. After the hearty meal the old gentleman betook himself to the Library, or hall or portico, and whiled away an hour or two with the assistance of his pipe over some three-months-old journal from England which told him what was, or had been, going on in Parliament—or in reading his news letter from Williamsburg *alias* Middle Plantation, swearing audibly the while at some proclamation of "His Excellency;"—or else some old neighbor came in and they talked together of plantation matters, and the blood of horses, and breeds of sheep and cattle: the conversation ending usually in a visit to the stable, and a critical examination of the limbs and movements of the slim-legg'd race-horses, led out by a rising generation of small, monkey-like black grooms. At sunset or soon after came supper, and quiet social enjoyment by the cheerful fire of winter or the open window in the summer time: and games

of ombre or tictac, and music on the harpsichord—and then with devotion from the "Book of Common Prayer" the household separated for their chambers. The "Squire" as he was often called varied this routine by occasionally spending an hour in reading Shakspeare, or Horace in hand, endeavoring to give the Oxford sound to the ringing odes: or he attended races; or followed the fox-hounds, drinking in with much delight their musical cry; or presided at the county courts, and visited with great complacency the utmost penalties of the law on trespassers, and other invaders of the sacred right of property. On Sunday he rolled grandly to church in his fine chariot with its four glossy, long-tailed horses: and devoutly made the responses: and after service—talking with the fox-hunting, card-playing parson of the parish—fulminated terrible menaces against those audacious "New Lights" who presumed to dissent from the doctrines or regulations of the great Established Church of England. Thus the old Virginia gentleman passed his time at peace with all men for the most part, and in his own estimation as worthy in the sight of God as fallen man can be in this world. Let us not discuss the question: the lights and shadows, the strength and weakness of the individual are all manifest.

The eldest son of the worthy now claims our attention. That young gentleman was not accustomed, formerly during his lifetime, to neglect; and would, if that were possible, resent any disregard of his claims to notice, any silence on the subject of his manifold graces and attractions. He is quite a different person from his father: there is no sturdiness in his form or air, no healthy ruddy color in his cheeks—at least natural color, of which we shall come to say a few words presently. He cordially disdains plantation affairs, and considers conversation, generally speaking, horribly wearisome. He has just returned from Oxford and a season in London, where he made the acquaintance of all the more celebrated bucks, and even himself achieved no slight success "in the nice conduct of a clouded cane." Master Hopeful has a languid manner, and patronizes with an air of good-humored superiority his younger brothers and sisters. Why, indeed, should he work or worry himself about his future? The estate comes naturally to him, as he is the eldest son. He is the heir nearest the throne, the succession is his own beyond cavil or dispute—and so he looks down kindly on the household and practises the

royal manner in advance. Besides, his travels in Europe have made him much the superior of those country-bred youths and dandies. He has seen life and is a deep philosopher. He has long since learned to look upon human life as a comedy where A.'s business is to make love to the wife of B., and where clearing out the pockets of C. at cards, is the most rational employment to which D. can dedicate his time and talents. His religious opinions are not decided in their character, but he is rather inclined to think the Established Church what we moderns call a humbug:—an opinion, however, which, be it said to the credit of his common sense, he has far too much tact to advance in the presence of his Church of England sire. He has not yet forgotten the unpleasant feelings he experienced some years since when the gold-headed cane was applied vigorously to his shoulders by the irate Squire. He preserves, therefore, a politic silence on the subject of religion, and goes willingly to church, where, lounging in the velvet-cushioned pew, he amuses himself by staring out of countenance the young dandies from the neighborhood who are criticising under cover of their silken hoods, the returned traveller's appearance:—or, tired of this, composes himself in a graceful attitude to quiet sleep, lulled pleasantly by Parson Tythetobacco's drowsy homilies.

But if Master Hopeful's opinions on Religion were undefined, which sprung naturally from his never having thought upon the subject, his criticisms on dress and fashion, literature and art, displayed the knowledge of a master. In art, he was an adept: he could talk of "coloring" and "effect," "interiors" and "perspective" by the hour: he approved unconditionally of Sir Godfrey Kneller's style in portrait-painting, and was reported to have once descended to a favorable criticism of some comic sketches shown to him privately by a young painter of the name of Hogarth. If you could believe him, he had been hand in glove with all the literary men of the Town, and he threw out at times mysterious intimations that the finest papers in the "Spectator" were by no less a personage than himself. Joe Addison, and Dick Steele, as he called them with an easy, careless familiarity, were his fast friends; the three were inseparable night and morning, he said, and this was so far true that they met often in the Play-house, where jovial Sir Richard had once borrowed ten guineas of him, and serene Mr. Joseph Addison had said on one occasion to him: "From Virginia,

VOL. III.—18

sir? 'tis doubtless a fair land to live in: commend me to your worthy father, whose relatives in England here have done me many gracious acts of kindness." But if again in art and literature his parts shone with great brilliance, in all matters connected with dress his merits entitled him to the praise due to a great genius. Here he was Sir Oracle: when he opened his mouth, no one could speak, much less controvert him. He was learned in costume, as a great scholar is in languages or philosophy. He would hold forth on the subject to admiring audiences for hours—flowing on serenely master of his subject and triumphing in the superiority his knowledge of the subject gave him over the barbarian inhabitants of the Colony. What a barbarous place Virginia was! The men still wore the sword-belt over the coat, and hanging down on the left side, instead of underneath, and covered up from view. Unfortunate provincials! he felt no contempt for one guilty of such a thing: he pitied him! Some of the women still raised those preposterous towers of curls upon their heads gone out of fashion at least a month ago, and wore no hoops, now universally used by the fair dames of London. Poor country girls!—they would be the laughter and ironical delight of London gallants and beauties. If ever Master Hopeful dedicates himself to a great object in life it will be reform in the barbarian costume of his countrymen and women:—and as the first step in this elevated enterprise, he shows them in his own person what a gentleman of fashion and distinction looks like. He is a model worthy of imitation. Look at him! He wears a powdered peruke which falls down in a queue behind, two feet long, and is tied with a long orange-colored ribbon. His cheeks, gently rubbed by the "drop curls" of the wig, are slightly rouged, a fashion just imported, and are as rosy and feminine-looking, contrasted with the aristocratic whiteness of the forehead, as those of a young girl. His lace is Flanders or Point de Venise, of marvellous fineness and as yellow as saffron: his vest is gold-flowered velvet: his coat heavy with embroidery and with ample cuffs which turn back to the elbow, and are stiff with ornaments all worked in silver thread: his hands are cased in delicate fringed gloves, and not seldom hold a small fashionable muff of leopard skin: his pantaloons are of blue-satin, and his scarlet silk stockings are held up by red velvet garters, clasped with diamond buckles. Add Spanish leather shoes with heels two or three inches

high, which enable him to assume easily the fashionable tiptoe attitude, and the social Adonis of the Eighteenth Century is before you.

His costume, it is very plain from this sketch, does not resemble very closely that of his father; the habits of the young squire differ from those of his father in a manner no less striking. He does not attend to plantation affairs, rarely visits the county courts, and considers fox-hunting an amusement only fit for country gentlemen, unskilled in the pursuits, and ignorant of the delights of good society. He dawdles in bed in the morning, takes three hours to dress, and makes his appearance at the breakfast-table when the rest of the world are getting ready to go to dinner. He takes snuff from a beautiful snuff-box with a picture on the lid, which had better not be spoken of further, and applies the aromatic dust to his nostrils with a delicate grace, which displays the diamond rings upon his fingers to the best advantage: he does not like snuff, and never partakes of it without sneezing with such violence that his peruke becomes awry. But it is the fashion among the London gallants and literary men, to smear the upper lip with it—it looks critical and knowing. He never visits Middle Plantation without his snuff-box and narrow-edged cocked hat, with its bright feather, and small muff such as the ladies used. He salutes his Lordship the Governor with ease and politeness, and will even dance a gavotte or minuet if he meets with some young damsel whose dress and style of conversation please his critical taste; though his oft-expressed opinion of the minuet is not favorable to the claims of that divertisement. Still he dances with much grace and ease, as he handles gracefully and with ease the small sword. These things are a part of his superior education. In addition to all these attractions and accomplishments, the youthful hope of his house plays well—and deep; often sitting up all night at tictac with his admiring friends, and rising next morning or afternoon with empty or full pockets, and that buzzing in the ears and swimming of the head which even the best Rhenish and Claret, taken in excess, are apt to visit on their votaries.

But enough of young Master Hopeful: the difference between himself and his sturdy sire is very plain. It remains, however, to be said, that these follies did not very long survive the return of the English-educated youths to their colonial homes. They were mere wild oats, such as young men have been engaged in sow-

ing from the earliest ages of the world: once fairly scattered, these youths were "men again." Before, their very sex was doubtful, so completely had they disguised their manhood with those curls, and cheek colorings, and ladies' muffs; that all passed away soon, and they took their places as sturdy country gentlemen; honest planters with hard muscles and strong digestions; ruddy faces, not red with rouge but exercise; with "plantation talk" in abundance, when their neighbors came to chat with them over their wine; and a decided propensity for sitting in their great dining rooms as solemn Justices, and committing trespassers or other malefactors; and presiding "with beard of formal cut" at county courts, and laying down the law there dictatorially; their pompous, wordy discourses "full of wise saws and modern instances." Alas! the young blade soon became recreant to that splendid London circle, which had sent him forth like a missionary, to make civilized Christians of the barbarians of Virginia. He took off deliberately his Spanish leather slippers, and donned his father's old serviceable shoes, which he "stood in" thenceforth as the head of the house. Abjuring his former skepticism, he became an intolerant advocate and upholder of the union between Church and State; rode, to cover with his neighbors joyously; and nourished, in full force and vigor, that good old English contempt for common people which had been taught him as an article of his Creed of Gentleman.

Master Hopeful in the third generation runs the same course, except that Virginia has now a college of its own, and he does not visit England. He is quite as extravagant, however, as his father was; and if the old gentleman, with fatherly seriousness, takes him to task for the heavy drains on the paternal purse his losses at cards occasion, the young man points to the portrait of a gay gallant on the wall, whose elderly original now stands before him, and asks with great interest the names of the chief wits and beauties of the time of good Queen Anne. But he, in turn, forswears his old companions, and horse-racing and revelling, and settles down the same sturdy planter, with the same creed of gentleman but now spoken of. Then comes the Revolution, and the brave worthies rising everywhere like a single man against the oppression of England. These were the men who set in motion the ball of the Revolution, and ever propelled it onward with their stalwart shoulders, who poured out their blood as

freely as they gave their means; who, throwing aside all affection, as all fear for England, risked every thing in life, and gained by that devotion—what?

For us many things; and for themselves—what for their great self-sacrificing patriotism they deserve—a charitable view of their faults and failings. Not a concealment of their faults—not silence when after speaking of the bright portions of the picture, the shadows come to be adverted to in their turn. History based upon such theory were a mere party pamphlet, a mockery of what it should be. But at least we need not dwell bitterly on that conspicuous weakness, any more than on their religious intolerance, and

other narrow views of life and government. It was the fault as much of their fathers and the times, as of themselves. Dead and gone long ago, they may still speak to us from the dust, and teach us many noble precepts—as fidelity to the land, self-sacrificing patriotism, honesty in all things. Americans of the present day and hour are not pure enough to turn from such precepts, thanking God they are not as those men. Let the world take the lesson which those dead lives give it, thankfully; let it admire that great vigorous past wherever it is possible—not seek to drag it down, rather endeavor to rise up superior to it.

MEN OF CHARACTER.

THERE is nothing we more quickly recognize in an individual than character; and we hardly know of any thing, so palpable to the senses, that is so hard to define clearly. It is much easier to tell who have, and who have it not, than what it is. Great intellect alone, does not give it, nor great intellect combined with great moral worth. Goldsmith was almost wholly devoid of it; Bacon, Rousseau, and Sheridan, had but very little of it; Bolingbroke, Burke, and Pitt, a good deal. Chesterfield, the "perfect gentleman," and Dr. Johnson, the "respectable Hottentot," both had a large share of it. Bonaparte had much more genius than Frederick the Great; but, as we think, less character. The Duke of Marlborough had a fair share of it, but very much less than his extraordinary wife. The Tudors all had a good deal of it; the Stuarts were all wanting in it. Cæsar had it in an almost unprecedented degree; Brutus and Cicero had but little, especially the latter. The words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cæsar, give an imperfect idea of it.

"I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion."

Character is what involuntarily commands respect. It implies something more than great capacity and great learning. It is what makes itself felt, whether its owner be clothed in rags, or in purple and fine linen. It is sometimes associated with vanity, but generally separated from it. Pride and self-reliance almost always accompany it. Its possessor is not easily moved by either censure or applause, and is utterly indifferent to what Mrs. Grundy will say. He is not elated by little distinctions and honors that may be conferred upon him, and cares nothing for the loss of them. Character must be associated with great firmness and decision, and the man who has it will not be turned from his course by any amount of abuse, ridicule, or "paper bullets of the brain." "My people and I," said Frederick the Great, "have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please." And he suffered all sorts of lampoons and satires to be written upon him. Even the terrible sneers of Voltaire, when directed against him after their quarrel, he suffered to be sold by the booksellers, in his own city, with impunity. Bonaparte, on the contrary, was cut to the quick by the newspaper attacks of the English press upon him, and would suffer no jest at his expense to be published in his own kingdom.

The man who has character must be independent, fearless, and discriminating in his judgment. He is not influenced by the position a man holds, or the clothes

he wears, in forming his estimate of him. He looks quite through the "linen decencies," or the want of them, that environ a man, to the man himself. History informs us with what singular and extraordinary judgment great statesmen have sometimes selected men for important stations from among convicts and criminals. These statesmen, we suspect, almost invariably, had a good deal of character. Napoleon's selection of his marshals and generals evinced it. A man with a large endowment of it may be rich or poor, thrifty or unthrifty, lazy or industrious, discreet or indiscreet; but no peculiarity of circumstances or change in them, can produce any visible effect upon him. John Quincy Adams was rich, thrifty, industrious, prudent and discreet. Dr. Johnson was poor, unthrifty, lazy, imprudent and indiscreet; yet the latter had no less character than the former. Dr. Johnson was uncouth in figure, slovenly in his habits, awkward, rude, and ill-bred in his manners; but he felt such a conscious superiority, that these drawbacks did not annoy him,—in fact he did not seem to be conscious of their existence, although one of the sharpest of observers, where he was not himself concerned. He was the butt of every species of ridicule and sarcasm, but they fell as harmless upon him as rain upon a duck's back. He could not conceive, he said, how any body could be the worse for being talked uncharitably of, and did not see, for his part, what harm there was in calling a man nicknames. Chesterfield, as every one knows, was the exact opposite of Dr. Johnson, yet we think he had as much, if not more, character. His manner of treating the letter which the great lexicographer wrote him, is enough, of itself, to evince it. Call his conduct, on that occasion, affectation, if you will;—there must have been character to have prompted such affectation. "Paint me as I am," said Cromwell to the artist, who evinced a disposition to smooth over a little the scars, deep wrinkles and pimples on his face. There was character in that expression. But what a testimony it was to the character De Retz possessed, when he said, "De Retz is the only man in Europe who despises me." He could have been no ordinary great man who made Cromwell feel that he despised him. Character implies great self-possession, and the man who has much of it is not often impatient and irritable, but generally calm and cheerful; though it is found in persons both grave and gay, taciturn and talkative, social and unsocial. Beau Brummel and Count

D'Orsay were men of character, and so were Tecumseh and Davy Crockett.

The following is one of the paradoxes Emerson has hugged to his bosom, and we quote it as having some bearing on the subject we are treating upon.

"A man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other peoples' estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is equally so. If a man know that he can do any thing—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed and temper."

If a man passes for that he is worth, why is it that

"Ten ancient towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Was not Cæsar looked upon by the Romans generally as a dissolute, prodigal youth, who was fast ruining himself? Did Shakspeare pass for all he was worth in the estimation of a single person who lived in the same age with him? John Hampden, we are told, was the only one who had any idea of the metal Cromwell was made of, until he began to distinguish himself; and he lived in comparative insignificance until he was upwards of forty. Alison says Dr. Johnson was the foremost man of the eighteenth century; yet it is well known that he lived more than fifty years in great poverty and obscurity, oftentimes in absolute want of enough to eat, and in the absence of better lodgings, obliged to find what rest he could on the ashes from a glass house. Who had any suspicion of the indomitable soul Cortez possessed during his residence of several years in Cuba, when he had nearly reached middle age? Why was every one at first so thunderstruck with the proposition of John Adams to make Washington Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, if he passed for that he was worth? His selection for that office was a compromise measure, like that of Pierce's nomination; a good many more eminent men, who thought that they had strong claims for the appointment, were induced to unite upon one who was not great enough to be thought a very formidable rival. What

are Gray's speculations in the Country Churchyard good for, if men always pass for that they are worth? If Wordsworth passed for that he was worth when a young man, he passed for a good deal more than he was worth when an old one.

John Adams once when in a room where a portrait of Washington was hanging, approached it, and laying his finger on the mouth remarked to a friend, that if he had kept his lips as close together as that man did his, he might have been re-elected President. We have no doubt that the obstacles which prevented both the Adamses from being elected President a second time, were to some extent, expressed about their mouths (for the mouth is the feature most expressive of the disposition); but we suspect something else stood in the way of the elder Adams's re-election besides the want of tightness with which his lips adhered to each other. To be sure, the success of a statesman sometimes depends, in some degree, upon the skill with which he avoids committing himself to this or that measure on which public opinion may be decided; but a non-committal policy is not often the wisest—in fact, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to be non-committal at all; for those who know a man best, always know which way his sympathies tend on most questions. Jefferson did not keep his lips any closer together than John Adams did his. He was full as frank and imprudent in the expression of his opinions, as indiscreet and uncalculating in the manifestation of his anger and indignation towards his opponents, as his unsuccessful rival. Is a man any the less known for keeping his lips tightly closed? Is his real disposition any more concealed for being extremely prudent and reserved? Jackson was frank, impetuous, and headstrong in disposition; Van Buren cool, wary, and discreet. Was the character of the one any better understood than that of the other? Is there any enemy of the latter foolish enough to suppose that the numerous friends, who have adhered to him through all his life, have done so because he pretended to be what he was not,—because he concealed his bad qualities, and made pretensions to good ones he did not possess? How long was any virtue that was not real, ever known to be successfully feigned? "How can a man be concealed?" exclaimed Confucius, more than twenty-three centuries ago. "How can a man be concealed?" There is no such thing as concealment; nature revolts at it. A man may not pass for that he is worth, *i. e.*, the full extent of his capacity may not be appreciated, but his good

or bad qualities cannot be hidden. A keen and artful politician happens to obtain high places and power. Those who look only at the surface of things, ascribe his success chiefly to his craft, when probably if the truth was known he obtained them *in spite* of it. His energy, liberality, and broad sympathy with his fellow men, quite likely, overbalanced the drawback which his craft may actually have made to his popularity.

Character is a much more rare article in the best society, even, than many suppose. We know of no better satire in fashionable society, or society generally, than that afforded by a slight sketch of Lord Chesterfield, drawn by one who knew him well, Lord Hervey. He said, "Lord Chesterfield was allowed by every body to have more conversable, entertaining table wit, than any man of his time. His propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humor and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirit and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance. No sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation was a shield from the pointed, glittering weapons that seemed to shine only to a stander by, but cut deep in those they touched. All his acquaintance were indifferently the object of his satire, and served promiscuously to feed that voracious appetite for abuse that made him fall on every thing that came in his way, and treat every one of his companions in rotation at the expense of the rest."

A fine picture this of one of the most distinguished men of the time in which he lived. As a statesman, Chesterfield had but one or two equals; as a vigorous and polished writer, but few men surpassed him. He was the first gentleman of the age, the delight of every social circle, the "mirror of politeness," "the lord among wits and the wit among lords." Yet what a sublime groundwork of faith and truth underlaid his whole character! and what a commentary upon the society in which he moved; though it was, probably, somewhat superior to that Mrs. Potiphar drew around her.

Notwithstanding Chesterfield's faithlessness and want of sincerity, but few men have had more character; and, compared with Lord Byron, whom we now propose to consider in that relation, it was fourfold greater, we think, in the former than in the latter.

Character necessarily makes a man something of a hero, though heroes oftentimes do not possess much character. Charles

XII. of Sweden lacked it, and not one in ten of Napoleon's marshals and generals had much of it. Byron certainly had but a small share of it. That he had unusual strength and acuteness of intellect, and almost unequalled abilities as a poet, no one presumes to doubt. But he had none of that fixed earnestness of purpose, that calm but resolute energy, that repose and self reliance which is the characteristic of him,

"That unassailable holds on his rank
Unshak'd of motion."

Of real pride Byron had but little; but he had an intensely craving vanity.

Men who are really indifferent whether "courts and crowds applaud or hiss," seldom say so; and those who really feel such a profound contempt for their fellow-men as Byron pretended to, do not take the pains, in the most elaborate efforts to inform them of it two or three times a year, or oftener. His strong passions, which are held out as an extenuation for his outrageously immoral conduct, we confess that we have looked in vain for much evidence of. He was shamefully licentious, to be sure; but his licentiousness instead of proceeding, from an all engrossing passion for the "sex," like that which governed the Marc Antonys, the Mirabeaus, and such men, seemed to be more an offspring of the vanity. Steele somewhere says, "I have observed that the superiority among these coffee-house politicians proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion." We suspect that Byron's licentiousness was to be attributed in no small degree to a desire of gaining the applause of "these coffee-house politicians." His intense vanity craved admiration from every class in the community,—from hard drinkers and pugilists up to every thing that was refined and great. It was this vanity that prompted him to be ever hinting at dark events in his life, which never took place out of his imagination. Moore tells us; that sometimes after dinner, when a little excited with wine, he would commence throwing out mysterious insinuations of dreadful secrets his bosom was the repository of;—if so inclined he "could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul;" but Moore, who understood him well enough to know that all the dreadful nonsensical revelations he might make, would be purely creations of the brain, gave him to understand that all that prevented him from laughing in his face was politeness. Being keenly sensitive to ridicule, Moore's reception of his *marvellous fabrications* prevented him

from attempting to palm them off upon him too often, but Moore suggests, that as his wife might have been more credulous, a belief in these silly self-disparaging stories, might in some measure have been the cause of their divorce.

Goethe's absurd conjectures about the double murder that he supposed him to have been implicated in at Florence, no doubt gratified his vanity, and he seemed to be anxious that Murray should give them all the publicity he could.

It is unpleasant to associate an idea of the greatest poet of the age, with such a pitiful weakness as this. From all the particulars that Moore and others have given us, we infer that he was a man of weak passions, *i. e.*, feeling of any kind was not lasting with him. It took but little to make him intensely angry and indignant; but his anger and indignation were very evanescent. He had none of that calm and silent rage which betokens an indignation that will last as long as life. His anger was very violent while it lasted, and so was his love, but they both easily evaporated in a few verses. The "harems" he in so melancholy a way hints at having broken up, in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, it appears consisted, *in toto*, of one maid of all work; and she very unsentimentally transferred her charms from her loving lord to a very ordinary, everyday sort of lover. She took in fact a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, for the young man to whom she made over the attractions that Byron had possessed, was either a servant of his, or employed in some capacity to work upon his estate at Newstead. This, very likely, was the best experimental knowledge he had for thinking men and women so little reliable, and for doubting whether, "two or one are almost what they seem."

When the public discovered that his licentiousness was not so great as he had pictured it in his poetry, he probably determined to give more reality to it, and for a short time in Venice did keep a "harem" of the worst possible description; but we are told that he often spent the night in his gondola on the water, to get rid of the company of this "harem." The Wilkesses and the Bolingbrokes were libertines of a different stamp from this. There was a good deal of affectation about his licentiousness, as well as every thing else relating to him. He was contending all his life against the laws of nature; he seemed to believe himself able by the force of his intellect and genius to compel water to run up hill. He was just discovering the impossibility of the thing when he died. If

he had lived ten years longer he would have been a man of a great deal more character, for character, like most all our other qualities, is to a certain extent "a manufactured article." The shrewd practical wisdom contained in the following extract from a letter he wrote his business agent, evinces growth of character, and betokens a change in his views, which if he had lived and acted upon, would unquestionably have had the effect to reconcile all his relations and friends to him:

"I have lived long enough," said he, "to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I." "They say 'knowledge is power:'—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant 'money,' and when Socrates declared 'that all he knew was that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world. My notions upon the score of moneys coincides with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less when I pronounce my firm belief that *cash is virtue*."

This now sounds quite sensible when compared with a good deal of the dismal egotistical whining in his poetry. We should say at once that it must have been written by a man of character. If Byron had kept out of debt, if there had been no executions in his house, it is possible that the English public would not have been so much shocked at his bad morals; though, of course, his literary brethren never could have forgiven him, because he so much excelled them. He tells us that:

"He who *surpasses or subdues* mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below."

We recollect no allusion in any of the works or letters of Byron to Chesterfield's

letters to his son, and we doubt if he ever read them. We know of no man who we think could have read them to greater advantage. Chesterfield had a thorough contempt for misanthropes, and affectation in all its various disguises. There is no feeling having less occasion for its indulgence, and none that less charity should be extended towards, than a misanthropic one. In this country, at least, persons who are industrious and honest, will have no oppressor's wrong to complain of, and nothing affording the shadow of a basis for misanthropy to rest upon. Byron's works have a more injurious effect in encouraging sour and morose feelings in the minds of young men of little experience and immature judgment, than the writings of all other authors. In every new edition of his works there should accompany them some particulars of his scandalous and outrageous life,—not smoothed over by partial biographers, but appearing in all their naked deformity. It will then be seen how easily reconcilable his misanthropy was with his conduct and vanity. His gross sensuality and drunken debaucheries are without a parallel in one so gifted. He crowded all the life, vivacity and animation that belonged to the system properly used, for a week, into a single day, and then in the periods of exhaustion which followed, his misanthropic "inspirations" were produced. "I have not lov'd the world—nor the world me!" The world is not very apt to love those who outrage all its decencies, and proprieties, and who go about seeking whom they may devour. We think the writings of no other author produced so much injury as those of Byron. What is called the "Yellow Covered Literature," is comparatively harmless, from the ignorance and imbecility of most of the writers who produce it; but Byron's prodigious power, and the splendor of his genius, make his works almost irresistible, especially to the young and inexperienced.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, &c. By ALFRED R. WALLACE. London, Reeve & Co., 1833.

Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon. By WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON and LARDNER GIBBON. Washington, Robert Armstrong, 1854.

WE class these two books together, not only because they relate to the same subject, but because they are admirable complements of each other—the one furnishing what the other lacks, and the two in connection giving a complete view of the vast and almost unknown regions to which they relate.

Mr. Wallace is a naturalist, who went to South America to collect specimens of birds and insects, and during his sojourn of some years, had his attention chiefly directed to the natural history of the country. Lieutenant Herndon, on the other hand, was sent out under the direction of the Navy Department of the United States, to explore its agricultural resources and commercial capabilities, and the probable influence of the free navigation of the Amazon upon the trade of the world, and of the United States in particular. Mr. Wallace landed at Para, on the Atlantic side of the continent, and confined his researches mainly to the northern tributaries of the great stream, while Lieut. Herndon, setting out from Santiago, on the Pacific, "a pleasant place of residence," as he naively observes, "with the exception that it is subject to earthquakes and civil wars," proceeded to Lima, and thence across the Andes, to the river Huallaga, one of the most western branches of the Amazon. It will be seen, therefore, that the journeyings of the two travellers cover the entire valley, except the part drained by the Madeira and other southern forks, which Lieut. Gibbon, who was joined with Mr. Herndon as far as Terma, explored, but whose report is not yet published. When the latter shall have appeared, our knowledge of the Valley will be more comprehensible.

We were not wholly ignorant of the regions of the Amazon before these explorations. The interesting work of Von Tschude had made us familiar with the country about Lima and the Sierras. Smith's "Peru as it is," was also full of information on the same points, while Humboldt's Narrative, Prince Adalbert's Travels, Southey's Brazil, and the journals of the English lieutenants, Smyth and Maed, had furnished us with a mass of valuable details in regard to the more

eastern parts of the great basin; but in none of these do we find as ample and authentic accounts of the whole river as in the two works before us.

The Peruvians at an early day, even before the time of the Spanish conquest, made attempts to explore the country east of the Andes. The sixth Inca, we are told by Garcilaso de la Vega, sent his son *Yahuar Huaccac*, with a force of fifteen thousand men, to its conquest, and the young prince added some thirty leagues in that direction to the dominions of his father. Under the tenth Inca, also, the great *Yupauqui*, an expedition forced its way into the Montafia, and embarking on rafts on the river Amaramayo, penetrated through hostile tribes of Indians, into the territory of the Musus, whom they subdued and partly civilized. But these attempts were merely predatory incursions, and led to no important results, although they left behind them, to incite the cupidity of the Spaniard, stories of great empires filled with populous cities, whose streets were paved with gold, and whose monarchs, when they rose in the morning, were smeared with oil and covered with gold dust, which their courtiers, having brought it from a lake of pure golden sand, blew upon them from long reeds.

Excited by these traditions, Pizarro fitted out two expeditions, which entered the country as far as the Beni, but which, overcome by danger, privation and sufferings, returned worse than they went. Gonzalo Pizarro also fitted out an expedition from Quito, of which Prescott gives a brilliant account, showing how they found the rumored gold, but were themselves cruelly murdered. The first person who reached and descended the Amazon was *Lope de Aguirre*, the lieutenant of a company fitted out by the Viceroy of Peru, the Marquis of Cañete, about 1560. Having assassinated his captain, he prosecuted the enterprise on his own responsibility, as far as the Huallaga, which he descended to the Amazon, and thence floated down the Amazon to its mouth. The information given by this adventurer, however, was not of much worth, and the task, "which had baffled the ambition and power of the Incas, and the love of gold, backed by the indomitable spirit and courage of the hardy Spanish soldier," was accomplished by missionary zeal, and the love of propagating the true faith. As early as 1637, missionary sta-

tions were established in the Montafia, and in less than a century afterwards, nearly every Indian town and village was surmounted by the cross, and a large part of the inhabitants rudely indoctrinated into the belief of the Church.

"The difficulties of penetrating into these countries," says Lieutenant Herndon, "where the path is to be broken for the first time, can only be conceived by one who has travelled over the roads already trodden. The broken and precipitous mountain track—the deep morass—the thick and tangled forest—the danger from Indians, wild beasts, and reptiles—the scarcity of provisions—the exposure to the almost appalling rains—and the navigation of the impetuous and rock-obstructed river, threatening at every moment shipwreck to the frail canoe—form obstacles that might daunt any heart but that of the gold-hunter or the missionary."²¹

The most remarkable voyage down the Amazon, according to the same authority, was made by a woman. Madame Godin des Odonnais, wife of one of the French commissioners who was sent with *Condamine* to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito, started in 1769, from *Rio Bamba*, in Ecuador, to join her husband in Cayenne, by the route of the Amazon. She embarked at *Canelos*, on the *Borbonaza*, with a company of eight persons; two, besides herself, being females. On the third day, the Indians who conducted their canoe deserted; another Indian, whom they found sick in a hovel near the bank, and employed as a pilot, fell from the canoe in endeavoring to pick up the hat of one of the party, and was drowned.

The canoe, under their own management, soon capsized, and they lost all their clothing and provisions. Three men of the party now started for *Andoas*, on the *Pastaza*, which they supposed themselves to be within five or six days of, and never returned. The party left behind, now consisting of the three females and two brothers of Madame Godin, lashed a few logs together, and attempted again to navigate; but their frail vessel soon went to pieces by striking against the fallen trees in the river. They then attempted to journey on foot along the banks of the river, but finding the growth here too thick and tangled for them to make any way, they struck off into the forest, in hopes of finding a less obstructed path.

They were soon lost; despair took possession of them, and they perished miserably of hunger and exhaustion. Madame

Godin, recovering from a swoon, which she supposes to have been of many hours' duration, took the shoes from her dead brother's feet, and started to walk, she knew not whither. Her clothes were soon torn to rags, her body lacerated by her exertions in forcing her way through the tangled and thorny undergrowth, and she was kept constantly in a state of deadly terror by the howl of the tiger and the hiss of the serpent. It is wonderful that she preserved her reason. "Eight terrible days and nights did she wander alone in the howling wilderness, supported by a few berries and birds' eggs. Providentially (one cannot say accidentally) she struck the river at a point where two Indians (a man and a woman) were just launching a canoe. They received her with kindness, furnished her with food, gave her a coarse cotton petticoat, which she preserved for years afterwards as a memorial of their goodness, and carried her in their canoe to *Andoas*, whence she found a passage down the river, and finally joined her husband. Her hair turned gray from suffering, and she could never hear the incidents of her voyage alluded to without a feeling of horror that bordered on insanity."

The river Amazon, as we all know from our school-books, is the second largest river in the world, being second only to the Mississippi, and with its numerous and mighty tributaries, drains a basin which surpasses in its dimensions that of any other river. Situated in the tropics, alternately on both sides of the equator, it is supplied by abundant rains throughout its whole extent, and pours a flood of water into the ocean, to which the magnificent streams of the Mississippi, the Hoang Ho, the Ganges, and the Danube, afford scarcely a comparison. From the fourth degree of north latitude to the twentieth south, all the rivers that flow down the eastern slope of the Andes, are its confluents, which is as if, says Mr. Wallace, every river of Europe, from St. Petersburg to Madrid, united their waters in a single flood. Considering the *Marañon* as its true source, we find its whole length about 2,740 English miles, while its tributaries on the north and south, cover a space of 1,720 miles. The whole area of its basin, is 2,330,000 English square miles, or more than one third of all South America, and equal to two thirds of all Europe. "All western Europe," says Mr. Wallace, "could be placed in it without touching its boundaries, and it would even contain the whole Indian empire."

The same writer remarks upon a curious contrast in the colors of the Amazon and several of its branches: the waters of the former are of a yellowish olive hue, while those of the Rio Branco are almost milk-white, those of the Yuacali a transparent blue, and those of the Nigro, as the name imports, quite black. The difference of color does not depend entirely on free earthy matter, but on some material which they hold in solution; for in lakes and inlets where the waters are undisturbed, and can deposit all their sediment, they still retain the same tints. This material is evidently derived from the soils through which they flow; a rocky and sandy district always giving clear water—a clayey one the yellow or olive colored, while the infusion of decaying leaves and other vegetable matter makes the black. The Rio Branco looks like a stream of dissolved chalk, and the Madeira and Puros are also white. The Tocantins, the Xingu, and the Tapajoz, which rise in the mountains of Brazil, are blue and clear; while the Nigro, the Coary, the Tefé, the Jutai, and some others, are black as ink, only getting a little paler in shallow places.

The velocity of the Amazon varies with the width of the current and the time of the year, but is nowhere and at no time so great as it has been represented in the older accounts. A large number of people think of it only as pouring down with the fierce flow of a torrent, but the truth is, that its average flow is about three and a half miles an hour, and its fleetest, not more than five or six miles. This opinion of its rapidity rose probably from the fact, that it carried its fresh waters far out to sea, discoloring the ocean to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles; yet it would appear that the rush is never sufficiently strong to impede navigation, even by sail, and much less by steam. The mighty stream may be ascended almost to its source, without an obstruction—at least this is the prevailing impression both of travellers and of the dwellers upon its banks—though it must be confessed that our knowledge of the courses of the tributaries is quite incomplete. The main stream, with the Madeira and the Nigro, and we now add, since the exploration of Lieut. Herndon, the Huallaga, and part of the Yuacali, are tolerably well ascertained and laid down upon the maps; but of the Xingu, the Tapajoz, the Coary, the Puros, the Jutai, the Jabari, the Ica, and others, we possess only vague conjectures. Be-

tween the Tocantins and the Madeira, says Mr. Wallace, and between the Madeira and the Yuacali, there are two tracts of country of five hundred thousand square miles each, and each twice as large as France, and as completely unexplored as the interior of Africa. It is probable, however, from their size, and the reports of the Indians, that the greater part of them are navigable for many miles from their discharge into the main stream. "As a general rule," says Lieut. Herndon, "large ships may sail thousands of miles to the foot of the falls of the gigantic rivers of this country; and in Brazil particularly, a few hundred miles of canal would open to the steamboat, and render available, thousands of miles more."

But though the velocity of the Amazon is not so great as is commonly supposed, the first sight of it produces an impression of awful grandeur and force. Lieutenant Herndon writes:

"The march of the great river in its silent grandeur was sublime; but in the untamed might of its turbid waters as they cut away its banks, tore down the gigantic denizens of the forest, and built up islands, it was awful. It rolled through the wilderness with a stately and solemn air. Its waters looked angry, sullen, relentless; and the whole scene awoke emotions of awe and dread—such as are caused by the funeral solemnities, the minute gun, the howl of the wind, and the angry tossing of the waves, when all hands are called to bury the dead in a troubled sea.

"I was reminded of our Mississippi at its topmost flood; the waters are quite as muddy and quite as turbid; but this stream lacked the charm and the fascination which the plantation upon the bank, the city upon the bluff, and the steamboat upon its waters, lend to its fellow of the North; nevertheless, I felt pleased at its sight. I had already travelled seven hundred miles by water, and fancied that this powerful stream would soon carry me to the ocean; but the water-travel was comparatively just begun; only a weary month was to elapse ere I should again look upon the familiar face of the sea; and many a time, when worn and wearied with the canoe life, did I exclaim, 'This river seems interminable!'"

The whole of the region through which this magnificent stream flows appears to be one of unexampled fertility, for it is covered by a rich and tangled vegetation, forming the most dense and extensive forest in the world. One may travel for weeks and months, in any direction, without discovering more than a rood of ground unoccupied by trees. On the coasts of Southern Brazil, and on the Pacific coasts, you encounter rocky mountain ridges, and immense plains that are parched and barren; but in the interior, comprising an area of some 2,700 miles in one direction, and from 400 to 1,700 in another, the entire surface is a virgin forest. What are the woods of central

Europe, what those of Africa, what the immense forests of Asia even, compared with this? In North America alone is there a parallel, in the vast wooded country, west of the Mississippi.

This vast forest is distinguished for the variety as well as the size of the trees of which it is composed. Herndon enumerates of trees fitted for nautical constructions, twenty-two kinds; for the construction of houses and boats, thirty-three; for cabinet work, twelve (some of which, such as the *jacarandá*, the tortoise-shell wood, and the *macacamba*, are very beautiful); and for making coal, seven. There are twelve kinds of trees that exude milk from some of their bark; though the milk of some of these—such as the *arroeiro* and *assucú*—is poisonous. One is the *seringa*, or India-rubber tree, and one, the *mururé*, the milk of which is reported to possess extraordinary virtue in the cure of mercurialized patients. "It is idle," he says, "to give a list of the medicinal plants, for their name is legion." Yet, he proceeds to describe more than two dozen species of plants which already furnish valuable additions to our *materia medica*.

"This is the country," adds the author, "of rice, of *amaparrilla*, of India-rubber, balsam copaiba, gum copal, animal and vegetable wax, cocon, Brazilian nutmeg, Tunka beans, ginger, black pepper, arrowroot, tapioca, annatto, indigo, sapacala, and Brazil nuts; dyes of the gayest colors, drugs of rare virtue, variegated cabinet woods of the finest grain, and susceptible of the highest polish. The forests are filled with game, and the rivers stocked with turtle and fish. Here dwell the anta, or the wild cow, the peixe boi, or fish cat, the sloth, the ant-eater, the beautiful black tiger, the mysterious electric eel, the boa-constrictor, the *macooca*, the deadly coral snake, the voracious alligator, monkeys in endless variety, birds of the most brilliant plumage, and insects of the strangest forms and gayest colors."

Of the Zoology of the region, however, Mr. Wallace furnishes us the most copious details, while both of our authorities speak of productions, not mentioned in the above list, which are more important than any other in the view of commerce. We refer to a species of wild cotton, called *Huimba* in Peru, which, mixed with silk, can be spun into a tough yet delicate fabric; tobacco, which grows in exuberance and of excellent quality; the sugar-cane, of which plentiful crops are gathered in the province of Cercado; and coffee, which is easily cultivated. There are three kinds of indigo yielding in great abundance; maize is produced every three months all the year round; the cassave, one kind able to replace the potato, and the other giving out starch, is prolific;

wheat, barley, and oats may be raised in many districts; while, in respect to fruits, grapes, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, melons, figs, papaws, chiromas, pine-apples, &c., there is no end to the supply, at the same time the climate is spoken of as very salubrious and agreeable. The entire valley is remarkable for the uniformity of its temperature and the regular supply of moisture. Neither the wet nor the dry seasons are as severe as in other tropical countries, and the stranger seldom suffers from either excessive heat or excessive cold.

An admirable country to live in—our readers will see, presenting rare opportunities for agriculture and commerce, and promising to be in the future the seat of a prosperous empire. But as yet, we must confess, it holds forth few temptations to settlement: or rather it exhibits certain peculiarities not entirely compatible with our ideas of civilized comfort and refinement. In the first place, the present inhabitants do not invite a more familiar acquaintance. The greater part of them are Indians, and Indians generally of worthless and debased characters. Mr. Wallace, who describes some thirty different tribes, saying at the same time that there are "countless varieties of others with peculiar languages and customs, and distinct physical characteristics," thinks them superior on the whole to the Indians of South Brazil, and more like "the intelligent and noble races" of the North American prairies; but he admits, also, that they are for the most part lazy, squalid, savage, polygamic, superstitious, fond of *caxaça*, which is native for bad rum, licentious, and what is most shocking of all, the rascals, male and female go about as naked as they were born, with the exception that they wear sometimes a brilliant head-dress of parrots' tail feathers. Some, indeed, tattoo their carcasses, in red, yellow, and blue, until they look as much dressed as the clown of a circus: there are one or two tribes, too, such as the *Purupurus*, who are infected universally with a scrofula, or itch, spotting their bodies with white, black, and brown patches, and who bore large holes in their lips, the septum of the nose, and in their ears, out of which sticks five or six feet long, dangle as ornaments; while the *Ximãnas*, and *Cauxafias*, kill their first-born children, and the *Miraubas* eat the first friend they can lay their jaws upon! Precious neighbors these fellows would make!

In short, if we must tell the whole truth about these Indians, let us say that

Mr. Herndon quotes from the work of Count Castelnau, a Frenchman who ascended the Amazon some years since, an account going to show that some of them are lineal descendants from the monkey. Here is the passage:

"M. Castelnau collected some very curious stories concerning the Indians who dwell upon the banks of the Juruá. He says, (vol. 5, p. 105,) 'I cannot pass over in silence a very curious passage of Padre Noronha, and which one is astonished to find in a work of so grave a character in other respects. The Indians, *Canamas* and *Uginas* (says the padre), live near the sources of the river. The first are of a very short stature, scarcely exceeding five palms (about three and a half feet); and the last (of this there is no doubt) have tails, and are produced by a mixture of Indians and *Costa* monkeys. Whatever may be the cause of this fact, I am led to give it credit for three reasons: first, because there is no physical reason why men should not have tails; secondly, because many Indians, whom I have interrogated regarding this thing, have assured me of the fact, telling me that the tail was a palm and a half long; and, thirdly, because the Reverend Father Friar José de Santa Theresa Ribeiro, a Carmelite, and Curate of Castro de Avelaens, assured me that he saw the same thing in an Indian who came from Japurá, and who sent me the following attestation:

"'I, José de Santa Theresa Ribeiro, of the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel, Ancient Observance, &c., certify and swear, in my quality of priest, and on the Holy Evangelists, that when I was a missionary in the ancient village of Parauah, where was afterwards built the village of Noguera, I saw, in 1755, a man called Manuel da Silva, native of Pernambuco, or Bahia, who came from the river Japurá with some Indians, amongst whom was one—an infidel brute—who the said Manuel declared to me had a tail; and as I was unwilling to believe such an extraordinary fact, he brought the Indian and caused him to strip, on pretence of removing some turtles from a 'pen,' near which I stood to assure myself of the truth. There I saw, without possibility of error, that the man had a tail, of the thickness of a finger, and half a palm long, and covered with smooth and naked skin. The same Manuel assured me that the Indian had told him that every month he cut his tail, because he did not like to have it too long, and it grew very fast. I do not know to what nation this man belonged, nor if all his tribe had a similar tail; but I understood afterwards that there was a tailed nation upon the banks of the Juruá; and I sign this act and seal it in affirmation of the truth of all that it contains.

"'ESTABLISHMENT OF CASTRO DE AVELAENS, October 14, 1768.

"'FR. JOSE DE STA. THERESA RIBEIRO."

"M. Baena (Corog, Para) has thought proper to repeat these strange assertions. 'In this river,' says he, speaking of the Juruá (p. 487), 'there are Indians, called *Canamas*, whose height does not exceed five palms; and there are others, called *Uginas*, who have a tail of three or four palms (four palms and an inch, Portuguese, make nearly an English yard), according to the report of many persons. But I leave to every one to put what faith he pleases in these assertions.'

"M. Castelnau says, after giving these relations, 'I will add but a word. Descending the Amazon, I saw, one day, near Fonteboa, a black *Costa*, of enormous dimensions. He belonged to an Indian woman, to whom I offered a large price, for the country, for the

curious beast; but she refused me with a burst of laughter. 'Your efforts are useless,' said an Indian who was in the cabin; 'that is her husband.'

Mr. Herndon himself does not confirm this story, which we suspect the Count borrowed from Voltaire's *Candide*, but he narrates that when he was at Echénique he bought a young monkey of an Indian woman, which refused to eat plantain when he offered it, whereupon "the woman took it and put it to her breast, where it sucked away manfully and with great gusto. She weaned it in a week, so that it would eat plantain mashed up and put into its mouth in small bits: but the little beast died of mortification, because I would not let him sleep with his arms round my neck!"

Mr. Wallace, in the course of his description of one of the tribes on the river Uaupés, gives so rational a conjecture as to the origin of the fable about a nation of Amazons, or fighting females, that we extract his words:

"The use of ornaments and trinkets of various kinds is almost confined to the men. The women wear a bracelet on the wrists, but none on the neck, and no comb in the hair; they have a garter below the knee, worn tight from infancy, for the purpose of swelling out the calf, which they consider a great beauty. While dancing in their festivals, the women wear a small tanga, or apron, made of beads, prettily arranged: it is only about six inches square, but is never worn at any other time, and immediately the dance is over it is taken off.

The men, on the other hand, have the hair carefully parted and combed on each side, and tied in a queue behind. In the young men, it hangs in long locks down their necks, and, with the comb, which is invariably carried stuck in the top of the head, gives them a most feminine appearance: this is increased by the large necklaces and bracelets of beads, and the careful extirpation of every symptom of beard. Taking these circumstances into consideration, I am strongly of opinion that the story of the Amazons has arisen from these feminine-looking warriors encountered by the early voyager. I am inclined to this opinion, from the effect they first produced on myself, when it was only by close examination I saw that they were men; and, were the front part of their bodies and their breasts covered with shields, such as they always use, I am convinced any person seeing them for the first time would conclude they were women. We have only therefore to suppose that tribes having similar customs to those now existing on the river Uaupés, inhabited the regions where the Amazons were reported to have been seen, and we have a rational explanation of what has so much puzzled all geographers. The only objection to this explanation is, that traditions are said to exist among the natives, of a nation of 'women without husbands.' Of this tradition, however, I was myself unable to obtain any trace, and I can easily imagine it entirely to have risen from the suggestions and inquiries of Europeans themselves. When the story of the Amazons was first made known, it became of course a point with all future travellers to verify it, or if possible to get a glimpse of these warlike ladies. The Indians must no doubt have been overwhelmed with ques-

tions and suggestions about them, and they, thinking that the white men must know best, would transmit to their descendants and families the idea that such a nation did exist in some distant part of the country. Succeeding travellers, finding traces of this idea among the Indians, would take it as a proof of the existence of the Amazons; instead of being merely the effect of a mistake at the first, which had been unknowingly spread among them by preceding travellers, seeking to obtain some evidence on the subject."

Next to the human or demi-human inhabitants the greatest annoyances are the animals. There are alligators, in some of the streams, big enough to bolt an Indian warrior; there are vampire bats, which, in spite of what some naturalists assert, will phlebotomize a horse until he dies; there are jaguars, which are quite as fierce and strong as the royal Bengal tiger; and there are snakes, which the good Father Vernazza avers (and he wrote as late as 1845) are forty-five feet long and five and a half thick, and who suck in their prey, man, bird, or beast, by mere inhalation, from a distance of fifty yards. Yet the plague of the country are the smaller vermin, the ants, the ticks, and the mosquitoes. Our readers will probably remember Sidney Smith's description of the insectivorous tribes, where he says,—

"The bite *rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. *Chigoes* bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every *chico* sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose: you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. *Lizards*, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed: ants eat up the books: scorpions sting you on the feet. Every thing bites, stings or bruises: every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tescup, a nondescript of nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics."

Now this is all bad enough; but Mr. Wallace complains of another nuisance, which assailed his ears. "Every night," he says, speaking of a voyage up the Tocantins, "we had a concert of frogs, which make most extraordinary noises. There are three kinds, which can be heard all at once. One makes a noise somewhat like what one would expect from a frog, namely, a distal croak, but the sounds uttered by the others were like no animal that I ever heard before. A distant railway train approaching and a blacksmith hammering on his anvil, are what they exactly resemble. They are such true

imitations, that when lying half-dozing in the canoe, I have often fancied myself at home, hearing the familiar sounds of the approaching mail-train, and the hammering of the boiler-makers at the iron-works. Then, we often had the "guarhibas," or howling monkeys, with their terrific noises; the shrill grating whistle of the cicadas and locusts, and the peculiar notes of the *suacúras* and other aquatic birds, add to these the loud unpleasant hum of the mosquitoes in your immediate vicinity, and you have a pretty good idea of our nightly concert." A serenade of that sort, however, seems to us only a proper accompaniment to the general experiences of life in those latitudes.

For there is another sense that must be sometimes revolted, in spite of the luxuriant fruits that we read of,—the sense of taste. A breakfast of alligator-tail is not perhaps objectionable when you are hard pressed; nor a dinner of raw turtle, which is so excellent when broiled or made into soup, that it may be, possibly, somewhat of a dainty when underdone; but heaven preserve us from monkey chops or a salad of nut-oil and river-hog! Mr. Herndon informs us that monkeys are rather tough, though the livers he found tender and good. Yet, even after a luxurious banquet on liver, Jocko was sure to have his revenge on the feeder, who always nearly perished of nightmare. "Some devil," says the gallant Lieutenant, "with arms as nervous as the monkey's, had me by the throat, and staring on me, with his cold cruel eye, expressed his determination to hold on to the death."

Still, an enthusiast may tell us that the glorious imagery, which nature every where in the tropics addresses to the eye, is a compensation for the defeats suffered by the other senses. The eye, as in Macbeth's soliloquy, "is worth all the rest;" for the grand forms of the trees, the varied hues of the foliage, the endless brilliancy of the birds and butterflies, and the deep azure of the skies, present a panorama which quite overwhelms the mind with its beauty and magnificence. But Mr. Wallace, in spite of the enthusiasm of earlier travellers, is inclined to think that he found quite as much picturesque landscape at home as in the tropics. "It is on the roadside, and on the river's banks," he says, "that we see all the beauties of the tropical vegetation. There we find a mass of bushes, and trees, and shrubs of every height, rising one over another, all exposed to the bright light and fresh air, and putting forth within reach their flowers and fruits, which, in

the forests, only grow far up on the top-most branches. Bright flowers and green foliage combine their charms, and climbing with their flowery festoons, cover over the bare and decaying stems. "Yet,"—and here comes in his protest,—“pick out the loveliest spots where the most glorious flowers of the tropics expand their glowing petals, and for every scene of this kind, we may find another at home of equal beauty, and with an equal amount of brilliant color. Look at a field of buttercups and daisies,—a hill-side covered with gorse and broom,—or a forest glade azure with a carpet of wild hyacinths, and they will bear a comparison with any scene the tropics can produce. I have never seen any thing more glorious than an old crab-tree in full blossom, and the horse-chestnut, lilac, and laburnum, will vie with the choicest tropical trees and shrubs. In the tropical waters are no more beautiful plants than our white and water lilies, our irises and the flowering rush; for I cannot consider the flower of the *Victoria Regia* more beautiful than that of the *Nymphaea Alba*, though it may be larger; nor is it so abundant an ornament of tropical waters as the latter is of ours.” Our author then adds, that the changing hues of autumn, and the tender green of spring are never seen in the tropics; while the rich expanse of green meadows and rich pastures are wanting, and the distant landscape fails in the soft and hazy effects which so excite the imagination in the more temperate latitudes. Mr. Wallace leaves out of his description the numerous and splendid families of birds,—the tanagers, the toucans, the macaws, and the parrots,—but we are still inclined to concur in the spirit of his remarks. Even for exquisite scenery “there is no place like home.”

We cannot quit the birds without quoting from Herndon a little legend which he heard of one, which had a peculiarly plaintive note, and was called by the Spaniards “the lost soul.”

“After we had retired to our mats beneath the shed for the night, I asked the governor if he knew a bird called *El alma perdida*. He did not know it by that name, and requested a description. I whistled an imitation of its notes; whereupon, an old crone, stretched on a mat near us, commenced, with animated tones and gestures, a story in the Inca language, which, translated, ran somehow thus:

“An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their *chacra*, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they

returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination ‘syllabled’ into *pa-pa, ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spaniards heard this story, and, with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird ‘The lost soul.’

“The circumstances under which the story was told—the beautiful, still, starlight night—the deep, dark forest around—the faint-red glimmering of the fire, flickering upon the old woman’s gray hair and earnest face as she poured forth the guttural tones of the language of a people now passed away—gave it a sufficiently romantic interest to an imaginative man.”

The object of Herndon’s visit was, as we have said, to explore the resources of the valley, and to ascertain to what extent it invited the commerce of foreign nations. Our distinguished astronomer, Lieutenant Maury, had long been of the opinion that this region opened the finest opportunities for trade, and was eager to direct the attention of capitalists to the importance and prospective value of a steam navigation of the Amazon. It was at his instance, therefore, as we suspect, that Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon were selected for the expedition. Their reports strongly confirm his anticipations as to the wealth of the whole immense district. Our present trade with Para, the city at the mouth of the river, already amounts to about one million of dollars a year, but if the productions of the interior,—the India-rubber, the sarsaparilla, the cocoa, and a thousand other commodities,—could be readily exchanged by means of steam-boats, for our goods, the trade might be prodigiously increased. The several governments having jurisdiction over the river and its tributaries, those of Peru and Bolivia in particular, are disposed to pursue a liberal policy in regard to companies which will undertake the steam navigation of it, and it only requires the co-operation of Brazil to throw open the entire valley to the navigation of the world. Brazil has foolishly made a contract with one De Sousa for the exclusive navigation, but it appears to be doubtful whether he will be able to fulfil his part of the bargain, even if it should not turn out that the said contract is an infringement of the treaty with Peru, which stipulates for a joint action of the two nations in all that concerns the subject. Tirado, who was foreign minister of Peru last year, is opposed to the contract of De Sousa, and will succeed, we trust, in getting it disavowed. In the mean time the President of Peru, Don Jose Rufino Echinique, has issued a patriotic and enlightened decree,

which offers the most liberal inducements to the navigation of the river, and to settlements in the districts over which Peru has control. It opens the ports of Nauta and Loreto to commerce, abandoning all import or export duties, and making concessions of lands, accompanied by a certain exemption from taxes, to all settlers. Bolivia has made a decree to the same effect, and it is hoped that Brazil will not long continue to stand in her own light. Herndon writes,—

"Were she to adopt a liberal instead of an exclusive policy, throw open the Amazon to foreign commerce and competition, invite settlement upon its banks, and encourage emigration by liberal grants of lands, and efficient protection to person and property, backed as she is by such natural advantages, imagination could scarcely follow her giant strides towards wealth and greatness.

"She, together with the five Spanish American republics above named, owns in the valley of the Amazon more than two millions of square miles of land, intersected in every direction by many thousand miles of what might be called canal navigation.

"This land is of unrivalled fertility; on account of its geographical situation and topographical and geological formation, it produces nearly every thing essential to the comfort and well-being of man. On the top and eastern slope of the Andes lie hid unimpaired quantities of silver, iron, coal, copper, and quicksilver, waiting but the application of science and the hand of industry for their development. The successful working of the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica would add several millions of silver to the annual product of Cerro Pasco alone. Many of the streams that dash from the summits of the Cordilleras wash gold from the mountain-side, and deposit it in the hollows and gulches as they pass. Barley, quinoa, and potatoes, best grown in a cold, with wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, products of a temperate region, deck the mountain-side, and beautify the valley; while immense herds of sheep, llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas feed upon those elevated plains, and yield wool of the finest and longest staple.

"Descending towards the plain, and only for a few miles, the eye of the traveller from the temperate zone

is held with wonder and delight by the beautiful and strange productions of the torrid. He sees for the first time the symmetrical coffee-bush, rich with its dark-green leaves, its pure white blossoms, and its gay, red fruit. The prolific plantain, with its great waving fan-like leaf, and immensa pendant branches of golden-looking fruit, enchains his attention. The sugar-cane waves in rank luxuriance before him, and if he be familiar with Southern plantations, his heart swells with emotion as the gay yellow blossom and white boll of the cotton set before his mind's eye the familiar scenes of home.

"Fruits, too, of the finest quality and most luscious flavor, grow here; oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, melons, chirimoyas, granadillas, and many others which, unpleasant to the taste at first, become with use exceedingly grateful to the accustomed palate. The Indian gets here his indispensable coca, and the forests at certain seasons are redolent with the perfume of the vanilla."

Neither of the South American nations alone will be able to accomplish much towards the introduction of an energetic foreign population, but with the assistance of northern or European enterprise might make the most gigantic strides. Their inhabitants are not maritime; they have no skill in steam navigation; they are destitute of the necessary capital. But let them encourage the commerce of others, and they will instantly procure all the assistance that they need. Let them say to the people of the United States, already their best customers and most natural allies, "Come with your steamers laden with manufactures to our free ports," and their grand river would no longer roll in loneliness through the sullen solitudes, but grow white with ships, the precious harbingers of civilization and progress. Only give the Yankee a chance, and, in spite of insects, snakes, frog-concerts, and dirty Indians, he will raise you to power and glory.

BORODINO.

ONE foot in the stirrup, one hand on the mane,
One toss of white plumes on the air;
Then firm in the saddle—and loosened the rein;
And the sword-blade gleams bare!

A white face stares up from the dark frozen ground;
The prowler will shadow it soon:
The dead and the dying lie writhe around,
Cold and bright shines the moon!

There's laurels and gold for the living and proud:
But the ice-wreath of Fame for the slain;
Only Love turns away from the revelling crowd
To her own on the plain!

WHO WAS JULIET'S RUNAWAY?

QUINCY FOLIO OF 1685—COLLIER'S FOLIO 1632—SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

LET the Jurors at the Crystal Palace rest in peace. The exhibitors to whom they award an honorable mention will not be thereby made their enemies for life. Mr. *Punch*,—high authority,—assured us that John Bull became furious at 'an honorable mention,' and even furnished us with the portrait of a gentleman in a rage at having attained that distinction. But it seems indeed, that—to use two very trite quotations,—*nous avons changé tout cela*; and that it is no longer true that *cælum non animum mutantur qui trans mare currunt*. In the last November number of this Magazine, we said that "he who discovers the needful word for the misprint "*runawayes* eyes" in the second Scene of the third Act of *Romeo and Juliet*, will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken." This opinion has been regarded as a prediction by several enthusiastic Shakespeareans; and in fact we have been addressed as if we had at least a certain amount of a certain grade of immortality in our keeping, a portion of which we had promised to bestow upon the lucky conjecturer who should supply the needful word in poor *Juliet's* soliloquy. Aspirants after so much immortality as is implied in coexistence with the English language, have offered themselves from all quarters of the country. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Missouri, South Carolina, and New York and Maine all furnish candidates.

Since the subject seems to have awakened so general an interest, we give our readers the benefit of the conjectures of our correspondents, and the arguments with which they sustain them. But we can by no means consent to be 'counted out' of the contest. Long before the appearance of the article which has directed a renewed attention to the notorious error in question, we had ventured upon a conjectural emendation of the passage, which seemed to us not only unobjectionable, but eminently suited to the exigencies of the case; and under the circumstances we shall be obliged to present our readers with a page or two from a volume of Historical and Critical Comments upon the Text and Characters of Shakespeare now passing through the press. But first for a glance at the efforts of some of our rivals.

Our Western correspondent addresses us through the columns of the *St. Louis Intelligencer*. After a short deprecatory introduction, he says:

"Without further circumstance, I offer you my substitute, for what is very evidently a misprint. The sentence runs thus:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's [noonday's] eyes may wink; and
Romeo
Leap to these arms," &c.

"Now, gentlemen, if you read the whole speech set down to Juliet, of which this is a part, the entire context, I think, favors the substitution of 'noonday's' for 'run-away's.'"

He sustains his reading by remarking, what is sufficiently obvious, that "the feverish impatience" of *Juliet* "chides what to her are the tedious hours of garish day," and that "she invokes the coming of the night as the best boon," because it would bring *Romeo* to her longing arms. "What then," he asks, "more likely, than that this lovesick woman should call upon night to let fall her curtain, and put out, or make wink, the eye of day—the 'noon-day's sun?'"

The conjectured reading of our *St. Louis* critic is not without some plausibility; and it resembles somewhat one proposed by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, which will be noticed hereafter, and also the words which have occurred to one of our New England correspondents. But "*noonday's* eyes" will not win for its proposer the distinction which he demands, and for very sufficient reasons. Even if there were no objection, as to time, against the word "noonday," there is a literalness and particularity about it which are poetically out of place in the passage for which it is proposed. *Juliet* is using large and general terms: she calls the West "Phoebus' mansion," and her thoughts spring directly from day to "cloudy night." She is affected only by the ideas of light and obscurity: she does not consider hours or parts of the day or night. To her there is but one grand division of time; and to make her specify noontime, in attributing eyes to day, is to introduce a speciality into her speech incongruous with her tone of thought. But supposing such particularity not objectionable on the higher ground of criticism, the time specified in the term is inconsistent with the require-

ments of the scene; and therefore Shakespeare would have been particular, only to be particularly wrong. This is evident from the fact, which a short examination will bring to light, that *Juliet* was not married until after noonday; and that some hours elapsed between her marriage and the time of this soliloquy. In the garden scene on the previous night *Juliet* says to *Romeo*,—

"At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?"

And he replies,—

"By the hour of nine."

Juliet, in the fifth Scene of the second Act, in her impatience to hear from her lover, says,—

"The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Pervance she cannot meet him," &c.

So that it was well on towards ten o'clock before *Juliet* received *Romeo's* message. But what was that message? We find it in the fourth Scene of this same Act.

"Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon:
And there she shall, at Friar Laurence's cell,
Be shrift'd and married."

It was then some time past noonday before *Juliet* went to the Friar's cell. There she was married; and we may be sure that she did not hasten away again. But after she and *Romeo* had parted, and in the long first Scene of the next Act, the brawl takes place in which *Mercutio* is killed by *Tybalt* and *Tybalt* by *Romeo*. This all intervenes between the parting of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, after their marriage in the afternoon, and *Juliet's* soliloquy: quite enough to show that "noonday" is not the word which she uses. But she herself gives the *coup de grace* to this supposition; for in the very scene of her soliloquy, having been betrayed into upbraiding *Romeo*, by hearing from the Nurse that he has killed *Tybalt*, she remorsefully exclaims,—

"Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?"

Under the circumstances, *Juliet* would certainly name a shorter time than had actually elapsed since she became *Romeo's* wife; and therefore, she having been married in the afternoon, it is plain that her soliloquy is spoken toward evening.

But what need of this comparison of hours and minutes! Is not the soliloquy itself steeped in the passionate language of

a summer's afternoon just melting into twilight? Is it not plain that *Juliet* has been watching the sun sink slowly down to the horizon, and gazing pensively into the golden air, until her own imaginings have taken on its glowing hue, and that then she breaks out into her longing prayer for night and *Romeo*? Facts and figures tell us that her soliloquy is spoken just before sunset; but what reader of the whole soliloquy will not set aside the evidence of facts and figures as superfluous—almost impertinent?

Our Southern correspondent suggests "run-i'-ways" for "runaways," and would read,

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-i'-ways eyes may wink," &c.

He makes this suggestion in a very pleasant letter, indicative of fine taste and feeling on the part of the writer, the length of which, however, precludes our use of it. He supposes that *Juliet* is expressing a wish that run-in-the-ways', i. e., interlopers', eyes may wink; and that "run-aways" is the contracted word, with the mere typographical error of a single letter. The contraction he arrives at thus:—run-in-the-ways, run-in-th'-ways, run-i-th'-ways, run-i'-ways. This is ingenious; but such a contraction and such an idea are hardly in the manner of Shakespeare; and we therefore postpone an elaborate consideration of it until all more probable suggestions have been set aside.

Boston furnishes the next candidate for honorable mention, who thus cleverly, directly, and modestly withal, asserts his claim.

"The closing sentence of the article on Shakespeare, in your November number, is responsible for this: so if this be a bore, act accordingly.

"Instead of 'run-away's eyes,' I would read *wan day's eyes*. The word *day*, makes the sense perfect and plain. The use of 'day's eye' for light is not an uncommon figure; it may be found in most poets of that time,—and of a later time also. Milton takes it even farther. He calls day-break the 'opening eyelid of the morn.' *Wan* is the very adjective that *Juliet* would apply to day, considering it as opposed to 'love-performing night.' Carelessly written, 'run-away's eyes,' has much the same appearance as 'wan-day's eyes.'

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That wan day's eyes may wink."

As a consequence of this, *Romeo* is to come—"unwatched," &c. Does not this make the image plain? The thought is in Milton:

'What has night to do with sleep?

'Tis only day light that makes sin,
Which these dim shades will ne'er report.'

"This passage is almost the same as Romeo's coming unnoted. The whole speech is an expression of impatience at the lingering of day. Juliet says:

'So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child.'

"Now, then,—if you believe as I do,—I claim the reward.—Very respectfully,
"G. N. H."

This suggestion is good. Evidently, "wan days," if indistinctly written, might be mistaken for "runaways." The idea of "the eye of day" is also quite suitable to the passage; and indeed it has been before suggested by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Our Boston correspondent also sustains his conjecture ably by the authority of Milton and of Shakespeare himself. But this and all the other hypothetical readings known to us before the receipt of the letter of our Southern correspondent, fail to meet the demands of one essential part of the context; and we are thus brought to the extract from the unpublished Shakesperian volume, to which we have alluded. It was written, with the exception of a few lines touching a recent suggestion of Mr. Dyce's and a statement of the reading of Mr. Collier's folio, three years and more ago, merely as a part of the author's Shakesperian studies, and with no thought that it would ever see the light in this shape. Here is the extract:

"Juliet.—Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen."

Of the incomprehensible "runaways" in the second line, an obvious misprint, many explanations and many emendations have been offered. Warburton thought that the runaway was the sun: Steevens thought that Juliet meant to call the night a runaway: Douce insists that she applies that term to herself, as a runaway from her duty to her parents. But no explanation will obviate the difficulty. There is, unquestionably, a misprint, and a gross one. The conjectural emendations have been as diverse as numerous. Monck Mason proposed *Renomy's*, that is *Renomme's*; Zachary Jackson, *unawares*, which was adopted by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight, in spite of the feeble sense it gives; and Mr. Collier's folio has "*enemies' eyes*." All the conjectures have been un-

satisfactory, rather on account of the sense which they give, than the improbability of the mistake which they involved. The most plausible suggestion yet made, seems to me to be, "*rude day's*," by Mr. Dyce, in his *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. C. Knight's Editions of Shakespeare*. In his last publication, *A Few Notes on Shakespeare*, he offers "*roving eyes*." But it is surely much better to read—

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That *rude day's* eyes may wink,

than,

That *roving eyes* may wink.

Neither of these, however, is more satisfactory to me than they appear to be to Mr. Dyce himself. The error will probably remain for ever uncorrected, unless a word which I venture to suggest seems to others as unexceptionable as it does to me. Juliet desires that somebody's eyes may wink, so that Romeo may leap to her arms "*untalk'd of*," as well as "*unseen*." She wishes to avoid the scandal, the bruit, which would ensue upon the discovery of her new made husband's secret visit.

I think, therefore, and also because the misprint is by no means improbable (as I know from experience) that Shakespeare wrote "*rumoures eyes*," and that we should read,

'Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That rumour's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.'

This occurred to me in consequence of an endeavor to conjecture what would satisfy the exigencies of the last as well as of the second line of these three; and perhaps I yield quite as much to the immediate impression which the word made upon me, and which all other conjectures, whether of others or myself, had failed in the least to do, as to the reasons which have confirmed my first opinion.

The absence of a long letter in "*rumoures*," to correspond with the *y* in "*runawayes*," does not trouble me. I have repeatedly found in my proofs words containing long letters when the word I wrote contained none, and *vice versa*; and yet my manuscript is welcomed by the compositor on account of its legibility. It should be noticed, too, that neither Jackson's *unawares* (accepted by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight), nor Mr. Collier's Folio Corrector's *enemies* contains a long letter. Those who understand the economy of the composing case will see that a long letter is not necessary in the word to be substituted here, because most of the

errors in type setting are on account of previous mistakes in the distribution of the type: the letters having been placed in the wrong boxes. Rumor was spelt *rumoure*, and the possessive case *rumoures*, of course, in Shakespeare's day.

As to Rumor's eyes, they are as necessary to her office as are her ears or her tongues. Virgil's *Fame* is but Rumor, and of her he says,

*Cui quot sunt corpore plumae
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, totidum subrigit
aures.

And in Shakespeare's day Rumor was represented with tongues; as we know by the following description of that character as she was represented in a Masque; and which was evidently founded on Virgil's impersonation.

'Directly under her in a cart by herself, Fame stood upright: a woman in a watchet robe, thickly set with open eyes and tongues, a payre of large golden wings at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a maffe of sundry colliours traversing her body: all these emaigns displaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse and aptnesse to disperse Rumours.'

The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James and the queen his Wife, &c., 15th March, 1603. By Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604.

Shakespeare, however, needed no precedent or hint to give eyes to Rumor. These quotations merely show that the idea was sufficiently familiar to his auditors, unlearned and learned, for him to use it in this manner.

But these considerations are not urged to gain acceptance for the reading which I propose; their office is but to meet possible objections to it. If it do not commend itself at once to the intelligent readers of Shakespeare, with a favor which increases upon reflection, no argument can, or should, fasten it upon the text.

Such being our own view of the passage, which we were about to give to the world through another channel, we were both surprised and gratified to receive the following confirmation of our conjecture from the hands of an intelligent and accomplished lover and student of Shakespeare in Providence, R. I.

"What objection is there to the substitution of *rumor's* for *runawayes*, in the Second Scene of the Third Act of *Romeo and Juliet*?

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That *rumor's* eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!

"Virgil's description of rumor, as personified by *Fama*, in the fourth book of the

Aeneid, would justify the poet in the adoption of the expression, *rumor's eyes*,

Monstrum horrendum, ingens: cui quot sunt corpore
plumae,

Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu!

Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

"It is also certain that a word of two syllables is required, whereas *runawayes* is a word of three syllables, and is only rendered tolerable in its position here by clipping or passing lightly over the first *a*. *Rumor's* is much more agreeable to the ear.

"The difference in the orthography of the two words is not so great, but that the change of one for the other, is easily accounted for as a typographical error.

"The emendation seems to me so plausible, that I presume it must have been made long ago. I have not been able to find it anywhere, however, and I address you for the purpose of learning the objection to it. Respectfully yours, H. H.

Mr. Collier claims, with reason, that the occurrence of the same conjectural emendation to two readers of Shakespeare, without consultation, is cumulative evidence in its favor; and we therefore give the above, exactly as we received it, with the coincident quotation from Virgil. It is not at all surprising that, the word *rumor's* having occurred to two students of Shakespeare who had read Virgil, his well known passage descriptive of *Fame* should have been brought to the minds of both. The description of *Fame* in Decker's *Entertainment* which is pointed out by the present writer, is, we think, of great value as showing the familiarity of the public of Shakespeare's day with the character.

But we owe to our Southern correspondent the knowledge that the conjecture as to the word *rumor's*, although original both with H. H. and ourselves, has been suggested before, and as long ago as the middle of the last century. The letter of our Southern co-laborer contains a quotation from a letter of Mr. Samuel Weller Singer's, which was published in *Notes and Queries*. This publication, some numbers of which we have seen, is a receptacle of odds and ends about literature, verbal criticism, antiquities, &c., &c., &c., published in London. Mr. Singer, in his letter upon this passage says,

"In the course of his note he [Monck Mason] mentions that Heath, the author of the *Revisal*, reads '*Runnour's* eyes may wink;' which agrees in sense with the rest of the passage, but differs widely from *runaways* in the trace of the letters.

"I was not conscious of having seen this

suggestion of Heath's, when, in consequence of a question put to me by a gentleman of distinguished taste and learning, I turned my thoughts to the passage, and at length came to the conclusion that the word must have been *rumourers*, and that from its unfrequent occurrence (the only other example of it at present known to me being one afforded by the poet), the printer mistook it for *runawayes*; which, when written indistinctly, it may have strongly resembled. I therefore think that we may read with some confidence:

'Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That *rumourers*' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.'

It fulfils the requirements of both metre and sense, and the words *untalk'd of* and *unseen* make it nearly indisputable. I had at first thought it might be '*rumourous* eyes'; but the personification would then be wanting. Shakspeare has personified Rumour in the Introduction to the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*; and in *Coriolanus* Act IV., Sc. 6, we have,

"Gossee this *rumourer* whipp'd."

The present writer was not only, like Mr. Singer, unconscious of having seen Mr. Heath's suggestion, but had never read Mr. Heath's notes upon this play. On referring to the volume, however, (*A Revisal of Shakspeare's Text, &c.*, 8vo. London, 1765,) we find, p. 511, that Mr. Heath merely says—

"I think it is not improbable that the poet wrote,

That Rumour's eyes may wink;

which agrees perfectly well with what follows."

He gives no reason for his supposition, and offers no support for it. Here, then, we have three coincident conjectures from three persons, each ignorant of the other's suggestion; which, if the word which they propose to substitute be acceptable in itself, adds greatly to the probability that it restores the true reading. Mr. Singer's independent conjecture that *rumourer's* is the word, also affords collateral support to the former, the idea being the same in both. But it should be remarked that the line does not need a word of three syllables:

That Ru | mour's eyes | may wink, | and Ro | meo.

The typographical error which gave us *runawayes*, and which Mr. Singer would correct by substituting *rumourers*, almost certainly loaded the line with a redundant syllable. Notice also, that the addition of an *r* diminishes the chances for an error by the compositor. It would be far more likely

that "*rumoures*" should be mistaken for "*runawayes*" than that "*rumourers*" should cause the same error. Yet another objection against "*rumourers*" is, that its particularity is inconsistent with the poetical character of the passage, in which, as we before remarked, *Juliet* uses only large and general terms. She would hardly descend from the generic personification of Rumour to the particularity of a *rumourer*, or, what is worse, several *rumourers*.

But, whatever may be the decision between Mr. Singer on the one hand, and Mr. Heath, H. H., and the present writer on the other, we think it is quite evident that the word demanded by the context is either *Rumour's* or *rumourers*; and we are quite willing to forego our claim upon immortality in favor of Mr. Benjamin Heath, to whom the credit of first 'guessing' at the idea belongs; and we have no doubt that H. H. is like minded with us. Let those dispute or sneer about priority of conjecture whose minds and natures fit them to snarl over trifles,—the scraps and crumbs of reputation: our object, and that of all who have the true enthusiasm of Shakesperian students, is not personal credit, but the integrity of Shakspeare's text.

[While correcting the proof of this paper we received a communication from an evidently thoughtful and intelligent student of Shakspeare in Maine, in the course of which occurs the following passage, relative to this heretofore much debated word.

"I am not about to lay claim to an *honorable mention*, and to a *coron of glory*; however, I suggest that *rudesbies* take the place of *runaway's*. *Rudesby* is a Shakesperian word; and the meaning of its plural is just that required to complete the incomplete sense of the passage in which the misprint occurs. *Juliet* desired that night might come, bringing the time when rude fellows should be asleep, and thus not see, or talk (scandalously) of, nor (perhaps) murder her lover *Romeo* while climbing into her chamber by the ladder set for him. Further, *rudesbies*, as the word was probably written originally, would be very easily mistaken, by the compositor, for *runawayes*—not only have the two words an equal number of letters, but the two first and the three last letters of one, are identical with the two first and three last of the other. Still further, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the compositor had in his mind an outline of the story, so far as this had proceeded—he knew that *Juliet* had *run away*—had gone unknown to her parents—to be married to *Romeo*; and, very likely, he hence supposed *Juliet* to

while upon the misprinted word. We must only be careful that we are not beguiled into accepting his many presuming decisions as to what Shakespeare should have written with his rarely successful conjectures of what Shakespeare did write. To examine all of those fruits of his labor which his editor has made public were to waste the time of critic and reader; and we shall pick out only those which are most absurd and those which are most plausible.

TEMPEST.—ACT I. SCENE 1.

The insignificant and belittling character of the corrector's labors is shown by his change of "Play the men" into "Ply the men," by which he obtains only the substitution of a literal command for an inspiring exhortation. But even if the change were the other way, what right has he or any one else to make it? Either phrase is easily understood, and either would be in place. We must receive that which the authentic copy gives us. The proposed change does not demand even these few words of criticism and reprehension; for no one, nowadays, except, perhaps, Mr. Collier and some of his blind followers, would be mad enough to make it upon the authority of an unknown writer of marginal notes. It affords, however, a good opportunity for the reiteration of the cardinal canon of Shakesperian criticism,—adhesion to the authentic text when that is comprehensible. It is not one whit more or less defensible to change,

"T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,"
into,

"T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's *brow*,"

or to make any other similar change, at the bidding of Mr. Collier's unknown marginal corrector, than to put, "Ply the men," for, "Play the men," at the bidding of Mr. Quincy's equally unknown book defacer. The fact that Mr. Collier made such a change on such grounds, only shows how presuming even such an indefatigable Shakesperian scholar as he can be; and had he Theobald, Johnson, Malone, Douce, Coleridge, Knight, and Dyce at his back, it would not add the least strength to his position. The multiplication of nothing into itself a hundred fold will not make it something; and in this matter the highest conjectural opinion is of absolutely no authority. Changes in the consistent and comprehensible text of the authentic folio can only be admitted on the well established testimony of Shakespeare himself or the editors of that

folio; otherwise we had better at once and openly employ a council of the most eminent English scholars, dramatists, and poets to rewrite Shakespeare's works for us, and for—him.

SCENE 2.

"Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation."

"A fever of the *mind*" is substituted by the corrector.—P. 5.

Is "a fever of the mad" comprehensible or explicable in any way? If not, the conjecture must be received as the best possible correction of a probable typographical error. There is no other word in the language which in manuscript looks so much like "mad" as *mind*, and which would also perfect the sense of the passage.

The change in this scene of,

"His gentle, and not fearful,"

into,

"He's gentle *tho'* not fearful,"

is, like the majority of those in Mr. Collier's folio, so pitiful as to be unworthy even of condemnatory notice, if it were not that it so strikingly shows the puerility, ignorance, and presumption of the mind which made it. Of a similar nature, although it does not so pervert the sense, is the change of "plantation of this isle" to "the *planting* of this isle," in the first Scene of the next Act. But in the first Scene of the fourth Act, the mutilation of the following passage,

"This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly,"

in which the last line is made,

"Harmonious, charming *lay*,"

caps the climax of atrocity. The copy which contains such a suggestion, like that which in *Henry V.*'s description of the slave,

"Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind
Gets him to rest cram'd with distressful bread,"

changes the last line into,

"Gets him to rest cram'd with *distasteful* bread,"
should be burned by the common hangman, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, lest by any chance they should be gathered together again.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

It is worthy of particular remark, that in this folio, as in Mr. Collier's, a majority of the changes, so large that the minority seem but rare exceptions to a general rule,

are identical with the conjectural readings of editors and critics of the last and present centuries. Only sixteen of the changes which this folio makes in the text of *Measure for Measure* have been made public by the editor, the remainder being "such gross and obvious misprints as are corrected in all modern editions;" and yet, of these sixteen, all but three were suggested long ago; and of the three, only two are worthy of having their unfitness exposed.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

"*Lucio*.—A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing."

This, the corrector changes into "A *sly* fellow was the Duke," &c., and the editor says that this is "a reading that accords much better with the context" than that which appears in the original, because *Lucio* has previously "stated the vicious propensities of the absent *Duke*." Surely the editor must have forgotten—and the corrector, if he ever knew,—that shyness is a marked trait of the *Duke's* character; and that this very *Lucio* calls him (Act IV., Scene 3) "the old fantastical *Duke of dark corners*." "Shy" is evidently the very word which Shakespeare intended to put into the mouth of *Lucio*. But it is not for us to determine whether it is or is not. That has been determined by the best authority,—the authentic folio. There "shie" stands, plainly and intelligibly; and what shadow of a reason is there for changing it?

ACT V. SCENE 1.

"*Angelo*.—These poor informal women are no more,
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on."

For this, the corrector would read,

"These poor *informing* women are no more,
But instruments of some more *mighty* member,
That sets them on."

Here, after the fashion of Mr. Collier's folio, we have a change from a suggestive and picturesque term to one which is literal and common-place. Shakespeare's "informal women" gives us an idea of a female trait: we see that the women have relied rather upon the justness of their cause and the earnestness of their appeal, than the form of the latter or the proofs of the former. The corrector's "*informing* women" merely tells us that they come to inform against *Angelo*; and that we know without being told of it. To change "more mightier" into "more *mighty*," is merely to abandon the phraseology of Shakespeare's day for that of the time when this corrector flourished—his quill.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"In *Dogberry's* speech [Act IV. Scene 2,] 'Yea, marry, that's the effest way,' *defest* has been substituted for 'effest,' agreeing with the suggestion of Theobald."—P. 12.

A very admirable and astute suggestion this! Let it be adopted without hesitation! Also, when *Dogberry* is made to say in the original, that "for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured," let us read, "most *intolerable*, and not to be endured;" because *Dogberry* is remarkable for the clearness of his ideas and the correctness of his language. The received reading is absurd; and could Shakespeare write absurdity? As the authentic text gives these passages, one would think that he meant to excite unseemly mirth at *Dogberry's* expense. Let us have '*defest*' and '*intolerable*' by all means!

AS YOU LIKE IT.—ACT I. SCENE 1.

"Orlando, speaking of the cruel treatment of his brother, says, 'The something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me;' should it not be according to the opinion of Warburton and our corrector—'his *discountenance* seems to take from me!'"—P. 13.

No! most distinctly, no! It was the countenance, the *very look* of his brother which almost deprived poor *Orlando* of the command of the good parts that nature gave him.

SCENE 3.

"*Celia*.—Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teaches thee, that thou and I am one."

"Evidently according to Theobald's suggestion,

"Which teaches *me* that thou and I are one."—P. 13.

With deference to the editor—evidently not, according to any body's suggestion. *Celia* was not talking dialectics. She spoke according to the colloquial fashion of Shakespeare's day. The change "takes the ancient aroma and flavor out of the language."

ACT III. SCENE 5.

"*Rosalind*.—What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you, &c.)"

This the corrector would change to,

"What, though you have *more* beauty
(Yet, by my faith, I see no more in you, &c.)"

More beauty than who? With whom does *Rosalind* compare her? No one. But as many an editorial Giant *Maul* has been frightened at this word, we must not find fault with *Mr. Feeble-mind* for trying to dodge it. The possibility of misunderstanding the passage is incomprehensible.

"What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work."

Rosalind tells the girl plainly that she has no beauty: repeats it, by saying that she has no more than without candle may go dark to bed,—that is none: repeats it again, by saying that she is but the ordinary of nature's sale work; and asks her, in the first place, if, because she is thus unattractive, she must therefore take on the airs of a reigning belle; and yet it has been proposed to read "*some* beauty" or "*more* beauty." Why? Because *Phebe* had some beauty? But *Rosalind* did not mean to tell her the truth. She meant merely to take the conceit out of her. It would seem trifling and superfluous to point this out, were not the necessity for doing so apparent.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

"Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement." The corrector supplies a word that seems to have been dropped, 'Make the doors *fast* upon a woman's wit,' &c.—P. 15.

Yes, he supplies a word that seems to have been dropped *by the author*; and thus obtains, instead of an old and expressive colloquialism, a very literal and precise phraseology. "Making a door," is very much like an Oxonian's "Sporting his oak."

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

"The first speech of *Rosalind* is as follows, 'How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much *Orlando*.' Some modern editors, not being able to make any thing out of the phrase, 'And here much *Orlando*,' have supplied its place with '*I wonder much Orlando is not here*,' a change for which there is not a particle of authority. The substitution of a single word removes all difficulty.

'Is it not past two o'clock? And here's *no Orlando*.'—P. 15.

Much difficulty this removes! and here much difficulty to be removed, indeed!

TWELFTH NIGHT.—ACT I. SCENE 1.

"*Duke*.—So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical."

"'Alone' is changed to *all o'er* in the last line."—P. 16.

Quite right! *Fancy's* outside is full of shapes; or, as the second line would then beautifully expand the idea,—*Fancy* has been, and gone, and broken out all over

fantastical shapes and things! Happy restoration of the dainty thought of the poet! How much better than that conveyed by the authentic text, where "*fancy*," according to the pretty fashion of Shakespeare's time, is put for the spirit of love itself, so fruitful of fancies that "it alone is high fantastical!"

"O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is *fancy*,
That it alone is high-fantastical."

SCENE 2.

"*Viola*.—Oh that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world."

"The corrector reads

'And *it* might not be delivered to the world.'

"Meaning, that the fact of her entering the service of *Olivia*, might for a time be concealed."—P. 16.

What petty, contemptible meddling with the text, only to degrade *Viola's* wish that she might be guarded from the rude handling of the world, into a literal statement that she would rather that nothing should be said about her living with the *Countess*!

SCENE 3.

"*Sir Toby*.—What wench? *Castiliano* vulgo; for here comes *Sir Andrew* *Ague-fee*."

The corrector makes the knight give *Sir Andrew* "his proper title of '*Ague-cheek*.' " Certainly! Highly proper! For *Sir Toby* is rarely guilty of a jest, and never takes a liberty.

"*Viola*.—My Master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him."

"The correction changes '*monster*' to '*minister*'—a word that expresses exactly the relation that *Viola* sustained to the passion of the duke."—P. 18.

Again a most felicitous restoration! There is nothing monstrous, or at all out of the course of nature in *Viola's* being a woman and appearing as a man, loving as a woman, and being loved as a man; and it is quite improbable that in a fit of mingled whim and melancholy, she should, with rueful pleasantry, call herself "poor monster!" So let us be thankful for the prosaic word which "expresses exactly the relation that *Viola* sustained to the passion of the *Duke*."

The passages upon which we have commented will have given our readers a very just idea of the character of the corrector's labors; and we must select from the re-

mainder of the pamphlet with a sparing hand. To do more would indeed be "to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." But in *Henry IV.* Part I. Act IV. Sc. 3, it seems to us that in *Douglas'* speech,

"You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and a cold heart,"

the supplied article, which does not appear in the folio, is unquestionably necessary, and a fortunate correction of an obvious error of the press.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—ACT I. SCENE 2.

"*Brutus*.—Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently."

"It is not easy to see how *Brutus* could have looked on honor and death indifferently, for could he have chosen between the two, he would undoubtedly have preferred honor.

"The meaning of the passage of course is, that a sacrifice of honor would be too dear a price to pay for the preservation of life. Is not this more clearly expressed by the corrector!

"Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently."—P. 21.

When a gentleman possessing the intelligence of the editor of this pamphlet makes such a comment upon such a passage, it is indeed almost enough to deter any one from putting on record his construction of a line in *Shakespeare*. This is almost as bad as *Mr. Collier's* advocacy of the change in his folio of "oppression," in *Hamlet's* declaration, that he lacked gall "to make oppression bitter," into *transgression*, on the ground that "it was not 'oppression,' but crime, that was to be punished by him." *Brutus* evidently means, and says, that he will look on honor and death with equal indifference as far as his own fate is concerned. He adds,

"For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death."

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

"In the quarrel scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the change of a single word makes an important difference in the character and temper of one of the persons. *Cassius* says—

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are."

To which *Brutus* replies,

"I do not, till you practise them on me."

"According to this reading, *Brutus* seems to acknowledge that he has been exaggerat-

ing the frailties of *Cassius*; a confession which hardly seems to belong to the calm character of the 'Noblest Roman,' or likely to be made at the height of the dispute.

"The line corrected reads thus,

"I do not; though you practise them on me."—P. 23.

But *Brutus*, whether it "seems to belong to the calm character of the 'Noblest Roman'" or not, has been "exaggerating the frailties of *Cassius*, as will appear to any one who will be at the pains of reading the previous part of the scene. *Brutus*, too, in spite of his "calm character" had been hasty and ill-tempered in this interview; and showed his nobility by the manly openness of his after confession of his fault.

"When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too."

MACBETH.—ACT I. SCENE 1.

"*Soldier*.—So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe."

"*Steevens* would strike out 'so they,' and read 'redoubling' for 'redoubled,' in order to get rid of the irregularity in the metre. This is accomplished by the corrector, by the simple erasure of the word 'doubly.'"—P. 24.

Unquestionably. And by the brief, easy, and justifiable process of "the simple erasure" of the word which he finds in the authentic text, he also loses the accumulative force which that word gives to the description, and destroys the allusion to the previous line.

"As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe."

SCENE 3.

"*Macbeth*.—I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not."

"The correction of three blunders which the copyist may readily have committed, makes this passage more simple and consistent.

"Whose horrid image doth affix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought whose burthen yet is but fantastical,' &c.

"By changing a single letter in *fears* we greatly increase the anitthesis, and get rid of the obscurity which has always called for a note upon this line. The substitution of 'burthen,' for the 'murther,' of the folio, must be regarded as a happy emendation."—P. 25.

The passage is indeed rendered "more simple;" but hardly in the sense in which the editor uses the word. Was *Macbeth's* hair in continual danger of flying off, that it needed some horrid image to *affix* it? What *feats* had he performed that were less than his "horrible imaginings?" As to the change of "murder" into *burthen*, it is atrocious. The corrector and his editor seem to have been ignorant of the meaning of "phantasy" in Shakespeare's time. They might have found it defined in Phillips' *New World of Words* as "an inward Sense or Imagination, whereby any thing is represented to the Mind or imprinted on it." The murder of *Duncan* was yet "but fantastical" to *Macbeth's* thought,—that is, it was only "represented or imprinted" on his mind. The changes achieve nothing but inconsistency and nonsense.

In the fifth Scene of this Act, how the corrector impoverishes *Lady Macbeth's* invocation, by changing, "And take my milk for gall," into, "And *turn* my milk to gall!" and how plainly he points out the way to impair strength by addition, in making "This ignorant present," "This ignorant present time!"

ACT III. SCENE 4.

"*Lady Macbeth*.—The feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd,"—

"'Sold' might have been mistaken for 'cold,' as the corrector and Pope have suggested."—P. 28.

Certainly; and it might also have been mistaken for *bold, fold, gold, hold, mold, told* or *wold*. How gratifying that it was not mistaken for either!

ACT V. SCENE 3.

"*Macbeth*.—Send out more horses: skirr the country round."

For "skirr" the corrector puts *skirt*, being evidently ignorant that "skirr," "scur," "skur," are but old forms of the word "scour," meaning, "to move rapidly over," as for instance,

"The light shadows

That, in a thought, *scur* o're the fields of corn."

Beaum. & Fletcher, *Bonduca*, Act I. Sc. 1.

HAMLET.

There are several changes made in the text of this tragedy; but they are, with two exceptions, unworthy of notice; and upon one of these we shall defer our remarks at present. The other is made in the following passage in the fourth Scene of the third Act.

"*Hamlet*.—Why look you there! Look how it steals away;

My father in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!"

"The expression 'Look how it steals away,' accords little with the general demeanor of the ghost, or the peculiar circumstances under which it was then referred to. The apparition was not disappearing in some remote corner of the chamber, but advancing to the door of the apartment, as the natural mode of exit. It is not difficult to believe that Shakespeare wrote the line as it stands corrected in this folio:

'Why look you there! Look how it *stalks* away.'

"It may be remarked that the movement of the ghost is described by this word in an earlier part of the play:

'With martial *stalk*, hath he gone by our watch.'—P. 34.

Under favor,—it would indeed be very difficult to believe that Shakespeare wrote the line thus; and the word in the original accords exactly with the demeanor of the *Ghost* under the circumstances taking place when it was spoken. There is a peculiarity about the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* which is well worth consideration. It is not, like the ghosts which appear to *Macbeth* and to *Richard*, the creation of a guilty and disturbed brain. The ghost of *Hamlet's* father appears first to the sentinels, and then to *Horatio* with them, and then to *Hamlet*, *Horatio*, and the sentinels together; and yet when he reappears to *Hamlet*, the *Queen* cannot see him. Without, at the present time, pursuing this subject, which furnishes occasion for interesting speculation, we will only remark that the bearing of the *Ghost* upon the first two occasions of his appearance in the tragedy, is no criterion by which to judge of the propriety of a word which describes his movement during the last,—the scene in question; because the circumstances and the conditions of the last apparition are so widely different from those of the first two. And that Shakespeare conceived the third appearance with a very different design from that which controlled the others, is evident from the stage direction in this scene of the play, as it was first published in 1603, before being "enlarged to almost as much again as it was" and worked into the wondrous form in which it has come down to us. In that edition, the direction in this scene is, *Enter the ghost in his night gown*; but in the previous scenes he appeared armed "from top to toe, from head to foot." Now it is very proper that a figure armed *cap-a-pie* should "stalk," and equally so that one in a night gown should "steal;" and in this very edition of 1603, *Hamlet* says of the *Ghost* in this scene,

"See how he steals away out of the Portal."

So that Shakespeare in working over the tragedy, plainly retained both the idea and the word of his first conception.

KING LEAR.—ACT I. SCENE 4.

"Lear.—Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful."

"Two words added to the malediction of *Lear*," says the editor, "serve to complete a line."

"Hear nature, hear! dear goddess hear a father!"

They do serve to complete a line of five feet; but they serve for nothing else, except to weaken the invocation by adding to it, and to destroy a fine dramatic effect by filling up a pause.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

"Lear. To be a comrade with the wolf and owl; (2.)
To wage against the enmity o' the air;" (1.)

"The figures placed against these lines by the corrector, indicate that their order should be reversed. If this is done, it destroys the emendation in Mr. Collier's folio, where the wolf is made to howl, 'necessity's sharp pinch.'—P. 38.

It is said that there is nothing without its use; and here at last appears a use to which Mr. Collier's folio can be put. The fear of destroying one villainous emendation, can deter us from perpetrating another. Truly nothing is made in vain! "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

ACT III. SCENE 7.

"Gloster.—The sea with such a storm as his bare head
In hell black night endured, would have buoy'd up
And quenched the stilled fires."

The corrector for "buoy'd up" reads "boil'd up," which is certainly a very clever guess; and we confess that there seems good reason for taking the suggestion into consideration. The change, for a wonder, is not from poetry to prose: the idea of the sea boiling up to and quenching the stars being quite in Shakespeare's bold manner, and not unlike that in the lines in the *Tempest*:

"The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out."—

or that in this passage in *Pericles*:

"But sea room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss
the moon, I care not."

Is it quite sense to make the sea at once *boil up* and *quench* "the stilled fires"? Does not the quenching them, the putting them out of existence, preclude altogether the idea of buoying them up?

—for buoying is not a momentary act, but is in its essence, more or less prolonged. And is it at all natural to connect the idea of a violent storm at sea with that of the buoying power of the angry waters? One thing is certain,—that if the word be not "buoy'd," it must be *boil'd*. The mistake of printing one for the other might be easily made.

OTHELLO.—ACT IV. SCENE 2.

"Desdemona.—If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst
his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed; &c.

"The line," says the editor, "is certainly plainer and stronger, if we read with Pope and the corrector,

"Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed!"

Beyond a question; and let us also, in *Hamlet's* first soliloquy, for,

"A beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,"

read,

"A beast that wants discourse or reason," &c.

SCENE 3.

"Desdemona's song is described as an 'old thing;' this the corrector alters to 'odd thing.' 'Mo women' and 'mo men' in the last line of the song are changed to 'no women' and 'no men.'—P. 46."

Hamlet again comes to our aid, and in the words of the *Ghost* we exclaim, "O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!"

ACT V. SCENE 2.

"Othello.—Put out the light, and then, put out the
light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister," &c.

"It is possible," says the editor, "that the line should read,"

"Put out the light, and then put out thy light!"

A legal Shakesperian writes to us upon this passage, that he thinks that *Othello* designed to damage 'the ancient lights' of *Desdemona*; which we were at loss to understand, until Yankee Sullivan, having fallen in with the fashion of Shakesperian annotation, informed us, that *Othello* evidently meant 'to shut up her peepers:' while a nautical friend of his reads,

"Put out the light, or rather douse the glim!"

All of which, together with the emendation of the corrector, we commend to the serious consideration of the next editor of Shakespeare.

"Othello. one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."

"The corrector substitutes '*Egyptian*' for '*base Judean*.'"

'Like the *Egyptian*, throw a pearl away.'

At the bottom of the page he writes this note: '*Alluding to the story of the Egyptian thief.*' It will be remembered that a reference to this story occurs in the Twelfth Night.

"Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love."—P. 47.

In the names of Shaeffer, Guttenberg and Dr. Faustus, how could *Egyptian* have been mistaken for "*base Indian*," or "*base Judean*?" The allusion to throwing away a pearl, and to the baseness and the tribe of the reckless thrower, make it plain to us that the poet had in his mind the murder of Marianne by Herod, as many others have supposed before us; but whether this opinion be correct or not, *Egyptian* is as much out of the question as *Kamschatkan* or *Californian*.

We are aware that we have devoted more attention to these emendations than their intrinsic importance justifies; but as we went over them, they seemed to offer eligible opportunities to show into what absurdities these attempts to mend the authentic text of Shakespeare are almost sure to lead those who make them. If we have done this effectually, our time and that of our readers has not been thrown away.

MR. COLLIER'S FOLIO OF 1632.

It may interest our readers to know that since the appearance of our last article upon Mr. Collier's folio, we have, by the kindness of Mr. Collier and through the courtesy of the Earl of Ellesmere, had the opportunity of examining impressions of some private plates of facsimiles from several pages of that volume. They contain brief extracts from seventeen plays: *Tempest*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winter's Tale*, *Henry V.*, *Richard III.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Coriolanus*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*. A close examination of these facsimiles, has furnished us with cumulative evidence in favor of the conclusions to which we had previously arrived. In our article of October last we remarked, "The corrections appear in various colored inks, as Mr. Collier admits, and, as we shall presently see, in the writing of various hands." Mr. Collier makes this admission on p. viii. of the Introduction to his *Notes and Emendations*, where he

says: "The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page," &c. That the emendations were in various hands, we saw, it will be remembered from a comparison of the several emendations upon the single facsimile page published by Mr. Collier. He himself was, to use his own words, "once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them," but, as he warmed into the study and support of them, he changed his mind. The additional facsimiles from these seventeen plays show the same difference in the character of the handwriting which we previously pointed out; and it is worthy of especial remark that in those cases in which entire lines are supplied, the manuscript is in that painstaking but feebler hand in which the line "So rushing in the bowels of the French" appears upon the published facsimile page. These wholesale interpolations are evidently the contribution of one person, who perhaps did not trouble himself about the smaller changes. The want of space for a whole line will not account for this change of hand, because stage directions of much greater length than any line are inserted in the bold, free hand in which "same" appears at the top of the published facsimile page.

The very look of one of these facsimiles would seem fatal to the least pretence in favor of the authority of the volume. Types can but poorly convey the effect of the changes upon the eye; but they may help the imagination to picture the appearance of the page. The passage which we refer to is the following, from *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. 2.

"*Tit.*—The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort has inspir'd."

This is thus changed in Mr. Collier's folio; the original words being erased, and the substitutes, here in italics, written in the margin:

"*Tit.*—The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *solide*.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and *sing* a hunter's *round*,
That all the court may echo with the *sound*.
Sons, let it be your charge, and so *will I*.
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day brought comfort and *delight*."

Can any man in his senses believe that "green" could be misprinted for *wide*, "peal" for *round*, "noise" for *sound*, "as it is ours" for *and so will I*, "new" for *brought*, and "inspired" for *delight*; and that all these errors, with two others, could occur in ten lines? The supposition is too absurd for a moment's consideration. The words do not bear the slightest possible likeness to each other; and besides, we must remember that if Mr. Collier's folio be worth any thing as an authority, the compositor made these mistakes, which are impossible under any circumstances, even when he had rhymes to guide him. And yet we are asked to believe that this is possible; and also that the author instead of writing such sense as,

"Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully,"

wrote, for the sake of rhyme, such nonsense as,

"Sons, let it be your charge, *and so will I*,
To tend the emperor's person carefully!"

and that the compositor 'set up' "*and so will I*" when "as it is ours" was before his eyes.

It looks fatally absurd, too, in the facsimile from *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2, to see "sweet Prince" obliterated with a stroke of the pen, and *be blest* substituted for it, for the sake of a rhyme to "rest" in the next line, which is then followed by an impudent, gag-like

Finis

the rest of the play being stricken out.

But if the folio have any authority, we must believe in all these impossible errors of the press, and believe that Shakespeare did not write the last part of the last scene to be played. For authority implies a right to submission, irrespective of any exercise of reason or preference on the part of the person submitting. To contend for the authority of a part only, greater or less, of the emendations in this or any other folio, is to contend for a patent, palpable absurdity; just as if a legatee were to claim that such parts of the will of the testator as accorded with his, the legatee's, views, had authority, but that those which he did not like had no authority. If we defer to a single change in Mr. Collier's or in Mr. Quincy's folio because of its authority, we must defer to all; for we have the same testimony, or rather

want of testimony, to the authenticity of all the changes that we have to that of any one of them. Therefore, as the few and rapidly diminishing believers in Mr. Collier's folio, can bring themselves to contend for only a majority of its changes of the authentic text, and as Mr. Collier himself says that "it is not to be understood that he approves of all the changes in the text,"* even the discoverer and the advocates of this volume *exercise their individual judgment* in accepting or rejecting the changes of the text in it; and, *by their own confession, do not defer to its authority*. Thus they yield the only essential point. There can be no objection to any man, or any number of men, amusing themselves by making needless and absurd changes in the text of any author, so long as they do not contend for the authenticity of those changes, and insist upon their usurpation of the authority of the original text. As Mr. Collier and his dwindling band of submissive followers acknowledge that they do not contend for all the changes, the only important point in dispute is gained; and they themselves, by their exercise of judgment as to which they should approve and which they should condemn, have applied Malone's unexceptionable rule to them as "arbitrary emendations, . . . made at the will and pleasure of the conjecturer, . . . not authorized by authentic copies printed or manuscript, . . . and to be judged of by their reasonableness or probability." The verdict of Shakesperian scholars upon their "reasonableness or probability" has been unanimous, that about *one thousand* of the one thousand and thirteen, are unreasonable and improbable; and the good sense and instinctive perception of the intelligent readers of Shakespeare is fast leading them to the same conclusion.

We have heard it objected to the unanimous opinion of the editors and critics against the worth of Mr. Collier's folio, though never by an intelligent and uninterested man, that the majority of the objectors were biased by the fact that they were about themselves to publish editions of Shakespeare's works. The mixture of folly and audacity in this attack upon the motives instead of the arguments of the Shakesperian editors passes understanding. Because a volume has been discovered containing changes in the text, all of which (according to Mr. Collier) should not be received, but some of which

* Preface to *The Plays of Shakespeare*; the text regulated by the old copies and by the Recently Discovered Folio of 1632, &c. Edited by John Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. 8vo. London: 1838.

are changes for the better, editors of editions about to appear are interested in decrying those changes—the very changes which would (according to Mr. Collier) give value to new editions, and in the choice of which a new and wide field is opened for the labors of editors and commentators! The absurdity of the objection is so obvious as only to need pointing out. Why! there is not an editor or Shakespearean scholar in England or America who is not personally interested in the attention directed to Mr. Collier's folio; and, with the possible exception of Mr. Knight, not one who does not look upon that folio as furnishing a few happy conjectural emendations to be embodied in the text of his forthcoming edition, and as requiring from him much additional editorial labor. But because there are a dozen or even twenty happy conjectural corrections of the typographical errors in the original folio, no intelligent reader, not to say critic, of Shakespeare, will quietly submit to the wanton alteration of a thousand words and phrases which need no correction.

A passage in the Stationer's address to the Reader in the first folio of Beaumont & Fletcher's Plays, published in 1647, which we have never seen noticed, has an important bearing upon Mr. Collier's folio, and adds greatly to the evidence in favor of the absolute authority of the original folio of Shakespeare's works, and against that of the early quarto editions. Here is the passage.

"One thing I must answer before it bee objected; 'tis this: When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the Stage, the *Actours* omitted some *Scenes* and *Passages* (with the *Authour's* consent) as occasion led them; and when private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *Acted*. But now you have both All that was *Acted*, and all that was not; even the perfect full originalls without the least mutilation."

It has been reasonably conjectured by his editors and commentators, that the early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays were surreptitiously printed from the actors' parts, which were obtained separately, and written out in proper order to form the entire play. Here, however, we have positive and direct contemporary evidence that it was the habit of the actors in Shakespeare's time and in the succeeding generation, to give copies of the acting copy to their private friends, and that in so doing they "*transcribed what they acted*," omitting such scenes and passages as were omitted in the representation. Here we have the surreptitious appearance

of the quartos and their disagreement with the text of the authentic folio of 1623, (published by Shakespeare's friends, fellow-actors, and business partners, from his own manuscripts, with "hardly a blot" in them,) and also a great number of the changes in Mr. Collier's folio clearly accounted for.

The process, as this important passage shows, was this. The author furnished the original MS. This was copied and cut down for stage use; from this copy the actors' parts were taken; and "when their private friends desired a copy, they then transcribed what they acted," and thus their friends had for their own use and that of such printers as would pay for it, *the copy of a copy of part of a mutilated copy*.

Such "authorities" evidently directed the labors of the *first* corrector who worked on Mr. Collier's folio. In the succeeding generation, (for it should be remembered that Shakespeare had been dead sixteen, and had ceased writing nearly thirty years before this famous folio was printed,) he obtained copies of copies of the mutilated *stage copy of the day*, and made the text of his folio conform to it. This accounts for the changes for the sake of rhyme (made by the caprice of the actors), the striking out of portions of the text, and the cutting off of all that part of the final scene of *Hamlet*, which occurs after the action is finished, and thereby spoils what in histrionic phrase is called 'the tag' of the piece. It is quite natural that such a copy should contain many acceptable corrections of the typographical errors in the original; and this does contain about two hundred such, at least one hundred and seventy-three of which, as we have seen by collation (*Putnam's Magazine* for October, 1853), had been made by modern editors previous to Mr. Collier's discovery of the volume. It is also quite natural that a volume so corrected in the beginning, and which afterward was evidently subjected to the conjectural manipulation which the many copies still existing in the possession of Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Singer and Mr. Quincy prove to have been the common lot of folios in the latter part of the seventeenth century—it is natural that such a volume should contain the thousand needless and insufferable mutilations which, embodied in the text which Mr. Collier, in spite of his admission that he cannot approve of all the changes, has presumed to publish as "*The Plays of Shakespeare*," make that edition incomparably the worst of the many bad editions which have been published.

ORTHOGRAPHY OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

Those who have read with attention the previous Shakesperian papers in this Magazine, and are paying the same compliment to this, will observe that we now spell the poet's name Shakespeare, though heretofore we have spelled it Shaksper. For such a change it is right to render a reason. We used the latter orthography, —Shaksper,—on the ground that it is but proper to spell a man's name as he himself spells it; and Sir Francis Madden has shown, beyond a question, that in four of the six genuine signatures of Shakespeare which have come down to us, the name is written by the poet himself, *Shaksper*. The remaining two, though most illegibly written, evidently contain eleven or twelve letters. More than this, it is very evident that the name was originally, and, indeed, as late as the earlier years of William Shakespeare himself, pronounced Shak-sper. The manner in which it is spelled in the old records in which it is found, varies almost to the extreme capacity of letters to change places and produce a sound approximating to that of the name as we pronounce it. It appears as Chacksper — Shaxpur — Shaxper — Schaksper — Schakesper — Schakespeyr — Shagspere — Saxpere — Shaxpere — Shaxpeare — Shaxsper — Shaxsper — Shaxespere — Shaksper — Shaksper — Shakspear — Shakspeere — Shackspeare — Shackspeare — Shackspere — Shakspeyr — Shaksper — Shaksper — Shakspere — Shakspeare — Shakspeare — Shakspeare; and there are even other varieties of its orthography.

It is remarkable that the older the record, the more the spelling conforms to the pronunciation, Shak-sper or Shax-pur. But it is equally remarkable that on the title-pages of all the editions of Shakespeare's plays published during his life, almost without exception, as well as upon that of the original folio, his name is spelled Shakespeare. More than this: in the first folio edition of Ben Jonson's works, published in 1616, and carefully edited by Jonson himself, Shakespeare's name occurs twice in the lists of principal actors, and is in both instances spelled with the *e* in the first syllable and the *a* in the second; and not only so, but in the second list, that appended to *Sejanus*, the syllables are separated with a hyphen, and the second begins with a capital letter, thus—SHAKE-SPEARE.

This, when taken in connection with the evidence of the title-pages of the

quartos and the original folio, and also of the list of actors given in the latter, shows, beyond a question, that the name was pronounced and written Shake-speare in Shakespeare's day, and by those who were in habits of constant intercourse with him who made it illustrious. For it is impossible to pronounce Shake-speare, *Shak-sper*. It is also important to notice that in all the lists of actors given in Jonson's folio of 1616, nine in number, the several names, which are frequently repeated, are *always spelled in the same way*,—a rare, in fact, an unparalleled coincidence in any book of the time. This shows how carefully Jonson corrected his proof; and also that the spelling Shakespeare was not the result of capricious orthography.

But, it may be asked, did not Shakespeare know how to write his own name? and must we not conform to his mode of spelling it? To the last query we answer no; not of necessity. For, as Mr. Hunter asks, shall Lady Jane Grey become Lady Jane Graye? shall the Dudleys become Duddleys, or the Cromwells, Crumwells, &c., &c., &c., because it is certain that they spelled their names thus? This is a decisive question. As to Shakespeare's knowledge of the mode of writing his own name, it must be remembered that, in his lifetime, there arose a necessity for a change in the spelling. When Robert Cook, Clarencieux King at Arms, because John Shaksper had become a man of substance and consideration, and had married into the gentle blood of the Ardens, gave him armorial bearings, he saw and seized the opportunity which the name afforded for punning blazonry; and giving the worthy high bailiff the right to bear a spear *or* on a bend *sable*, he changed him and his descendants from Shaksper to Shake-speare from that time forward. But old customs change with difficulty, and endured longer then than now; and thus it was that something of the old style of spelling the name clung to the Shakespeares in Stratford; and even that William Shakespeare himself when he went to London did not entirely lay aside the habit of his early youth; though all those to whom his name then was new wrote it, as they and he pronounced it,—Shakespeare. These reasons, and the explicit testimony of Jonson, the printers of the quartos, and the editors of the original folio, have convinced us almost against our will, that Shakespeare, not Shaksper is the better mode of writing the name.

VISIT TO THE IRON MOUNTAINS OF MISSOURI.

FOR many years, I had desired to visit the noted mineral regions of South Eastern Missouri, but professional engagements had hitherto prevented. My long cherished design was accomplished in the autumn of 1853. In company with a friend, I left home in my buggy, equipped with all necessary appurtenances for a somewhat tedious journey, through a wild rough region. Desiring to see somewhat of "Egypt," we kept the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, as far as St. Genevieve, which lies sixty miles south of St. Louis. The first night we passed at Waterloo, a thriving county seat, twenty-five miles southeast from St. Louis. The town and neighboring county are fast filling up with the lower order of Germans, a hard working and hard drinking people, who seem to be about to take complete possession of the best portions of Illinois and Missouri. Southern Illinois, long before the German invasion, was known as "Egypt" by all outsiders; its settlers being mostly from the ground tier of the population of Kentucky and Tennessee, poor, shiftless, ignorant and indolent. In moral and intellectual culture, and also in *horti- and agriculture*, the State of Illinois *tapers off* as you travel southward, just as it does topographically and geographically upon the maps, till you get to Cairo. This is its present *status*—what it may be when our system of railroads shall be completed, is a question; let us postpone an answer for ten years.

The next day we rode over a hilly and heavily timbered country, sparsely settled even by Germans, until, at about noon, we came in sight again of the American Bottom, at the verge of the steep bluffs which every where inclose the river. Here we had one of those magnificent views which are only to be found in the vicinity of western rivers. Little lakes here sparkled in the sunshine, and there darkened in the shade of passing clouds. Broad meadows, green and cheerful, spread out in all directions, losing themselves only under the shadow of giant cypresses, moisture-loving cotton woods, and in the embrace of tangled vines. Here the vegetable luxuriance of the tropics is tempered and diminished but slightly by the blasts and chills of our uncertain winter. We *ought* to have tigers, lions, and anacondas in these jungles and marshes, and the fact of their pertinacious avoidance of our excellent

accommodations, can only be accounted for by their lack of an educated taste, or a decided want of natural judgment.

With some difficulty we descended the precipitous hill, the road being badly gullied by a recent rain, but at length found ourselves riding along a narrow path, directly under ragged cliffs of carboniferous limestone, which every where threatened to topple down and put a sudden quietus on us and our journey. The immense masses of rock, thrown promiscuously all around, and the smaller fragments (about the size and shape of a blacksmith's anvil) which constituted the pavement over which we rode, reminded us of walks at Niagara under the cliffs—not quite as smooth and nicely rolled and gravelled as a garden walk. We found a substitute for the roar of the falls, in the voice of the wind among the thrifty trees, which every where, in spite of any uncertainty of tenure, had planted themselves and forced their way between the edges and interstices of incumbent rocks. Soon we came to a little stream of water, which crossed our track with such swiftness as to attract our curiosity towards its source. We alighted from the carriage, and a few yards walk brought us where the stream rushed horizontally from the bowels of the bluff, its diameter being about the size of a pipe of wine, and its current as swift as the arrow, so that it made a very respectable cataract; in fact, it seemed to laugh and spread itself still more while we looked on, as if rejoicing to be able to prove even to *two* admirers, "fit audience though few," that some things could be done in Illinois, as well as in other places. Probably, this was the outlet of one of the "sink-holes" common in the limestone regions. In dry times, doubtless the stream is nowhere, but a very heavy rain had fallen two days previous, and caused all this commotion, and more also, as will be seen hereafter. Hurrying on as fast as possible, that is, nearly as fast as a terrapin with a live coal on his back, we arrived at length at a little French village called Prairie de Rocher, which is one of the earliest settlements on the Mississippi, being nearly 150 years old. Its population must have increased at a rate rather unusual to western towns, there being nearly twenty houses in the place in 1853. The inhabitants are old Fogies to a man, woman and child—all French, with a stubborn love for ancient pony-carts and white-wash. We dined at a

very neat little tavern, and pushed on. Passing through the sleepy-looking street of the village, we came suddenly on the banks of the little stream before mentioned, and a few miles further, we found it directly crossing our path, as it did near its source; but here, it was quite another sort of thing, it had spread over a breadth of a hundred yards, besides scooping out for itself a comfortable bed in the middle, which two Creole Frenchmen, whom we met hunting, assured us would not be so very comfortable for us, if we got into it, the water being deep, and the mud under it deeper. In short, they told us it was absolutely impassable. It was very easy to go back and give up the object of our journey altogether. We could take another road and go down to Kaskaskia, twelve or fifteen miles, cross the river, and come up on the other side a like distance, or we could leave our horse, swim the stream and do the rest of the journey on foot, neither of these plans was very agreeable. We then asked our Frenchmen, if there were no other place to cross the stream; they told us, pointing in a certain direction, that we might possibly cross *there*, as the water was not so deep. "How deep is it?" "Probably, it will come into your wagon a kettle." We offered money, if they would go in and sound, which they respectfully declined, though with assurances of their distinguished consideration. H. and I, then held a council of war, and came to the decision to risk crossing, our Frenchmen, agreeing, like some other European powers, to stand by, at safe distance, and see us into or out of this "free fight" just as fate might order. We put our luggage on the seat, I plied the whip—the horse took to the water, and in a few seconds, he was floundering in the mud, with the water six inches deep in the bottom of the buggy. Bob seemed determined to drown himself, endeavoring all the time to get his head under water. H. being a man of enterprise and strong physical force, stripped and jumped into the vasty and nasty deep, with intent to take the horse by the head, and lead him through. But Bob probably had never seen a naked man before, and, being a western horse, his acquaintance with the best styles of statuary was rather limited. The consequence was, that our nude Apollo so terrified the horse, that he gave a sudden convulsive plunge which broke a shaft of the toughest material, and greatly damaged the harness, after which struggle, he quietly settled down again into the mud, I being no longer able to

keep his nose out of the water. H. then released him from the thills, and fairly dragged him by main force into shoal water, when the beast got up, and attempted to run, but was secured by the Frenchmen, who thus manifested a disposition, at all hazards, to preserve a balance of power, so far as it could be done without detriment to themselves. These men then consented to be hired to come in, and help us out of our predicament. We had now to follow a mere bridle path for several miles, over and around fallen trees, and through brake and tangled brier, till we arrived on the bank of the Mississippi, where we saw the long-hidden sun just dipping his disk behind the hills. Fortunately the ferryman, with his small flat-boat, was ready, and we were safely rowed across, for the nice little sum of \$1.50. On our complaining somewhat of the exorbitance of this tax, he informed us that he had only a dozen jobs or so, in the course of a year, and he must have enough to keep up the concern.

Immediately on landing on the western bank of the river, we met with decided evidence, in the shape of huge piles of pig-iron, that we were in the great mineral region of the West. It was the first place we had seen, except Galena, where pigs of metal were more plentiful than pigs of pork. Two miles down the river, brought us to St. Genevieve, where we were soon comfortably housed in the hotel of Mr. Dutchaninny—no Dutchman at all, as his name would seem to imply, but a very sociable, gentlemanly Frenchman—a politician, formerly member of the Senate of Missouri. He is the best specimen of landlords to be found west of the Alleghanies. In general, our western landlords partake of the careless, independent manners of the other inhabitants. They behave as if they feel they are doing you an extraordinary and undeserved favor, by allowing you to stay in their houses at all. Traveller! visit my friend Dutchaninny, if you want to find a courteous landlord, good fare, good beds, and good servants, at reasonable rates. H., who is an ultra-abolitionist, and for a good while Director of the Grand Junction Underground, did not relish seeing so many of his colored brothers and sisters in bonds, and I was in great fear lest he should make use of the old flat-boat in the night, and leave me and good Mr. Dutchaninny in the lurch. But the cold bath and other toils of the journey made him speedily forget his colored brethren, in the strong embraces of Morpheus; and as I have seen no advertise-

ment of runaway negroes from St. Genevieve, I infer that he forgot to furnish any tickets during his stay. We left St. Genevieve at 7½ A. M., in excellent spirits, at the thought that our whole day's journey of forty-three miles must be accomplished on an excellent plank road, surveyed and laid out by my old college friend, Singleton. A few miles of travel convinced us that report had not belied the road. We had both travelled on four or five plank roads in Illinois, and were obliged to yield the palm to this. The planks were four inches thick—the grades all easy, though the natural country was abominably hilly and broken—its culverts, bridges, &c., were all of the best material and workmanship. The whole affair was no sixpenny operation, designed for a mere beginning, and accommodated to the poverty of the country through which it passed. It cost about \$200,000, and was designed to stand a while after being finished.

About five miles from the river, we met the first object of much interest to a mineralogist. It was a fine bed of pure carbonate of lime, very white, and so soft as to be rubbed off with the fingers and on our clothes. If it is not *oolite*, it answers the description of it, as well as any thing I have seen. Here was a steam saw-mill, sawing blocks of this rock into slabs for coping, &c.

The country for twenty miles abounded in oak timber of various species. We saw but few cabins or houses, and those were inhabited chiefly by Germans and Frenchmen, who had seized on the only tillable patches of earth in this region—little valleys between the everlasting hills; and who eke out a living by keeping sheep and cattle, suffering them to wander at will, in summer and winter, over the unfenced country. As to the amount of corn and potatoes which they raise on their nineteen-cornered lots, I got no statistics, but I reckon, judging from the spindled appearance of the stalks when we passed, that this year they must have garnered a couple of bushels to the acre. Limestone, however, is plentiful, cropping out very conveniently, all around and above the dwellings; and, in some places, we observed stone walls, a great rarity in the West, and a pleasant sight to an Eastern man. In the first twenty miles, we met more than fifty teams, loaded with pig and bloom iron, after which we ceased to count them, though they continued as abundant to the end of our journey. The wagons are generally drawn by four or six mules, though sometimes

by oxen, and they haul an average of 1000 lbs. to each mule, though often much more. The wagoners are allowed twenty cents per hundred for hauling to St. Genevieve, and they accomplish the journey there and back in three days.

We began now to pass occasional yellow pine trees, growing out of beds of gravel (drift), of which the whole surface of the country seemed to be composed. In this gravelly soil, intermixed with red clay, we began to observe very plentiful traces of iron. The streams also were clear, and ran swiftly over pebbled beds, very different in style from the dull, muddy, cat-fish creeks, so common in Illinois and Northern Missouri. Twenty-five miles from St. Genevieve we came to a pretty extensive forge, owned by Bailly, Prewitt & Co., who produce from six to eight tons of iron per day. Their ore comes exclusively from the Iron Mountain, by arrangement. From July 1st to October 1st, 1853, 249 tons of pig-metal and blooms were sent to St. Genevieve from this forge. It was not in working order when we arrived, the hammer being broken.

Three miles further ride brought us to Farmington, a pleasant little village, lying in a fertile basin of land, and around which were some very respectable and productive farms. After dinner, we commenced our travels again, and six miles east of Iron Mountain, came upon the first formation of granite. For this, our eager eyes had been on the watch ever since we left St. Genevieve, and it gave us as much joy as the first sight of the hills of New England gives to him who has been long absent, living in regions where for years he has seen nothing but monotonous stratifications. This old hill was surmounted by a cap of red granite, resting on a bigger head and body of the same, and all covered with mosses and lichens. We mounted the highest pinnacle, and made the woods resound with three cheers for old Massachusetts. The rock here is sienite rather than granite—hornblende taking the place of mica, which is absent. It disintegrates easily, in consequence of the softness of the feldspar, and the action of the weather upon it here, and throughout this region, has given a peculiar rotundity to every mass of rock, great or small.

About sunset, we arrived at Iron Mountain village. We found at the supper table a very intelligent German, who was, like ourselves, on a tour of observation. He had just come down from the Iron Mountain, but offered to escort us to

the summit, and as it was bright moonlight, we decided to forget our fatigue, and accept his offer. There was no road, not even a footpath, any where. Travellers here are all men of genius, who strike out original tracks—never following the footsteps of their predecessors, however illustrious. Consequently, we had to toil our weary way through the brush to the very top. We walked the entire distance over a solid iron pavement, which resounded to our footsteps, like a brick sidewalk to the iron-heeled boots that tramp over it in the still midnight. Occasionally, we paused to pick up fragments of the pavement, to assure ourselves it was no vulgar stone we were walking on, and we found it always solid iron ore. You cannot pick up a stone any where on the surface of the mountain, and I was forcibly reminded of the description of the land of Canaan—"A land whose stones are iron." Next day, we travelled over the entire surface of the mountain. It is 250 feet high, has a superficial area of 500 acres, and seems to be, throughout its whole length and breadth and depth, composed of specular picroxyd of iron. So far as any excavations have been made, the same appearances are presented as at the surface, viz., pieces of iron ore, from the size of a lady's thimble to the size of a man's head, closely packed together with a slight filling-in of brown clay. On the very top of the hill, however, the masses are much larger, some of several tons weight. All the diggings are at the bottom of the hill, close as possible to the only furnace yet erected there. The workmen seem to be digging the hill down bodily with mattocks, as if making a deep cut for a railroad. The hill, however, will outlast several generations of Irishmen at the rate they are working now.

We were introduced by our German friend to Mr. Valle, one of the principal owners of the works, and also to Mr. Scott, manager and part owner. These gentlemen were very civil to us, and invited us to witness the operation of casting the melted ore into pig-metal, promising to ring the bell when all was ready, while we amused ourselves by examining the furnace and the roasting-pits near by. It is not my intention in the present article, to describe minutely all the machinery and processes of iron-making. For these, *vide* Encyclopedias, &c. Let it suffice to say, that the ore, when taken from its native bed, is first roasted in heaps, by means of charcoal, to expel the sulphur, carbon, water, &c., and to ren-

der it more friable. It is then macadamized into small pieces (by hand at the Iron Mountain, by hammers or stampers, worked by steam, at Pilot Knob), after which it is put into the blast furnace, to be melted and separated from all remaining earthy matter. When the crucible or "hearth" of the furnace becomes filled with melted metal, the mouth is unstopped, and the metal is suffered to run out, down a slightly inclined plane, into a ditch of damp sand, which has lateral openings or gullies to receive the melted metal. The iron which has thus run out into these moulds, is called cast-iron, or pig-metal. As soon as the moulds are filled, the mouth of the furnace is stopped again, and the workmen, with very long-handled hoes, scrape a thin covering of sand over the whole surface of the metal, and leave it to cool.

The operation of casting is interesting, particularly by night. A fierce red glare lights up the interior of the cavern-like building. The red-shirted workmen leap about with their iron rods and hoes, like so many frolicsome demons stirring up the fires of Tartarus, and occasionally running a pitchfork into a writhing victim; and the fiery liquid vomits forth from the mouth of the furnace at the rate of three tons in three minutes.

Iron Mountain, the works, and an immense quantity of land, are owned chiefly by Choteau, Harrison and Valle. A Mr. Van Doren, from New-York, laid the first foundation of the enterprise which is now going on so prosperously. At all events, to him belongs the undisputed honor of doing the principal part of the *wind-work*. About 1836, he and others, by the special aid of my friend and host, Hon. Mr. Dutchaminy, got a charter from the legislature, on the basis of which, Van Doren created a breeze in the eastern cities, which, to use the language of the logbooks, increased to a perfect hurricane. He published pamphlets, articles in newspapers, &c. He calculated, to a pound, the quantity of ore, and its value to a decimal fraction. He broached the project of a railroad to the Mississippi, to transport the iron. But the grand collapse of 1837 came, and down went Mr. Van Doren and his projects, without the building of any furnace or forge. The charter remained unused, till as late as the year 1845. Then, several wealthy men of St. Louis, Pierre Choteau, James Harrison and Lewis V. Bogy bought of Messrs. Zeigler and others land and stock, and went to work under the name of the American Iron Mountain Company.

The metal of the Iron Mountain ore, makes what is called *red short* iron; that is, iron which breaks too easily when it is at a cherry-red heat. They remedy this fault, by mixing about half Tennessee pig-metal with it. This is a great disadvantage, for obvious reasons. When metal reaches a very high price as now, \$40 to \$50, they have to pay this extravagant price for stock, out of which to make bar iron, besides all the inconvenience and delays to which such dependence must always subject them.

The Iron Mountain Company, from July 1 to October 1, 1853, sent to the river 3,318 tons of iron. Most of this goes to St. Louis to be worked up—some of it is said to be sent up the Ohio River.

On Saturday, we left Iron Mountain for Pilot Knob, six miles distant. The road winds all the way through a valley, and is the worst road I ever travelled, always excepting all the other natural roads in this vicinity. To say that the roads, for thirty or forty miles around, are bad, expresses no meaning whatever. They are a continuous, agonizing colloca-tion of all the rocks, stumps, roots, and mud, which could be brought together for miles and miles. You come down from a pile of paving-stones, only to plunge into a hub-deep gully of mud. Your wheels mount a big log lying across the road, only to become fast between a stump and a ledge of outcropping rocks. It is like following the bed of a narrow stream which has dug out its own course among the hills, wrenching it step by step, from the unwilling hand of nature. Our journey in fact resembled that of Milton's fiend, on his travels into the thinly settled terri-tory of Chaos and Old Night.

"O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies"—

all but the flying. Nothing flies in these regions, except horse-flies and buffalo-gnats—even the birds, at least those we saw, only have room to dance and hop a little.

However, a couple of hours brought us within sight of the gray head of Pilot Knob, 700 feet above us, looking out from its clothing of verdure like the head of the fat woman from the surrounding mass of—green and striped calico. We could now understand whence it got its name. There it stood just as it did a hundred years ago, when the first white hunters saw it afar off, from every hill-top.

We left our horse and carriage at the tavern, and started for the summit, leav-

ing furnaces, forges, &c. to take care of themselves, till we got ready to attend to them. We found a road leading nearly to the top, for, unlike Iron Mountain, the diggings here are more than half way up the hill. We met with little that was interesting on this rough road to the dig-gings, except occasional blocks of feldspar and granite, which convinced us that Pilot Knob was not *all* iron, like Iron Mountain. In fact, the first point where iron made its appearance in workable quantities, was at the diggings aforesaid, and from this point to the top of the hill, a further height probably of 150 feet, the Knob seemed to consist of solid and immense blocks of ore, not of small pieces like most of the Iron Mountain. Nothing short of the furnace of the last day will ever be able to smelt it. On we clambered, toil-ing our way up the ascent, which was all the while growing steeper, till at length we gained the highest pinnacle, and sat down to rest, breathe, and, in silence, to admire. Below and around us, rose on all sides turrets of iron, like towers of a cathedral or castle—taking more shapes than the fancy of human architect ever devised—battlements, buttresses, and bas-tions of iron, inclosing a natural fortress of several acres; and directly beneath was a precipitous gulf, threatening death for one false step. Afar off, all around us, rose hills, unnamed, but rivalling in height the mount on which we sat. West of us was Shepard Mountain, named for Shepard the mineralogist, entered and owned till lately by his brother. South of us, a few miles distant, nestling in the valley, lay Arcadia, the seat of a flourish-ing Methodist Seminary.

The top of the Knob appears, from the valley below, to be nearly bare of vege-tation, and one is surprised on arriving there, to find thrifty trees, as well as flowers, growing out of the interstices of the iron rocks. We gathered, from the very apex, an abundance of mosses, ferns, and flowers in bloom, for our female friends, who we knew valued botanical mementoes of noted places, far more than mineralogical specimens. Before we be-gan to descend, we noticed, a considerable distance from us, an apparently small and easily movable block of ore, resting on the summit of one of the natural towers before mentioned, and promising an easy tumble into the gulf below. We then determined to have a little boyish sport, to crown our adventure. Seeking to ap-proach the object of our anxiety, we crept along sharp and dizzy ridges of iron, till, lo! we found the tower so isolated as to

forbid our reaching it; our intended victim was far above us, from the nearest attainable point. Scrambling down thirty or forty feet, to the base of the tower, we observed an ominous crack, which will soon effect the object we had in view; and will send not merely that block, but the whole tower thundering and crashing into the valley below. Stand from under, when it tumbles!

After dinner at the village tavern, we visited one of the forges, of which there are two here, to observe the hammering of the ore into "blooms" or thick lumps. The ore used at this forge comes from Shepard Mountain, and is said to be the best for the manufacture of steel. We were informed by a farmer, that a plough manufactured directly from the blooms of that forge, without further process, made as good an implement as any body need have. The ores of all these mountains, though mineralogically nearly the same, are said to have peculiarities which render each preferable for some specific use. Thus, Shepard Mountain is said to make the best steel, Pilot Knob is preferred for foundry purposes, castings, &c., and Iron Mountain is best for nails. I have not been able to obtain a correct analysis of each of these ores, though such analysis, I suppose, has been made. Their appearance to the eye is very different. The ores are said to contain eighty per cent. pure iron, though some of the managers said they obtained but fifty-six per cent. by their processes.

Pilot Knob and Shepard Mountain belong to the Madison Iron and Mining Company. The principal owners are Bogy, Valle, & Zeigler. Their blooms they sell mainly at Cincinnati, Wheeling, and Pittsburg. The blooms made at the forge of Baily, Prewitt & Co., go to the rolling mill of Choteau, Harrison & Valle, at St. Louis.

Hot and weary, we then started on foot for Shepard Mountain, H. to see the top of it, and I to stop on the way to take a sketch of Pilot Knob, for my own private satisfaction. I may as well say here as elsewhere, that I did take that sketch, and also one of Iron Mountain, and a huge rocking stone at the Quarry, hereafter to be mentioned; and I should send them also for publication in the Magazine, did I not know that Lossing and others, supposed masters of the pencil, would be so mortified at being completely beaten on their own ground, that the country would for ever be deprived of their services.

Before leaving Pilot Knob, we went, in company with Mr. Zeigler, to observe

several places where the primitive formation is seen overlying the limestone. Dr. King, of St. Louis, in 1851 read an ingenious paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in which he argues that the deposition of the limestones and sandstones of this region took place *since* the primitive formations had assumed the form they now have. I believe, however, that it is still the general opinion of scientific men, that these mountains of iron and of primitive rock were upheaved through the sedimentary and stratified crust of limestone, which seems to form the floor of all the valleys. At all events, the strata at the base of Pilot Knob, and also of Iron Mountain, appear very much *tilted up*, as if they had been subjected to great disturbance since their deposition; though at the distance of a quarter of a mile you may find beds of limestone lying in almost horizontal strata, as if they had been witnesses of, though not partakers in, the tremendous convulsions which hurled these solid mountains into the air.

We went back to Iron Mountain to pass the Sabbath, and on that day one of us preached to a select audience, consisting mostly of women and children, for the Iron workers have no Sabbath, except when the "hearth" of the furnace is burnt out, and they are obliged to stop till a new one can be built. The proprietors have built a commodious house of worship in the village, where, however, the visits of preachers are few and far between.

On inquiring of some of the mothers and children if they had a Sunday School, they replied in the negative, there being not a single religious man in the vicinity to superintend one. On Monday morning we started homewards by way of the Rocking Stone Quarry. A toilsome drive of five miles brought us to the place. Our carriage was running over limestone beds in place, when, at our right hand, on the hill above us, rose dome-like elevations of red granite. I call it granite because it is generally so called. Mineralogically it is *granulite*—quartz pebbles cemented together with feldspar—a very coarse rock, easily broken with the fingers wherever it is exposed to the weather. This place is called a *quarry*, but we could find no place where it had ever been quarried. It seems too soft for any economical purpose. Yet it is from this rock, I believe, that the St. Louis people propose building a monument to Henry Clay. How much better, and more appropriate to his life and deeds, to build it of the iron ore of Pilot Knob, which would outlast this rock thousands

of years. There are rocking stones of various sizes here—the largest would weigh probably thirty tons, and yet it is easily moved with one hand.

We travelled all the rest of the day, through a region abounding in valuable iron ore, magnesian limestone and galena, and before night arrived at Potosi, the central city of the lead mines of this region. Here, a New-York company, have begun mining in a thorough and scientific manner; hitherto the miners or farmers (for the farmers are all miners) have only scratched the surface, and yet have found it profitable.

At Potosi, we saw the grave of Moses Austin, the projector of the first Texan colony from the United States, but he died, like ancient Moses, before entering the land of promise, leaving to his son, Stephen F. Austin, the labor and glory of the adventure. Next day, we travelled still through a lead region, and examined the diggings of old mines, and then rode on northward, toward Hillsboro, where we expected to dine. Near Hillsboro, while descending a very steep hill, completely paved with loose quartz boulders, each bigger than a quart bowl, the breeching strap of the harness gave way, and our horse started into a full run down the hill. A single glance at the gullies and log bridge at the bottom of the hill, convinced us, that death was our portion if we undertook to keep our seats, and though a leap from the buggy upon these rocks was dangerous, yet it seemed the wiser course, and both leaped out without much injury, while Bob, having it all his own way, plunged down the hill, over the bridge, and part way up the next hill, till he brought up against a sapling, and then tearing away from buggy and harness, continued on for a quarter of a mile, till he came in full view of the town of Hillsboro, where he paused to reflect. I followed and caught him, while H. stopped to bandage a somewhat damaged knee. On arriving at the top of the hill just south of Hillsboro, I heard many voices, crying out, "there he is, there's the man!" and looking forward, I saw not less than a hundred men (it was court-week), who having seen the horse flying with the tattered harness, were doubtless ready now, like good Samaritans, to set the rider on his own beast, whenever he should come up. Not one, however, had started toward the animal to secure him, or gone to see whose head was off, or whose bones broken.

On returning to the buggy, I found both shafts broken short off, the whiffletree and cross-piece broken in two, and great damage done otherwise to carriage and harness. In fact, the concern appeared a complete wreck, and I thought it would cost us a delay of some days to repair damages.

Our first business in the village was to inquire for a wagon maker; there was none. Our next, for a blacksmith; he was so busy he could do nothing till next day. Next, for a harness-maker; there was none. For a shoemaker; one lived a mile and a quarter from the village, but nobody knew whether he were at home. Nobody offered assistance of any kind. In this dilemma, we determined to be our own mechanics, and to shake off the dust of our feet as a testimony against this evil and wicked generation. H. is an old pioneer, and of a very constructive turn of mind. To him, therefore, getting broke down was mere pastime—a pleasant variation of an old tune. So by means of several split hickory poles, and an immensity of strong cord, we fastened the broken shafts into their old places, and, in fact, made them quite as good as new, only increasing their diameter about six inches, more or less. A colored individual patched up the harness with twine and jack-knife; a white man aided us to give the finishing touches (Hercules, even after dinner, will help those who help themselves)! and in about three hours; we were on the road again, bound for St. Louis, where we arrived next day, safe and sound.

The tourist for pleasure or for science may learn one moral from our experience, and if he goes to the iron regions of Missouri, will take care not to go in a buggy.

A railroad is about commencing from St. Louis to these regions; travellers need it greatly, so also do the iron men, to transport their metal and provide a feasible carriage-way for fuel, of which they use immense quantities, having already greatly thinned out the forests for miles around the furnaces and forges.

It is both amusing and mortifying to think that the rails are to come from England, to build a road to the mightiest mass of iron in the world; nevertheless, "patience, perseverance and sweet oil" will, in time, cure this and all other absurdities and evils in Missouri, or under the sun.

THE GAMBLING HOUSES OF PARIS.

It was during the Consulate and the Empire, that the gambling houses of Paris were in their heyday. As none of our readers, fortunately, have seen those theatres of terrible and absorbing passions, we quote the account M. Veron gives of them:—

The first day of the month, I found myself richer than usual: I had sold a very excellent skeleton for twenty-five francs; and I was able to invite two friends to dinner. Rousseau (one of his school comrades) was one of my guests. He was anxious to return me the dinner: the day was appointed; the rendezvous was at six o'clock, at the Café du Roi. There were three of us, Rousseau, I, and a young medical student, who was fast dying with a galloping consumption, which had been brought on by fatigues in the hot sun during the revolution of July. All of us were punctual at the rendezvous. Our host was sad, and embarrassed. At last he said to us: I have invited you to dine with me; but my purse is empty. In this alarming situation, the young physician said, it is probable we are both (looking at me) in the same position as Rousseau (he spoke the truth), *eh bien!* there is but one thing to be done; I'll go and borrow twenty francs from the keeper of the café. I doubted very much whether he had any credit there; but he came back with a gold piece in his hand. We started off to dinner. We crossed the garden of the Palais Royal. Suppose we go up stairs, said one of us, and risk at the rouge-et-noir half of our fortune—say ten francs? The proposal was unanimously accepted. Rousseau was sent off to try our fortune; he soon returned; he had lost. Our situation became a bad one; we met, feeling all the pleasures of hope, one of our comrades, the tall G. . . . , a charming young fellow, and the son of a grammarian. We told him our story; unfortunately he could add to our purse only three francs and a half, and he gave us to understand, by a gesture, that his watch was at the pawnbroker's. We soon induced our new comrade in misfortune to club his money with ours, and to go and risk the thirteen francs and a half at the rapid chances of the roulette. Our player did not return; it was past seven o'clock; shall we dine or not? Our friend appeared; he showed us sixty francs. We gayly went to Véfour's for our dinner. I scarcely know why, but we all resolved to dine very economically. We knew not

what else to do, but to return to a gambling house. Our friend G. . . . was charged to play all that remained in our common purse: 35 francs; and we would share our earnings. In a very few minutes our friend G. . . . had won eight hundred francs at roulette; the share of each of us was two hundred francs. G. . . . and Rousseau boldly played their two hundred francs, and, in a few minutes, they each had fifteen hundred or two thousand francs, of winnings. Rousseau was greatly indebted at the Café du Roi, and at the Café des Variétés; we tore him, so to say, from the gambling house, and, by paying a large sum on account, he opened a new credit at both of the cafés. Head and ears in debt, without a cent of money in his pocket, and without credit in the morning, in the evening he was rich, and esteemed. Such wonders easily turn one's head.

The next day, after leaving the hospital, I returned alone to the same gambling house, to risk the hundred and odd francs which remained to me, after the division of the evening's spoils; I won some twelve louis d'or; it seemed like a dream! The next day, I was at noon at the same place; I had taken the precaution to have it retained for me. For nearly three months, I won in this way, never less than a hundred francs a day, and often much larger sums. I still continued to perform my duties as an *interne* in the hospitals; but on ill terms with my books, leading what is called a "fast" life, frequenting the restaurants, and the theatres, having for the first time gold coins in my pocket, and, for a student, large sums in my secretary. The *tailleurs* and the *bouts de tables* praised my game. A *ponte*, a professional gambler, whom I had never seen, stopped me one day, about dinner-time, in the arcades of the Palais Royal. "Monsieur," he said, "I have nothing to ask from you; but I saw you play this morning, allow me to shake hands with you; it is impossible to play with more good luck and more good sense." I knew how to stop in my winnings; and so I often had the chagrin of playing only a quarter of an hour a day. How heavily the time hung on my hands during the rest of the day! Roulette winnings excite all sorts of immoralities in the heart, and nothing more brutalizes the mind; nothing sooner extinguishes all love of labor and of study; nothing inspires greater contempt of all business, a greater loathing for all duty, than these riches of an hour

which fortune gives you, that she may have the pleasure of despoiling you of them. I speak only of the player who wins; what would I have to say of the player who loses! In this intoxicated idleness, fevered and disquieted by constant winnings, I had daily greater difficulty to keep within limited winnings. Had I played higher, said I to myself, I would have won a large fortune. I had resolved never to stake more at first than ten louis d'or; and during two or three days, I daily won some fifteen hundred or two thousand francs. Then I determined never to stake more at first, than five hundred francs; for two days that *montante* was completely successful. Although during three months, I had lived like a *millionnaire*, and like a generous *millionnaire*, I still had in my safe (for I had a safe) some nine or ten thousand francs in gold or in notes, which I had won. I again determined that I would never stake more than a thousand francs at first. From the first thousand-franc-note I staked, I doubled: I still won. . . But soon the strangest *coups*, two and one, nine and forty (I played only at *trente-et-un*), appeared against me on the *tapis vert*. I went home to get more money. I returned a second time . . . a third time, and as I had invited several friends to dine with me that day, and as the dinner was ordered, I left in my safe only some louis d'or, persuaded that I should conquer fortune with courage and large forces. There was not even a combat! I lost every time. A gambler's idea suggested itself to my mind! I visited that day every gambling-house in Paris; at six o'clock I had scarcely enough money left to pay for the dinner I had ordered. Rich with nine or ten thousand francs, and a great many castles in the air in the morning, in the evening I had not a cent nor an illusion. We gayly buried at table my fortune and my gambling luck, and the next morning I awoke, my heart and my mind free, almost glad to resume my past life of labor and of study, and to end that care-worn and agitated life of a professional gambler. . . I did not, however, open my books again without feeling my mind wander. The gambler reappeared: I reproached myself bitterly for having failed to play well—for having run after my lost money. I no longer laid the blame on fortune; I imputed it all to myself! I even thought it would continue to protect me. I found means, for the first time in my life, to borrow a thousand écus, and notwithstanding all my vows, notwithstanding

my evening's experience, I lost these thousand écus in one single day. Behold whither a friendly dinner, and the sale of a skeleton may lead one! Happily these rude adventures restored me to my senses, and I felt alarmed at the dangers I had run. During these three months of dissipation I have at least witnessed all madness of gamblers; I have met in these gambling houses, artisans, fathers, young men, gray-beards, soldiers, literary men, some physicians, and more than one public functionary. Every house had its regular frequenters; we were all equal in the eyes of the "Bank," and perhaps the ruined gambler, with disordered clothes, and a thin and pained face, was the most respected. Under the *regime* of 1840, M. Thiers, president of the cabinet, and who was under obligations to me, offered me several places in the gift of the government; I spoke of the place of *maître des requêtes*. "You, *maître des requêtes*!" said M. Thiers, "the thing is impossible." The severe traditions of the state council would not allow an ex-manager of the opera to be appointed a *maître des requêtes*, and M. Thiers instanced to me, among others, the name of a state councillor, whose learning and virtue commanded the greatest reserve and the greatest respect. I contented myself with smiling, and I left M. Thiers to his illusions. This very virtuous state councillor, whose name I shall suppress, had been like me, one of the most assiduous frequenters of the gambling-house I have just mentioned; I even had had a difficulty with him one day. I placed twenty francs on the rouge—I won; I was paid. I wished to take up my twenty francs; they had disappeared. The deal ended, a player spoke to me: "See here, Monsieur," said he to me, "here are the twenty francs you were looking for; I took them up by mistake!" This absent-minded player was M. Thiers's virtuous state councillor!!

Gamblers are cordial and talkative, with other players. They communicate to each other their joys, faults, and chagrins, their successful or their abandoned systems; but their conversations never quit this theme—gaming. One has in gambling houses, a number of friends of whom he knows neither the name, nor the residence, nor the profession, nor the past life, nor the present situation. A gambler never speaks to another gambler in the street. The servants of the gambling houses were called *Messieurs de la chambre*; in all the gambling houses, even at Frascati's and at the *Cercle des Etrangers*, one was obliged to give them

his hat. They gave him a check every where except at Frascati's and at the Cercle, where they remembered every visitor and his hat. Some very distinguished strangers entered the *salons* with their hats in their hands; but this tolerance was an honor rendered. *Messieurs de la chambre*, in all of the houses served beer, and sugar and water gratuitously. At Frascati's, any sort of refreshment might be called for; at the Cercle des Etrangers, one dined or supped, if personally invited. In the houses of the second order, *Messieurs de la chambre* lent money upon pledges. At Frascati's and at the Cercle, *Messieurs de la chambre* lent, without receipt, very large sums of money to known players; these pecuniary loans were always recompensed at the will of the borrower. At No. 113, at Biribi, the first stake could be so low as ten cents; at roulette, the first stakes could not be under two francs; at trente-et-un, the first stake could not be less than five francs; at No. 154, there was a table where gold only was played for; at Frascati's, besides roulette and trente-et-quarante, they played at creps; at the Cercle, they played only trente-et-un and creps; at the house in the Rue de Marivaux, there was only one roulette. At all of the games, the first stakes, or the highest doubling of stakes, could not exceed twelve thousand francs. Under the Empire, the first stakes were unlimited in the amount. Every gambling house had a *chef de partie*, roulette *tailleurs*, trente-et-un *tailleurs*, creps *tailleurs*, craps *tailleurs*, and, lastly, *bouts de tables*, charged with attending to the stakes and the payments. Each *chef de partie* had six or twelve thousand francs salary; the *tailleurs* had not less than six thousand francs—some of them had seven thousand francs; the *bouts de tables* had less. Some of them were old ruined gamblers, who every now and then would hand you under the table five or ten francs, and ask you to play for them. One of these *bouts de table* was at the same time porter at the Sorbonne. All the gambling houses of Paris opened at noon, and closed at midnight. Frascati's alone remained open a part of the night, according to the number of the players, and the importance of the stakes—the last two deals were announced in advance. At the Cercle des Etrangers alone, gambling commenced only at eight o'clock the days they gave dinners, and at ten o'clock the other days. Balls, with suppers, were occasionally given at Frascati's, and at the Cercle. Under the

Empire, No. 9, also remained open all night. The Venuses of the arcades of the Palais Royal had their *entrées* to them, and they danced there. The Restoration suppressed the ball of No. 9, and the gambling ended at midnight. The passion of gaming is one of the strongest passions of the human heart, and all great passions are solitary; except in the gambling houses the gambler likes to be alone; alone with his visions of wealth and his despair, as the lover with his happy or his betrayed love, as the drunkard with his fantastic dreams, with his madness and his degradation; like the miser with his treasures, with his delights and his fears.

All gamblers, in the gambling houses, pass through three very different periods. The gambler without experience, playing with the confidence, the audacity, and the spirit of youth. After some terrible lessons, the gambler plays with the calculation of mature years; he is wedded to systems, he takes notes upon the infinite caprices of chance, he studies and follows its motions. Some have confidence in *paroli*, others in the *tiens et le tout*; these in the *montante et descendante*; those have calculations based on the points which have come out as being the signal for the points which are to come out. I have seen some gamblers consult a pack of cards under the table; and others make rapid calculations between the deals, to ascertain where to place their stakes. At roulette, their preferences for numbers, or for the colors, are founded on the most singular reasonings; some never play others than *les voisins du cylindre*. Last of all, the worn-out gambler, ruined and full of contempt for all calculations, the gambler who has tried every thing, undergone every thing, and plays only with the distrust and the nervous trembling of old age. I have seen some of them close their ears, that they might not hear the decrees of fate; their pain was less to see the result of the deal on the table. The desponding old player frequently contents himself with observing the game played by a *debutant*, or by a lucky player; he even goes so far as to propose to him to join their stakes. The professional gambler is anxious to persuade himself that the probabilities of gain are certainties, and the slang of professional gamblers among themselves, is founded on their persevering and unshaken confidence. A gambler never avows he loses: "he has been put aside." A gambler who has ceased to lose says: "I have come in again." A gambler, who has lost a good deal, says: "I am engaged." A gambler who would en-

gage you to furnish him with money for a game, proposes to communicate to you his "practical studies, and assured calculations upon human probabilities." The gambler whose game has absorbed all the money he staked, never says he has "lost," but that he has "blown up." The gambler cannot say, nor can he bear to hear, the word "lose;" he has a horror of it. The professional gambler pretends he is not the slave of vice or of a passion—He calculates and speculates. The gambler who has lost never feels the least envy to see another win. The gambler who is winning feels boundless commiseration for him who loses. Loss urges gamblers to the most singular, to the saddest, and to the gravest extremities. I often met at No. 129, a literary man, with powdered hair, advanced in years, and who in his lucky bets would rejoice over his winnings in Latin. He was a poor wretch, whom the least loss would make penniless. One day he touched me on the shoulder, and he led me out into the hall: see here, said he, take this Persius and this Juvenal and give me forty cents. I refused to pay less than a dollar for these two Latin poets. His joy was excessive; but in a half hour he returned to me, putting his hand in his pocket: see here, said he, take that pair of black silk stockings, and give me what you please. I had consented to diminish his library, but I could not agree to wear his old clothes. One day, I had forty louis d'or on the black of trente-et-un: I left it there to double. An old frequenter of the house came up to me. Do you want to win? said he; I have a disease, promise me ten francs, that I may purchase a bandage. I won, and he soon lost his bandage at roulette. I have been obliged in the course of my life to study and to console a great many sorrows; I have never seen any anguish more poignant than that of the player who loses, than that of the player who has lost. Some unfortunate players bear their fate without uttering a word of complaint. I saw an Englishman, sitting next to me (our elbows touched), lose at trente-et-un, a hundred thousand francs, without opening his mouth, and without a gesture of impatience or of anger; reduced to his last five hundred franc bank note, he took gold; reduced to his last gold piece of twenty francs, he took silver; reduced to his last ten francs, he played only at roulette and with forty-cent pieces. Other players on the contrary insult fortune, and

even the *tailleur*, and at the sight of the card which makes them lose they break the rakes. The clerk, who loses at rouge-et-noir another person's money; the speculator who seeks at the gambling table to re-establish his fortune, may, after ill fortune, commit suicide, but the professional gambler lives a long while.* Fortune has very unexpected turns of favor; its caprices are unlimited, and it often takes pleasure in making the gambler's last coin the source of his largest winnings. I have often had pointed out to me, fathers who have voluntarily exiled themselves from Paris, far from the gambling-houses, that they might no longer play, but who, every two or three months returned to Paris, to see again the roulette and the trente-et-un. They remained in Paris only a few hours, just long enough to exhaust the contents of their purse; sometimes fortune retained them here by enormous winnings. The *pontes* would instance in my day, with pride and with joy, a young countryman, who, about being married in his province, came up to Paris with fifteen hundred francs to purchase his wedding gifts; and who returned home only at the end of a week, and who carried back with him his wedding gifts and ninety thousand francs of winnings. They adduced also a Strasbourg coffee-house keeper, who, at the end of a month, returned home with more than two hundred thousand francs of winnings. The names of the fortunate alone were mentioned; the list of the ruined would have been too long. Every gambling house had its celebrated men: we often met at No. 129, a roulette player whom they called Massina; he played only a quarter of an hour, and these fifteen minutes he either lost two or three thousand francs, or he won twelve or fifteen thousand francs. It is justice to say that the gambler need fear in the public "Hells" no irregularity, no surprise, nor error; the Bank alone was exposed to pay twice, and it was not completely protected from swindling. Two young men entered Frascati's one evening: one staked on the rouge fifty louis d'or in double louis; the other staked on the noir the same sum in similar coins. The rouge won, and fifty louis were paid to the rouge; the stakes and the money won were immediately taken away. A banker took up the stakes lost on the noir; but he soon perceived that these double louis were merely forty-cent pieces well gilded. The

* Among the exceptions to M. Veron's general rule, the fate of the unhappy Colton (the author of *Laeon*) will suggest itself to our readers' minds.

player who had won, had instantly disappeared; the other was arrested. He was at no loss for arguments: I did not say, said he, that I staked fifteen louis; I have not given you counterfeit money, nay, I lose an hundred francs. It was your business to be more careful before paying the person opposite to me. The affair ended here, and the Bank lost its nine hundred francs; the lesson was worth it. A celebrated general invented a trick which still bears his name. One day, during the Empire, he staked, at the Cercle des Etrangers, at rouge-et-noir a small *rouleau*, sealed at both ends, and which looked exactly like a *rouleau d'or* of a thousand francs; if he lost, he took up his roll, and gave the banker a thousand franc note; he won, and he said to the banker, who in turn offered him a thousand francs: I beg your pardon, I staked more than that. He opened his roll, and he drew out of it, in the midst of some gold pieces, fifteen or twenty notes of a thousand francs each. The general was paid; but the lesson was not forgotten, and no one was allowed to play except with his money open, and with limited stakes. During the Hundred Days, a trick was played on the Bank, and which still bears the name of its inventor. One of his accomplices allowing a piece of money to fall on the floor, pretended to hunt for it on the floor, and while he was apparently so engaged, he placed there an infernal machine. At a given moment, another accomplice acted as this one had just done; and when he stooped, he fired the powder. In the midst of the general fright and confusion, the authors of this explosion alone were calm; they screamed, "Save the money!" and they ran off with all the gold and the silver on the table. After this *coup de main*, the money of the Bank ceased to be exhibited on the table; it was inclosed in copper boxes, whose ample interstices, however, sufficiently tempted the gamblers' eyes. All the professional gamblers are inconsolable for the suppression of the gambling houses. A marriage was recently proposed to a young man, and in my presence, to a well born and elegant *young man*, who in his life of gambling had many a time astonished the spectators by his audacious game, and his enormous winnings: the lady's fortune, her friends said to him, is two hundred thousand francs. Ah! said he sadly, such a marriage would be possible only if the gambling houses were reopened. In 1849, while travelling on the Rhine, I visited all the gambling houses in Germany; I found there a great many of the persons I had seen here in

the gambling houses in 1818; the same *tailleurs*, the same *bouts de tables*, the same *Messieurs de la chambre*, and, especially, the same old players. The passion of gambling, like avarice, almost places the human heart beyond the other miseries of life; the gambler, and the miser, live on chimeras, their pleasure is the only one which fears no satiety; their unmixed passion is always lively. Let us remark, for the honor of justice and morality, the durable joys of the avaricious cost privations and sorrows to none but himself. The very fugitive pleasures of the gambler may cost the honor and the ruin of families, and may lead by an insensible declivity a heart born honest, to the profoundest calculations of dishonesty and of crime. While I gambled, I was often the neighbor of a well-bred young man of a good family and of a very agreeable face. He played a game which was long successful, the *montante* and the *descendante*. Meeting recently a lady who had been one of his friends, I asked her what had become of my gambling companion: she turned pale, tears rolled down her cheeks, she leaned forward and whispered in my ear: He was hung in London for forgery.

Public gambling was authorized before 1789. The 21 Messidor An VII., the Central Office of the Canton of Paris prohibited gambling on the ground of its immorality. Fouché, under the Consulate, gave them without the form of a public letting, to a certain Perrin, who was soon called *Perrin of the games*; and especially enjoined him to open a Cercle des Etrangers. This authorization to open public gambling houses was not however gratuitous. I have heard Bénazet, who was the farmer of the gambling houses, during the Restoration, say, that Perrin gave to Fouché fifty louis d'or every morning without taking a receipt. Fouché also made Perrin pay occasionally police drafts on him for ten or twenty thousand francs. The Cercle des Etrangers, then situated in the old Hotel Aguado, Rue Grange Batelière, had three presidents. These were the Marquis de Tilly-Blaru, Count Esprit de Castellane, and the Marquis de Livry; each of them received fifty thousand francs as their annual salary. Nothing was played there but trente-et-un and creps. The stakes were not limited. There was a supper every night; fashionable women, Clotildes of the Opera, were admitted to these suppers. Three dinners a week were given at this club. Prince de Talleyrand, and his friend De Montrond played heavily there.

The Cercle des Etrangers frequently gave masked balls; they were called the Bals Livry. During the Directory and during the Consulate, masked balls were all the rage. Baronne Hamelin, Madame Tallien, all the distinguished ladies of society, were invited to these balls. During the Consulate, and during the first days of the Empire, Napoleon visited them for a few moments several times, leaning on Duroc's arm, both being masked. The presidents of the Cercle des Etrangers rarely allowed Perrin to show himself. If I may trust the unanimous testimony of all the contemporaries of the Directory and of the Consulate, nothing can give an idea of the pleasures, of the brilliancy, and of the intoxication of this period of revival. One day the First Consul wished to suppress the gambling houses, but Fouché declared to Bonaparte that they were his best aids, and the surest resources of the police; the gambling houses were maintained. A certain Bernard succeeded Perrin, and after Bernard came Chalabre, Boursault, and Bénazet. We should not confound the Chalabre of the gambling houses with the noble family of the Marquis de Chalabre. The Chalabre of the gambling houses was the son of a certain Chalabre to whom Louis XVI. granted the title of a colonel, that he might, without offending etiquette, deal pharoon before the Queen. Queen Marie Antoinette played pharoon nearly every evening at the Tuileries, at Versailles, and especially at the Trianon. The farming of the gambling houses was publicly let afterwards. The four farmers of the gambling houses who succeeded each other during the Restoration and the Monarchy of July, were MM. Bernard, Chalabre, Boursault, and Bénazet. Chalabre was in every respect a man of the old regime. I dined once at the Cercle with him; he was powdered, and a man

of fine manners. Boursault, whose curious and splendid house I visited several times, was, on the contrary, a man of the present time. With a very marked face, violent, passionate, always ready to speak in a voice of thunder, he must have made himself heard, and perhaps applauded, in more than one club, during the Revolution. He had acted in tragedy, and he had even composed a tragedy. In a private conversation, or in a discussion on business, and without the least connection, he would declaim Voltaire's, or his own poetry. Under the Directory, and during the Empire, and even during the Restoration, Boursault attached himself to every enterprise which could give large profits. In his opinion, large profits ennobled and moralized every enterprise; he contracted for the mud of Paris, for the night soil of Paris, and for the gambling houses of Paris. Boursault's house was magnificent, and with an intelligent luxury. One noticed in his gallery some good paintings; but he especially was remarkable for having the richest green-houses, and the rarest flowers, at a time when horticulture was a rare luxury, and very far removed from all the progress we daily see produced. It was in Boursault's green-houses that, during the latter days of the Empire, an interview took place between the Duke de Rovigo and Chateaubriand, by the activity of the Baronne Hamelin. This interview had no result. Montrond always had a cruel *mot* for the fatuity or the insolence of the possessors of newly acquired wealth, and of *parevenus*; he gave Boursault a nick-name which made Paris roar with laughter. This nick-name recalled both the origin of Boursault's fortune, his luxury of rare flowers of delicious odors. Montrond called Boursault, "Prince Merdiflore."* I knew the last farmer of the gambling houses, M. Bé-

* M. de Montrond, a name which we believe will frequently appear in the succeeding volumes of M. Veron's memoirs, was a member of one of the most ancient and aristocratic families of France. Beside the advantages of birth and of fortune, he possessed brilliant talents, polished and engaging manners, and a handsome person; he seemed, however, to be altogether devoid of ambition. Early attached by friendship to the celebrated Prince de Talleyrand, he altogether effaced his own personality, and contented himself with being the shadow of that well-known diplomatist, when he was every way fitted to have played a brilliant part both on the political and the diplomatic theatre. Love of pleasure, however, absorbed all of his time; the table and the sex engrossed all of his attention. His successes with the latter were so numerous as to have procured for him from his contemporaries the nickname of "the De Lauzun of the Directory." He died at an extreme old age, in 1847, at one of his family estates, having survived all of his contemporaries, and himself—for the last years of his life were years of the second childhood when the dotard is dependent on his nurses. Several of his *bon mots* will make his name live, and we may repeat an accredited rumor, that more than one of the Prince de Talleyrand's good sayings are due to his witty and faithful friend. We mentioned in a preceding page the brutal manners of the empire; the Count de Montrond was intimate with the Marquis de M. . . . ; one day he entered his apartments unceremoniously, and found the Marquis and the Baroness H(amelin) throwing candle-sticks and plates at each other; the gay wit exclaimed when he saw their animosity: I was right when I said you were well matched (*J'avais bien raison de dire que vous étiez bien ensemble*). Count de Montrond was prone to play unfairly at cards—deemed no vice, M. Veron assures us, in the days of the Empire. One day he sought the Prince de Talleyrand: My dear Talleyrand, I have had a narrow escape, I was playing cards with a cursed rascal of the Cuirassiers (you know they are all Hercules), he said I cheated, and swore he would throw me out of the window; and I believe he would have done so, if his partner had not prevented him.—Ah! Montrond, Montrond, replied the Prince, have not I always told you never to play except on the

nazet, very well. He died a few years ago. He was an ex-attorney of Bourdeaux; a man of talents and of enterprise; he was obliging and generous; he was the Mécenas of several men of letters. At the revolution of July, M. Bénazet was elected the commandant of one of the legions of the National Guard of the environs of Paris. Cassimir Perier appointed him Chevalier in the Legion of Honor. Harel, ex-auditor of the Council of State, a prefect during the Hundred Days, an ex-political exile, an ex-manager of the Odeon, and of the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, and lastly, towards the end of his life, a laureate of the French Academy, for an *éloge* of Voltaire; Harel was very intimate with Bénazet, and he received more than one favor from the latter. One night, in the *foyer* of the opera, a circle was formed around Bénazet, when he put his fingers in a gold snuff-box; Harel suddenly interrupted the conversation: "Messieurs," he exclaimed, "don't Bénazet look rich?"

When alone together, or when laughing, Bénazet's intimate acquaintances called him the Emperor. At the chequed-office of the Theatre-Français, they invariably said to him, "*Mon Prince!*" The farm of the gambling houses included the following houses: Maison du Cercle des Etrangers, Rue Grange Batelière, No. 6; Maison de Livry, or Frascati's, Rue Richelieu, No. 108; Maison Dunans, Rue du Mont Blanc, No. 40; Maison Marivaux, Rue Marivaux, No. 13; Maison Sapphos, Rue du Temple, No. 110; Maison Dauphine, Rue Dauphine, No. 36; and in the Palais Royal, No. 9, including all the arcades to No. 24; No. 129, including all the arcades to No. 137; No. 113, including all the arcades from No. 102 to No. 118; and No. 154, including all the arcades from No. 145 to 154. While Bénazet was the farmer, the Maison Dunans, Rue du Mont-Blanc, No. 40, was closed; all the others remained open. Under the two last farmers of the gambling houses, the lease contained the following provisions: The farmer of them paid to the Treasury, by equal monthly instalments, the annual sum of 5,550,000 francs. Upon this sum, appropriated to the city, the Minister of the Interior, and under the Restoration, the Minister of

the King's household, received annually, and by equal monthly instalments, a sum of 1,660,000 francs, as an appropriation to the theatres, to the Conservatoire de Musique et de Declamation, and to the Institution des Quinze-Vingts. The Minister of the Interior took from it a good deal more money for the political refugees, for the disasters in the departments, and for charity to all sorts of misfortunes. The expenses of the administration of the gambling houses was fixed in the lease at the sum of 2,400,000 francs. The farmer also received out of the net receipts 100,000 francs as interest. He was, indeed, obliged always to have either upon the gaming-tables, or in his safe, 1,291,000 francs. He was also obliged to deposit a security of 500,000 francs in the Caisse des Consignations. The result of the gambling per day, and per gaming table, was stated by formal journals, of the total capital at the beginning and at the end of the gambling, which, written in the presence of the city's comptrollers, established the net proceeds. The ninth article of the lease stated that all expenses of the administration, all expenses of interest, and the annual sum of 5,550,000 francs appropriated to the city being paid, there should further be appropriated to the city, upon the total of the net profits, when there were profits, one half, when the total annual net profits did not exceed nine millions of francs, and three fourths of the sum above these nine millions; all the remainder belonged to the farmer. The gambling houses of Paris were closed the 31st December, 1837, by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. We give the following exact table of the net profits of the farming of the gambling houses—in other words, the sums lost annually at them from 1819 until 1837:

	Francs.		Francs.
1819.....	7,682,535	1829.....	7,080,189
1820.....	7,801,752	1830.....	6,405,022
1821.....	8,724,504	1831.....	6,055,100
1822.....	8,651,896	1832.....	6,055,100
1823.....	7,408,844	1833.....	6,138,479
1824.....	8,222,339	1834.....	6,546,819
1825.....	9,008,628	1835.....	6,680,383
1826.....	7,846,411	1836.....	6,115,792
1827.....	7,213,264	1837.....	6,841,395
1828.....	7,857,545		
Total.....			137,313,403

The money of foreigners formed a great

ground floor. Do you know, M. de Montrond, said the Duchess de Luynes to him, one day, that M. de Talleyrand says he likes you so much because you have so few prejudices. Ah! Madam, if you were intimate with M. de Talleyrand, you would find him as charming as I do: he has not a single prejudice. During the last war between England and France, he was the only Frenchman present at a diplomatic dinner given by a German diplomatist in Berlin. Among the guests present was an Englishman. I detest France and all Frenchmen without exception, said he, glancing fiercely on M. de Montrond. How different we are, said M. de Montrond. I like England and the English very much, but I make exceptions.

part of this sum. We would remark, that the profits of the farmers of the gambling houses were especially assured to them, by the allowance of 2,400,000 francs for their expenses, which were far from being so much. The extension of the passion of gambling, under the Empire and under the Restoration, was so great, that, besides the public gambling houses, there then flourished what were called *Maisons de Bouillotte*, dangerous houses-of-ease to the authorized and police-inspected gambling houses. These *maisons de bouillotte* were founded as *tables d'hôte*. But after the dinner, the card-tables were brought out, and the gambling commenced; *écarté* was their favorite game. After the Hundred Days, the "commandants" and the "widows of colonels or of generals killed at Waterloo," were common in these low resorts, and they were greatly frequented by gambling women and professional swindlers. Every *maison de bouillotte* had its "commandant." You found in them the venerable "commandant" with gray hairs, and the "commandant" with curled moustaches—the duellist. The venerable "commandant" decided without appeal upon all contested errors—upon all doubtful deals. Kind and paternal, he appeased, he conciliated, he reconciled quarrellers, and all those whom loss of money made noisy. The venerable "commandant" took all sorts of liberties; he played on his word; he was the friend and the counsellor of successful women: he rarely abused, and only on sure occasions, the confidence he inspired; new comers deemed themselves almost fortunate to be "spunged" on by him; all those who, when playing with him, lost some gold pieces, he *thou'd*, he indemnified them in familiarities, he reimbursed them in sounding their praises. The "commandant" with curled moustaches was the second in all duels; he often gave an account of his campaigns. Every one trembled before those "commandants" especially, who prided themselves on having escaped from the burning of Moscow, and from the ice of the Beresina. The "commandant" with curled moustaches wore the coat buttoned up to the chin. He spoke short; every body thought it right that he never folded his napkin, that he never paid his dinner, and that he poured in his coffee, as *gloria*, a great many glasses of brandy. Nobody doubted but that, during the Hundred Days, his name had been noted as one to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor. All successful lovers took him

as their confidant, and opened a credit for him, which ended only with a ruptured *liaison*, and to be liquidated, and to be increased to a larger amount by a new *liaison*. The "widows of colonels and of generals killed at Waterloo," were all of middle age. They supplied what they had lost of their youth and of their beauty by the touching narratives they gave of their situation. They took or they received sobriquets, such as *La Veuve de la Grande Armée*, *la Beresina*. A sobriquet is often a source of celebrity and of fortune for a woman whose character is compromised. One of the most celebrated *maisons de bouillotte* during the Empire and the Restoration was kept by Madame M S Madame M S was the eldest sister of a celebrated actress; she was every way a more beautiful woman than her sister; during the unhappy days of the *one and indivisible* Republic, she was compromised in an affair of false assignats, but she was acquitted; an acquittal she owed to her innocence and not to her beauty. Madame M S kept winter and summer a *maison de bouillotte*. Gavaudan the actor was one of the most assiduous frequenters of it. She *thou'd* (*tutoyait*) every body, and all *thou'd* her. As in the time of the Chevalier de Grammont, and in the days of Desgrieux, no one was then dishonored by cheating at cards. But she would not take advantage of these frauds which she knew very well; nay, she would stop you on the very edge of the precipice, saying: "Don't do that!" The *maisons de bouillotte* and of *baccarat* still flourish in Paris; roulette, trente-et-un, and creps are no longer played; but in all the restaurants, in all the clubs, men stake their patrimony upon *parole* at whist, and sometimes at *baccarat*. In the licensed gambling houses, men lost all their stake whenever a *refait* of thirty-one came up, and at roulette at the zero and at the double zero; this was a sort of tax levied upon the players; but at the least no one could play on *parole*. Some gamblers overwhelmed with debts, retire from France to some foreign land, without paying any one of their debts; or some mother, anxious to pay her son's debts, sends for you, but she seems to consider you responsible for his foolish extravagance, and which she does not forgive him. I have often heard it said, that if public gambling houses were opened, there would be less to fear from clandestine hells. These clandestine hells were quite as numerous during the farming of the public gambling houses, and yet the city expend-

ed large sums of money to detect them. A special police against the illicit gambling houses was constantly maintained. To reopen one or several public gambling houses would be to give a new gambling

fever to this country, it would be with a forethought to train up a new generation of gamblers, to prepare new sources of despair to families, and to furnish forth occasions of new suicides."

THE ENCANTADAS, OR ENCHANTED ISLES.

BY SALVATOR R. TARNMOOR.

SKETCH FIRST.

THE ISLES AT LARGE.

"—That may not be, said then the ferryman,
Least we unwitting hap to be fordonne;
For those same islands seeming now and then,
Are not firme land, nor any certain wonne,
But stragling plots which to and fro do runne
In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
The Wandering Islands; therefore do them shonne;
For they have oft drawne many a wandering wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight;
For whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon may never it secure
But wand'reth evermore uncertein and unsure."

"Dark, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Striking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl,
And all about it wandering ghosts did wayle and howl."

TAKE five-and-twenty heaps of cinders dumped here and there in an outside city lot; imagine some of them magnified into mountains, and the vacant lot the sea; and you will have a fit idea of the general aspect of the Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles. A group rather of extinct volcanoes than of isles; looking much as the world at large might, after a penal conflagration.

It is to be doubted whether any spot of earth can, in desolateness, furnish a parallel to this group. Abandoned cemeteries of long ago, old cities by piecemeal tumbling to their ruin, these are melancholy enough; but, like all else which has but once been associated with humanity they still awaken in us some thoughts of sympathy, however sad. Hence, even the Dead Sea, along with whatever other emotions it may at times inspire, does not fail to touch in the pilgrim some of his less unpleasurable feelings.

And as for solitariness; the great forests of the north, the expanses of unnavi-

gated waters, the Greenland ice-fields, are the profoundest of solitudes to a human observer; still the magic of their changeable tides and seasons mitigates their terror; because, though unvisited by men, those forests are visited by the May; the remotest seas reflect familiar stars even as Lake Erie does; and in the clear air of a fine Polar day, the irradiated, azure ice shows beautifully as malachite.

But the special curse, as one may call it, of the Encantadas, that which exalts them in desolation above Idumea and the Pole, is that to them change never comes; neither the change of seasons nor of sorrows. Cut by the Equator, they know not autumn and they know not spring; while already reduced to the leas of fire, ruin itself can work little more upon them. The showers refresh the deserts, but in these isles, rain never falls. Like split Syrian gourds left withering in the sun, they are cracked by an everlasting drought beneath a torrid sky. "Have mercy upon me," the wailing spirit of the Encantadas seems to cry, "and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

Another feature in these isles is their emphatic uninhabitableness. It is deemed a fit type of all-forsaken overthrow, that the jackal should den in the wastes of weedy Babylon; but the Encantadas refuse to harbor even the outcasts of the beasts. Man and wolf alike disown them. Little but reptile life is here found:—tortoises, lizards, immense spiders, snakes, and that strangest anomaly of outlandish nature, the *aguano*. No voice, no low, no howl is heard; the chief sound of life here is a hiss.

On most of the isles where vegetation is found at all, it is more ungrateful than the blankness of Aracama. Tangled thickets of wiry bushes, without fruit and without a name, springing up among deep

fissures of calcined rock, and treacherously masking them; or a parched growth of distorted cactus trees.

In many places the coast is rock-bound, or more properly, clinker-bound; tumbled masses of blackish or greenish stuff like the dross of an iron-furnace, forming dark clefts and caves here and there, into which a ceaseless sea pours a fury of foam; overhanging them with a swirl of gray, haggard mist, amidst which sail screaming flights of unearthly birds heightening the dismal din. However calm the sea without, there is no rest for these swells and those rocks; they lash and are lashed, even when the outer ocean is most at peace with itself. On the oppressive, clouded days, such as are peculiar to this part of the watery Equator, the dark, vitrified masses, many of which raise themselves among white whirlpools and breakers in detached and perilous places off the shore, present a most Plutonian sight. In no world but a fallen one could such lands exist.

Those parts of the strand free from the marks of fire, stretch away in wide level beaches of multitudinous dead shells, with here and there decayed bits of sugar-cane, bamboos, and coconuts, washed upon this other and darker world from the charming palm isles to the westward and southward; all the way from Paradise to Tartarus; while mixed with the relics of distant beauty you will sometimes see fragments of charred wood and mouldering ribs of wrecks. Neither will any one be surprised at meeting these last, after observing the conflicting currents which eddy throughout nearly all the wide channels of the entire group. The capriciousness of the tides of air sympathizes with those of the sea. Nowhere is the wind so light, baffling, and every way unreliable, and so given to perplexing calms, as at the Encantadas. Nigh a month has been spent by a ship going from one isle to another, though but thirty miles between; for owing to the force of the current, the boats employed to tow barely suffice to keep the craft from sweeping upon the cliffs, but do nothing towards accelerating her voyage. Sometimes it is impossible for a vessel from afar to fetch up with the group itself, unless large allowances for prospective lee-way have been made ere its coming in sight. And yet, at other times, there is a mysterious indraft, which irresistibly draws a passing vessel among the isles, though not bound to them.

True, at one period, as to some extent at the present day, large fleets of whalemen cruised for *Spermaceti* upon what

some seamen call the Enchanted Ground. But this, as in due place will be described, was off the great outer isle of Albemarle, away from the intricacies of the smaller isles, where there is plenty of sea-room; and hence, to that vicinity, the above remarks do not altogether apply; though even there the current runs at times with singular force, shifting, too, with as singular a caprice. Indeed, there are seasons when currents quite unaccountable prevail for a great distance round about the total group, and are so strong and irregular as to change a vessel's course against the helm, though sailing at the rate of four or five miles the hour. The difference in the reckonings of navigators produced by these causes, along with the light and variable winds, long nourished a persuasion that there existed two distinct clusters of isles in the parallel of the Encantadas, about a hundred leagues apart. Such was the idea of their earlier visitors, the Buccaneers; and as late as 1750, the charts of that part of the Pacific accorded with the strange delusion. And this apparent fleetingness and unreality of the locality of the isles was most probably one reason for the Spaniards calling them the Encantada, or Enchanted Group.

But not uninfluenced by their character, as they now confessedly exist, the modern voyager will be inclined to fancy that the bestowal of this name might have in part originated in that air of spell-bound desertness which so significantly invests the isles. Nothing can better suggest the aspect of once living things malignly crumbled from ruddiness into ashes. Apples of Sodom, after touching, seem these isles.

However wavering their place may seem by reason of the currents, they themselves, at least to one upon the shore, appear invariably the same: fixed, cast, glued into the very body of cadaverous death.

Nor would the appellation, enchanted, seem misapplied in still another sense. For concerning the peculiar reptile inhabitant of these wilds—whose presence gives the group its second Spanish name, *Gallipagos*—concerning the tortoises found here, most mariners have long cherished a superstition, not more frightful than grotesque. They earnestly believe that all wrecked sea-officers, more especially commodores and captains, are at death (and in some cases, before death) transformed into tortoises; thenceforth dwelling upon these hot aridities, sole solitary Lords of Asphaltum.

Doubtless so quaintly dolorous a

thought was originally inspired by the woe-begone landscape itself, but more particularly, perhaps, by the tortoises. For apart from their strictly physical features, there is something strangely self-condemned in the appearance of these creatures. Lasting sorrow and penal hopelessness are in no animal form so suppliantly expressed as in theirs; while the thought of their wonderful longevity does not fail to enhance the impression.

Nor even at the risk of meriting the charge of absurdly believing in enchantments, can I restrain the admission that sometimes, even now, when leaving the crowded city to wander out July and August among the Adirondack Mountains, far from the influences of towns and proportionally nigh to the mysterious ones of nature; when at such times I sit me down in the mossy head of some deep-wooded gorge, surrounded by prostrate trunks of blasted pines, and recall, as in a dream, my other and far-distant roving in the baked heart of the charmed isles; and remember the sudden glimpses of dusky shells, and long languid necks protruded from the leafless thickets; and again have beheld the vitreous inland rocks worn down and grooved into deep ruts by ages and ages of the slow draggings of tortoises in quest of pools of scanty water; I can hardly resist the feeling that in my time I have indeed slept upon evilly enchanted ground.

Nay, such is the vividness of my memory, or the magic of my fancy, that I know not whether I am not the occasional victim of optical delusion concerning the Gallipagos. For often in scenes of social merriment, and especially at revels held by candle-light in old-fashioned mansions, so that shadows are thrown into the further recesses of an angular and spacious room, making them put on a look of haunted undergrowth of lonely woods, I have drawn the attention of my comrades by my fixed gaze and sudden change of air, as I have seemed to see, slowly emerging from those imagined solitudes, and heavily crawling along the floor, the ghost of a gigantic tortoise, with "Memento * * * * *" burning in live letters upon his back.

SKETCH SECOND.

TWO SIDES TO A TORTOISE.

"Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformities,
VOL. III.—21

Ne wonder if these do a man appall;
For all that here at home we dreadfull hold
Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall
Compared to the creatures in these isles' entrall

Fear naught, then said the palmer, well avized,
For these same monsters are not there indeed,
But are into these fearful shapes disguised.

And lifting up his vertuous staffe on high,
Then all that dreadful arme fast gan flye
Into great Zethy's bosom, where they hidden lye."

In view of the description given, may one be gay upon the Encantadas? Yes: that is, find one the gayety, and he will be gay. And indeed, sackcloth and ashes as they are, the isles are not perhaps unmitigated gloom. For while no spectator can deny their claims to a most solemn and superstitious consideration, no more than my firmest resolutions can decline to behold the spectre-tortoise when emerging from its shadowy recess; yet even the tortoise, dark and melancholy as it is upon the back, still possesses a bright side; its calapee or breast-plate being sometimes of a faint yellowish or golden tinge. Moreover, every one knows that tortoises as well as turtle are of such a make, that if you but put them on their backs you thereby expose their bright sides without the possibility of their recovering themselves, and turning into view the other. But after you have done this, and because you have done this, you should not swear that the tortoise has no dark side. Enjoy the bright, keep it turned up perpetually if you can, but be honest and don't deny the black. Neither should he who cannot turn the tortoise from its natural position so as to hide the darker and expose his livelier aspect, like a great October pumpkin in the sun, for that cause declare the creature to be one total inky blot. The tortoise is both black and bright. But let us to particulars.

Some months before my first stepping ashore upon the group, my ship was cruising in its close vicinity. One noon we found ourselves off the South Head of Albemarle, and not very far from the land. Partly by way of freak, and partly by way of spying out so strange a country, a boat's crew was sent ashore, with orders to see all they could, and besides, bring back whatever tortoises they could conveniently transport.

It was after sunset when the adventurers returned. I looked down over the ship's high side as if looking down over the curb of a well, and dimly saw the damp boat deep in the sea with some unwonted weight. Ropes were dropt over, and presently three huge antediluvian-looking tortoises after much straining were landed.

on deck. They seemed hardly of the seed of earth. We had been broad upon the waters for five long months, a period amply sufficient to make all things of the land wear a fabulous hue to the dreamy mind. Had three Spanish custom-house officers boarded us then, it is not unlikely that I should have curiously stared at them, felt of them, and stroked them much as savages serve civilized guests. But instead of three custom-house officers, behold these really wondrous tortoises—none of your schoolboy mud-turtles—but black as widower's weeds, heavy as chests of plate, with vast shells medallioned and orb'd like shields, and dented and blistered like shields that have breasted a battle, shaggy too, here and there, with dark green moss, and slimy with the spray of the sea. These mystic creatures suddenly translated by night from unutterable solitudes to our peopled deck, affected me in a manner not easy to unfold. They seemed newly crawled forth from beneath the foundations of the world. Yea, they seemed the identical tortoises whereon the Hindoo plants this total sphere. With a lantern I inspected them more closely. Such worshipful venerableness of aspect! Such furry greenness mantling the rude peelings and healing the fissures of their shattered shells. I no more saw three tortoises. They expanded—became transfigured. I seemed to see three Roman Coliseums in magnificent decay.

Ye oldest inhabitants of this, or any other isle, said I, pray, give me the freedom of your three-walled towns.

The great feeling inspired by these creatures was that of age:—dateless, indefinite endurance. And in fact that any other creature can live and breathe as long as the tortoise of the Encantadas, I will not readily believe. Not to hint of their known capacity of sustaining life, while going without food for an entire year, consider that impregnable armor of their living mail. What other bodily being possesses such a citadel wherein to resist the assaults of Time?

As, lantern in hand, I scraped among the moss and beheld the ancient scars of bruises received in many a sullen fall among the marly mountains of the isle—scars strangely widened, swollen, half obliterate, and yet distorted like those sometimes found in the bark of very hoary trees, I seemed an antiquary of a geologist, studying the bird-tracks and ciphers upon the exhumed slates trod by incredible creatures whose very ghosts are now defunct.

As I lay in my hammock that night,

overhead I heard the slow weary draggings of the three ponderous strangers along the encumbered deck. Their stupidity or their resolution was so great, that they never went aside for any impediment. One ceased his movements altogether just before the mid-watch. At sunrise I found him butted like a battering-ram against the immovable foot of the foremast, and still striving, tooth and nail, to force the impossible passage. That these tortoises are the victims of a penal, or malignant, or perhaps a downright diabolical enchanter, seems in nothing more likely than in that strange infatuation of hopeless toil which so often possesses them. I have known them in their journeyings ram themselves heroically against rocks, and long abide there, nudging, wriggling, wedging, in order to displace them, and so hold on their inflexible path. Their crowning curse is their drudging impulse to straightforwardness in a belittled world.

Meeting with no such hinderance as their companion did, the other tortoises merely fell foul of small stumbling-blocks; buckets, blocks, and coils of rigging; and at times in the act of crawling over them would slip with an astounding rattle to the deck. Listening to these draggings and concussions, I thought me of the haunt from which they came; an isle full of metallic ravines and gulches, sunk bottomlessly into the hearts of splintered mountains, and covered for many miles with inextricable thickets. I then pictured these three straightforward monsters, century after century, writhing through the shades, grim as blacksmiths; crawling so slowly and ponderously, that not only did toadstools and all fungous things grow beneath their feet, but a sooty moss sprouted upon their backs. With them I lost myself in volcanic mazes; brushed away endless boughs of rotting thickets; till finally in a dream I found myself sitting crosslegged upon the foremost, a Brahmin similarly mounted upon either side, forming a tripod of foreheads which upheld the universal cope.

Such was the wild nightmare begot by my first impression of the Encantadas tortoise. But next evening, strange to say, I sat down with my shipmates, and made a merry repast from tortoise steaks and tortoise stews; and supper over, out knife, and helped convert the three mighty concave shells into three fanciful soup-tureens, and polished the three flat yellowish calapees into three gorgeous salvers.

SKETCH THIRD.

ROCK RODONDO.

"For they this hight the Rock of vile Reproach,
A dangerous and dreadful place,
To which nor fish nor fowl did once approach,
But yelling meaws with sea-gulls hoars and bace
And oormoyrants with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sit waiting on that dreadful cliff."

"With that the rolling sea resounding soft
In his big vase them fitly answered,
And on the Rock, the waves breaking aloft,
A solemn meane unto them measured."

"Then he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of that rare melody."

"Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight
And sore annoyed, groping in that grisly night."

"Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked were."

To go up into a high stone tower is not only a very fine thing in itself, but the very best mode of gaining a comprehensive view of the region round about. It is all the better if this tower stand solitary and alone, like that mysterious Newport one, or else be sole survivor of some perished castle.

Now, with reference to the Enchanted Isles, we are fortunately supplied with just such a noble point of observation in a remarkable rock, from its peculiar figure called of old by the Spaniards, Rock Rodondo, or Round Rock. Some two hundred and fifty feet high, rising straight from the sea ten miles from land, with the whole mountainous group to the south and east, Rock Rodondo occupies, on a large scale, very much the position which the famous Campanile or detached Bell Tower of St. Mark does with respect to the tangled group of hoary edifices around it.

Ere ascending, however, to gaze abroad upon the Encantadas, this sea-tower itself claims attention. It is visible at the distance of thirty miles; and, fully participating in that enchantment which pervades the group, when first seen afar invariably is mistaken for a sail. Four leagues away, of a golden, hazy noon, it seems some Spanish Admiral's ship, stacked up with glittering canvas. Sail ho! Sail ho! Sail ho! from all three masts. But coming nigh, the enchanted frigate is transformed apace into a craggy keep.

My first visit to the spot was made in the gray of the morning. With a view of fishing, we had lowered three boats, and pulling some two miles from our ves-

sel, found ourselves just before dawn of day close under the moon-shadow of Rodondo. Its aspect was heightened, and yet softened, by the strange double twilight of the hour. The great full moon burnt in the low west like a half-spent beacon, casting a soft mellow tinge upon the sea like that cast by a waning fire of embers upon a midnight hearth; while along the entire east the invisible sun sent pallid intimations of his coming. The wind was light; the waves languid; the stars twinkled with a faint effulgence; all nature seemed supine with the long night watch, and half-suspended in jaded expectation of the sun. This was the critical hour to catch Rodondo in his perfect mood. The twilight was just enough to reveal every striking point, without tearing away the dim investiture of wonder.

From a broken, stair-like base, washed, as the steps of a water-palace, by the waves, the tower rose in entablatures of strata to a shaven summit. These uniform layers which compose the mass form its most peculiar feature. For at their lines of junction they project flatly into encircling shelves, from top to bottom, rising one above another in graduated series. And as the eaves of any old barn or abbey are alive with swallows, so were all these rocky ledges with unnumbered sea-fowl. Eaves upon eaves, and nests upon nests. Here and there were long birdlime streaks of a ghostly white staining the tower from sea to air, readily accounting for its sail-like look afar. All would have been bewitchingly quiescent, were it not for the demoniac din created by the birds. Not only were the eaves rustling with them, but they flew densely overhead, spreading themselves into a winged and continually shifting canopy. The tower is the resort of aquatic birds for hundreds of leagues around. To the north, to the east, to the west, stretches nothing but eternal ocean; so that the man-of-war hawk coming from the coasts of North America, Polynesia, or Peru, makes his first land at Rodondo. And yet though Rodondo be terra-firma, no land-bird ever lighted on it. Fancy a red-robin or a canary there! What a falling into the hands of the Philistines, when the poor warbler should be surrounded by such locust-flights of strong bandit birds, with long bills cruel as daggers.

I know not where one can better study the Natural History of strange sea-fowl than at Rodondo. It is the aviary of Ocean. Birds light here which never touched mast or tree-hermit-birds, which

ever fly alone, cloud-birds, familiar with unpierced zones of air.

Let us first glance low down to the lowermost shelf of all, which is the widest too, and but a little space from high-water mark. What outlandish beings are these? Erect as men, but hardly as symmetrical, they stand all round the rock like sculptured caryatides, supporting the next range of eaves above. Their bodies are grotesquely misshapen; their bills short; their feet seemingly legless; while the members at their sides are neither fin, wing, nor arm. And truly neither fish, flesh, nor fowl is the penguin; as an edible, pertaining neither to Carnival nor Lent; without exception the most ambiguous and least lovely creature yet discovered by man. Though dabbling in all three elements, and indeed possessing some rudimental claims to all, the penguin is at home in none. On land it stumps; afloat it sculls; in the air it flops. As if ashamed of her failure, Nature keeps this ungainly child hidden away at the ends of the earth, in the Straits of Magellan, and on the abased sea-story of Rodondo.

But look, what are yon wobegone regiments drawn up on the next shelf above? what rank and file of large strange fowl? what sea Friars of Orders Gray? Pelicans. Their elongated bills, and heavy leathern pouches suspended thereto, give them the most lugubrious expression. A pensive race, they stand for hours together without motion. Their dull, ashy plumage imparts an aspect as if they had been powdered over with cinders. A penitential bird indeed, fitly haunting the shores of the clinkered Encantadas, whereon tormented Job himself might have well sat down and scraped himself with potsherds.

Higher up now we mark the gony, or gray albatros, anomalously so called, an unsightly unpoetic bird, unlike its storied kinsman, which is the snow-white ghost of the haunted Capes of Hope and Horn.

As we still ascend from shelf to shelf, we find the tenants of the tower serially disposed in order of their magnitude:—gannets, black and speckled haglets, jays, sea-hens, sperm-whale-birds, gulls of all varieties;—thrushes, princedoms, powers, dominating one above another in senatorial array; while sprinkled over all, like an ever-repeated fly in a great piece of broidery, the stormy petrel or Mother Cary's chicken sounds his continual challenge and alarm. That this mysterious humming-bird of ocean, which had it but brilliancy of hue might from its evanescent *iridescence* be almost called its butterfly, *but whose chirrup under the stern is omi-*

nous to mariners as to the peasant the death-tick sounding from behind the chimney jam—should have its special haunt at the Encantadas, contributes in the seaman's mind, not a little to their dreary spell.

As day advances the dissonant din augments. With ear-splitting cries the wild birds celebrate their matins. Each moment, flights push from the tower, and join the aerial choir hovering overhead, while their places below are supplied by darting myriads. But down through all this discord of commotion, I hear clear silver bugle-like notes unbrokenly falling, like oblique lines of swift slanting rain in a cascading shower. I gaze far up, and behold a snow-white angelic thing, with one long lance-like feather thrust out behind. It is the bright inspiring chanticleer of ocean, the beauteous bird, from its bestirring whistle of musical invocation, fitly styled the "Boatswain's Mate."

The winged life clouding Rodondo on that well-remembered morning, I saw had its full counterpart in the finny hosts which peopled the waters at its base. Below the water-line, the rock seemed one honey-comb of grottoes, affording labyrinthine lurking places for swarms of fairy fish. All were strange; many exceedingly beautiful; and would have well graced the costliest glass globes in which gold-fish are kept for a show. Nothing was more striking than the complete novelty of many individuals of this multitude. Here hues were seen as yet unpaired, and figures which are unengaged.

To show the multitude, avidity, and nameless fearlessness and tameness of these fish, let me say, that often, marking through clear spaces of water—temporarily made so by the concentric dartings of the fish above the surface—certain larger and less unwary wights, which swam slow and deep; our anglers would cautiously essay to drop their lines down to these last. But in vain; there was no passing the uppermost zone. No sooner did the hook touch the sea, than a hundred infatigables contended for the honor of capture. Poor fish of Rodondo! in your victimized confidence, you are of the number of those who inconsiderately trust, while they do not understand, human nature.

But the dawn is now fairly day. Band after band, the sea-fowl sail away to forage the deep for their food. The tower is left solitary, save the fish caves at its base. Its birdline gleams in the golden rays like the whitewash of a tall light-house, or the lofty sails of a cruiser. This

moment, doubtless, while we know it to be a dead desert rock, other voyagers are taking oaths it is a glad populous ship.

But ropes now, and let us ascend. Yet soft, this is not so easy.

SKETCH FOURTH.

A FISHER VIEW FROM THE ROCK.

"That done, he leads him to the highest mount,
From whence, far off he unto him did show."

If you seek to ascend Rock Rodondo, take the following prescription. Go three voyages round the world as a main-royal-man of the tallest frigate that floats; then serve a year or two apprenticeship to the guides who conduct strangers up the Peak of Teneriffe; and as many more, respectively, to a rope-dancer, an Indian Juggler, and a chamois. This done, come and be rewarded by the view from our tower. How we get there, we alone know. If we sought to tell others, what the wiser were they? Suffice it, that here at the summit you and I stand. Does any balloonist, does the outlooking man in the moon, take a broader view of space? Much thus, one fancies, looks the universe from Milton's celestial battlements. A boundless watery Kentucky. Here Daniel Boone would have dwelt content.

Never heed for the present yonder Burnt District of the Enchanted Isles. Look edgeways, as it were, past them, to the south. You see nothing; but permit me to point out the direction, if not the place, of certain interesting objects in the vast sea, which kissing this tower's base, we behold unscrolling itself towards the Antarctic Poles.

We stand now ten miles from the Equator. Yonder, to the East, some six hundred miles, lies the continent; this Rock being just about on the parallel of Quito.

Observe another thing here. We are at one of three uninhabited clusters, which, at pretty nearly uniform distances from the main, sentinel, at long intervals from each other, the entire coast of South America. In a peculiar manner, also, they terminate the South American character of country. Of the unnumbered Polynesian chains to the westward, not one partakes of the qualities of the Encantadas or Gallipagos, the isles St. Felix and St. Ambrose, the isles Juan Fernandez and Massafuero. Of the first it needs not here to speak. The second lie a little above the Southern Tropic; lofty, inhospitable, and uninhabitable rocks, one of which, presenting two round hummocks

connected by a low reef, exactly resembles a huge double-headed shot. The last lie in the latitude of 33°; high, wild and cloven. Juan Fernandez is sufficiently famous without further description. Massafuero is a Spanish name, expressive of the fact, that the isle so called lies *more without*, that is, further off the main than its neighbor Juan. This isle Massafuero has a very imposing aspect at a distance of eight or ten miles. Approached in one direction, in cloudy weather, its great overhanging height and rugged contour, and more especially a peculiar slope of its broad summits, give it much the air of a vast iceberg drifting in tremendous poise. Its sides are split with dark cavernous recesses, as an old cathedral with its gloomy lateral chapels. Drawing nigh one of these gorges from sea after a long voyage, and beholding some tattered demallion outlaw, staff in hand, descending its steep rocks toward you, conveys a very queer emotion to a lover of the picturesque.

On fishing parties from ships, at various times, I have chanced to visit each of these groups. The impression they give to the stranger pulling close up in his boat under their grim cliffs is, that surely he must be their first discoverer, such for the most part is the unimpaired silence and solitude. And here, by the way, the mode in which these isles were really first lighted upon by Europeans is not unworthy mention, especially as what is about to be said, likewise applies to the original discovery of our Encantadas.

Prior to the year 1563, the voyages made by Spanish ships from Peru to Chili, were full of difficulty. Along this coast the winds from the South most generally prevail; and it had been an invariable custom to keep close in with the land, from a superstitious conceit on the part of the Spaniards, that were they to lose sight of it, the eternal trade wind would waft them into unending waters, from whence would be no return. Here, involved among tortuous capes and headlands, shoals and reefs, beating too against a continual head wind, often light, and sometimes for days and weeks sunk into utter calm, the provincial vessels, in many cases, suffered the extremest hardships, in passages, which at the present day seem to have been incredibly protracted. There is no record in some collections of nautical disasters, an account of one of these ships, which starting on a voyage whose duration was estimated at ten days, spent four months at sea, and indeed never again entered harbor, for in the end she was cast away. Singular to tell, this craft never

encountered a gale, but was the vexed sport of malicious calms and currents. Thrice, out of provisions, she put back to an intermediate port, and started afresh, but only yet again to return. Frequent fogs enveloped her; so that no observation could be had of her place, and once, when all hands were joyously anticipating sight of their destination, lo! the vapors lifted and disclosed the mountains from which they had taken their first departure. In the like deceptive vapors she at last struck upon a reef, whence ensued a long series of calamities too sad to detail.

It was the famous pilot, Juan Fernandez, immortalized by the island named after him, who put an end to these coasting tribulations, by boldly venturing the experiment—as De Gama did before him with respect to Europe—of standing broad out from land. Here he found the winds favorable for getting to the south, and by running westward till beyond the influence of the trades, he regained the coast without difficulty; making the passage which, though in a high degree circuitous, proved far more expeditious than the nominally direct one. Now it was upon these new tracks, and about the year 1670 or thereabouts, that the Enchanted Isles and the rest of the sentinel groups, as they may be called, were discovered. Though I know of no account as to whether any of them were found inhabited or no, it may be reasonably concluded that they have been immemorial solitudes. But let us return to Rodondo.

Southwest from our tower lies all Polynesia, hundreds of leagues away; but straight west, on the precise line of his parallel, no land rises till your keel is beached upon the Kingsmills, a nice little sail of say 5,000 miles.

Having thus by such distant references—with Rodondo the only possible ones—settled our relative place on the sea, let us consider objects not quite so remote. Behold the grim and charred Enchanted Isles. This nearest crater-shaped headland is part of Albemarle, the largest of the group, being some sixty miles or more long, and fifteen broad. Did you ever lay eye on the real genuine Equator? Have you ever, in the largest sense, toed the Line? Well, that identical crater-shaped headlands there, all yellow lava, is cut by the Equator exactly as a knife cuts straight through the centre of a pumpkin pie. If you could only see so far, just to one side of that same headland, across yon low dykey ground, you would catch sight of the isle of Narborough, the loftiest land of the cluster; no soil whatever; one

seamed clinker from top to bottom; abounding in black caves like smithies; its metallic shore ringing under foot like plates of iron; its central volcanoes standing grouped like a gigantic chimney-stack.

Narborough and Albemarle are neighbours after a quite curious fashion. A familiar diagram will illustrate this strange neighbourhood.

Out a channel at the above letter joint, and the middle transverse limb is Narborough, and all the rest is Albemarle. Volcanic Narborough lies in the black jaws of Albemarle like a wolf's red tongue in his open mouth.

If now you desire the population of Albemarle, I will give you, in round numbers, the statistics, according to the most reliable estimates made upon the spot:

Men, ...	none.
Ant-eaters, ...	unknown.
Man-haters, ...	unknown.
Lizards, ...	500,000.
Snakes, ...	500,000.
Spiders, ...	10,000,000.
Salamanders, ...	unknown.
Devils, ...	do.
Making a clean total of	11,000,000.

exclusive of an incomputable host of fiends, ant-eaters, man-haters, and salamanders.

Albemarle opens his mouth towards the setting sun. His distended jaws form a great bay, which Narborough, his tongue, divides into halves, one whereof is called Weather Bay, the other Lee Bay; while the volcanic promontories terminating his coasts are styled South Head and North Head. I note this, because these Bays are famous in the annals of the Sperm Whale Fishery. The whales come here at certain seasons to calve. When ships first cruised hereabouts, I am told, they used to blockade the entrance of Lee Bay, when their boats going round by Weather Bay, passed through Narborough channel, and so had the Leviathans very neatly in a pen.

The day after we took fish at the base of this Round Tower, we had a fine wind, and shooting round the north headland, suddenly descried a fleet of full thirty sail, all beating to windward like a squadron in line. A brave sight as ever man saw. A most harmonious concord of rushing keels. Their thirty kelsons hummed like thirty harp-strings, and looked as straight whilst they left their parallel traces on the sea. But there proved too many hunters for the game. The fleet looked up, and went their separate ways out of sight,

leaving my own ship and two trim gentlemen of London. These last, finding no luck either, likewise vanished; and Lee Bay, with all its appurtenances, and without a rival, devolved to us.

The way of cruising here is this. You keep hovering about the entrance of the bay, in one beat and out the next. But at times—not always, as in other parts of the group—a race-horse of a current sweeps right across its mouth. So, with all sails set, you carefully ply your tacks. How often, standing at the foremast head at sunrise, with our patient prow pointed in between these isles, did I gaze upon that land, not of cakes but of clinkers, not of streams of sparkling water, but arrested torrents of tormented lava.

As the ship runs in from the open sea, Narborough presents its side in one dark craggy mass, soaring up some five or six thousand feet, at which point it hoods itself in heavy clouds, whose lowest level fold is as clearly defined against the rocks, as the snow-line against the Andes. There is dire mischief going on in that upper dark. There toil the demons of fire, who at intervals irradiate the nights with a strange spectral illumination for miles and miles around, but unaccompanied by any further demonstration; or else, suddenly announce themselves by terrific concussions, and the full drama of a volcanic eruption. The blacker that cloud by day, the more may you look for light by night. Often whalers have found themselves cruising high that burning mountain when all aglow with a ball-room blaze. Or, rather, glass-works, you may call this same vitreous isle of Narborough, with its tall chimney-stacks.

Where we still stand, here on Rodondo, we cannot see all the other isles, but it is a good place from which to point out where they lie. Yonder, though, to the E.N.E., I mark a distant dusky ridge. It is Abington Isle, one of the most northerly of the group; so solitary, remote, and blank, it looks like No-Man's Land seen off our northern shore. I doubt whether two human beings ever touched upon that spot. So far as you Abington Isle is concerned, Adam and his billions of posterity remain uncreated.

Ranging south of Abington, and quite out of sight behind the long spire of Albe-

marle, lies James's Isle, so called by the early Buccaneers after the luckless Stuart, Duke of York. Observe here, by the way, that, excepting the isles particularized in comparatively recent times, and which mostly received the names of famous Admirals, the Encantadas were first christened by the Spaniards; but these Spanish names were generally effaced on English charts by the subsequent christenings of the Buccaneers, who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, called them after English noblemen and kings. Of these loyal freebooters and the things which associate their name with the Encantadas, we shall hear anon. Nay, for one little item, immediately; for between James's Isle and Albemarle, lies a fantastic islet, strangely known as "Cowley's Enchanted Isle." But as all the group is deemed enchanted, the reason must be given for the spell within a spell involved by this particular designation. The name was bestowed by that excellent Buccaneer himself, on his first visit here. Speaking in his published voyages of this spot, he says—"My fancy led me to call it Cowley's Enchanted Isle, for we having had a sight of it upon several points of the compass, it appeared always in so many different forms; sometimes like a ruined fortification; upon another point like a great city," &c. No wonder though, that among the Encantadas all sorts of ocular deceptions and mirages should be met.

That Cowley linked his name with this self-transforming and bemocking isle, suggests the possibility that it conveyed to him some meditative image of himself. At least, as is not impossible, if he were any relative of the mildly thoughtful, and self-upbraiding poet Cowley, who lived about his time, the conceit might seem unwarranted; for that sort of thing evinced in the naming of this isle runs in the blood, and may be seen in pirates as in poets.

Still south of James's Isle lie Jervis Isle, Duncan Isle, Crossman's Isle, Brattle Isle, Wood's Isle, Chatham Isle, and various lesser isles, for the most part an archipelago of aridities, without inhabitant, history, or hope of either in all time to come. But not far from these are rather notable isles—Barrington, Charles's, Norfolk, and Hood's. Succeeding chapters will reveal some ground for their notability.

(To be continued.)

HOW I LIVE, AND WITH WHOM.

I SHALL not begin by giving in tedious detail a minute and circumstantial account of my previous life, of my birth, parentage, and early childhood and education. Neither shall I attempt a description of my personal appearance, traits of character, or of those thousand and one et ceteras which constitute a person's identity and individuality.

My station in life is an humble one, almost as lowly and unpretending as my name, which is simply Bags. My station is low, socially, and my aspirations are not high.

I have an even, cheerful temper; a make-the-best-of-every-thing sort of disposition, which leads me to enjoy to the utmost, and without a thought for the future, whatever falls in my way; and at the same time prevents my envying the superior good fortune of those who are able to purchase more pleasures, it is true, but no more enjoyment I think.

I am book-keeper for the highly respectable and successful dry-goods firm of Tarleton, Muslin & Co. Of my employers it is necessary to say very little more than that, like all other dry-goods dealers, they invariably sell their goods, of which they have the largest and most complete assortment to be found in the city, at "an immense sacrifice;" "positively at a price just above cost;" and that they are induced to adopt so ruinous a practice from the fact that "they are every day expecting fresh supplies, and are anxious to make room on their shelves, by getting rid of the old stock."

Of course we occupy the whole of our immense building, and we can boast, as we very often do, that Our Store has a wider width, a deeper depth, a more lofty height, and has cost more money than any one or any two in the vicinity.

And the members of the firm, who of course have a better right to "brag" than we have, make a larger boast than that.

I live, or rather sleep, and take my breakfast and tea, away up town, but not in a fashionable street. And though it is often a long and dreary walk to my room, or from it, it is much oftener pleasant and full of interest to me. I like so much to meet and observe all sorts of people. And if there is not variety on Broadway, where in the world will you find it?

By a stroke of luck, the like of which seldom happens to gentlemen, young or old, and less frequently to ladies, who live

in lodgings, I have fallen in with a boarding place which is all that a boarding-house should be. The house is small, neat, clean, and well furnished. The breakfasts, at which I meet two other gentlemen, who also take their rest and the refreshment of sleep upon the premises, are well cooked, substantial, and wholesome. The one item of coffee, in the perfection in which it is served up to us, would of itself lead me to decide in favor of Mr. Squab's establishment, and the additional luxury of excellent bread would alone induce me to descend into the kitchen and declare myself, in common with the cat, the familiar spirit of the cook who makes it.

Mr. Squab is a small man. His wife is a small woman. His family is a small family. It seems to be the aim of the establishment to attain, though on a small scale, the highest perfection to which boarding-house keeping, as a system, can be raised; and to my mind the efforts of the projectors of a scheme so visionary, have been crowned with flattering success.

Mr. Squab, our landlord, is a man among a thousand. He is short and stout, particularly in the legs, and his walk for that reason has degenerated into a vaddle, or rather a roll. His red, good-humored face, set between a mighty pair of shoulders, shines and smiles upon you as kindly and benignantly as the sun itself. His small, sharp, and deep-set eyes roll about restlessly and from side to side, for owing to the absence of his neck his head does not turn easily upon its pivot. He is the very quintessence of fun and jollity. The very soul of good-humor and kind-heartedness. His voice has a richness, a mellowness, and an oily smoothness which seem, when he bids you welcome, to set before you the fat of the land. He does not shake you placidly by the hand, saying calmly, "How do you do?" but meets you, even though he never saw you before in the most cordial and uproarious manner. As soon as you come in sight he shouts out, "Hulloa! How are ye?" and laughs as though he considered it an excellent joke. And what a laugh his is! To hear it as it rings through the house, almost stopping the draught of all the chimneys and taking their breath away; to hear it would cure any one, even the most hypochondriacal, of his melancholy, and transform him into an entertaining and agreeable member of society.

His laugh seems to be the god of laughter himself, and his chuckle Momus's favorite son. Such mighty convulsions so agitate his frame, when from some reason he tries to contain himself and remain content with that chuckle, that we all regard it as a dangerous experiment; and beseech him rather to laugh out, and wound our feelings, perhaps, than to run the risk of suffocation, or of causing the lesion of some among the important organs of his internal anatomy.

Mrs. Squab is also short. An easy, jolly, even-tempered, kind-hearted soul as ever lived. Ready to greet her greatest enemy, if she knew who it was, with a kiss, one of real love too, and a kind action. Always afraid that we young men may want something and not let her know it. And always wishing that we may fall sick, that she may prove to us how capital a nurse she is, and what excellent and sloppy messes she can concoct! She is young yet, that is for a married woman with two children, and her husband is by no means a patriarch. Mrs. Squab does not laugh so loudly as her husband. And is usually satisfied with a quiet smile, but I often think that she takes a joke as certainly, if not so speedily as he does.

Mr. Squab is a generous and liberal purveyor, and his wife makes a careful and frugal use of his provisions, husbanding her resources with great skill, and keeping a vigilant watch over the Irish servant, who, like others of her class, is much giving to throwing provisions out of the window, and fuel up the chimney.

But you have probably had enough of such *rara aves*, such Black Swans, such Phenixes of boarding housekeepers as my friends the Squabs are. And I can only plead as an excuse for my garrulity, the strong and almost filial attachment I feel for the pair, after so many years of constant and familiar intercourse with them.

One of the other two boarders is a student of law. He has a seat and smokes a cigar in a distinguished lawyer's office "down town," and will, before long, be admitted to the bar, with full permission to practise in all the courts of law in New-York. He is large, stout, and not very graceful in his movements. His head, large even in proportion to the rest of his body, is barely covered by a thin growth of sandy hair, and contains a high-pressure engine of thought of a great many common-sort-of-men power. His eyes are bright and blue, not *bright blue*, and a sweet smile lingers in them after playing round his mouth, which, though large, has a tender and beautiful expres-

sion. His name is Docket. He tells a good story, and has an inexhaustible fund contributed by his fellow students, and his own rich and creative imagination. But unfortunately he laughs as much as his hearers at his own wit, and long before he has told them the point of the joke.

But Mr. Squab is before Docket, even with his laugh, for such is his confidence in that gentleman's capacity for humor, that, assured of something good, he begins with his chuckle as soon as Docket begins to talk, and is in good and easy laughing order by the time the cream begins to rise, and the rest of us begin to see the fun.

The other boarder's name is Scribbner. He is cast in a finer mould than Docket, at least he thinks so, for he is a "literary gent," and has written poetry. And he looks back with some pride upon his earlier productions, of which he keeps copies cut out from the newspapers in which they appeared.

He is rather shy and retiring. His is the awkwardness of bashfulness, while Docket's is owing to his ungainly size, and to his former retired and country life and education.

Scribbner is slight, thin, pale, and delicate, and is, what ladies call, "interesting looking." For this reason he is a great favorite with them, and is much in their society. But these appearances only lead Mrs. Squab to insist upon it, that he is a fit subject for her tender mercies. And if he happen to cough, or say that he didn't sleep well the night before, she looks over her drugs, and carries him up the next night a large bowl of chamomile or some other tea.

His dark thick hair, parted in the middle, falls in heavy masses upon his coat, and stretches its graceful length over his shoulders, in striking contrast to the snowy whiteness of his collar, which very much turned over, displays the beautiful proportions of his slender neck.

He has a quick nervous manner, a restless uneasy moving-about all the time. He is never quiet and happy unless some part of him is in motion, therefore, he usually has something in his hand. I have heard that he has been called insane, though that, I suppose, was during a fit of poetic madness.

The two gentlemen are disposed to be companionable and friendly, and are certainly entertaining, each in his own way. The same remark will hold good with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Squab, with whom it is absolutely impossible to be reserved

and stiff. And, as for myself, I am 'so free, easy, and accessible, that no one makes a stranger of, or is a stranger to me.

Accordingly, our breakfast tables are very pleasant, social, and very often riotous and almost convivial occasions.

Docket "posts us up" in Police and Criminal Reports; relates all the stories which were told in "old attorney's" office yesterday after dinner as they smoked their afternoon cigars; lets us know how counsel What's-his-name delivered his argument; how Judge So-and-So summed up; and what a stupid set of fools the Jurymen were, not to find a verdict. While Scribbner, hesitatingly, and by snatches, when Docket isn't talking, informs us upon matters of fashionable *on-dit*, and the social movements of the *haut ton*. He enlightens us upon foreign politics and diplomacy, upon the proceedings abroad, as contained in the telegraphic reports; and repeats, for our benefit and instruction, the speculations thereon which are rife in Wall-street, as well as those which have arisen in his own mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Squab have, perhaps, the night before visited Burton's, the Broadway, the Hippodrome, or some other place of entertainment, to which Scribbner has furnished them with passes as he is in the habit of doing, and have taken Master Tommy with them. And at breakfast the next morning, they amuse us with descriptions of what they have seen and heard, and with amicable disputes, interspersed with many "but my dears," and "my loves," as to which was Ranter the great tragedian, and whether it was the Prince who fell in love with, and married the Peasant's Daughter, or vice versa the Peasant the Prince's.

And Master Tommy,—who has laid awake all night, contriving plans for the rescue of the distressed damsel with the beautiful face, who was so ill treated by those awful ruffians, so stony-hearted that neither her beauty and tears, nor Tommy's blubbering, for the matter of that, could soften them in the least; and who, the more he tossed about and thought, came no nearer a feasible conclusion, but only knew how wildly he loved her,—Master Tommy, who has laid awake all night suffering such torments, is always referred to in these disputes, and since his father is disposed to indulge him in his taste for the drama, and his mother thinks that theatres are not the place for little boys, he unhesitatingly decides in favor of his male parent, and is sure to be of the party the next time it goes.

While I, in my turn, not to be behind-hand,—and, I must confess, that in my eagerness not to be outdone, I often draw upon my imagination,—I, Bags, relate for the public good, any thing of interest or out of the common line which may have happened at the store.

With such little things do we amuse ourselves, for the recital of them often excites much noisy laughter. And such jolly times do we have at those free-and-easy breakfasts, and so long do we sit at table, that I am often forced to jump up in the middle of one of Docket's funny stories, and hurry down to the store.

And, as I said before, that walk down Broadway—for who would walk in any other way while there is that?—that walk down Broadway in the morning has a charm for me, and confers a pleasure upon me which carries me through the day, and for which I wouldn't deprive myself for a situation in a bank.

To be sure almost every one, at least until I get pretty well down, walks in my direction. But they are usually business men for whom I care but little, and I know the back view of almost every man I come up with. Every day of my life, if I am not a little late, I pass old Consols as he toddles along with his heavy ivory-headed cane under his arm, the same stoop in his back, and on his head the same old hat he had last year. He does not walk with his cane, because it wears down the ferule. He always dresses in black, and has a new suit on the first of May of each year, and from under his pantaloons, which do not quite reach the tops of his high cut shoes, there always straggles down short white tape, the especial delight of little dogs. His lips are always at work, as though he were talking to himself, and as I pass him I hear him mutter, "6, and bring over the 7, is 13, and a 8 is —"

After I have passed Consols, if I walk fast I come up with Per Centum, the Broker. But it is impossible to get by him, for, with his coat tightly buttoned up round his tall spare form, his hands thrust far down into his pockets, and his white hat, with the broad weed, drawn down over his eyes, he strides along as though he were walking for a wager, and takes steps like a pair of stilts. He always has one eye half closed, which gives him a knowing look, and has perhaps been acquired by a constant attendance upon auctions. When in the street he makes a blowing noise through his puckered lips, as though he had once heard some music besides that of the dollar, and would

like to whistle it, if he could recollect it. He has been blowing, and has remained in that puckered state ever since I first knew him, but not a note has he emitted yet.

I see members of firms with which our firm is on indifferent terms, and wouldn't do one of them a favor to save them from failure. How they scowl when they meet me. And I dare say they predict for me some bad and moneyless end, just as Tarleton performs the same thankless office for the young men in their employ.

And we young men have immensely the advantage of our employees; for while they are almost at swords' points, and haven't spoken to each other pleasantly for years, we, the retainers and understrappers of the several establishments, are on the best of terms, and discuss the affairs of the heads of the concerns, in their relations to each other, with more liberality and freedom of speech than they themselves would be likely to subscribe to.

My dinner I of course take down town, but I would rather eat that meal than speak of it; and it is while so engaged that we young fellows discuss and tear to pieces the characters of our rulers. How the ears of Gimp, Tulle & Co. must burn at that time; and how rapidly Double Zephyr, the worsted merchant, would change color if he could hear us.

At tea time I turn my face homewards again. But if business is heavy I am detained later, and have to drink my tea alone, unless Scribner comes in late and keeps me company.

This, then, is my daily life. It isn't very exciting, I think, nor liable to inflame a fellow's imagination, and make him dreamy and romantic. I sit on my dilapidated stool all day, balancing accounts, making out bills, looking over invoices, receiving and making payments, &c., now and then taking a look out of my window—which *does not* look into Broadway—to see what is going on. But it is better than folding and unfolding and measuring off silks and gingham; and I consider myself a higher order of being than those poor salesmen, the only object of whose existence it is to make a quick bargain, and whose highest ambition it is to be able to purchase an embroidered vest with gilt buttons, and to have a bowing acquaintance with some young lady of a striking and fashionable exterior.

I am their superior in another respect, viz., in the size of my salary: for as an equivalent for the punctual performance of the duties above enumerated, I receive

the sum of \$900 per annum, payable quarterly, *not* in advance, together with a small percentage upon the profits over and above a certain amount.

As I haven't much leisure time, the allowance is amply sufficient; and if I were so inclined, I might wear velvet vests and bright buttons every day in the year, and crow over my less fortunate companions; but my tastes do not run that way.

My duties, though confining me within doors much of the time, are not heavy nor irksome, and are lightened, to some extent, by the presence of my fellow-laborers. In consequence of that, and my easy and contented disposition, I am satisfied with, and really enjoy, my position.

Among the salesmen and clerks who ornament and adorn the establishment by the beauty and correct taste displayed in their attire, the easy and assured grace of their manners, the smoothness and softness of their voices, their deferential politeness to ladies, and their peculiar treatment of gentlemen who wish to make a purchase; there is one individual who always attracts my attention, and whom I always look up to with a respectful wonder and admiration, as one who has been selected by a higher power for the display of one of the most remarkable and astonishing of the miraculous and unfathomable phenomena of nature. The young man in question is a German, and is very little older than I. When he first made his appearance in his present capacity, his hair, beard, and moustache were all of a beautiful blonde color. Now their color is a deep and most glorious brown, and, in the shade, black. The change has been gradual and imperceptible. Can it be the effect of age? And has the hand of Time laid on that tint? The change must have been made at night, and in the dark the old gentleman with the forelock might very easily mistake his colors.

The number of these assistants amounts to a dozen or so; and in bad weather, when business is dull, they congregate in groups to talk over their last ball—who were their partners—how they looked and were dressed, and what they themselves had on—and perhaps make proposals for the loan of some little articles of jewelry for the next dance.

They sometimes, towards dark on a stormy day, get very confidential as they gather round the register; and they relate, in low voices, for each other's benefit, and excitement to greater stories, some of their past experiences—their amours—and perhaps read fragments of a note from some anonymous fair one who admires

them, and makes an appointment in some retired street.

But Sunday! Sunday, the whole holiday, is the day to which they look back with pleasure mingled with the fondest regrets, and whose approach they wait for with ill-restrained impatience and the most enthusiastic anticipations.

And they tell each other of the drive they took out to High Bridge last Sunday, and hint, in a tantalizing manner, at the beauty and agreeableness of their companion; or how they visited Hoboken with Mary,—and what she gave them for a love token.

Or perhaps two of them spent the day in each other's company. And eagerly, and with many interruptions from each other, they tell of their drive on the Bloomingdale Road, and how their journey was marked, not by the mile-stones they passed, but by the drinking houses they did not pass; and they dispute which drank more than the other. And the glasses of "cobblers," "juleps," "smashes," "punches," &c., are added, and added with frightful recklessness, until I begin to think their heads may be stronger than I had suspected they were, if they can bear so much stimulation. Though I will say—and perhaps it may account for the phenomena—that the landlords of the houses referred to have a tender regard for the safety of their young patrons, since they would like much to have them come again, and very considerably make but little use of their strong liquors. So that the beverages above mentioned usually contain a large proportion of sugar and water, with a generous supply of nutmeg and lemon-juice, and are therefore comparatively innocent and innocuous.

Mr. Squab's family is a small one, I have already said, and consists of the small boy, Tommy, who is perhaps eight or ten years old, and is sharp and wily enough for double that number of years; and of Tommy's "darling little baby" sister, who is just beginning to walk alone.

But what shall I say of the baby? I shall never do it justice in the world, and I will not attempt, therefore, an account of its beauties and virtues. And how it will sleep all day as good as a kitten—how it will lisp "Papa," "Mamma," and "Tuder"—how it toddles about, tumbling over on its nose, up and down stairs, and against the sharp corners of furniture—and how it is the best of company for its "poor old mother,—the blessed little sweetin'." I will not attempt to describe, but will leave all these to be imagined by the superior experience of those who have

babies themselves—babies who do these very same things, but with an archness, a grace, and a cunningness which throws all other babies into the shade.

But, if I can say nothing of the good qualities of this prodigy, since I know but few of them, I do know something of its bad points, and will enlarge upon one of them, and that is, its objection to being left alone and in the dark at night.

Susy, for that is her name—though she is oftener called "Sis" or "Totty"—Susy, as the shades of the night and those of the windows begin to fall, is sung to sleep with much trouble and considerable noise; for she is rocked backwards and forwards in a chair with a vigor which threatens to send the front legs of it through the floor, and places the little innocent's neck in imminent danger of dislocation. She is sung to sleep.

And the performance of that duty exhausts all the melodies with which Mrs. Squab or her Irish servant have enough acquaintance to give utterance to, however imperfectly. They reach the end of their list full soon, for Mrs. Squab is not an "American Songster," with its 1000 songs, and Bridget has depended upon itinerant hand-organs for the education of her ear. At last Susy sleeps, but not the sleep that knows no waking.

For such is the provoking disposition of this unpleasant infant, that when both those females have exhausted their *répertoire*, and dare to begin again or sing a song a second time—such is the humor of the darling Susy, that if they attempt any such infringement of her right to perpetual novelty, that, apparently from the deepest slumber, the little dear will suddenly arouse herself with a shout, and admonish her unhappy attendant and sooth (not sayer) -singer, that she has heard that strain before, and will thank her not to repeat it over and over again, like a "demned old grinding organ." Having given vent in expressive pantomime to this severe and stinging rebuke, she will quietly compose herself to be sung to sleep again.

When, at last, Katy Darling, Oh! Susannah, &c., have produced their somnolent effect again, the little cherub is carefully carried up stairs and laid in its crib; and the mother, or Bridget, the maid of all work, trip lightly down stairs, breathing as they go—at least Mrs. Squab does—a prayer of thanks for their deliverance, which, alas! is interrupted before it has reached the top, or they the first flight of stairs, by the screams of the sleeper awakened.

This little peculiarity of disposition is carefully concealed from those admirers of Susy, who, seeing her in the day time, unanimously pronounce her a darling and a little dear.

Scribner, who is closely connected with one of the most respectable and widest circulated evening journals of the city, seldom makes his appearance at tea time, but takes that refreshment down town, or after he gets home from the office, where he is very often detained. Besides, in his capacity, he is often obliged to be out late at theatrical or other entertainments, and it wouldn't pay for him to make the long journey, up and back, merely for tea; so we never wait for him.

After tea I usually retire to my room, for I seldom spend the evening out, unless we make up a party and go to the theatre. After tea in my own room I smoke a pipe or two, and read until I go to bed. Sometimes Docket and Scribner, if he is at home, come in to smoke and talk with me, or I visit them in their room which they have in common.

And there, for their acquaintance is large and disposed to visit them, there I often meet entertaining and improving company. Men who talk of something besides horses, balls, girls, and themselves. I hear important and interesting subjects discussed, and questions of morals and law debated by men who have studied them. By lawyers, writers and others, all thinkers, graduates of colleges, and men liberally educated. By men who, young perhaps, are also earnest and enthusiastic in their favorite or chosen pursuit.

I hear men analyzed, their minds gauged, their force computed and their principles, opinions and secret motives brought to light and taken account of.

Of course I am not fitted by education or position to take a part in these learned debates, but I listen, sometimes putting in a word, and am instructed and improved by the thoughts suggested to me. And at some future time I will astonish my less fortunate friends, by advancing an opinion and displaying a wisdom they can neither understand nor appreciate.

So they sit with their cigars or pipes, and talk upon scientific, literary or political subjects, while I listen, resolving to remember every word they say, and for the future to pay some attention to those subjects myself. And as the evening passes away we have for refreshment a few oysters, a tumbler of ale or a glass of Docket's superior sherry; and after another smoke, separate, mutually pleased with each other.

On a former one of these occasions, I was introduced by Scribner to an acquaintance of his, who, I think, must have been favorably impressed by my appearance and conversation. I told him, among other things, that I had met him before, riding, and thought he sat and managed a horse uncommonly well.

But I think he was pleased with me, for some reason or other, for shortly after Scribner brought me a note from his mother, Mrs. Spindle, containing a request that I would confer upon her the pleasure of my company, to witness some private theatricals at her house. Time 8½ punctually.

I receive the invitation on Tuesday, the entertainment is advertised for Wednesday of the next week, and from that day until I finally make up my mind, my doubts and indecision whether to go or not are agonizing beyond description.

I have been into very little company; I know that Scribner has friends and moves in a sphere much above me; that he has effected an entrance into very good if not the very best society; and I doubt the propriety, and fear the result, of my being lifted so suddenly out of and above my proper and accustomed station, especially, when I remember the splendor and magnificence of Mr. Augustus Spindle's attire, and the beauty and probable cost of the animal he so gracefully bestrode that day when first we met.

But Scribner assures me that the family is "nothing," merely well off; and Docket kindly offers to take me under his protection, though friendship prompts him to say, with how much truth the result will show, that I need no supervision, and can deport myself as well as any one. These remarks, part of them so flattering, soothe me, and I resolve to go.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," I resolve to go.

The eventful Wednesday at last arrives, I leave the store early, meaning to dress before tea, and am laughed at by my two friends for my pains. "You needn't be afraid of being late," Docket says, "they won't think of beginning before Scribner makes his appearance."

At the tea table I alarm Mrs. Squab by refusing to eat or drink, and as soon as the others have satisfied their appetites, I rush up to my room to adorn myself.

I array myself in a suit of plain black "without any ornaments," and am ready almost before Scribner has finished his paper, and he won't dress until he has done so. When he and Docket have completed their toilettes, I go into their room

to be passed in review and commented upon. Scribbner ties my cravat in a most magnificent bow, wants me to turn down my collar, says that my boots will never do in the world, and forces me into a pair of his varnished shoes which pinch my feet infernally, but Docket's are as much too long; and Docket, who is more useful than ornamental, takes a tuck in my shirt-sleeves. At last they both pronounce me ready, and we start.

On the way Scribbner coolly proposes a smoke, and he and Docket follow the suggestion. But I am nervous enough already without resorting to any stimulants, and decline, thinking, that since I am going among strangers I can't be too careful in what state I make my first appearance. We reach the house. The door flies open as we reach the top of the steps. We are met by a "culled pusson," who says "two pair stairs if you please," and is possessed of an ease of manner and polish of address and deportment, which puts me to the blush, and excites my deepest admiration and envy.

We mount the stairs and enter the gentlemen's room. And here I discover that I have no white kids. Alas! what shall I do? Docket comes to my rescue, saying that he won't put his on, and that I may have one of them to hold in my hand.

I know none of the gentlemen, of whom there are a few in the room, and I only try to make the acquaintance of one. This gentleman is vainly endeavoring to catch a view of the back of his head, in the only glass unoccupied, for the purpose of finding out whether his "back part" is in the middle and strikes an exact perpendicular with the collar of his coat. I am sure he can never effect his object with only one glass, and after witnessing for some time his fearful contortions, politely offer my assistance.

Does he decline my offer with civil, or accept it with grateful acknowledgments? He does neither the one nor the other. With his handkerchief thrown over his shoulders, and an enormous hair-brush in each hand, he seems petrified. After staring at me steadily for a few minutes, he coolly turns on his heel, and for the next ten minutes belabors with great vigor and *his two* brushes, for he brought them in a small valise which contains, among numerous other articles of the toilette, his beautiful head of hair. At last we are ready, and descend to the regions below. Arm in arm we advance, to go through with the ordeal I have been dreading so long. Hardly any one has come in yet. We all three incline ourselves before Mr., Mrs.,

and Miss Spindle—Augustus is dressing for his part—who in their turn bow their awful heads. Why should such a Cerebus stand before the gates, not of Hell, but of that Paradise of beauty and pleasure I am about to enter? Neither Docket nor Scribbner mention my simple name, each thinking, as they afterwards confess, that the ceremony of introduction would be performed with more grace by the other. And if we had been near enough, we might have heard Mrs. Spindle whisper to her husband, "My dear, who is that with Scribbner and Docket? I don't recollect his face. How did he happen to be invited? You must know him." "How should I know who you ask to your parties, Mrs. S?" Mr. Spindle petulantly responds. "Not because I am consulted, at any rate. You or Mary must know him, he spoke to you." And Mrs. Spindle tries to persuade Mary, who is so near-sighted that she can't see her own mistakes, nor the stars which usually follow a blow on the head, that I am a friend of hers, and that she ought to be accountable for my behavior.

The company gradually come in. Inquiring and critical glances are cast towards me, and I feel that I have acquired an enviable notoriety as the unknown to any one. For, after my rebuff up stairs, I do not try to make acquaintances.

The play, "The Party Wall," begins. The rising of the curtain is very fine. It goes up pretty much as curtains do at real theatres, and being regarded as a successful experiment, raises a storm of applause. Unfortunately, though it only increases the applause, it catches when little more than half way up, and cannot be induced to move on. And there we see the legs of Mr. Augustus, who is "first on," and has a soliloquy which he is rapidly forgetting. At last the machinery is put into running order once more, the curtain is lowered, and then rises slowly and gracefully to its full height, and the performers begin to entertain us. Unfortunately they have forgotten one thing, sometimes considered of the first importance, viz., their parts. The omission may have been intentional, and designed to make the deception more deceptive, that it may be a question with us when we reach home whether we have not, after all, been to a real theatre.

With this exception, and the additional fact that, as a general thing, the performers might just as well be repeating some of Mrs. Barbauld's pretty hymns, so entirely innocent are they of any thing like dramatic action or expression, all goes on

smoothly. This may be owing in part to the author of the play, for such a mess of rapid and ridiculous nothings has he put into the mouths of his characters, that it isn't strange they hesitate to pronounce them with any vigor, and avoid as much as possible throwing themselves into their parts.

The author attempts to conceal or make up for his weakness and want of dramatic skill, by the introduction of a sufficient quantity of oaths of the strongest kind, and of the deepest dye. To the male performers these seem like green spots in the desert. Here they identify themselves with the conceptions of the author, and with a high sounding voice roll them out with a peculiar relish.

These few drawbacks there are to the perfect and unalloyed enjoyment, which would otherwise be complete, of those few thrice blessed individuals, who have been provided with tickets, standing or otherwise (my feet ache as I think of it), to this delightful entertainment.

With these few exceptions and the mishaps caused by the stupidity of young Distaff, Augustus's cousin, all goes merry as a prompter's bell. For this young gentleman in the confusion caused by his novel situation, instead of exiting L. U. E. through the door, kindly and at some expense I suppose, provided for his egress, makes a short cut, and plunges mildly through a paper side scene, just about where the chimney is supposed to be.

Miss Kitty Spindle, niece of our hostess, and cousin of Mary, is the only one, with the exception of Augustus, who attempts any vocal or facial expression of those emotions which agitate her bosom and are too strong for concealment. She seems to have come to the conclusion that her part prescribes archness, and so she does it. And this archness she assumes in incredible quantities in the after-piece of *Perfection*, in which she takes the part of the servant.

It is very well done, too, this archness, except in that particular wherein she seems most to pride herself, viz., in the expression of her countenance, which she illumines by a perpetual smirk and grin; which, however fascinating in themselves, become really painful when persisted in for the whole of a long evening.

At last the plays are over. The performers in all the glory of stage properties, cork moustachios, false hair and jewels, wander among the audience, and receive the congratulations of their friends and the thanks of the company for the pleasure have afforded. And then we go down per.

I have recovered in a degree from the effect produced by the novelty of my situation. I have observed, with some surprise, that the people about me are much like those I have been used to meet, and I have come to the conclusion that the Spindles and their friends are but common people, after all. Accordingly, and in consequence of these cheering reflections, I take courage, since people no longer look at me as they did, and escort back to the room overhead the lady whom Scribbner introduced me to, and whom I took down to supper and provided with refreshments. Shall I ever forget the Herculean labors I performed in her behalf? A slight, delicate-looking girl she was too. You would almost think that the near approach of a plate of ice would convert her into hoar frost. Yet she withstood the advance of pyramid after pyramid, and cast lingering glances towards the table as I forced her away.

After performing this little duty of politeness I returned to the supper-room; as is the custom with those who do not dance, for the purpose of satisfying my own hunger, and to drink a glass of wine with Mr. Augustus and my friends Scribbner and Docket, whom I find just beginning upon a fresh bottle of Heidsieck.

The scalloped oysters, the chicken salad, and the champagne go round, and so do many pleasant and wicked stories. And we hear two jolly red-nosed, white-headed, old-gentlemanly reprobates, using language I know I ought not to listen to, so I devote myself to young Spindle.

Augustus enlightens me as to the names and true rank of the company assembled, and almost petrifies me and brings back all my feelings of one, by repeating names which I know stand almost at the head of the social and fashionable list. And I go up stairs again "a sadder and a wiser man," overwhelmed with a sense of my own insignificance, and a feeling of wonder that people so great, so rich, and so noble, should so unbend, and descend from the high and haughty position which they occupy through wealth, good-breeding, and descent. And, although overcome by a sense of my situation, I consider myself fortunate in having been present at so interesting a spectacle, and in having seen the nobility of the city, at play as it were. And I wonder that these haughty aristocrats should condescend so far as to wink at, or regard with only an astonished stare, my person among them, and should allow me to move about and eat ices in their august presence.

I am glad I did not know what manner

of persons they were sooner, for I should not have enjoyed the plays at all. As it is, when I go up stairs again my eyes are dazzled by their brilliancy. The little girl whom I took down to supper has acquired a new and fearful attraction for me. Her mouth seems to drop pearls, and I seem to be the—but I won't pursue the comparison any further. My brain fairly whirls with the sight, and with the consciousness of my enviable position. If Tape, our head clerk, could only see me, I would die willingly of that charlotte russe I ate for supper.

Luckily for me, Scribner and Docket take me away before I have committed any indiscretion. So intoxicated am I by the glimpse I have had of society so high, mighty and exclusive, and so excited by the information and list of names so indiscreetly furnished by Mr. A. Spindle, that I am obliged on the way home to resort to the soothing influence of an excellent cigar. I arrive at the house in very good condition, and without any very violent outbreak on the road. I dream all night of kings and queens, and titled dames and lords of high degree, and wake up in the morning unrefreshed, and dissatisfied with my own lot in life, which obliges me to visit Tarleton, Muslin & Co.'s, not to make a purchase, but to stay there.

I fear that some of these "nobs," as Docket calls them, may see me in the store and prosecute me, or have me incarcerated in some gloomy dungeon, for having, by some underhand means, obtained admission to and enjoyed,—though I think I

should plead "not guilty" to that charge, their select acquaintance, to say nothing of the cake and wine.

These reflections embitter my existence, and cast a gloomy veil over my hitherto cheerful countenance. And I rapidly review, and feel remorse and regret for my conduct of the night before.

That I, a simple, unpretending worker for my daily bread, Bagges,—you see I have added a *g* and an *e* to my name—that I, Bagges, should shove a Knickerbocker one side in order to pass to the ice cream! That I should stumble over the toes of a Rip Van Winkle, and plant my foot upon her aristocratic and family corns!! That I should spill champagne down and over the back breadths of Mrs. Winslow Plantagenet's brocade!!—Mrs. W. Plantagenet, Mrs. Spindle's friend from Boston, who, I believe, came over in the Mayflower herself, and owned all the old-fashioned furniture with which that capacious craft was so abundantly supplied—that I should spill champagne over this great lady's new silk; a silk she bought at Tarleton's only the week before, and which cost her, even upon Tarleton's liberal terms, more than my whole year's salary! That I, Bagges, should do these, and a dozen other awkward and disgraceful things! I am conscious I shouldn't. And what is more, never will I expose myself again to the chance of so violating the rules of society and propriety; and never will I, even upon Docket's solicitations, venture among his married and Fifth Avenue acquaintance.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE

I.

BEAUTY on my hearthstone blazing!
 To-night the triple Zoroaster
 Shall my prophet be and master:
 To-night will I pure Magian be,
 Hymns to thy sole honor raising,
 While thou leapest fast and faster
 Wild with self-delighted glee,
 Or sink'st low and glowest faintly
 As an aureole still and saintly,
 Keeping cadence to my praising
 Thee! still thee! and only thee!

II.

Elfish daughter of Apollo !
 Thee, from thy father stolen and bound
 To serve in Vulcan's clangorous smithy,
 Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,
 And, when he had tampered with thee,
 (Too confiding little maid !)
 In a reed's precarious hollow
 To our frozen earth conveyed :
 For he swore I know not what,—
 Endless ease to be thy lot,
 Pleasure that should never falter,
 Lifelong play, and not a duty
 Save to hover o'er the altar,
 Vision of celestial beauty,
 Fed with precious woods and spices,—
 Then, perfidious ! having got
 Thee in the net of his devices,
 Sold thee into endless slavery,
 Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,
 Thee, the Sun's daughter, who dost bear
 His likeness in thy golden hair ;
 Thee, by nature wild and wavery,
 Palpitating, evanescent
 As the shade of Dian's crescent,
 Life, motion, gladness, every where !

III.

Fathom deep, men bury thee,
 In the furnace dark and still,
 There, with dreariest mockery,
 Making thee eat, against thy will,
 Blackest Pennsylvanian stone :
 But thou dost avenge thy doom,
 For, from out thy catacomb,
 Day and night thy wrath is blown
 In a withering simoom,
 And, adown that cavern drear,
 Thy black pitfall in the floor,
 Staggers the lusty antique cheer
 Despairing, and is seen no more !

IV.

Elfish, I may rightly name thee,
 We enslave, but cannot tame thee ;
 With fierce snatches, now and then,
 Thou pluckest at thy right again,
 And thy downtrod instincts savage,
 To stealthy insurrection creep
 While thy wittol masters sleep,
 And burst in undiscerning ravage :
 Then how thou shak'st thy bacchant locks !
 While brazen pulses, far and near,
 Throb thick and thicker with blind fear
 And dread conjecture, till the drear,
 Disordered clangor every steeple rocks !

V.

But, when we make a friend of thee,
 And admit thee to the hall
 On our nights of festival,
 Then, Cinderella, who could see

In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall?
 Once more a Princess lithe and tall
 Thou dancest with a whispering tread,
 While the bright marvel of thy head
 In crinkling gold floats all abroad,
 And gloriously dost vindicate
 The legend of thy lineage great,
 Earth-exiled daughter of the Pythian god!
 Now in the ample chimney-place,
 To honor thy acknowledged race,
 We crown thee high with laurel good,
 Thy shining father's sacred wood,
 Which, guessing thy ancestral right,
 Sparkles and snaps his dumb delight,
 And, at thy touch, poor outcast one,
 Feels through his gladdened fibres go,
 The tingle and thrill and vassal glow
 Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI.

Oh, thou of home the guardian Lar,
 And—when our earth hath wandered far
 Into the cold, and deep snow covers
 The walks of our New England lovers,—
 Their sweet secluded evening-star!
 'Twas with thy rays the English muse
 Ripened her mild domestic hues;
 'Twas by thy flicker that she coned
 The fireside wisdom that ennings
 With light from heaven familiar things,
 By thee she found the homely faith
 In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'd,
 When death, extinguishing his torch,
 Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
 The love that wanders not beyond
 His earliest nest, but sits and sings
 While children smooth his patient wings:
 Therefore with thee I love to read
 Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs
 Life in the withered words! how swift recede
 Time's shadows! and how glows again
 Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,
 As when upon the anvils of the brain
 It glittering lay, cyclogically wrought
 By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's thought!
 Thou murest, too, divinely stirred,
 The aspirations unattained,
 The rhythms so rathe and delicate
 They bent and strained
 And broke beneath the sombre weight
 Of any airiest mortal word.

VII.

What warm protection dost thou bend
 Round curtained talks of friend with friend,
 While the gray snowstorm, held aloof,
 To softest outlines rounds the roof,
 Or the rude North, with baffled strain
 Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane!
 Now the kind Nymphe to Bacchus borne
 By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
 Gifted upon her natal-morn,
 By him with fire, by her with dreams,

Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
 Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
 We worship, unforbid of thee;
 And, as her incense floats and curls
 In airy spires and wayward whirls,
 Or poises on its tremulous stalk
 A flower of frailest reverie,
 So winds and loiters, idly-free,
 The current of unguided talk,
 Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
 In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
 Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
 A sweetly unobtrusive third;
 For thou hast magic beyond wine
 To unlock natures, each to each;
 The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
 Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
 With whispers that to dreamland reach,
 And frozen fancy-springs unchain
 In Arctic outskirts of the brain:
 Sun of all inmost confidences!
 To thy rays doth the heart uncloze
 Its formal calyx of pretences,
 That close against rude day's offences,
 And open its shy midnight rose.

VIII.

Thou holdest not the master-key
 With which thy sire sets free the mystic gates
 Of Past and Future: not for common fates
 Do they wide open fling,
 And, with a far-heard ring,
 Swing back their willing valves melodiously:
 Only to ceremonial days
 And great processions of imperial song,
 That set the world at gaze,
 Doth such high privilege belong:
 But thou a postern-door can'st ope
 To humbler chambers of the selfsame palace
 Where Memory lodges, and her sister Hope
 Whose being is but as a crystal chalice,
 Which, with her various mood, the elder fills
 Of joy or sorrow,
 So coloring as she wills,
 With hues of yesterday, the unconscious morrow.

IX.

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks with thee:
 For thee I took the idle shell,
 And struck the unused chords again,
 But they are gone who listened well;
 Some are in heaven, and all are far from me:
 Even as I sing, it turns to pain,
 And with vain tears my eyelids throb and swell:
 Enough; I come not of the race
 That hawk their sorrows in the market-place:
 Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please,—
 Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in peace!
 As if a whitehaired actor should come back,
 Some midnight to the theatre void and black,
 And there rehearse his youth's great part
 'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,—
 So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,
 And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. Editor: The reading of Mr. Henry C. Carey's notes in your Magazine suggested to me some questions touching that gentleman's views upon International Copyright. These questions I put, by letter, to Mr. Carey. He has been so kind as to forward me his pamphlet containing his answer to Senator Cooper's inquiries concerning the Copyright Treaty. In a note accompanying the pamphlet Mr. Carey says:—"You will find in the pamphlet that accompanies this, a reference to Mr. Kirkwood, school-teacher, who has given to science a highly important law, but is yet entirely unknown. Read that pamphlet, and you will find an answer to your questions on copyright; after which you can tell me whether they are answered satisfactorily. Your view of the copyright matter is the common one, but it is not, you may be assured, the correct one. In writing as I have, I have gone in opposition to all the popular prejudices."

Since those questions have reference to a matter of public interest, I indicate publicly my opinion as to how they are met in Mr. Carey's pamphlet.

First, an inference from a statement of the gentleman in his note to you, Mr. Editor, published in your issue of last September—namely, the statement that *he had never, until then, written for publication a line on copyright*—there is a possibility of his not having examined thoroughly the subject, preparatory to his writing upon it in accordance with the request of Senator Cooper.

The premises taken by Mr. Carey in his pamphlet are, that the ideas contained in a book, the facts which constitute its body, are the common property of the world; and that, therefore, no mere clother of the book's body, no mere arranger of those ideas, has any exclusive right in the book. These premises are false entirely. The world has not a jot of ownership in a fact, unless by discovery, or by purchase, or by gift, any more than it has to a piece of gold which has been quarried, or to a steam-engine which has been invented, by an individual. Yet, the world has laid claim to such ownership from time immemorial; and Mr. Carey is but continuing the rule of his masters and his compeers—the self-appointed judges in the case—in allowing the claim. It is high time that these judges were impeached. I clothe myself with authority, and pitch, *eyes foremost*, into the impeachment of them, thus:—Suppose the sun to be

burned up completely—that is, to have evaporated all away, and recondensed into planets, comets, and the zodiacal light. (By the way I would inform whomsoever it may concern, that the spots observed upon the sun are nothing more nor less than huge meteorolites which have formed from the gases and mineral vapors sent off from the flaming orb, and fallen back into the abyss; hence the reason why the sun was not exhausted myriads of centuries ago—the "Monthly" is copyrighted; so have a care, *Mr. World*, how you be appropriating this my *fact*!) The earth is without light, save that from close stoves, tallow candles, and from the far away glimmering stars. Suppose the Yankees own the western hemisphere, and the English own the eastern hemisphere, constituting this darkened earth. Suppose Henry Paine to be an Englishman, dwelling upon his portion of the eastern half of the sphere. Suppose that Paine has discovered the process of making fire out of water—that he has, in fact, found or manufactured something which answers every way for the sun to his side of the earth. The light—light white and light analyzed—of this substitute for the sun is, exclusively, English property. Suppose the English should, by an agreement between themselves and some individual, or some company of individuals, among us, see fit to pass a tube through the earth, such as would convey to this individual or company portions of their red and blue light. We *western hemispherists* have just as much right to use these (*direct*) red and blue lights, as the individual or company owning them has a mind to grant us; but we have *no* right, present or prospective, either to pass a tube for their conveyance from their fountain in England, or to reflect them (*translate* them—note Mrs. Stowe's case) from their reservoir here. The purchaser of them may experiment with them in whatever way he chooses, so long as he confines his operations to his own domain—he may combine them into purple; which purple light will be his own exclusive property. Neither the "sovereign people" of Yankeedom nor the representatives of Mr. Paine in England can have, naturally, the smallest share in it.

So, precisely, of a book—its body, which constitutes it a book, *not* by any means its clothing, is the undivided possession of its producer, whether this producer be English, American, French, or Hindoo—

its facts, taken singly, are his, if discovered by him; so the several facts, though not his separately, when fused into one fact, are his, if the fusion has been done by himself—the book is his, and nobody's else, whether appearing in his own language or translated into another; this, in spite of the decision of Mr. Carey, and of that judge of Mrs. Stowe's cause, that it is the dress of a book which constitutes its property. Let us find the pith of such decision—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into the German; has the translator gained property in the work by the process? No; any German publisher has a right to copy and issue it; any American publisher has a right to retranslate and issue it; then, where is Mrs. Stowe's property, even in the clothing of her book? It has taken to itself the wings of a quibble of law, and flown away!

Of course, I am ready to admit, and I am sorry to have to admit, the truth of Mr. Carey's statement, to the effect that a great part of the matter of modern popular books is but the rehash and the newly-clothing of old ideas—ideas whose rightful owners have lived and died in poverty; and it is the very continuance in abiding by the decision exposed, as above, which makes the necessity of such admission. Let it be conceded, as it is, that every original idea may be laid hold of with impunity, by every prowler about, whether English or American; whether literary or lay; and there must be, certainly, very little to encourage any one to originate; on the contrary, he will be inclined to enlist in the ranks of the ma-

rauders, and to steal (I can call it by no truer name), to steal whatever may serve his purpose, and from whatever source which may lie in his way—in effect, the English book-makers are invited to purloin the ideas of our original thinkers, and our readers, the *sovereign people*, are invited to purloin, through their publishers, the English stolen property. Here, one remark upon Mr. Carey's complaint, that the House of Representatives is denied the privilege of acting in the trial for an international copyright—It is the people of the United States, who are the direct trespassers upon the rights of English authors, and the indirect trespassers upon the rights of our authors; the members of the House of Representatives are the *attorneys*, merely, of these trespassers—attorneys should not, certainly, be judges in the cases of their own clients. I insist upon it that the *people* are not (unless as criminals—I beg their pardons!) entitled to any voice in the matter of international copyright—this is, rather, a matter of State, and comes for settlement more properly before the tribunal of the States, than before that of the people.

I have, Mr. Editor, fulfilled my original design—that of simply indicating my opinion as to how my questions, proposed to Mr. Carey, are met in his pamphlet. It appears to me that the subject of that pamphlet is entitled to a full investigation; and I hope to see soon in your Magazine, an article answering such end.

Yours cordially,

G. W. E.

Phillips, Me., January 21, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—We make it a point to read all the new American novels that come out, with the hope of by-and-by lighting upon one which deserves to be called American. But, the coming novel has not yet appeared; and we almost fear, that, like the American drama, which we have been looking for, it will not come at all. Our climate, or our institutions, must be at fault; we have too much national pride to impute our short-comings in these departments of letters to inferiority of organization in the American mind;

and we may always be dependent upon the old world for these luxuries, as we are for olives and claret. The title of the last native attempt at novel-writing is by no means promising. *English Serfdom and American Slavery, or Ourselves as Others See Us*, does not awaken brilliant anticipations—the title is too suggestive of partisanship and prejudice; but Mr. Chase, the author, shows in his preface that he properly appreciates the advantages of fiction in embodying great truths, and fully comprehends the duties and responsibilities of the novelist, let his own per-

formance be as it may. The Hon. Lucien B. Chase is a lawyer, who, though yet young, distinguished himself at the bar, in Tennessee, and twice represented that State in Congress, and, like most Northern men who have gone to the South-West, has thoroughly identified himself with the people among whom he sought his fortune. In the novel before us he has attempted to exhibit the odiousness of English serfdom, and the beneficence of our own system of black slavery; he has signally failed to do either, from not properly understanding the nature of his subject, rather than from a lack of literary ability. His example of English serfdom is a pure figment of his own fancy, and consequently fails to create the feelings which he aimed at. He exhibits to us the horrors and atrocities of the impressment system, which was an accidental necessity of the British government some half a century ago. The scene of his story is England, in 1853; but no such event as that upon which the main interest of his novel hinges, has occurred, or could have occurred, in any part of the British dominions during the past forty years; and, even when such offences were committed, they were in opposition to the law, and not sanctioned by it. Mechanics are no more impressed and forced on board of men of war in England, now-a-days, than heretics are roasted in Smithfield, or the heads of traitors exposed on the top of Temple-bar, as they were in the time of Goldsmith and Johnson. Mr. Chase's other example of serfdom is an unfortunate one for his own side of the story; his independent, high-mettled, and hard-working serf, who appears to live in rather better style than our own farmers, and who has pride enough to be a Virginian, turns out to be the heir of a dukedom, while the supposed duke is a cowardly, drivelling knave, and—one of the people! There is very little of American slavery in the book, though a considerable talk about the subject, chiefly based on the "Household Words." Mr. Chase has made the same mistake that Cooper did, in his first novel, in attempting to describe the manners and habits of a people to whom he is evidently a stranger. Let him take example by Cooper's second attempt, and confine himself to the scenes and the people where he is at home and to the "manor born," and we have no doubt he will succeed better. Even though the impressment of seamen were still the practice of England, the navy would be an unfortunate contrast to offer to our own institutions; for the navy of England is a much more republican insti-

tution than our own, and the English are not half so much serfs as the sailors in our own service. The Hon. F. P. Stanton, of Tennessee, who was a congressional coadjutor of Mr. Chase's, who was also chairman of the naval committee, said, in his lecture before the New-York Mercantile Library, last month, "It must never be forgotten, that a navy cannot be organized upon democratic or republican principles." A slight acquaintance with Burke's Peerage would have supplied Mr. Chase with a "commodity of names" much better adapted to English lords than those he has invented for his aristocratic characters.

— A short work on slavery, or, as the author denominates it, the bound labor system of the United States, has been sent forth by M. M. A. Juge, under the name of *The American Planter*. The author is an intelligent foreigner, who, unlike most foreigners, considers the bound labor interest as of the first importance to the economy of human society. Whatever may be its historical basis, he says, its necessity is yet so urgent, its utility so great, and its vitality so vigorous, that it is now intimately connected with the prosperity and social culture of the whole world. This view he develops at considerable length, and with no little show of argument. At the same time, he does not uphold the abuses of slavery, and proposes a scheme by which he supposes society can reap all the advantages of bound labor, without the disadvantages of a condition of perpetual servitude. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the discussion, but we may state, that we do not believe the conclusions of M. Juge will be accepted, either by the abolitionists or the slaveholders. They will not be, certainly, by the abolitionists, who are uncompromising in their assertion of the moral principles opposed to slavery, while the slaveholders, who largely profit by the present system, do not care to listen to any suggestions as to its improvement or future termination. Besides, his plan for the successive importation and exportation of negroes to and from Africa, under a complicated arrangement of laws, will seem to both parties, quite impracticable.

— We know of few better writers as to style than HENRY JAMES, whose last publication, entitled *The Church of Christ, not an Ecclesiasticism*, is an admirable specimen of his peculiarities of manner and thought. It is in the form of a letter addressed to "a member of the *soi disant* New Church," but has a general application and interest; for, in de-

molishing the sectarian tendencies of the Swedenborgians, it fights equally against the exclusive pretensions of all other denominations. Mr. James's fundamental view is, that the Church of Christ is not an ecclesiastical hierarchy, with an inseparable external organization, but a spiritual economy, identical with all that is humble and tender and excellent in the human soul, and which consequently must never be confounded with particular persons, places, or rituals. If the church, according to Mr. James, be an external constitution, an organization of clergy and laity, through which alone the divine life is communicated, then the Roman Catholic Church has the best claim to the title of the only true church. But if it be, what Christ designed it should be, a spiritual church, consisting of all persons, who at any time or in any land, work the works of charity, having but one priesthood, the priesthood of goodness, and but one baptism and communion, that which unites instead of dividing the household of faith, then all exclusive pretensions, on the part of any assemblage of worshippers, that it alone has the approbation of God, is a falsehood and cheat. Mr. James does not deny the propriety of an external visible worship; on the contrary he says, that it is inevitable that those who sympathize with each other's views of Christ's doctrine should come together at suitable times and places for social worship; nothing could be more delightful than an assembly of this sort, when animated by a spirit of charity towards all other similar assemblies. But what he complains of, as an unsuitable and indecorous thing, is this company's arrogating to itself the authority and name of the Lord, in a sense which prejudices the right of any other worshipping assembly to do the same thing. He says;

"I believe very fully in the interior truths of the Scripture as they are unfolded by Swedenborg, and I instruct my family in the knowledge of those truths, so far as their tender understandings are capable of receiving them. Have I thereupon the right to say that my family worship is one whit truer or more acceptable in a heavenward way than that of my next door neighbor, who never heard of any interior sense in the Scripture, or if he has, deems it a very great snare and delusion, and steadily worships, notwithstanding, according to the plenary Presbyterian platform? Assuredly not. Shall the truth of any man's reverence and worship of the great Being who creates, and redeems, and preserves him, hinge upon his possessing adequate conceptions of the divine perfections, and offering a homage therefore which shall be worthy of those perfections? God help the best of us in that case! say I. For this is to place worship on a new ground entirely—no longer in a sense of the profound wants of the heart—no longer in the deep and cordial

and overwhelming sense of our own deficiencies, of our own relative nothingness and vanity, and of God's boundless sufficiency—but rather in one's intellectual acquisitions, in the sentiment of possessing a superior illumination to other people.

But if he has no right to defame his neighbor's family worship, on the ground of its utter unconsciousness of the truths he holds, what right has he to suppose that the Lord views his social worship with any more complacency than that of the Baptists, Catholics, Unitarians, Presbyterians, and Mohammedans? If he has no right in his private worship to stigmatize that of his neighbor, as worthless, formal and dead, what right has he to do so in his public worship? He would be ashamed to go before God to say, "I am a much better man than Smith or Jones, my neighbor;" and he would be equally ashamed to claim a similar superiority for his Church. It is an insult to God to suppose that he is a respecter of persons—that any one of His creatures is at a less infinite remove from God or a greater nearness to God than another; and no sect has a right to glory over another in the sight of Heaven. Neither Protestant nor Catholic has the slightest reason for boasting, save on the ground of a spiritual superiority, or a more eminent life of charity,—and eminence in that life is scarcely consistent with ecclesiastical or any other sort of boasting, being identical, in fact, with the greatest humility.

The only true, new, and everlasting Church, then, according to Mr. James, is that church which is constituted of the regenerate life in all her members, or a heart full of love to God and love to man. It is identical with what the mystical Scriptures call the New Jerusalem, meaning by that carnal symbol nothing indeed appreciable to the carnal eye, nor at all germane to the carnal heart, but a truly divine life in the soul of man. It is also called a new church, both because it is the crown and fulfilment of all past churches, and because a church in the spiritual idea invariably signifies a regenerate life in man, or the life of charity. This church is not aristocratically constituted like the Romish Church, nor yet democratically like the Protestant churches. It is not made up of clergy alone, nor of clergy and people jointly; but simply of goodness and truth in the soul of every individual member.

Mr. James adds:

"In short, the true or final church is not in the least degree an ecclesiasticism, is not in any outward sense a hierarchical institution. Were it so, it would have existed from the beginning of the world, for the world

has been without authentic hierarchies, or true ecclesiastical institutions. I do not see what reasonable fault is to be found with either the Jewish worship, or with that of the Christian church, if they are to be replaced only by other external worship. The Jewish priests reflected, no doubt, the prevalent arrogance and selfishness of the national hope, but, I presume, were otherwise a superior class of men. And the Christian priesthood, although the temptations incident to their conventional elevation have served to develop among them many of the subtler forms of evil latent in the undisciplined human heart, have yet, on the whole, been lustrous with many virtues. You will occasionally find one among them with a conscience like the hide of a rhinoceros, and a lust of dominion able to surmount the tallest star, and annex it to the bishopric of his conceit. And, what is remarkable, the smaller the sect, the plentier you find this sort of men, as if the divine Providence purposely limited a stomach so gigantic to the meagerest possible pasture. But, on the whole, what sweetness has baptized the clerical function in the past! What fortitude, what self-denial, what patience, what labor in season and out of season, have been the heritage of the great mass of these men! What stores of learning they have accumulated; what splendid additions they have made to the best literature of every land; how they have enriched the sciences by their observation and studious inquiries; how they have kept the flame of patriotism aglow; how they have encouraged the generous ambition of youth, and directed it to worthy and useful ends; how they have dignified the family altar, and cherished the purity of woman, and diffused through society the charm of honest and gentle manners; all these things must be cordially acknowledged by every one competent to speak on the question. Where would be the sense of ousting such a body of men, native, as it were, and to the manner born, inheriting a grace and dignity from their time-honored places, embalmed in the kindly reverence and good will of the community, only for the purpose of introducing a new and undisciplined body, honest and well-intentioned, no doubt, and in many respects intellectually well qualified, but aggressive by the very necessity of their birth, contemptuous and insulting by the inseparable theory of their office?

"All the world will bid God-speed to the new aspirants, provided they will honestly and modestly apply such teaching-faculty as they possess to the dissemination of original truths on the subject of man's relations to God and his fellow-man. But if they are not content with this—if they immodestly claim to be a newer and more authentic priesthood as well; if, instead of simply shedding new and grateful light on previously insoluble problems, they seek a private end also, which is the exaltation of their own order in public regard, and to this end represent baptism and the Lord's Supper to possess a different virtue, a diviner unction, under their administration than under that of the existing priesthood; then the insulted common sense of the public will conclude that truth informed and urged by such a temper can hardly be worth a reasonable man's attention; and that if we can never attain to a *newness of spirit* in religious matters without necessitating a corresponding *newness of letter* also, the sooner we abandon all hope of spiritual progress the better, and so get well rid for ever of the interminable quarrel and fatigue."

Our author next inquires into the meaning of "the great phenomenon which we call a church," showing in what sentiments of the human soul it takes its rise, and to

what rational uses it inevitably points; but our space will not allow us to follow him in the inquiry. But we most cheerfully commend the whole pamphlet to our readers; not because we concur in the views of its writer; but because it is written in such a noble and generous spirit—with so easy a mastery of all the depths and bearings of the subject—and in a style which, for purity and beauty of language, might serve as a model in any literature. Indeed, we are disposed to regard Mr. James as the ablest rhetorician in this country; one whose rhetoric is not a mere vehicle of display, but the graceful and proper expression of his profound thought and his deeply poetical and religious nature.

— A large volume is put forth by Mr. ANDREW BROWN, whose title is, perhaps, the best account of it that we can give. It runs as follows: "*The Philosophy of Physics, a process of creative development, by which the first principles of physics are proved beyond controversy, and their effect in the formation of all physical things made comprehensible to all intelligent minds, as in phenomenal nature.*" The author seems really to suppose that he has solved the great enigma of creation, and made it plain to the commonest apprehension. But let us say to him, that either on account of our own stupidity or his want of clearness, we have read some one or two hundred pages out of his five hundred, without finding ourselves a whit the wiser. The physical world is no more intelligible to us than it was when we began, and we shall therefore dismiss the remainder of his volume, as not presenting us any very alluring hopes. On the other hand, we are convinced by Mr. Brown's attempts, if we were not before, that the *a priori* process of dealing with nature is not likely to lead to any substantial results. It is easy enough to imagine a scheme or philosophy of nature, if you are allowed to assume what first principles you please, which shall be consistent and even beautiful,—which indeed shall seem to explain all the ordinary facts of nature; some of the ancient philosophers and many of the German physicians have done that time and again; but the question will be, after all, Is it true? Thus, Mr. Brown assumes certain attributes of Deity, as he calls them, or first principles which he names, "mind, matter and energy," and by means of the action and interaction of these, he deduces an explanation of natural phenomena; but his explanation, as far as we have followed it, is no more satisfactory than a dozen

others that we have read in books of metaphysics. It strikes us as nothing more than an arbitrary fancy of the inventor, who would be at much better work if he were studying nature, instead of trying to explain it, and to arrive more speedily too at a sound philosophy. Hegel thought out the entire development of the universe, and Andrew Jackson Davis dreamed it; and we do not see but that their views of the matter are quite as authoritative and complete as Mr. Brown's. How long will it be before men learn that these conjectural philosophies—these systems spun out of the brain, and on the meagerest basis of facts—are a dreadful waste of time, patience and printing ink? If they were put forth simply as hypotheses, as tentatives, as modest suggestions, they might, perhaps, answer a purpose; but presented in huge tomes, and with all the pretension and positiveness of absolute systems of truth, they provoke either pity or a smile—a smile at the author's vanity, or pity for his delusion.

Another work on a branch of physical science—Mr. T. BASSUETT'S "*Outlines of a Mechanical Theory of Storms*,"—is not open to these objections. It is a modest presentation of a new theory of meteorology, which the discoverer believes to contain the most important practical truth. He says that his theory has been tested by a large number of experiments, which show it to be perfectly sound, and authorize him in propounding it to the world. He has repeatedly predicted the time and place of the occurrence of great storms, and is enabled by means of it to instruct navigators how to calculate the coming change of wind and weather, for any given day, and for any part of the ocean.

The elements of the theory are these: Mr. Bassuett supposes, 1st, that space is filled with an elastic fluid, possessing inertia without weight; 2d, that the parts of this fluid in the solar system, circulate, after the manner of a vortex, with a direct motion; 3d, that there are also secondary vortices in which the planets are placed; 4th, that the earth is also placed in a vortex of the ethereal medium; and 5th, that the satellites are passively carried around their primaries with the ethereal current, and have no rotation relative to the ether, and, therefore, they present the same face to their primaries and have no vortex.

Now, assuming that the dynamical axis of our tenal vortex passes through the centre of gravity of the earth and moon, and that it continually circulates over the earth's surface in both hemispheres in a

spiral, its latitude and longitude will depend at any particular time, 1st, on the relative mass of the moon; 2d, on the inclination of the axis of the vortex to the earth's axis; 3d, on the longitude of the ascending node of the vortex on the lunar orbit; 4th, on the longitude of the ascending node of the lunar orbit on the ecliptic; 5th, on the eccentricity of the lunar orbit at the time; 6th, on the longitude of the perigee of the lunar orbit, at the time; and 7th, on the moon's true anomaly at the time. But all these circumstances can be approximately determined, and, consequently, the physical cause which disturbs the equilibrium of our atmosphere, and is the principal agent in the production of storms. As a proof of this, Mr. Bassuett gives the calculations for several of the most violent storms that occurred during the past year, made by him before their occurrence, but adduced now simply as examples of the method of calculation. We are not sufficiently familiar with the subject to decide upon the degree of his success, but are still not so ignorant as not to know that his little book deserves the attention of scientific men.

—An excellent edition of the "*Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell*" has been prepared by EPES SARGENT, who has also prefixed an agreeable memoir. It is chiefly taken from the materials of Dr. Beattie, but is most skilfully and entertainingly put together, with incidents from other sources of information. About fifty poems not contained in any previous edition are included, having been sent to the editor by Dr. Beattie. Campbell is not among our most favorite poets, and we think only a few of his poems destined to a long life, and yet he was so graceful a versifier, and so thorough and consistent a lover of liberty, that we are glad to possess any thing that he wrote.

—PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK has performed an acceptable service in his "*Outline of the Geology of the Globe and of the United States in particular*," for he presents within the compass of a small volume, a general statement of an important science, which almost any intelligent reader can comprehend. It is founded on the labors of M. Boné, a distinguished French geologist, but with corrections as to the geology of North America. But the most valuable parts of this little work are two colored maps,—the one representing the geology of the globe, and the other, the geology of the North American continent,—which teach more at a glance than could be got out of whole reams of letter-press.

—Such of our readers as adopt the Homœopathic system of medicine will find the series of manuals and elementary books, recently translated and prepared by Dr. CHARLES JULIUS HEMPEL, invaluable assistants. The first consists of *Jahr and Posselt's New Manual*, which has been received with most distinguished favor by the French and German practitioners. The first part is a compendium of the *Materia Medica Pura*, including all those symptoms that are known to yield to the action of drugs, and the second is a repertory of the leading general indications. Another work, is *Jahr's Manual*, in a larger form, intended as the repertory and third volume of the *Symptomen-codex*, which appeared some time since. It is the most comprehensive and thorough digest of the Homœopathic system that has been prepared; Dr. Hempel has spared no pains in the translation and editorship, and deserves the thanks of his branch of the profession for his unwearied industry, intelligence, and faithfulness.

ENGLISH.—Now that the great "beard-question" is the question of the day in England, Mr. ALEXANDER ROWLAND has published a work on *The Human Hair*, which is a complete and systematic treatise on the subject, anatomical, physiological, ethnological, and æsthetic; giving not only accurate views of the structure and uses of hair, its diseases and history, but narratives of the fashions which have prevailed in regard to the wearing of it, both on the head and face. The author is a decided advocate of the beard and moustache, and looks upon it, as a kind of insult to the Creator, to apply the razor to the "human face divine." No man in the world, he argues, would shave himself if he were not an arrant coward, afraid of the apparent singularity of the beard, and the world's dread laugh. In England, before the time of George the First, no full grown man ever thought of smoothing his chin, and then it was done in imitation of the practice of that monarch, who had some special reason for it,—perhaps an ugly beard, or a handsome mouth. A beard grows naturally on the face, and for some good and wise purpose, and ought no more to be removed than the hairs of the eyebrows or the head. Furthermore, adds our author:

"There is one certain fact I would mention with regard to beards. It is this. As a general rule, every man with a beard is a man of strongly-marked individuality—iniquity genius—has formed his own opinions in straightforward—to a certain degree, frequently reckless—but will not flinch or cringe to any man. The very fact of his wearing a beard, in

the face, as it were, of society, is a proof that his heart and conscience are above the paltry aid of a daily penny shave.

"If men would not shave from boyhood up, they would find their beards would be flowing, their moustaches light and airy, both adding a dignity to manhood and a venerableness to age, to which shorn humanity must be strangers.

"But the beard is not merely for ornament, it is for use. Nature never does any thing in vain; she is economical, and wastes nothing. She would never erect a bulwark were her domain unworthy of protection, or were there no enemy to invade it. I shall proceed to show that the beard is intended as a bulwark, and designed for the protection of the health. The beard has a tendency to prevent diseases of the lungs by guarding their portals. The moustache particularly, as we have already seen, prevents the admission of particles of dust into the lungs, which are the fruitful cause of disease. It also forms a respirator more efficient than the cunning hand of man can fabricate. Man fashions his respirator of wire, curiously wrought; nature makes hers of hair placed where it belongs, and not requiring to be put on like a muzzle. Diseases of the head and throat are also prevented by wearing the beard."

In this country, since the Mexican war and Californian adventure, the beard is quite generally worn,—at least in the cities and large towns,—and we have no need of formal treatises to commend it to public favor. Besides, as every man among us does pretty much as he pleases, the fashion of wearing the hair is quite as infinitely varied as the tastes of the people.

This writer gives some curious accounts as to the trade and commerce in hair, which we extract from for the entertainment of our readers:

"Formerly, the manufacturers of artificial hair into wigs, ladies' curls, &c., obtained a considerable portion of their supply at home from hospitals, prisons, and workhouses; but now the hair is not cropped compulsorily, as was formerly the case, and the poor and distressed, or criminal, are not deprived of their fair and valued tresses. It must be understood that female hair alone is of any use to the hair-worker, from its length and curling properties. That most prized, is the gray hair of aged persons, which can be prepared to any shade.

"Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of Dutch farmers, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first dealers in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord or hock-herr spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 5s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away, and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for.

"So constant and regular is this traffic, that the hair-cutters in France know exactly where to go for their year's crop.

"Keeping an account of the villages from which they gathered their supply for a certain year, they know that they will not be able to cut in the same places till the arrival of another given year. And not only can they calculate as to quantity, but the value of each local harvest is also well known, and almost fixed; for within a space of from ten to fifteen leagues, the quality varies, as we are told, so much as to make a difference of from ten to twenty sous per pound weight.

"The original price of the hair, as purchased from the village maidens, is, as we have seen, about five shillings per pound. The tradesmen engaged in the preparations of sorting, curling, and dressing it, purchase it at a price of ten shillings per pound; and after it has gone through their hands, it acquires a value of from twenty to eighty shillings per pound weight; and this is at the rate it is purchased by the hair-dresser.

"By the skill of the hair-dresser, the price is again raised to an almost indefinite extent, and must be calculated by the degree of labor and dexterity employed on it.

"Thus a peruke, containing only three ounces of hair, originally costing less than a shilling, is frequently sold at a price of twenty-five to thirty shillings.

"The quantity of hair produced by the annual harvest is calculated at two hundred thousand pounds weight. The sales of one house alone, in Paris, which supplies four hair-cutting establishments in the western country, amount to four hundred thousand francs annually."

—It is an evidence of the feeling which prompts a great deal of the English criticism of America, that a late *Athenæum* reviews a miserable catch-penny pamphlet, giving an account of the rich men of Boston, as a specimen of "transatlantic publications," and calls the fellow who put it together an "American author." We shall next expect to see the catalogue of some dry-good auctioneer quoted as the latest form of American journalism.

—Are the times of the old Grecian rhapsodists or the northern scalds to be revived, or are the tale-tellers of the East, and the improvisadores of Italy, to be transplanted into England? Mr. Dickens, we see has been reading one of his Christmas stories before immense audiences at Birmingham, and with great success. No lecturer, it is said, ever commanded so complete and rapt an attention. But there is no research made by the newspapers, which has struck us. He lopped off instinctively, in the reading, under the pressure of a public ordeal, every thing to which the knife of the critic would be applied; curtailing his needless amplifications, omitting passages of mere description that have nothing to do with advancing the main purpose, and subduing the exaggerations, and over-colorings,—so that the story as received was shorter, and far

more interesting, than as originally published! Would it not be a useful discipline then for all popular writers to be required to read their works to a public audience? It is commonly supposed that that which is prepared for verbal communication, is more diffuse than what is intended for the closet; but our experience has been different. There is nothing that more leads a writer to condensation and vigor, than the consciousness that a large audience is to sit for an hour or two under its delivery. It forces him to leave out all unnecessary passages, and to say as much as he can as well as he can, within the time prescribed to him. Extemporaneous speakers, it is true, get into loose habits of thought and utterance, but speakers who prepare their addresses with deliberation and judgment do not; and it is remarkable, that among the best specimens of composition on the records of literature, are those dramas and orations which were put together to be read or spoken to popular audiences. For condensed energy of expression, a vivacity of style, we possess nothing superior to the tragedies of the Greek Dramatists, and the orations of Demosthenes, which were originally delivered to the most popular of all audiences—those of the Agora and the Games. A man who writes for the closet merely, is apt to get prosy and dull: he allows many sentences to remain that would be extremely tedious in a public assembly; and he is controlled, too, in the estimate of his own powers, very much by the opinions of the coterie to which he belongs. On the other hand, if he were forced to come personally with his production before a miscellaneous tribunal, he would impart to his style all the grace and power of which he was capable. It is for this reason that we look with some degree of hope to the influences of the system of lecturing in which so many of our literary men are engaged, believing that it will be a benefit to them no less than to the community at large.

—A Magazine mania seems to rage in England just now, for we have to chronicle the appearance during the last month or two, of some half dozen new periodicals. First comes the *National Miscellany*, which, however, has reached its eighth number; then the *Home Companion*, an illustrated magazine; then *Cruikshank's Magazine*, with sketches from the pencil of the great caricaturist; then the *Family Friend*; and then *Our Circle of the Sciences*. In short, new magazines in England appear to be as plentiful as almanacs in France.

FRENCH.—A work of rare utility and interest is the M. P. FROUSSACS "*De La Meteorologie dans ses rapports avec la Science de l'Homme, et principalement avec la Medecine et l'Hygiene Publique*," or, of the Influence of Meteorology on the Science of Man. It is an elaborate treatise on the whole subject as far as our knowledge of it extends, showing how the condition of man and society is affected by the air, the water, electricity, galvanism, climate, and all other external physical influences, and giving the most precise and valuable details in respect to the entire series of meteorological phenomena. The author is favorably known by his previous works on climate, animal magnetism, gymnastics, &c.

—We trust that we have no occasion of calling to the mind of French scholars in this country the *Revue des deux Mondes*, one of the ablest of the Parisian periodicals. It is published twice a month, and is one of the best depositories of the current literature of France that we know. A large number of the most accomplished scholars contribute to it. Such men as Cousin, Guizot, De Rémusat, St. Marc Girardin, Henry Heine, Madame Reybaud, Ampère, Lettre, Leon Faucher, and others, and it embraces among its topics, political economy, literature, religion, science and art, besides occasional fictions.

—A gentleman who calls himself Monsieur A. BELLEGARRIGUE, has written a book on "American Women" (*Les Femmes d'Amerique*), in which he treats of our poor benighted females, and America generally, as something newly discovered; as we might treat of the women of Patagonia, or the Aleutian islands. Concurring entirely in the belief that American men are wholly absorbed in the *tout-puissant écu*, vulgarly rendered the "almighty dollar;" he finds the women of course destitute of all moral elevation, and only a slight degree raised above the sex of the primitive inhabitants. This is an exaggerated representation, indeed, and yet, as there is something to be learned out of every opinion, there are certain classes of women who might profit by a perusal of its unfriendly criticism.

—M. EUGENE DE MIRECOURT proposes to write a history of the literature of the Nineteenth Century, and as a specimen brick out of the edifice, has presented the public with a small volume on some contemporary men of letters (*Les Contemporains Hommes des Lettres, Publicistes, etc.*). His first selection is Méry, an inconsiderable French poet, whose works we suspect will be forgotten, long before

M. de Mirecourt's larger book shall have made its appearance.

—The history of the Girondists and of the Restoration, have been followed up by Lamartine, with a *History of the Constituent Assembly*. It is of the same general character as his previous works; not very precise, and disclosing no new facts or variety, but full of popular effects. On the whole, however, it must be regarded as inferior to the Girondists, and not better than the Restoration. Lamartine was never meant for a historian, or if he was, is either too idle or too much occupied, to devote to his task the necessary labor. It is not easy to be an historian, to possess a captivating style, to abound in sentimentality, or to be able to draw striking pictures. Some research is also required. But Lamartine seems to despise all research. He catches up a few of the best known authorities on the epochs he is writing about; tells their stories over again; puts in a charming bit of romance here and there, and then sends forth his book as a history. He is diffuse, inaccurate, theatrical, and wholly superficial. We suspect, indeed, that he does not much care whether his representations are correct or not, and that he adopts and discards views of historical personages and events, just as they may be telling or not, and quite without reference to their truth. If he can produce a sensation, can drape his figures picturesquely, or describe a transaction with dramatic point, he accomplishes his purpose. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, we confess to a certain fascination which we find in his pages. He is seldom guilty of the besetting sin of historians—dullness: his narrative is always animated; he contrives to invest whatever he touches with a deep interest,—a romantic interest, it may be, and yet powerful. Even in the volume before us, which opens with the convocations of the States-General, and ends with the destruction of the Bastille,—though there is no want of histories in regard to that period—though we have read all Mignet, Thiers, Michelet, Louis Blanc, and Carlyle have to say of it,—we find our attention at once riveted. The stirring and earnest nature of the events may account for some of this interest, and the political treatment of these by the author for the rest.

—An imperishable curiosity attaches,—at least, in the French mind,—to every thing that relates to Napoleon. In order to gratify it, M. Keimozan has commenced the publication of all his letters, proclamations and state papers, under the name

of Napoléon, recueil, par ordre chronologique, de ses Lettres, Proclamations, Bulletins, Discours sur les matières civiles et politiques, etc., Formant une histoire de son règne écrite par lui-même, et accompagnée de notes historiques. The first volume only has thus far appeared, commencing with the campaign in Italy of 1796, and ending with the battle of Austerlitz; but as this is confined to military details altogether, while the work promises full particulars of all that the great chief said or did, in war, politics and administration, there is no falling when we shall reach the last volume. It will be, however, an unquestionably valuable contribution to history. It will give us Napoleon as he appeared in his own works, and not as he is estimated by writers. By the way, there is a curious passage in the memorial, in which he speaks of the different views that had already been taken during his lifetime, of his character and policy. "I am disputed on every hand," he says,—"the thoughts of my battles, the intention of my orders, are all decided against me. They often ascribe profundity and sublimity to things which on my part were the most simple in the world: they impute to me projects which I never entertained; and they question whether I did not contemplate a universal monarchy. They reason tediously about the point, whether my absolute authority or arbitrary acts spring from my character or my calculations, whether they were produced by my inclination or the force of circumstances, whether my constant wars came from my taste or were simply defensive,—and whether my inordinate ambition, so reproached, arose from avidity of conquest, lust of glory, love of order, or devotion to general happiness," &c. He then says subsequently, that "these men in their positive affirmations are more skilful than I, for I should be often greatly embarrassed to say what my full purposes were. I did not strive to bend circumstances to my ideas, but allowed myself to be led by circumstances; for who can beforehand meet fortuitous occurrences, wholly unexpected accidents? How many times have I been compelled to change essentially? I pursued general views, rather than any predetermined plans. The man of common interests, what I thought to be for the good of the greatest number, these were the works to which I was anchored, but around which I floated for the greatest part of the time at hap-hazard." This confession is curious, because it shows how much genius is, after all, a mere ability to take advantage of events, and how little

any preconceived plan of human action has to do with the development of events.

—The lovers of Montaigne will find no little pleasant reading in M. Etienne Catalan's *Manuel des honnêtes gens*, which is an attempt to inform the practical philosophy of the great French essayist. He gathers together, as he says, the elements which properly constitute the philosophy of Montaigne, interpreting and developing them, and introducing such maxims and sentences as may be entitled to special regard, either for their excellent sense or the propriety of their expression. His book takes its name from a *mot* of Cardinal du Perron, that *Le livre des Essais doit être, le bréviaire des honnêtes gens*."

—The *Athenæum Française*, under the head of studies of "Anglo-American Female Poets," gives an elaborate account, with translations, of the life and writings of Lucretia Maria Davidson, by M. THALES BERNARD; who begins by averring that "America is the daughter of France," and that the latter, having warmly received "Cooper, Emerson, Poe and Prescott," ought not to slight the obscure names of our literature. He then narrates the principal incidents of Lucretia's history, interspersing the recital with translations of her verses into prose.

—The book of the month in Paris is the *Souvenirs* of M. Killemain, the distinguished historian and professor, who, like Dr. Veron, Dumas, Lamartine, and all other Frenchmen, does not consider his literary life complete without an autobiography. Having been connected for the last fifty years with many of the most important personages of the age, a man himself of character and standing as a writer of remarkable talent, his book is at once piquant and reliable. We shall give some account of it, as soon as it reaches this side of the Atlantic.

—The *Swiss Review* narrates an anecdote of Béranger, the great song-writer of France, which is an honorable testimony to the character of the venerable poet. He had placed all his savings, to the amount of about thirty thousand francs, at interest in the hands of a mercantile friend, who came to him one day, and returned the money. But why do you do so? asked the poet. Because, was the reply, "My house is likely to fail, and as you are old and poor, I have thought you ought to be secured in time." No! returned Béranger, I am only one of your creditors, and must take my chance with the rest. The consequence was, that after the failure he received merely his ten per cent, which was the regular division of the

assets of the firm. He lives now on the scantiest pittance derived from the sale of his works. Is there a merchant among us who would have acted as honorably? We fear not.

—The ABBE FALLAR has written a history of the Church in North America, entitled, *Mémoires particuliers pour servir à l'histoire de l'Eglise dans l'Amerique du Nord*. It is not, however, a regular history, so much as a contribution to history, as its name imports; and is occupied chiefly with the biography of important personages, and monographs of the principal ecclesiastical establishments, especially in Canada. Sister Bourgeois, the founder of the first congregation established at Villemarie for the education and conversion of the savages, and Ma'mselle d' Youville, founder of the community of the Sisters of Charity, furnish the materials for his first three volumes, with incidental references to the fortunes of the establishments to which they belonged.

—A classic romance under the name of *Olympia* has been published by M. LOUIS SAGLIER, with a view to the illustration of female life among the ancient Greeks. Olympia is a Spartan, who is painted in the three-fold character of a young girl, a wife, and a mother. We first encounter her participating in the games of the gymnasium, with her young female companions; we next find her accepting a husband obediently from the hands of her father, although she was in love with somebody else; and then we see her, as the wife, rejecting a base proposal of her husband, and yet as the mother disclosing to the State a conspiracy in which her only son was implicated. The object of the author, in this two-fold dilemma, is to show the despotism of the idea of the State, in ancient times, and at the same time to depict the sentiment of the true woman trampling over the law as presented in the proposition of her husband. The work is written with facility and elegance, but the details are not always of the most edifying kind, out of France.

—A report of the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the 5th December, speaks in the most favorable terms of a paper read by Dr. D. Brainard, President of the Rush Medical College of Chicago, on the treatment of bites made by venomous serpents. His experiments, it appears, were made generally on pigeons, which he caused to be bitten by serpents known technically as of the species of *crotolapherus trigeminus*, rigidly observing the effects, and then applying his remedies. Dr. Brainard's mode of re-

covering his pigeons was by the infiltration into the wounds and the surrounding parts of the lactate of iron and iodine of potassium, both in a state of aqueous solution. He caused them to penetrate by means of a small syringe, and in nearly every instance succeeded in saving the life of the poisoned animal. A committee, consisting of Daménil, Magendie, Flourens and Deleure, was appointed to consider the subject of his paper.

GERMAN.—From the press of Arnim at Berlin, we have three characteristic German tales (*Drei Märchen*), or legends, as they are more properly called, which are full of fantastic spirit and humor. The first of them "The daughter of the King of the Moon," which is to be read at night as the anonymous author advertises us, is almost as wild as the best stories of Hoffman, with a touch of the graceful legendary feeling of Tieck. They are all, however, so marked by local peculiarities that they would hardly repay translation into English.

—There is in course of publication now in Germany, a work on the *Memorials of the Old Christian Architecture in Constantinople, from the fifth to the twelfth century*. (*Alt-christliche Baudenkmale Constantinopels vom V.—XII. Jahrhunderte*.) This magnificent work will exhibit in forty plates of the largest folio-size, either engraved, lithographed, or in colored impressions, delineations of various architectural remains, particularly views and details of Agios Johannes, Agios Sergius and Bacchus, Agia Sophia, Agia Irene, Agia Theotokos, Agios Pantokrator, as well as of the hall of the Hebdomon, and, for comparison, churches in Asia Minor from the work of Texier. The importance of the Byzantine style has long been acknowledged by modern Art. There have, notwithstanding, hitherto been wanting geometrical surveys of the most prominent monuments of this style, to enable the student to appreciate its peculiarities and minor details. Deeply as this want has been felt, there stood obstacles almost insurmountable in the way of its being remedied, particularly with regard to a geometrical survey of St. Sophia's Cathedral at Constantinople. German assiduity and perseverance has at last, under the auspices of the King of Prussia, succeeded in clearing those obstacles, and effecting a most accurate survey of that prototype of Byzantine Architecture, descending to the minutest particulars, and also of the rest of the Christian architectural remains of Constantinople.

—Between 1762 and 1766, AUGUST LUDWIG VON SCHLÖZER prepared a *Russian Grammar* during his stay in St. Petersburg. This first part, as well as the commencement of the second, was printed for the Imperial Academy of Sciences of that place; the work had proceeded as far as the eleventh sheet, when its continuation was prohibited, and the whole edition suppressed. A copy of these eleven sheets, which nearly comprehended what had been completed in MS. is, therefore, a rarity; and one single copy only is, as far as we are aware, at present extant. This work, as is well known, was the first to venture on a scientific treatment of the Russian language, and is therefore to be published by the family of the author.

—The sixth and concluding part of the first volume of J. VENEDEY'S *History of the Germans from the earliest times to the present* (*Geschichte des deutschen Volkes von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart*), has just been issued. It embraces German antiquity from the first appearance of Germans on the stage of history, to the downfall of the Carlovingians. The second volume, already completed in MS., will contain the history of the German Emperors and the contest of the Popes against the empire. The third volume will comprise the history of the Reformation to the Westphalian Peace; the fourth volume will contain modern history. This work is distinguished by diligent research, and a vigorous and graphic style.

—Another volume, the fourth of BERTHOLD AUERBACH'S *Village Stories of the Black Forest*, (*Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten*), has just appeared.

—The correspondence of Goethe must be inexhaustible; for in addition to his *Briefwechsel* with Schiller, Zelter, Betzner, Carus, and others, we are now presented with his letter, to Councillor Schuetz, *Briefwechsel Zwischen Göthe u. Staatsrath v. C. L. F. Schultze*.

—The comparative study of languages, which more than any thing else has furnished a key to the origin of races, is nowhere prosecuted with so much industry and vigor as in Germany. The grammar and vocabularies of Bopp, and other learned authorities, have solved many questions on which tradition is silent, and become among the most curious monuments of nations. One of the latest works of this kind is the *Grammatica Celtica* of Dr. J. C. Zeuss, of Leipzig, who has gathered from the various libraries of Europe, the most interesting particulars

in regard to the ancient Irish, British, Cambrian, and Cornish dialects. It is divided into six parts: the first treats of letters and their permutations from one dialect to another; the second treats of the noun and pronoun; the third of the verb; the fourth of particles; the fifth of derivation and composition; and the sixth of the construction of prose and verse. The different dialects are compared with each other, in every respect, and their analogies and diversities clearly marked.

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTE FOR THE PEOPLE SOUTH OF MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

A Southern paper, in giving a very favorable and discriminating criticism of our February Number, adds to it the following P. S.:—

"In acknowledging the receipt of the January number of 'Putnam,' we commended it to public patronage on the ground that it was wholly an *American* publication. We have recently received a communication declaring that this is an error—that Putnam is wholly a *Northern* publication, and that Southern writers, who propose to contribute to its columns, are not only excluded, but treated with neglect and discourtesy. We hope that there is some error or mistake in the case, and that Putnam will be able to place himself *rectus in curia* with his Southern readers and contributors."

The personal feeling manifested in this complaint will be sufficient to divest it of all force, for it was evidently written by some person who fancied he had been neglected by us, or that his merits had not been properly appreciated. And we do not pretend to say that he was not quite right in thinking so. We know very well, that a good many worthy people, and excellent writers, have had to wait much longer for a reply to their communications than was at all agreeable to our own sense of propriety; but the seeming neglect which they might with reason complain of, has been a matter of absolute necessity; for we make it a point to read the articles that are sent to us before deciding whether or not they can have a place in our Monthly, and we have adopted the democratic principle of, first come first served. Reading manuscripts, in nine cases out of ten illegibly written, and writing letters to their authors, requires a good deal of time; and then, too, when an article may be regarded as desirable on account of its literary merits or its subject, the exigencies of the Monthly may prevent its immediate use; it may be too long, or too short, or it may be too similar in its character to another article which

had been accepted before it; all these considerations must often perplex the editor of a magazine, and prevent his giving an instant reply to a correspondent, and also compel him to reject communications which would be otherwise desirable. But it was not for the purpose of saying these very obvious truths that we have noticed the Southern complaint in question. We are accused of not being American because we are Northern. The South, or at least that part of it which is embodied in the person of our particular friend in question, will not permit us to enjoy the common instincts of patriotism, but will cut us off from our inheritance, because we happen to live on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. It was a son of New England who uttered the patriotic sentiment, "I know no North, no South;" but our Southern friends say they "know no North, only a South." There are numberless publications calling themselves after the South, to indicate their sectional character and their antagonism to the North. The *Southern Quarterly*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and so on; but if there be a single periodical or other institution north of Mason and Dixon, whose title breathes such an un-American and sectional spirit, we are ignorant of its existence. As to the particular charge against ourselves, nonsensical as it will sound to every body who has been in the habit of reading our Magazine, we have only to reply, that the present number of the Monthly contains four articles which were sent to us from as many slave States, and that every number of the work, from the beginning, has contained one or more articles from the pens of Southern writers. Our sole aim is to publish the best literary productions which the country can afford; and whether they come from Maine or Missouri, Vermont or Virginia, is a matter of not the slightest weight in deciding on their availability. As to our mere personal interests, we can very well afford to be perfectly independent of all sectional preferences, for at least seven eighths of our circulation is in the free States; and, if we could be influenced by any such paltry motives as the "somebody down South" imputes to us, the result

would not be to our pecuniary disadvantage. But our great aim in the conduct of this Magazine has been to make it, first, purely American and original; and, next, to render it as profitable to the public and ourselves as it could be done. We have, thus far, abundant cause for being satisfied with our exertions, and for entertaining increased hope in the literary resources and intellectual activity of our thriving nation. Wherein we may possibly have erred, has been in giving place to contributions from the far East, the far West, the far North, and the far South, that our Magazine might properly represent the whole Union, which, if written nearer our own door, might not have been accepted.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE AMERICAN PLANTER; or the Bound Labor Interest of the United States. By M. A. Jugs. New-York: Long & Brother. 1854.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS. By Andrew Brown. New-York: Redfield. 1854.
- AN OUTLINE OF THE GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE, and of the United States in particular. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1853.
- THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, with an Original Biography and Notes. Edited by Esop Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854.
- OUTLINES OF A MECHANICAL THEORY OF STORMS. By T. Bassett. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.
- HUMAN ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE. By T. S. Lambert. Hartford: Brockett, Hutchinson & Co. 1854.
- LINNY LOCKWOOD. A Novel. By Catherine Crow. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.
- THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. I, No. I. New-York: H. Dyer. 1854.
- HYDOPATHIC COOK-BOOK. By Dr. R. T. Trail. New-York: Fowler & Wells. 1854.
- POEMS, SACRED, PASSIONATE, AND LEGENDARY. By Mary E. Hewett. New-York: Linsport, Blake-man & Law. 1854.
- A SCHOOL COMPENDIUM OF NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. By Richard Green Parker. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1854.
- BENEDICTIONS, OR THE BLESSED LIFE. By Rev. John Canning, D.D., F.R.S.E. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1854.
- POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE, DRAMATIC, LEGENDARY, AND CONTEMPLATIVE. By W. Gilmore Siddis. 2 vols. New-York: Redfield. 1854.
- LITTLE BLOSSOM'S REWARD. A Christmas Book for Children. By Mrs. Emily Hare. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

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THE ENCANTADAS, OR ENCHANTED ISLES.

BY SALVATOR R. TARNMOOR.

(Continued from page 319.)

SKETCH FIFTH.

THE FRIGATE, AND SHIP FLYAWAY.

" Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight."

BEFORE quitting Rodondo, it must not be omitted that here, in 1813, the U.S. frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter, came near leaving her bones. Lying becalmed one morning with a strong current setting her rapidly towards the rock, a strange sail was descried, which—not out of keeping with alleged enchantments of the neighborhood—seemed to be staggering under a violent wind, while the frigate lay lifeless as if spell-bound. But a light air springing up, all sail was made by the frigate in chase of the enemy, as supposed—he being deemed an English whale-ship—but the rapidity of the current was so great, that soon all sight was lost of him; and at meridian the *Essex*, spite of her drags, was driven so close under the foam-lashed cliffs of Rodondo that for a time all hands gave her up. A smart breeze, however, at last helped her off, though the escape was so critical as to seem almost miraculous.

Thus saved from destruction herself, she now made use of that salvation to destroy the other vessel, if possible. Renewing the chase in the direction in which the stranger had disappeared, sight was caught of him the following morning. Upon being descried he hoisted American colors and stood away from the *Essex*.

A calm ensued; when, still confident that the stranger was an Englishman, Porter despatched a cutter, not to board the enemy, but drive back his boats engaged in towing him. The cutter succeeded. Cutters were subsequently sent to capture him; the stranger now showing English colors in place of American. But when the frigate's boats were within a short distance of their hoped-for prize, another sudden breeze sprang up; the stranger under all sail bore off to the westward, and ere night was hull down ahead of the *Essex*, which all this time lay perfectly becalmed.

This enigmatic craft—American in the morning, and English in the evening—her sails full of wind in a calm—was never again beheld. An enchanted ship no doubt. So at least the sailors swore.

This cruise of the *Essex* in the Pacific during the war of 1812, is perhaps the strangest and most stirring to be found in the history of the American navy. She captured the furthest wandering vessels; visited the remotest seas and isles; long hovered in the charmed vicinity of the enchanted group; and finally valiantly gave up the ghost fighting two English frigates in the harbor of Valparaiso. Mention is made of her here for the same reason that the buccaneers will likewise receive record; because, like them, by long cruising among the isles, tortoise-hunting upon their shores, and generally exploring them; for these and other reasons, the *Essex* is peculiarly associated with the Encantadas.

Here be it said that you have but three eye-witness authorities worth men-

tioning touching the Enchanted Isles:—Cowley, the buccaneer (1684); Colnet, the whaling-ground explorer (1798); Porter, the post captain (1813). Other than these you have but barren, bootless allusions from some few passing voyagers or compilers.

SKETCH SIXTH.

BARRINGTON ISLE AND THE BUCCANEERS.

"Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
And as we be sons of the earth so wide,
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to ourselves our portions dower
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold on hugger-mugger in their hand."

"Lords of the world, and so will wander free,
Where—so us listeth, uncontrol'd of any."

"How bravely now we live, how jocund, how near
The first inheritance, without fear, how free from little
troubles!"

NEAR two centuries ago Barrington Isle was the resort of that famous wing of the West Indian buccaneers, which, upon their repulse from the Cuban waters, crossing the Isthmus of Darien, ravaged the Pacific side of the Spanish colonies, and, with the regularity and timing of a modern mail, waylaid the royal treasure ships plying between Manila and Acapulco. After the toils of piratic war, here they came to say their prayers, enjoy their free-and-easies, count their crackers from the cask, their doubloons from the keg, and measure their silks of Asia with long Toledos for their yard-sticks.

As a secure retreat, an undiscoverable hiding place, no spot in those days could have been better fitted. In the centre of a vast and silent sea, but very little traversed; surrounded by islands, whose inhospitable aspect might well drive away the chance navigator; and yet within a few days' sail of the opulent countries which they made their prey; the unmolested buccaneers found here that tranquillity which they fiercely denied to every civilized harbor in that part of the world. Here, after stress of weather, or a temporary drubbing at the hands of their vindictive foes, or in swift flight with golden booty, those old marauders came, and lay snugly out of all harm's reach. But not only was the place a harbor of safety, and a bower of ease, but for utility in other things it was most admirable.

Barrington Isle is in many respects singularly adapted to careening, refitting, refreshing, and other seamen's purposes. *Not only has it good water, and good*

anchorage, well sheltered from all winds by the high land of Albemarle, but it is the least unproductive isle of the group. Tortoises good for food, trees good for fuel, and long grass good for bedding, abound here, and there are pretty natural walks, and several landscapes to be seen. Indeed, though in its locality belonging to the Enchanted group, Barrington Isle is so unlike most of its neighbors, that it would hardly seem of kin to them.

"I once landed on its western side," says a sentimental voyager long ago, "where it faces the black buttress of Albemarle. I walked beneath groves of trees; not very lofty, and not palm trees, or orange trees, or peach trees, to be sure; but for all that, after long sea-faring very beautiful to walk under, even though they supplied no fruit. And here, in calm spaces at the heads of glades, and on the shaded tops of slopes commanding the most quiet scenery—what do you think I saw? Seats which might have served Brahmins and presidents of peace societies. Fine old ruins of what had once been symmetric lounges of stone and turf; they bore every mark both of artificialness and age, and were undoubtedly made by the buccaneers. One had been a long sofa, with back and arms, just such a sofa as the poet Gray might have loved to throw himself upon, his Crebillon in hand.

"Though they sometimes tarried here for months at a time, and used the spot for a storing-place for spare spars, sails, and casks; yet it is highly improbable that the buccaneers ever erected dwelling-houses upon the isle. They never were here except their ships remained, and they would most likely have slept on board. I mention this, because I cannot avoid the thought, that it is hard to impute the construction of these romantic seats to any other motive than one of pure peacefulness and kindly fellowship with nature. That the buccaneers perpetrated the greatest outrages is very true; that some of them were mere cut-throats is not to be denied; but we know that here and there among their host was a Dampier, a Wafer, and a Cowley, and likewise other men, whose worst reproach was their desperate fortunes; whom persecution, or adversity, or secret and un-avengeable wrongs, had driven from Christian society to seek the melancholy solitude or the guilty adventures of the sea. At any rate, long as those ruins of seats on Barrington remain, the most singular monuments are furnished to the fact, that all of the buccaneers were not unmitigated monsters.

"But during my ramble on the isle I was not long in discovering other tokens, of things quite in accordance with those wild traits, popularly, and no doubt truly enough imputed to the freebooters at large. Had I picked up old sails and rusty hoops I would only have thought of the ship's carpenter and cooper. But I found old cutlasses and daggers reduced to mere threads of rust, which doubtless had stuck between Spanish ribs ere now. These were signs of the murderer and robber; the reveller likewise had left his trace. Mixed with shells, fragments of broken jars were lying here and there, high up upon the beach. They were precisely like the jars now used upon the Spanish coast for the wine and Pisco spirits of that country.

"With a rusty dagger-fragment in one hand, and a bit of a wine-jar in another, I sat me down on the ruinous green sofa I have spoken of, and bethought me long and deeply of these same buccaneers. Could it be possible, that they robbed and murdered one day, revelled the next, and rested themselves by turning meditative philosophers, rural poets, and seat-builders on the third? Not very improbable, after all. For consider the vacillations of a man. Still, strange as it may seem, I must also abide by the more charitable thought; namely, that among these adventurers were some gentlemanly, companionable souls, capable of genuine tranquillity and virtue."

SKETCH EIGHTH.

CHARLES' ISLE AND THE DOG-KING.

So with outrageous cry,
A thousand velleins round about him swarmed
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nye;
Vile captive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed;
All threatening death, all in strange manner armed;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warred.

We will not be of any occupation,
Let such vile vassals, born to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.

SOUTHWEST of Barrington lies Charles' Isle. And hereby hangs a history which I gathered long ago from a shipmate learned in all the lore of outlandish life.

During the successful revolt of the

Spanish provinces from Old Spain, there fought on behalf of Peru a certain Creole adventurer from Cuba, who by his bravery and good fortune at length advanced himself to high rank in the patriot army. The war being ended, Peru found herself like many valorous gentlemen, free and independent enough, but with few shot in the locker. In other words, she had not wherewithal to pay off her troops. But the Creole—I forget his name—volunteered to take his pay in lands. So they told him he might have his pick of the Enchanted Isles, which were then, as they still remain, the nominal appanage of Peru. The soldier straightway embarks thither, explores the group, returns to Callao, and says he will take a deed of Charles' Isle. Moreover, this deed must stipulate that thenceforth Charles' Isle is not only the sole property of the Creole, but is for ever free of Peru, even as Peru of Spain. To be short, this adventurer procures himself to be made in effect Supreme Lord of the Island, one of the princes of the powers of the earth.*

He now sends forth a proclamation inviting subjects to his as yet unpopulated kingdom. Some eighty souls, men and women, respond; and being provided by their leader with necessities, and tools of various sorts, together with a few cattle and goats, take ship for the promised land; the last arrival on board, prior to sailing, being the Creole himself, accompanied, strange to say, by a disciplined cavalry company of large grim dogs. These, it was observed on the passage, refusing to consort with the emigrants, remained aristocratically grouped around their master on the elevated quarter-deck, casting disdainful glances forward upon the inferior rabble there; much as from the ramparts, the soldiers of a garrison thrown into a conquered town, eye the inglorious citizen-mob over which they are set to watch.

Now Charles' Isle not only resembles Barrington Isle in being much more inhabitable than other parts of the group; but it is double the size of Barrington; say forty or fifty miles in circuit.

Safely debarked at last, the company under direction of their lord and patron, forthwith proceeded to build their capital city. They make considerable advance in the way of walls of clinkers, and lava floors, nicely sanded with cinders. On

* The American Spaniards have long been in the habit of making presents of islands to deserving individuals. The pilot Juan Fernandez procured a deed of the isle named after him, and for some years resided there before Belkirk came. It is supposed, however, that he eventually contracted the blues upon his princely property, for after a time he returned to the main, and as report goes, became a very garrulous barber in the city of Lima.

the least barren hills they pasture their cattle, while the goats, adventurers by nature, explore the far inland solitudes for a scanty livelihood of lofty herbage. Meantime, abundance of fish and an inexhaustible tribe of tortoises, supply the adventurer's other wants.

The disorders incident to settling all primitive regions, in the present case were heightened by the peculiarly untoward character of many of the pilgrims. His Majesty was forced at last to proclaim martial law, and actually hunted and shot with his own hand several of his rebellious subjects, who, with most questionable intentions, had clandestinely encamped in the interior; whence they stole by night, to prowl barefooted on tiptoe round the precincts of the lava-palace. It is to be remarked, however, that prior to such stern proceedings, the more reliable men had been judiciously picked out for an infantry body-guard, subordinate to the cavalry body-guard of dogs. But the state of politics in this unhappy nation may be somewhat imagined from the circumstance, that all who were not of the body-guard were downright plotters and malignant traitors. At length the death penalty was tacitly abolished, owing to the timely thought, that were strict sportsman's justice to be dispensed among such subjects, ere long the Nimrod King would have little or no remaining game to shoot. The human part of the life-guard was now disbanded, and set to work cultivating the soil, and raising potatoes; the regular army now solely consisting of the dog-regiment. These, as I have heard, were of a singularly ferocious character, though by severe training rendered docile to their master. Armed to the teeth, the Creole now goes in state, surrounded by his canine janizaries, whose terrific bayings prove quite as serviceable as bayonets in keeping down the surgings of revolt.

But the census of the isle, sadly lessened by the dispensation of justice, and not materially recruited by matrimony, began to fill his mind with sad mistrust. Some way the population must be increased. Now, from its possessing a little water, and its comparative pleasantness of aspect, Charles' Isle at this period was occasionally visited by foreign whalers. These His Majesty had always levied upon for port charges, thereby contributing to his revenue. But now he had additional designs. By insidious arts he from time to time cajoles certain sailors to desert their ships and enlist beneath his banner. Soon as missed, their captains crave permission to go and hunt them up. Whereupon

His Majesty first hides them very carefully away, and then freely permits the search. In consequence, the delinquents are never found, and the ships retire without them.

Thus, by a two-edged policy of this crafty monarch, foreign nations were crippled in the number of their subjects, and his own were greatly multiplied. He particularly petted these renegade strangers. But alas for the deep-laid schemes of ambitious princes, and alas for the vanity of glory. As the foreign-born Pretorians of the Roman state, unwisely introduced into the commonwealth, and still more unwisely made favorites of the Emperors, at last insulted and overturned the throne, even so these lawless mariners, with all the rest of the body-guard and all the populace, broke out into a terrible mutiny, and defied their master. He marched against them with all his dogs. A deadly battle ensued upon the beach. It raged for three hours, the dogs fighting with determined valor, and the sailors reckless of every thing but victory. Three men and thirteen dogs were left dead upon the field, many on both sides were wounded, and the king was forced to fly with the remainder of his canine regiment. The enemy pursued, stoning the dogs with their master into the wilderness of the interior. Discontinuing the pursuit, the victors returned to the village on the shore, stove the spirit-casks, and proclaimed a Republic. The dead men were interred with the honors of war, and the dead dogs ignominiously thrown into the sea. At last, forced by stress of suffering, the fugitive Creole came down from the hills and offered to treat for peace. But the rebels refused it on any other terms than his unconditional banishment. Accordingly, the next ship that arrived carried away the ex-king to Peru.

The history of the king of Charles' Island furnishes another illustration of the difficulty of colonizing barren islands with unprincipled pilgrims.

Doubtless for a long time the exiled monarch, pensively ruralizing in Peru, which afforded him a safe asylum in his calamity, watched every arrival from the Encantadas, to hear news of the failure of the Republic, the consequent penitence of the rebels, and his own recall to royalty. Doubtless he deemed the Republic but a miserable experiment which would soon explode. But no, the insurgents had confederated themselves into a democracy neither Grecian, Roman, nor American. Nay, it was no democracy at all, but a permanent *Riotocracy*, which gloried in

having no law but lawlessness. Great inducements being offered to deserters, their ranks were swelled by accessions of scamps from every ship which touched their shores. Charles' Island was proclaimed the asylum of the oppressed of all navies. Each runaway tar was hailed as a martyr in the cause of freedom, and became immediately installed a ragged citizen of this universal nation. In vain the captains of absconding seamen strove to regain them. Their new compatriots were ready to give any number of ornamental eyes in their behalf. They had few cannon, but their fists were not to be trifled with. So at last it came to pass that no vessels acquainted with the character of that country durst touch there, however sorely in want of refreshment. It became Anathema—a sea Alsatia—the unassailed lurking-place of all sorts of desperadoes, who in the name of liberty did just what they pleased. They continually fluctuated in their numbers. Sailors deserting ships at other islands, or in boats at sea any where in that vicinity, steered for Charles' Isle, as to their sure home of refuge; while sated with the life of the isle, numbers from time to time crossed the water to the neighboring ones, and there presenting themselves to strange captains as shipwrecked seamen, often succeeded in getting on board vessels bound to the Spanish coast; and having a compassionate purse made up for them on landing there.

One warm night during my first visit to the group, our ship was floating along in languid stillness, when some one on the fore-castle shouted "Light ho!" We looked and saw a beacon burning on some obscure land off the beam. Our third mate was not intimate with this part of the world. Going to the captain he said, "Sir, shall I put off in a boat? These must be shipwrecked men."

The captain laughed rather grimly, as, shaking his fist towards the beacon, he rapped out an oath, and said—"No, no, you precious rascals, you don't juggle one of my boats ashore this blessed night. You do well, you thieves—you do benevolently to hoist a light yonder as on a dangerous shoal. It tempts no wise man to pull off and see what's the matter, but bids him steer small and keep off shore—that is Charles' Island; brace up, Mr. mate, and keep the light astern."

SKETCH NINTH.

NORFOLK ISLE AND THE CHOLA WIDOW.

"At last they in an island did espy
A seemly woman sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And loud to them for succor called evermore."

"Black his eye as the midnight sky,
White his neck as the driven snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light;—
Cold he lies in the ground below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the cactus tree."

FAR to the northeast of Charles' Isle, sequestered from the rest, lies Norfolk Isle; and, however insignificant to most voyagers, to me, through sympathy, that lone island has become a spot made sacred by the strongest trials of humanity.

It was my first visit to the Encantadas. Two days had been spent ashore in hunting tortoises. There was not time to capture many; so on the third afternoon we loosed our sails. We were just in the act of getting under way, the uprooted anchor yet suspended and invisibly swaying beneath the wave, as the good ship gradually turned her heel to leave the isle behind, when the seaman who heaved with me at the windlass paused suddenly, and directed my attention to something moving on the land, not along the beach, but somewhat back, fluttering from a height.

In view of the sequel of this little story, be it here narrated how it came to pass, that an object which partly from its being so small was quite lost to every other man on board, still caught the eye of my handspike companion. The rest of the crew, myself included, merely stood up to our spikes in heaving; whereas, unwontedly exhilarated at every turn of the ponderous windlass, my belted comrade leaped atop of it, with might and main giving a downward, thewey, perpendicular heave, his raised eye bent in cheery animation upon the slowly receding shore. Being high lifted above all others was the reason he perceived the object, otherwise unperceivable: and this elevation of his eye was owing to the elevation of his spirits; and this again—for truth must out—to a dram of Peruvian pisco, in guerdon for some kindness done, secretly administered to him that morning by our mulatto steward. Now, certainly, pisco does a deal of mischief in the world; yet seeing that, in the present case, it was the means, though indirect, of rescuing a human being from the most dreadful

fate, must we not also needs admit that sometimes pisco does a deal of good?

Glancing across the water in the direction pointed out, I saw some white thing hanging from an inland rock, perhaps half a mile from the sea.

"It is a bird; a white-winged bird; perhaps a——no; it is——it is a handkerchief!"

"Aye, a handkerchief!" echoed my comrade, and with a louder shout apprised the captain.

Quickly now—like the running out and training of a great gun—the long cabin spy-glass was thrust through the mizzen rigging from the high platform of the poop; whereupon a human figure was plainly seen upon the inland rock, eagerly waving towards us what seemed to be the handkerchief.

Our captain was a prompt, good fellow. Dropping the glass, he lustily ran forward, ordering the anchor to be dropped again; hands to stand by a boat, and lower away.

In a half-hour's time the swift boat returned. It went with six and came with seven; and the seventh was a woman.

It is not artistic heartlessness, but I wish I could but draw in crayons; for this woman was a most touching sight; and crayons, tracing softly melancholy lines, would best depict the mournful image of the dark-damasked Chola widow.

Her story was soon told, and though given in her own strange language was as quickly understood, for our captain from long trading on the Chilian coast was well versed in the Spanish. A Cholo, or half-breed Indian woman of Payta in Peru, three years gone by, with her young new-wedded husband Felipe, of pure Castilian blood, and her one only Indian brother, Truxill, Hunilla had taken passage on the main in a French whaler, commanded by a joyous man; which vessel, bound to the cruising grounds beyond the Enchanted Isles, proposed passing close by their vicinity. The object of the little party was to procure tortoise oil, a fluid which for its great purity and delicacy is held in high estimation wherever known; and it is well known all along this part of the Pacific coast. With a chest of clothes, tools, cooking utensils, a rude apparatus for trying out the oil, some casks of biscuit, and other things, not omitting two favorite dogs, of which faithful animal all the Cholos are very fond, Hunilla and her companions were safely landed at their chosen place; the Frenchman, according to the contract made ere sailing, engaged to take them off upon returning from a

four months' cruise in the westward seas; which interval the three adventurers deemed quite sufficient for their purposes.

On the isle's lone beach they paid him in silver for their passage out, the stranger having declined to carry them at all except upon that condition; though willing to take every means to insure the due fulfilment of his promise. Felipe had striven hard to have this payment put off to the period of the ship's return. But in vain. Still, they thought they had, in another way, ample pledge of the good faith of the Frenchman. It was arranged that the expenses of the passage home should not be payable in silver, but in tortoises; one hundred tortoises ready captured to the returning captain's hand. These the Cholos meant to secure after their own work was done, against the probable time of the Frenchman's coming back; and no doubt in prospect already felt, that in those hundred tortoises—now somewhere ranging the isle's interior—they possessed one hundred hostages. Enough: the vessel sailed; the gazing three on shore answered the loud glee of the singing crew; and ere evening, the French craft was hull down in the distant sea, its masts three faintest lines which quickly faded from Hunilla's eye.

The stranger had given a blithesome promise, and anchored it with oaths; but oaths and anchors equally will drag; nought else abides on fickle earth but unkept promises of joy. Contrary winds from out unstabled skies, or contrary moods of his more varying mind, or shipwreck and sudden death in solitary waves; whatever was the cause, the blithe stranger never was seen again.

Yet, however dire a calamity was here in store, misgivings of it ere due time never disturbed the Cholos' busy mind, now all intent upon the toilsome matter which had brought them hither. Nay, by swift doom coming like the thief at night, ere seven weeks went by, two of the little party were removed from all anxieties of land or sea. No more they sought to gaze with feverish fear, or still more feverish hope, beyond the present's horizon line; but into the furthest future their own silent spirits sailed. By persevering labor beneath that burning sun, Felipe and Truxill had brought down to their hut many scores of tortoises, and tried out the oil, when, elated with their good success, and to reward themselves for such hard work, they, too hastily, made a catamaran, or Indian raft, much used on the Spanish main, and merrily

started on a fishing trip, just without a long reef with many jagged gaps, running parallel with the shore, about half a mile from it. By some bad tide or hap, or natural negligence of joyfulness (for though they could not be heard, yet by their gestures they seemed singing at the time), forced in deep water against that iron bar, the ill-made catamaran was over-set, and came all to pieces; when, dashed by broad-chested swells between their broken logs and the sharp teeth of the reef, both adventurers perished before Hunilla's eyes.

Before Hunilla's eyes they sank. The real woe of this event passed before her sight as some sham tragedy on the stage. She was seated on a rude bower among the withered thickets, crowning a lofty cliff, a little back from the beach. The thickets were so disposed, that in looking upon the sea at large she peered out from among the branches as from the lattice of a high balcony. But upon the day we speak of here, the better to watch the adventure of those two hearts she loved, Hunilla had withdrawn the branches to one side, and held them so. They formed an oval frame, through which the bluey boundless sea rolled like a painted one. And there, the invisible painter painted to her view the wave-tossed and disjointed raft, its once level logs slantingly upheaved, as raking masts, and the four struggling arms undistinguishable among them; and then all subsided into smooth-flowing creamy waters, slowly drifting the splintered wreck; while first and last, no sound of any sort was heard. Death in a silent picture; a dream of the eye; such vanishing shapes as the mirage shows.

So instant was the scene, so trance-like its mild pictorial effect, so distant from her blasted tower and her common sense of things, that Hunilla gazed and gazed, nor raised a finger or a wail. But as good to sit thus dumb, in stupor staring on that dumb show, for all that otherwise might be done. With half a mile of sea between, could her two enchanted arms aid those four fated ones? The distance long, the time one sand. After the lightning is beheld, what fool shall stay the thunderbolt? Felipe's body was washed ashore, but Truxill's never came; only his gay, braided hat of golden straw—that same sunflower thing he waved to her, pushing from the strand—and now, to the last gallant, it still saluted her. But Felipe's body floated to the marge, with one arm encirclingly outstretched. Lock-jawed in grim death, the lover-hus-

band, softly clasped his bride, true to her even in death's dream. Ah, Heaven, when man thus keeps his faith, wilt thou be faithless who created the faithful one? But they cannot break faith who never plighted it.

It needs not to be said what nameless misery now wrapped the lonely widow. In telling her own story she passed this almost entirely over, simply recounting the event. Construe the comment of her features, as you might; from her mere words little would you have weened that Hunilla was herself the heroine of her tale. But not thus did she defraud us of our tears. All hearts bled that grief could be so brave.

She but showed us her soul's lid, and the strange ciphers thereon engraved; all within, with pride's timidity, was withheld. Yet was there one exception. Holding out her small olive hand before our captain, she said in mild and slowest Spanish, "Señor, I buried him;" then paused, struggled as against the writhed coilings of a snake, and cringing suddenly, leaped up, repeating in impassioned pain, "I buried him, my life, my soul!"

Doubtless it was by half-unconscious, automatic motions of her hands, that this heavy-hearted one performed the final offices for Felipe, and planted a rude cross of withered sticks—no green ones might be had—at the head of that lonely grave, where rested now in lasting uncompliment and quiet haven he whom untroubled seas had overthrown.

But some dull sense of another body that should be interred, of another cross that should hallow another grave—unmade as yet;—some dull anxiety and pain touching her undiscovered brother now haunted the oppressed Hunilla. Her hands fresh from the burial earth, she slowly went back to the beach, with unshaped purposes wandered there, her spell-bound eye bent upon the incessant waves. But they bore nothing to her but a dirge, which maddened her to think that murderers should mourn. As time went by, and these things came less dreamingly to her mind, the strong persuasions of her Romish faith, which sets peculiar store by consecrated urns, prompted her to resume in waking earnest that pious search which had but been begun as in somnambulism. Day after day, week after week, she trod the cindery beach, till at length a double motive edged every eager glance. With equal longing she now looked for the living and the dead; the brother and the captain; alike vanished, never to return. Little accurate note of time had Hunilla

taken under such emotions as were hers, and little, outside herself, served for calendar or dial. As to poor Crusoe in the self-same sea, no saint's bell pealed forth the lapse of week or month; each day went by unchallenged; no chanticleer announced those sultry dawns, no lowing herds those poisonous nights. All wonted and steadily recurring sounds, human, or humanized by sweet fellowship with man, but one stirred that torrid trance,—the cry of dogs; save which nought but the rolling sea invaded it, an all pervading monotone; and to the widow that was the least loved voice she could have heard.

No wonder that as her thoughts now wandered to the unreturning ship, and were beaten back again, the hope against hope so struggled in her soul, that at length she desperately said, "Not yet, not yet; my foolish heart runs on too fast." So she forced patience for some further weeks. But to those whom earth's sure indraft draws, patience or impatience is still the same.

Hunilla now sought to settle precisely in her mind, to an hour, how long it was since the ship had sailed; and then, with the same precision, how long a space remained to pass. But this proved impossible. What present day or month it was she could not say. Time was her labyrinth, in which Hunilla was entirely lost.

And now follows—

Against my own purposes a pause descends upon me here. One knows not whether nature doth not impose some secrecy upon him who has been privy to certain things. At least, it is to be doubted whether it be good to blazon such. If some books are deemed most baneful and their sale forbid, how then with deadlier facts, not dreams of doting men? Those whom books will hurt will not be proof against events. Events, not books, should be forbid. But in all things man sows upon the wind, which bloweth just there whither it listeth; for ill or good man cannot know. Often ill comes from the good, as good from ill.

When Hunilla—

Dire sight it is to see some silken beast long dally with a golden lizard ere she devour. More terrible, to see how feline Fate will sometimes dally with a human soul, and by a nameless magic make it repulse one sane despair with another which is but mad. Unwittingly I imp this cat-like thing, sporting with the heart of him who reads; for if he feel not, he does read in vain.

—"The ship sails this day, to-day," at

last said Hunilla to herself; "this gives me certain time to stand on; without certainty I go mad. In loose ignorance I have hoped and hoped; now in firm knowledge I will but wait. Now I live and no longer perish in bewilderings. Holy Virgin, aid me! Thou wilt waft back the ship. Oh, past length of weary weeks—all to be dragged over—to buy the certainty of to-day, I freely give ye, though I tear ye from me!"

As mariners tossed in tempest on some desolate ledge patch them a boat out of the remnants of their vessel's wreck, and launch it in the self-same waves, see here Hunilla, this lone shipwrecked soul, out of treachery invoking trust. Humanity, thou strong thing. I worship thee, not in the laurelled victor, but in this vanquished one.

Truly Hunilla leaned upon a reed, a real one; no metaphor; a real Eastern reed. A piece of hollow cane, drifted from unknown isles, and found upon the beach, its once jagged ends rubbed smoothly even as by sand-paper; its golden glazing gone. Long ground between the sea and land, upper and nether stone, the unvarnished substance was filed bare, and wore another polish now, one with itself, the polish of its agony. Circular lines at intervals cut all round this surface, divided it into six panels of unequal length. In the first were scored the days, each tenth one marked by a longer and deeper notch; the second was scored for the number of sea-fowl eggs for sustenance, picked out from the rocky nests; the third, how many fish had been caught from the shore; the fourth, how many small tortoises found inland; the fifth, how many days of sun; the sixth, of clouds; which last, of the two, was the greater one. Long night of busy numbering, misery's mathematics, to weary her too-wakeful soul to sleep; yet sleep for that was none.

The panel of the days was deeply worn, the long tenth notches half effaced, as alphabets of the blind. Ten thousand times the longing widow had traced her finger over the bamboo; dull flute, which played on, gave no sound; as if counting birds flown by in air, would hasten tortoises creeping through the woods.

After the one hundred and eightieth day no further mark was seen; that last one was the faintest, as the first the deepest.

"There were more days," said our Captain; "many, many more; why did you not go on and notch them too, Hunilla?"

"Señor, ask me not."

"And meantime, did no other vessel pass the isle?"

"Nay, Señor;—but——"

"You do not speak; but *what*, Hunilla?"

"Ask me not, Señor."

"You saw ships pass, far away; you waved to them; they passed on;—was that it, Hunilla?"

"Señor, be it as you say."

Braced against her woe, Hunilla would not, durst not trust the weakness of her tongue. Then when our Captain asked whether any whale-boats had——

But no, I will not file this thing complete for scoffing souls to quote, and call it firm proof upon their side. The half shall here remain untold. Those two unnamed events which befell Hunilla on this isle, let them abide between her and her God. In nature, as in law, it may be libellous to speak some truths.

Still, how it was that although our vessel had lain three days anchored nigh the isle, its one human tenant should not have discovered us till just upon the point of sailing, never to revisit so lone and far a spot; this needs explaining ere the sequel come.

The place where the French captain had landed the little party was on the farther and opposite end of the isle. There too it was that they had afterwards built their hut. Nor did the widow in her solitude desert the spot where her loved ones had dwelt with her, and where the dearest of the twain now slept his last long sleep, and all her plaints awaked him not, and he of husbands the most faithful during life.

Now, high broken land rises between the opposite extremities of the isle. A ship anchored at one side is invisible from the other. Neither is the isle so small, but a considerable company might wander for days through the wilderness of one side, and never be seen, or their halloos heard, by any stranger holding aloof on the other. Hence Hunilla, who naturally associated the possible coming of ships with her own part of the isle, might to the end have remained quite ignorant of the presence of our vessel, were it not for a mysterious presentiment, borne to her, so our mariners averred, by this isle's enchanted air. Nor did the widow's answer undo the thought.

"How did you come to cross the isle this morning then, Hunilla?" said our Captain.

"Señor, something came flitting by me. It touched my cheek, my heart, Señor."

"What do you say, Hunilla?"

"I have said, Señor; something came through the air."

It was a narrow chance. For when in crossing the isle Hunilla gained the high land in the centre, she must then for the first have perceived our masts, and also marked that their sails were being loosed, perhaps even heard the echoing chorus of the windlass song. The strange ship was about to sail, and she behind. With all haste she now descends the height on the hither side, but soon loses sight of the ship among the sunken jungles at the mountain's base. She struggles on through the withered branches, which seek at every step to bar her path, till she comes to the isolated rock, still some way from the water. This she climbs, to reassure herself. The ship is still in plainest sight. But now worn out with over tension, Hunilla all but faints; she fears to step down from her giddy perch; she is feign to pause, there where she is, and as a last resort catches the turban from her head, unfurls and waves it over the jungles towards us.

During the telling of her story the mariners formed a voiceless circle round Hunilla and the Captain; and when at length the word was given to man the fastest boat, and pull round to the isle's thither side, to bring away Hunilla's chest and the tortoise-oil; such alacrity of both cheery and sad obedience seldom before was seen. Little ado was made. Already the anchor had been recommitted to the bottom, and the ship swung calmly to it.

But Hunilla insisted upon accompanying the boat as indispensable pilot to her hidden hut. So being refreshed with the best the steward could supply, she started with us. Nor did ever any wife of the most famous admiral in her husband's barge receive more silent reverence of respect, than poor Hunilla from this boat's crew.

Rounding many a vitreous cape and bluff, in two hours' time we shot inside the fatal reef; wound into a secret cove, looked up along a green many-gabled lava wall, and saw the island's solitary dwelling.

It hung upon an impending cliff, sheltered on two sides by tangled thickets, and half-screened from view in front by jutting of the rude stairway, which climbed the precipice from the sea. Built of canes, it was thatched with long, mildewed grass. It seemed an abandoned hayrick, whose haymakers were now no more. The roof inclined but one way; the eaves coming to within two feet of

the ground. And here was a simple apparatus to collect the dews, or rather doubly-distilled and finest winnowed rains, which, in mercy or in mockery, the night-skies sometimes drop upon these blighted Encantadas. All along beneath the eaves, a spotted sheet, quite weather-stained, was spread, pinned to short, upright stakes, set in the shallow sand. A small clinker, thrown into the cloth, weighed its middle down, thereby straining all moisture into a calabash placed below. This vessel supplied each drop of water ever drunk upon the isle by the Cholos. Hunilla told us the calabash would sometimes, but not often, be half filled over-night. It held six quarts, perhaps. "But," said she, "we were used to thirst. At Sandy Payta, where I live, no shower from heaven ever fell; all the water there is brought on mules from the inland vales."

Tied among the thickets were some twenty moaning tortoises, supplying Hunilla's lonely larder; while hundreds of vast tabled black bucklers, like displaced, shattered tomb-stones of dark slate, were also scattered round. These were the skeleton backs of those great tortoises from which Felipe and Truxill had made their precious oil. Several large calabashes and two goodly kegs were filled with it. In a pot near by were the caked crusts of a quantity which had been permitted to evaporate. "They meant to have strained it off next day," said Hunilla, as she turned aside.

I forgot to mention the most singular sight of all, though the first that greeted us after landing; memory keeps not in all things to the order of occurrence.

Some ten small, soft-haired, ringleted dogs, of a beautiful breed, peculiar to Peru, set up a concert of glad welcomings when we gained the beach, which was responded to by Hunilla. Some of these dogs had, since her widowhood, been born upon the isle, the progeny of the two brought from Payta. Owing to the jagged steep and pitfalls, tortuous thickets, sunken clefts and perilous intricacies of all sorts in the interior; Hunilla, admonished by the loss of one favorite among them, never allowed these delicate creatures to follow her in her occasional birds'-nests climbs and other wanderings; so that, through long habituation, they offered not to follow, when that morning she crossed the land; and her own soul was then too full of other things to heed their lingering behind. Yet, all along she had so clung to them, that, besides what *moisture they lapped up at early day-*

break from the small scoop-holes among the adjacent rocks, she had shared the dew of her calabash among them; never laying by any considerable store against those prolonged and utter droughts, which in some disastrous seasons warp these isles.

Having pointed out, at our desire, what few things she would like transported to the ship—her chest, the oil, not omitting the live tortoises which she intended for a grateful present to our Captain—we immediately set to work, carrying them to the boat down the long, sloping stair of deeply-shadowed rock. While my comrades were thus employed, I looked, and Hunilla had disappeared.

It was not curiosity alone, but, it seems to me, something different mingled with it, which prompted me to drop my tortoises, and once more gaze slowly around. I remembered the husband buried by Hunilla's hands. A narrow pathway led into a dense part of the thickets. Following it through many mazes, I came out upon a small, round, open space, deeply chambered there.

The mound rose in the middle; a bare heap of finest sand, like that unweathered heap found at the bottom of an hour-glass run out. At its head stood the cross of withered sticks; the dry, pealed bark still fraying from it; its transverse limb tied up with rope, and forlornly adroop in the silent air.

Hunilla was partly prostrate upon the grave; her dark head bowed, and lost in her long, loosened Indian hair; her hands extended to the cross-foot, with a little brass crucifix clasped between; a crucifix worn featureless, like an ancient graven knocker long plied in vain. She did not see me, and I made no noise, but slid aside, and left the spot.

A few moments ere all was ready for our going, she reappeared among us. I looked into her eyes, but saw no tear. There was something which seemed strangely haughty in her air, and yet it was the air of woe. A Spanish and an Indian grief, which would not visibly lament. Pride's height in vain abased to proneness on the rock; nature's pride subduing nature's torture.

Like pages the small and silken dogs surrounded her, as she slowly descended towards the beach. She caught the two most eager creatures in her arms:—"Mia Teeta! Mia Tomoteeta!" and fondling them, inquired how many could we take on board.

The mate commanded the boat's crew; not a hard-hearted man, but his way of

life had been such that in most things, even in the smallest, simple utility was his leading motive.

"We cannot take them all, Hunilla; our supplies are short; the winds are unreliable; we may be a good many days going to Tombez. So take those you have, Hunilla; but no more."

She was in the boat; the oarsmen too were seated; all save one, who stood ready to push off and then spring himself. With the sagacity of their race, the dogs now seemed aware that they were in the very instant of being deserted upon a barren strand. The gunwales of the boat were high; its prow—presented inland—was lifted; so owing to the water, which they seemed instinctively to shun, the dogs could not well leap into the little craft. But their busy paws hardscraped the prow, as it had been some farmer's door shutting them out from shelter in a winter storm. A clamorous agony of alarm. They did not howl, or whine; they all but spoke.

"Push off! Give way!" cried the mate. The boat gave one heavy drag and lurch, and next moment shot swiftly from the beach, turned on her heel, and sped. The dogs ran howling along the water's marge; now pausing to gaze at the flying boat, then motioning as if to leap in chase, but mysteriously withheld themselves; and again ran howling along the beach. Had they been human beings hardly would they have more vividly in-

spired the sense of desolation. The oars were plied as confederate feathers of two wings. No one spoke. I looked back upon the beach, and then upon Hunilla, but her face was set in a stern dusky calm. The dogs crouching in her lap vainly licked her rigid hands. She never looked behind her; but sat motionless, till we turned a promontory of the coast and lost all sights and sounds astern. She seemed as one, who having experienced the sharpest of mortal pangs, was henceforth content to have all lesser heart-strings riven, one by one. To Hunilla, pain seemed so necessary, that pain in other beings, though by love and sympathy made her own, was unrepiningly to be borne. A heart of yearning in a frame of steel. A heart of earthly yearning, frozen by the frost which falleth from the sky.

The sequel is soon told. After a long passage, vexed by calms and baffling winds, we made the little port of Tombez in Peru, there to recruit the ship. Payta was not very distant. Our captain sold the tortoise oil to a Tombez merchant; and adding to the silver a contribution from all hands, gave it to our silent passenger, who knew not what the mariners had done.

The last seen of lone Hunilla she was passing into Payta town, riding upon a small gray ass; and before her on the ass's shoulders, she eyed the jointed workings of the beast's armorial cross.

(To be continued.)

SORRENTO.

PASS, hazy dream of drowsing noon!
Wake, Naples, with thy nightly glow!
O'er Capri's stately cloud the moon
Her golden crescent raises slow.

Those stars among the orange blooms
Outshine the wanderers of the skies;
More sweet than evening's still perfumes
Love's voiceless longings rise.

Of white and tremulous hopes she weaves
Her bridal crown the moon beneath.
Shine on, bright moon! those buds and leaves
Will be fair in a funeral wreath!

CONNECTICUT GEORGICS.

I "FARMED it" two summers, when I was eleven and twelve years old. I had been brought up within a paved city; was lean, white, slender, school-worn, bookish. Analyzing now the phases of interior life which I only experienced then, I seem to have been impregnated with city associations; or rather the boy's soul in me was paved over with brick and stone, like the walls whose hot reflections smote my eyes in summer, and girded me in always. I can remember how I shed a shrunken epidermis, as it were, like a moulting crab, as if I really grew inwardly by the fresh fulness of the country. I found that, besides the side of human life on which I had theretofore been gazing; dry and scaly with brick and stone, dead and still on Sundays, dinning and resounding all the week with the clash of pavements under armed heel and hoof, with rattle and groan of wheels—the unrelenting and desperate onwardness of the great Yankee dollar-chase;—that, besides this, there was another—infinite, calm, peaceful, sun-lighted, dewy, free, full of life, unconstrained, fresh, vigorous—the world of God; as the city is the world of men—and of devils.

I was to enter upon my agricultural novitiate under the tutorship of an uncle, a farmer near the south shore of Connecticut. I departed for my destination early one morning in the end of Spring, from my city home in the interior of the State, riding in the wagon of a certain landholder from my uncle's vicinity, who had come thither on business in his private conveyance. All the day I rode southward, through town and village, wood and field, in the absorbing trance of deep delight which a child enjoys in any discursive or adventurous enterprise, however humble. Every thing was enjoyable. The steady, binary progression of the old farm-horse's persistent trot; the rattling of the bones of the hard-seated and springless wagon; the boundless woods, full of new forms and colors, on rocks, branches and leaves; sprinkled on surface, and permeated through unfathomable depths, with sparkling specks of sunlight; the occasional chip squirrel, provincially called "chipmunk," jerking or gliding along the fences; sometimes a "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw"—a red or gray compeer of the rodent tribe—a beast which I was almost as much surprised to see, at least outside of a rotatory tin gymnasium, as if he had been a giraffe or an ornithorhyn-

chus; the wide, open fields, with their "industrial regiments" on active service, in undress uniform; the twisting and writhing trout-brooks; the quiet and composed rivers; the steep hills, and deep, still ponds, of each of which the neighbors aver with pride that the bottom has never been found—a fact, perhaps, to be accounted for by its never having been considered worth looking after;—all were new, all overflowing with light, and life, and joy.

I was startled at being vanquished by my companion in a strife, with whose weapons I had presumed him unacquainted. I began to "tell stories," and at first acquitted myself to my satisfaction; but soon I found that I had met my match. Mr. N.'s talents as a *raconteur* were infinitely above my own. Not only were his stories funnier than mine, but whenever I boggled, he kindly suggested the missing matter; and when I did not boggle, he invariably furnished an improved catastrophe.

We stopped to dine at the house of a farmer. And then and there—with shame I tell it—did I first feel the excitement of the intoxicating cup. That excitement, however, did not in the present instance exhibit itself in the gorgeous colors poetically supposed to clothe it. The flowing bowl was represented, upon the pine "mahogany" of our Connecticut Amphitryon, by a broken-nosed earthen pitcher; and the mighty wine, by equally mighty cider, of so hard a texture that our host stated that it could only with great difficulty be bitten off by the partaker, at the end of his draught. Of this seductive fluid I drank two tumblers-full; and to me, unconscious and verdant, it tasted good, as sour things are wont to do to children. But a quick retribution came upon me. The puckery stuff began to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder, with a promptitude not adverted to by Solomon.

We came safe to our journey's end; arriving, as the evening fell, at the farmstead, my summer home. Darkness was already gathering among the thick shadowing of great elms and prin locusts in the wide dooryard. Piles of saw-mill slabs fortified the woodpile, which, paved with chips, the mangled remains of slaughtered King Log, spread before the "stoop"; a façade of lofty barns—the "old" barn and the "new"—were ranged across the background in the north, shel-

tering the lane, into which we had driven, and which, leaving woodpile and stoop to the east, led northward to the abutting front of the two barnyards. A woodshed, opening to the south, ran out from the house, displaying, within, a vast and miscellaneous concourse of firewood, lumber, tools, and all the mechanico-agricultural apparatus of a farmer's tinkering shop. Entering the house, after greeting due, and a proper refection for my inner boy, I was speedily asleep; and, next morning early, was enrolled in the ranks of industry, and detailed for skirmishing and outpost service: in other words, I was promoted to the captaincy over a platoon of "milky mothers," whose daily march to and from near and distant pastures I was to guard and guide. By appropriate degrees, I was led deeper and deeper within the agricultural mysteries of planting and hoeing, and the aftercoming work of haying and harvest.

Perhaps descriptions of a few separate days' experience will best portray what manner of life I led.

THE FRESH MEADOW.

With empty cart and full dinner-pails, we set out early for the assault upon the June grass. The "fresh meadow" was a level intervalle, the road to which ran through a large upland mowing lot, descended through a secret chasm in a ledge of rocks crowned with trees, and led us out into the open sunny meadow behind, like the downward paths by which princes in fairy tales descend into realms of underground loveliness, ruled by expectant queens.

In such expeditions I took my first lessons in the ox-compelling art. The mysteries of "haw" and "gee," of "hwo" and "hwhish"—the last an outlandish Vermontese barbarism, signifying "back," were duly explained. The cartwhip exercise was demonstrated; whose adaptation to the intellectual capacities of the bovine race is marked by the simplicity of genius. For the single lesson taught the ox appeals with metaphysical truth to the desire of happiness common to beasts with men; and with practical wisdom develops in a utilitarian direction his natural instinct to get away from what hurts him. If, therefore, I wish him to go forward, I "flick" him *à posteriori*; if I would have him retrogress, I pound his nose with the whipstock; if he should come towards me, I touch him up on the further side with the lash, and if he should go from me, I prod his hither ribs with the butt. These ma-

nœuvres having been accompanied with dexterous intonations of the four aforesaid sounds, together with "go 'lang!" "what are ye 'ba-a-a-ut?" and other interjections hortatory, mandatory, and sometimes, I grieve to say, imprecatory, all developed by skilful teamsters into many wonderful, intricate, and imaginative variations executed through the nose, the intelligent beast gradually learns to do, at the sound alone, what he did at first, at the sound accompanied with action. Some imagine that herein is the true solution of the myth of Amphiön's song, viz.: He played—a Greek prototype of the great Italian fiddler—a pagan Paganini—upon a one-stringed *πλέκτρον*, *plectrum*, or whip (comp. *plago*, *plagare*, to scourge), which he accompanied with the voice, probably in the Lydian mode; and as he worked powerfully upon the feelings of his cattle, by his vigorous instrumental performance, executed *fortissimo*, *forestissimo*, *sforzando*, and *con fuoco molto*, so, when he performed as vocal solos these impassioned variations upon one string, the vivid recollections of his masterly instrumentation induced his cattle to manoeuvre with such remarkable agility, as to give rise to the present slightly varied account, that he played to the beasts, instead of *on* them. This, however, is a digression, for which, now that I have followed it out to my satisfaction, I ask pardon.

Theory such as I have adverted to was imparted to me; and very soon I flourished the pliant hickory, and bawled out the scientific monosyllables with a nasality as easy and workmanlike as that of any Bill or Joe, to the manner born.

The meadow is entered; the cart left in a corner, resting on its wheels and long nose, like that Australian bird who locates himself, for his ease, tripodwise upon his two legs and his bill; the dinner-pails are sheltered in its shadow; scythes are hung and whetted, and "forward four." The best man goes foremost; and the strong-backed scythemen, each with "rifle" or whetstone in his red right hand, girded low and tight, stepping wide and bending forward, seem to gesture the falling grass into the long straight swaths which grow close under and after the left hand of each.

"And forward, and forward,
Resistlessly they go;
For strong arms wave the long keen glaive
That vibrates down below."

Is any thing more inspiring than the "rhythmic sweep" of a platoon of mowers? They seem to beat the time to some mysterious marching music. Strength is

magnificently shown; no labor will better test the thews and sinews of a man. The same indescribable joy arises from the simultaneous steady movement that pulsates out from the heavy tread of marching men, and the symmetrical involutions of a hall of dancers. And there is rapid and continual progress. Abundant conditions of excitement are in the operations of a band of mowers. If strength, action, rhythm, simultaneity, and success, in concrete and vivid presentation, will not stir pulses of deep pleasure in a man's soul, he should be kicked out of decent society as an undoubted traitor and incendiary, or sent to the School for the Training and Teaching of Idiots, as a pitiable instance of that anticlimax of mental negation whose two higher degrees are (see Dr. S. G. Howe's Reports) simpleton and fool—as a fully undeveloped idiot.

Away go the mowers, halfway round the field; and now they stand erect, and the ringing reduplicating clash of the whetstones comes back upon their steps. But I too must perform my office. With ardor I inquire, like the revolutionary orator, "Why stand we here idle?" and with a "peaked stick" I descend in fury upon the slain. The red-top and daisies are tossed abroad upon the four winds; and with an ennobling consciousness of power, and working out certain dim conceptions of a grand military march, by brandishing my stick in unison with the alternation of advancing steps, I sweep up and down the field in a centrifugacious halo of scattered gramineæ, feeling, as nearly as I can judge, very much like a cyclone.

But over what tremendous volcanoes of thinly covered agonies and horrid throes of pain are all hollow human exultations enacted! In the midst of my stormful march, a frightful dart of Eblis, a sharp sudden stroke, precipitated as by diabolical propulsion from some far distant sphere of malignant wrath, smites me full upon the forehead. A shrieking diphthongal OU! and a lofty *entrechat* are the involuntary introductions of my *debut* as "*Le danseur malgré lui*." Several millions of minute yellow devils, with black stripes and a "voice and hideous hum," stimulate me into an inconceivably rapid and intricate war-dance, accompanied by a solo *obligato* upon the human voice. I have, in short, trodden upon a yellow hornets' nest. The Briarean evolutions of my hands knock off my hat. An enterprising "bird" forthwith ensconces himself among my locks, and proceeds to harpoon me at his leisure. I seem to scrub out every hair, such is the promptitude and velocity

of the friction which I apply. But I despair of maintaining my position, the enemy having made a lodgment within the citadel. I run as nobody ever ran before, and suddenly turn and flee at a sharp angle to my first course, in order that the momentum of my foes may throw them off my track. But they turn as quickly as I, sticking much closer than either a friend or a brother would do. I see the brook before me, I go headforemost, splash! into a deep hole, where I stumble, fall, choke, and am picked out by the mowers, who are nearly helpless with laughter. I have swallowed several quarts of warm brook-water, screeched until I cannot whisper, expended more strength and breath than it seems possible that I should ever recover; have endured and am enduring more pain than ten hydrophobiacs; and with one eye fast shut and swelled into a hard red lump of agony, and sundry abnormal "organs" extemporizing cranial evidence of a most unsymmetrical character, I lie helpless, blind, sopping, and sobbing in a swath of fresh, cool, green grass, until time, salt, and plantain leaves assuage most of the pain. I know what hornets are, at least in their foreign relations; but the single item of knowledge is no equivalent for the difficulties under which it was pursued. What fiends they are! Did the Inquisition ever try hornets on any particularly refractory captive?

Soon comes the dinner time, indicated to the observant farmers, by the proportions of shadow and sunlight, upon the roof of a certain barn. We made a nest in bushes and long grass, within the shadow of great trees, and squatted Turk-like around a service of tin crockery, brown paper and bark, whereon were displayed salt beef, cold boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and a specimen of rye gingerbread, which, for weight and tenacity, might be a mass of native copper, from Lake Superior. The food disappears rapidly, under the direction of jack-knives and one-pronged forks, whittled from sticks. The jug clucks and chuckles to the affectionate kisses of the thirsty workmen, and much refreshed, they take a short "nooning" to tell stories, gossip or sleep, and go to work again.

Haymakers cure in the afternoon what they kill in the morning. At two or three o'clock the mowing ceases, and the raking begins. In this operation, the weakest goes first, that the strongest man may take the heaviest raking; so I am *ex officio* leader. I must fall smartly to, to keep ahead, or my rear-rank man will

take my heels off; and for a while I go bravely on. But the peculiar hold, and sliding manipulation of the "rake's-tail" soon tell on my city-bred hands. The insides of my thumbs, and the space between them and my fingers, is first red and then raw; and by the time that the grass lies in winrows, I have done enough. Before sunset the winrows are rolled into cocks, which are shaped conewise, and skilfully shingle-laid for shedding of rain; and with a small load of new hay, hastily pitched upon the cart, for immediate use, we return home.

Close after sunset is milking; after milking, supper; after supper, prayers; and after prayers, sleep; which, indeed, had made an irruption from its legitimate domain, in the chambers above, and taken me at a disadvantage—when I was "down," on my knees, as in duty bound. The steady unmodulated evenness of my uncle's reading—for the family was Episcopalian—and the full melody of the words, put me quickly asleep; and I reluctantly rise, retire, and undress; reluctantly, because the motion charms away the drowsy god into whose embrace I sank so softly, and leaves me broad awake to lie down in bed. But I soon forget that and every other trouble, and know no more until daybreak.

THE SALT MEADOW.

SALT is good. Men like it, and beasts. To cattle, however, near the sea, is often given an allowance of "salt hay," instead of the pure condiment. Salt hay is of two principal sorts, called, where my information was obtained, "salt grass" and "black-grass." There is also a sedge, which grows along the river-sides and in ditches and marshes; a coarse, sword-shaped grass, used for thatching or litter. The salt-grass and black-grass, are fine short grasses, growing upon the level surfaces called "salt meadows." These are alluvial deposits of a strange unctuous marine mud, stretching along the coast in recesses, and up river valleys; a curious half vegetable earth, soft, black, slippery. A twenty-foot pole may be often thrust down into it without finding bottom. Indeed, it sometimes does a very fair business in the quicksand line. Somewhere under the surface of a very smooth-faced salt-meadow, a little east of New Haven, are the duplicate and triplicate of some furlongs of embankment, swallowed down by an unexpected abyss beneath, at the expense and to the chagrin of the New

Haven and New London Railroad Company.

The salt grass is of a bright yellowish green;—a beautiful hue in healthy vegetation, although elsewhere peculiarly sickly—and the black-grass, as its name imports, of a very dark green. The stretches of meadow are like great patches of particolored velvet, so soft is the tone of color given by the fineness of the grass and the delicacy of its tints. Rocks, and patches of upland called islands by the farmers, stand out here and there, above the level line of the salt land, as distinctly as any sea-island from the water; and as into the sea, points and promontories of upland project into it.

The salt haying is later than the upland haying, and in sundry details varies from it. The day in the salt meadow was an adventurous expedition to me; for we had to start early and return late, living several miles up the country. The scene of action, too, was strange and new; open to the sea on one side, swept by the salt breezes, looked in upon by the silent ships that all day long went trooping by, haunted by queer shore-birds and odd reptiles, covered and edged by grotesque plants; a whole new world to an up-country boy. My work was light, for the grass was thin and easy to spread; and I used to spend much of the day in the desultory wanderings that children love. I strolled among the sedge and sought muscles; poked sticks down by the "fiddlers' " holes, and caught the odd occupant by his single claw, as he fled up from the supposed earthquake; chased the said fiddler—a small gray one-clawed crab, who scuttles and dodges about as jerkily and nimbly as a fiddler's elbow, whence his name—as he ran about the banks; raked out oysters from the river-bed close by, and learned the inhuman art of eating them raw; investigated the scabby patches of naked mud, which lie here and there among the grass; rheumy sore-looking places, plantless, crusted over with dry scales, as if a cutaneous disease had destroyed the life of the surface, from an excess, perhaps, of salt, causing humors in the ground, and exanthematous disorders. Or I watched the boatmen, who occasionally "dropped kellick" in the river channel, and plied the oyster-tongs. These are a ferocious hybrid between an iron-toothed rake and a pair of scissors; having the long handles, cross-head and teeth of the former, and the pivotal interduplication of the latter; so that at fifteen or twenty feet under water, the iron teeth bite between each other, like the fingers

of clasped hands, gripping firmly whatever is between them. Or I rambled off to one of the tree-crowned "islands" afore mentioned—I always fancied that they were not standing still, but slowly gliding along the meadow, wandering off down to the sea—and explored their nooks and corners. The day waned pleasantly, under strange influences. A vague and dreamy feeling of exploratory desire pervaded the atmosphere. The level land, the level sea, the bright horizon afar over the water, the wide and open views, the dancing of the distance in the hot air, the silent motion of the winged ships, the sighing of the steady wind, as if it felt relief at gliding unbroken over the expanse; the notion of vastness and the dim suggestion of the distance, spoke to all the melancholy longings, and questioning, yearning thoughts that sleep in children's minds—but are too often murdered by ungenial training before they wake.

Then there were curious inventions of husbandry. The meadow is often too soft to bear the loaded cart. Sometimes the elastic greasy crust unexpectedly lets through the wheel, or the feet of the cattle. Then the lofty load careens, and slides off; the oxen kick and plunge while the meadow holds them fast by the heels, or sink to their bellies, and stand still until unyoked, and left to crawl unimpeded out. Sometimes all the chains in the meadow are hitched to the cart-tongue, leading to firm ground; and half-a-dozen teams united drag the distant load ashore. But if the danger of the muddy depths has been wisely foreseen, a "meadow sled" carries the burden safely over. This is a stout drag, consisting of two wide runners well framed together, and so made as to fit under the axle-tree without lifting the wheels from the ground. It is chained to its place, like a peddler's bull-dog; and on this additional bearing, the cart goes securely sliding about over smooth grass and slimy mud, almost as easily as over snow. If even that precaution is judged insufficient, the hay is "poled out." Two stout "hay poles" are thrust beneath the heap, and two men, one behind and one before, carrying it, as upon a sedan, to terra firma. This is sometimes a troublesome business. Mosquitoes are terrifically rife in some parts of the salt meadows. They will rise on one's track almost in a solid mass, and pursue with a wolfishly, bloodthirsty pertinacity, which is pretty sure to result in anger, slaps, and blood. This may not be absolutely unendurable, so long as the hands are free to slap; but when you have a heavy hay

cock squatting on the poles, of which you carry one end, you are pinned; and then, of the above mixture, slaps being unavailable, there remains only the anger and the blood; of which you monopolize the former, and the gentleman with the "little bill" the latter. There is another ugly insect, rarely seen, at least in Connecticut, except upon the salt meadows. It is an enormous black fly, half as large again as a "bull bumble-bee," and a great deal more troublesome. He is a bloody villain, and a truculent. He carries in his snout a machine compounded of a bradawl and a pump, with which he perforates and depletes his victims; and he sings bass. One of these rascals will make a horse or a yoke of oxen nearly crazy. They will bear tolerably well to be all speckled over with mosquitoes or "green-heads," if they can't get rid of them; but this monster carries too many guns. They cannot stand so deliberate and extensive a stab as his; and unless he is forthwith dispatched or driven off, they may be expected to execute antics more energetic than useful.

THE WHITEFISHING.

SUCH was a day in the salt meadows. But the pleasantest days of my farming, were days of fishing. The sea is an inexhaustible storehouse of fertilizers to the farmers of the coast. Rockweed, seaweed, mud, shells and whitefish, are carted up the country as far as eight or ten miles, and spread upon the land, or deposited in the barn-yard. Thus the bounty of the sea balances the sterility of the granite formation along the sound.

The whitefish is a herring-like fish, very bony and oily, which comes in the summer in shoals, called by the fishermen "schools," from unknown regions toward the ever mysterious East, out of the realms of the sea. They are caught by millions and sold by thousands; and are a st—smell, I mean, in the nostrils of those who flee by railroad from the stifling city to Sachem's Head, and to the other shoreward haunts of the "upper ten." But they make corn and potatoes grow nicely: and I found that after working a day or two among their unburied remains, I was not affected either mentally, by the ghastly appearance of the defunct, or physically, by their exhalations.

They come up into harbors and coves to feed, as is supposed—for I don't know that any body has actually seen them at it—and while they are at table, a long seine is dropped round them, and they are en-

snared. But all this does not give the history of my day.

We rise in advance of the regular hours, for the "fish-house" is five miles away, and the day must needs be long. Well provisioned in stomach and basket, we set out before light, afoot. Our way lies for some distance along one side of a river valley, down a crooked straggling country road, dodging about through patches of woods, round hard-headed rocky ledges, and passing here and there a solitary house yet alone in the perfect stillness of early morning. The trampling steps and rustic voices of our party broke rudely forward into the yet unviolated silence of the night; which seemed to flee along wood and field, and always to be couching shyly before us, hoping to rest at last undisturbed. We came to a cross-road, at which our former path ended; but our veteran leader unfalteringly guided us across it, through a barn-yard opposite, around the cow-shed, down the lane, through a pair of bars under an apple-tree; and we entered upon one of the footpaths that mark up all country neighborhoods—sneaking about under mysterious shades and remote hill sides, or edging along by pasture fences, and disappearing under a log, or tapering off into a mouse track; but which lead the initiated to many a destination much to be desired for work or for sport. This one led us under an orchard of apple-trees all drenched in dew, through a mowing-lot or two, over a ridge thinly set with trees, and out upon the last swell of the sinking upland, where it sloped away into the wide open level of the salt meadows, and looked out upon the sea beyond, which gleamed out from under the morning mists (for by this time the sun looked out upon the landscape), and came brimming up in the fulness of the flood-tide to the limit of the low beach, as if meditating a good run and roll across the meadow. Now we could see the river again, all swollen and black with the regorged salt water, creeping half choked and crookedly about in the meadow, between two narrow edgings of sedge, as you may see a burly face within a slender rim of whisker. As we descended upon the salt alluvium, the plague of mosquitoes arose upon us. After every man, as after Fergus MacIvor Vich Ian Vohr, went a tail of devoted followers: and like his, ours proposed to make a living out of their leader. Content now dwelt in cowhide boots; much grumbling and some blood came from those whose ankles were yarn-defended only; and an irregular fire of

slaps did considerable execution among the foe, as they came piping and singing to the onset, like Milton's devils. Thus escorted, in the style of Bon Gaultier's Thairshon—

"With four and twenty men,
And five and twenty pipers,"

we crossed the marsh to the stygian seeming river, crossed the river in a stygian seeming skiff, rickety and patched, which was dislodged from a cunning concealment in a sedgy ditch and "sculled" (not an inappropriate motive power for the skiff of the dead; undoubtedly Charon's method of propulsion) with one hand by our dextrous chief, and resumed our dreary and slippery walk on the other side. Now the fish-house loomed up on the neighboring beach, looking, on its solitary rocky perch, as large as a farm-house, but shrinking as we approached, until as we entered it, it became definitely about twelve feet square, and seven feet "between joints." It was fitted up with half a dozen bunks filled with salt hay for bedding, a table and chairs rather halt, a fire-place, a closet, an attic, a kettle, a fryingpan, sundry other cooking utensils, and an extensive assortment of antique and grotesque garments. Hats consisting of a large hole edged with a narrow rim, great rusty boots, trousers such as if a young tornado had worn and torn them, and horrid red shirts, sat, stood, lay and hung, on floor, chairs, bedside or rafters, as though a troop of imps had been rioting up and down in them, and at the opening of the door by mortal men, had instantaneously jumped out and fled.

The provisions were stored in the closet, and the members of the "fish-gang" disguised themselves in piratical outfits from the aforesaid ready-made stock, leaving their decent clothes for their return home, and becoming, in their wild and ragged gear, entirely independent of moisture and of mud. Next, they hauled up the boat—a great clumsy, flat-bottomed, heavy-sterned scow, equipped with a capstan forward and a platform aft to carry the seine—and having beached her in front of the reel, proceeded to unreel and ship the seine, ready for setting. We boys armed ourselves with old hoes and tin pots, and marched off to dig long clams, with an eye to a stew at home, and to the inveigling of certain blackfish, sea-bass, and other of the Neptunian herds, understood to be lurking and wandering around the rocks in front of the fish-house, at proper times of tide. When the seine was all aboard, the fishermen sat down on the sand and

rocks, and one climbed the signal-pole, to look out for a "school" of fish.

The fish-house was on a point at the western end of a somewhat shallow bay, whose shore, a silver-sanded beach, ran curving round to the point on the other side. The fish, as before mentioned, always come from the eastward; working up into the shallows, skittering and skimming in sport along the surface, or fleeing in haste before the sharks or porpoises or other great fish who follow after them for their meals: and the wide dark ripple of the whole shoal, the racing spatter of a frightened few, or the bay all dotted with the quietly emergent little black black-fins, or tails flourishing aloft preparatory to a dive after lunch, are the signs that betray his booty to the fisherman's eye. "I see a *flag!*" sings out an ardent youth. Flag is, metaphorically, tail, from its flaunting display by the ambitious owner. The experienced elders don't see it, probably because the young man saw it first; but immediately the great "school" with one consent deploys upon the smooth surface of the bay, and ten thousand back fins and tails dot the quiet water, which ripples and rustles with the glancing mass of life within its bosom. Hoes and tin pots are cast aside, as we rush to see the sport; for the fishermen have sprung for the boat, in excitement intense, but repressed for fear of alarming the timid fish. They launch their awkward craft, and softly pull away to seaward, amid smothered prophecies of from ten to a hundred and fifty thousand fish, and under the captaincy of steady old Uncle Jim Langdon, who stands in the stern-sheets to direct the rowers and to deliver over the net. He guides the boat by ordering the oarsmen; not with the salt phrases of oceanic seamanship, but with the same words that rule old Buck and Bright, at his farmstead up by the East Woods. "Haw now, Bill, a little; haw I tell you; there, go 'long." Now he lifts off the wide net, as the "warp," left fastened to the capstan ashore, under the reel, drags it silently down into the water, and the lengthening line of floats, bobs and wavers upon the sea. "Haw a little; haw boat; pull now; pull! Con-found their darned pickers," says Uncle Jim, in a sudden revulsion of wrath, for all the fish have suddenly sunk, and there is danger that they will disgracefully sneak out under the lower edge of the net while it hangs in deep water, and walk away each with his tongue in his cheek, leaving the fishermen only "fisherman's luck." "There, there they are ag'in," says the old man,

as the black points stick out once more:—"Go it. Come, pull ahead." And the heavy boat sweeps slowly round the fish, until the whole seine, eighty rods long, just a quarter of a mile, hangs in the sea around them.

"Unconscious of their fate, the little victims play,"

and the fishermen beach the boat at the other side of the bay, carry the warp at that end to the further capstan, and prepare to haul. Now there is need of "all hands and the cook;" for the sooner the warp can be wound in upon the capstans, the sooner the net will range up into shallow water, where the danger of losing fish under the lead-line will be over. Both capstans are manned, and boys and men shove round the bars on the "keen jump," until soon the staff at either end of the net comes riding up the beach. Now comes hard pulling; for the rest of the net must be drawn in by hand, and it holds many fish and much water, besides the drag of the corks on the surface and of the lead-line on the bottom. Slowly and steadily come the two ends of the net, hand over hand, piled up as it comes in on the beach. A fish or two appears, hung by the gills in the meshes. A troop of innocent-looking fellows come darting along from the middle of the net, having just discovered that they are inside of something. Now the fact becomes universally known among the ensnared; and they dart backward and forward by hundreds and by fifties, seeking escape. There is none. They are crowded closer and closer within their narrowing prison-house. The water thickens, rustles, boils with them. And now, a great throbbing slippery mass, they lie squeezed up together in the bag of the net, while two exultant captors run for baskets. And a boat-hook; for Uncle Jim points out a long black thong like a carter's whip, slung out once or twice above the seething whitefish, announcing the dreaded sting-ray; and certain wallops elsewhere advise of the presence of a shark. The baskets come. Two men take each, dip them full of flapping fish, carry them up the beach, and throw them down to die, between hot sun and hotter sand. After twenty minutes of such work, the dippers dip carefully, lest they get a stroke from the ray, who has sunk quietly to the bottom, or a nip from his cousin the "sea-attorney." Somebody has hit the "stinger," as they call him, and he wallops up to the surface, and snaps his long tail about. Suddenly a bold young fellow grips the extremity of it, and with both hands holds tight

singing out sharply, while the great flat clumsy fish wabbles and "flops" this way and that way, nearly hauling his captor over upon his nose among the fish, "*Jab* the boat-hook into him, quick, will ye?" Chunk! it goes, fairly into the creature's back; four men seize the hook-staff, and walk the big sting-ray bodily out ashore, his first friend steering him behind by the tail. Poor old ray! he lies wounded and bleeding on the dry, hot sand, guggling and choking, helpless and doomed. I run and jump up before him, whereupon he unexpectedly gives a strange loud watery snort, and wallops almost off the ground, as if, like Mr. Briggs' pickerel (see *London Punch*), he were going to "fly at me, and bark like a dog." It scares me, until I reflect upon his locomotive disadvantages, and so I repeat my irritating gambadoes, until the monster is too dead to notice them. He weighs at least five hundred pounds; and is long enough and broad enough to cover a table for six. His three "stings" are cut off and given me to scrape, wash and preserve, with strict cautions from the friendly fishermen against allowing the sharp points or barbs, or the poisonous black slime adhering to them, to get through my skin. These "stings" are tapering two-edged daggers of hard white bone, set flatwise one over the other upon the upper side of the ray's tail, and so jointed on that they can be erected and made to stand out like three fingers stretched apart. The ends, and the barbs that point backwards along the sides, are as sharp as needles, and will inflict a frightful ragged cut. No wound is more dangerous or more dreaded. The slimy black venom which sticks all over the stings lodges in the lesion, and the unlucky recipient of the ray's blow is in imminent danger of lock-jaw. A friend of mine was hit by one of these ugly things in the ankle. The barbed blade caught among the sinews, and drew one of them fairly out from the leg—a red and white string a foot long. He was laid up long with the consequent inflammation and fever; had lock-jaw; almost died; and halts yet upon the leg which the "stinger" stung. Of the three stings which the fishermen gave me, I send one to the Editor of *Putnam's Monthly* with these sheets.

The whitefish are all deposited upon the beach, in silvery, slithering heaps; choking, gasping and jumping; or curling into shuddering, agonized rings for a moment, and then quietly straightening out to die. Last of all, the sneaking shark, who had nosed off to the furthest corner

and wound himself up in the net, hoping to be hidden, is hauled up, and turned, kicking and kicked, out from the twisted meshes, to share the fate of those he had desired to destroy. It is pitiful to see the little whitefish gape and tumble and bounce about in innocent agony. The clumsy ray never troubles any body except in self-defence, and gets some sympathy; but nobody sympathizes with the pig-eyed, shovel-nosed villain who now spats the sand, and winks and nips with his three rows of thorny teeth, as he feels his thievish life slipping away from him. I sarcastically hint that he must be hungry, since he opens his mouth so wide; and I cautiously insert therein a whitefish or two, and set them well down with a stick. He has no appetite, after all, and spits them out; and, as I renew my attentions, he gathers himself up in a rage, and springs at me so strongly that the grinning jaws snap together within an inch of my fist. A little more strength in the old scoundrel's tail, and I should have repented me of catering for the shark. I recommend nobody to feed sharks from his fingers.

The net is empty—all but sundry non-descripts of the sea which stick here and there upon the meshes. A "sea-spider" or two, like a large mouldy acorn with six long legs; red starfish; varieties of seaweed; a stick and a fragment of old rope, are all. Half the hands count the fish, putting them in piles of four or five thousand each, and the rest replace the seine upon the boat, in readiness for another haul.

Dinner is cooked in a great iron pot. It is a chowder, of course—fisherman's food; what should it be?—Not the "old, original" chowder, the codfish aristocrat of chowders, whose idea is consecrated by the masterly manipulations and majestic name of the mighty man of Marshfield—the "Republican King"—but still a chowder, a delicious dish to appetites sharpened by sea air and sea water. It is a many-sided dish; of pork and fish, potatoes and bread, and onions and turnips—"all compact"—"chequits" and sea-bass, blackfish, long clams, "pumpkin-seeds," and an accidental eel, all contribute. Pepper and salt, but especially hunger, are the seasoning: and I firmly believe that no such flavorful food ever slid tickling down mortal throat, as plopped out from the canted chowder-kettle in the solitary fish-house by the sea.

Late at night we returned home; the gain to the fishers being about a hundred

thousand fish, worth some forty or fifty dollars, and the gain to me being a store of happy memories; not so salable, perhaps, as the fish, but lasting longer and fresher, neither by me willingly to be exchanged for any ordinary tangible commodity.

Such was my life with the farmers by the sea. The time and space fail me to tell of the rockweeding expeditions; the wanderings after lost cattle in the woods; the wood-cutting in the same; the whortleberry parties; the numberless delightful and adventurous occupations in which my farming summers passed. It was pleasure unspeakable. And not that only, but I gained a store of strength, and hardy habits to keep it good, which subsequent years of study and confinement have not hitherto exhausted. I never can see a thin, white-faced schoolboy of twelve or fifteen, that I do not long to exile him; to expatriate him for a year or two from the pie and cake, the coddling and cookery of home, the weary, brain-

baking of his school, out into the healthy world of the workers in the soil. His parents would be glad, however indignant or sorrowful at the parting, when he should return, as brown as a berry, straight, strong and hearty, almost able to eat his former self, if he were forthcoming.

I also gained an invaluable agricultural bias; so that I am ready, when my expected competence shall have been accumulated, to betake myself to the shadow of my trees and vines, and to the sunshine of my tilled land, and there in peace to end my days, living in the world of God, among the trees, the plants, the dumb beasts, the earth, the infinitude of beauty and vigor and youth, designed by him; as much superior to architectural and artistic parrottries of stone and canvas, as the pure, mystic beauty of Mont Blanc, the glories of the sea, of storms, and of the evening clouds, are superior to the gorgeous drapery and gilt gingerbread of a hotel bridal-chamber.

SEHNSUCHT.

COME, beauteous day!
Never did lover on his bridal night
So chide thine over-eager light
As I thy long delay!

Bring me my rest!
Never can these sweet thorny roses
Whereon my heart reposes
Be into slumber pressed!

Day be my night!
Night hath no stars to rival with her eyes,
Night hath no peace like his who lies
Upon her bosom white.

She did transmute
This my poor cell into a paradise,
Gorgeous with blossoming lips and dewy eyes
And all her beauty's fruit.

Nor dull nor gray
Seems to mine eyes this dim and wintry morn.
Ne'er did the rosy banners of the Dawn
Herald a brighter day!

Come, beauteous day!
Come, or in sunny light, or storm eclipse!
Bring me to the immortal summer of her lips,
Then have thy way!

NOTES FROM MY KNAPSACK.

NUMBER III.

NAMES—SOAP PLANT—JUNCTION WITH THE ADVANCE—MIDNIGHT CRY—MILITARY ENGINEERING—OWLS—CAMP ON THE NUERES—PERILOUS PASSAGE—PRICKLY PEAR—VEGETABLE MONSTERS—OUR FLAG—TARANTULA—REST—EACE—THE RIO GRANDE—WHITE FLAG—THE PRESIDIO—WOMEN AND CHILDREN—PROBLEM IN POLITICAL ECONOMY—MILITARY FUNERAL—FORDING—MEXICAN EMBASSY—THE ALCALDE—THE PADRE—NEW CAMP—TRAFFIC—POPULATION—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—FALSE ALARM.

AT six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of October, we took our last look at the lofty precipices, giant boulders, and crystal fountains which are the ministering spirits of the Hondo. After emerging from the long grass amid which our tents were pitched, we entered upon an open prairie, partaking of the genuine "hog-wallow" characteristics, and in wet weather doubtless offering to the traveller the most cogently cohesive arguments against progress. An interval of about seven miles separates the Hondo from the Seco. *Apropos* of Rio Seco, it is said that these words constitute the original name of that great battle-field, known as Resaca de la Palma, but that the Mexican who first communicated the name was not understood, and that "Resaca" was as near the truth—Mexican truth—as the translator could come. This explanation—whether accurate or not—does not appear improbable, inasmuch as the position taken by General Arista, when driven from Palo Alto, was in the rear of the bed of a defunct rivulet, the banks of which formed a natural semi-circular parapet, with the concavity towards the Americans.

This day we first observed a few specimens of the "soap plant"—a bulbous root extensively used among the Mexicans as a substitute for soap. The plant, it is said, seldom grows more than a foot high; the stalk and leaves drop off in the spring, though the bulbs, it is said, remain in the ground an entire season without decaying. The mode of using it is to peel off the skin or exterior coating, then immerse the root in water until it is somewhat softened, and apply to clothes in the same manner as soap. Woollen fabrics alone, we are told, are washed with it, the colors of which when but slightly faded, are restored to nearly their original brightness.

We arrived at the Sabinal between twelve and one o'clock, on the banks of which the advance troops were comfortably encamped. The highest and hottest points in the vicinity, — — — succeeded in finding, for pitching the tents of the new arrivals and also the furthest, or as

— — — says, the furthestest, from wood and water.

A blast from the bugles of the 2d Dragoons, which drew forth a universal tremor of disgust from the whole camp, and which was answered from the lungs of a hundred echoes, rang out clear and shrill the next morning about three o'clock. In a few minutes the entire body was in motion: mules snorting, horses snickering, harness rattling, teamsters cursing, cooks growling, men grunting, and officers grumbling, shivering, and dressing. Venus was the solitary sovereign of the firmament, as we filed into the road at half-past five o'clock. When the sun rose upon the column, as it appeared for the first time after the junction, the spectacle was spirited and attractive. At the head of the army, the bright barrels and bayonets of the regular infantry, under the veteran Bonneville, of Rocky Mountain memory, gave proudly back the glancing rays of the morning sun: then followed the battalion baggage wagons, and to these succeeded the bronzed corsairish visages and heavy armor of the 1st Dragoons. Next came thundering on Washington's artillery, officers and men in full uniform, their red horse-hair plumes waving like crescent flags in the eastern breeze, and their polished pieces reflecting the passing images of the surrounding landscape. Immediately behind, the heavy clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clangor of mounted troops, indicated the approach of the 2d Dragoons, the rear being marked by a long line of white—the covers of the principal train of wagons, amounting to one hundred and fifty, and stretching over an extent of nearly two miles. Last of all came the rear-guard—itsself no mean epitome of army variety—rivalling in costumes and appointments the platoons of Falstaff.

We arrived at Stony Creek, after a march of seven miles, about eight o'clock. The intervening country presents very little novelty. There is a sort of wild luxuriance abroad over the prairie, which exhausts the energy of the soil by a spe-

cies of prolific unproductiveness. The grass is of sickly growth, and almost parched to a cinder; amid which, however, several new varieties of plants made their appearance. The wild sage may be mentioned as found here, and the *abolo*, or buffalo herb. The latter derives its name from the resemblance of its odor to that of a herd of buffaloes. A variety of the *mimosa sensitiva* has also been noticed, but, like other occupants of this region, not very sensitive. About a mile east of the stream stood a stately elm, and as the largest tree yet seen in Texas and strikingly conspicuous from its isolation, this passing notice seems to be due to the legitimate monarch of the prairies. Like Napoleon, according to orator Phillips, it stands "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and as no well-bred man ought to pass under the shadow of a full-grown survivor of a forest that has passed away, without doffing his hat, so few were disposed to withhold proper homage and respect in presence of its venerable and majestic form.

The approach to the Rio Frio was by a gradual slope, with a natural pavement of snow-white gravel. The water is clear, cool, and delicious, and flows over a bed rivalling the whiteness of Parian marble. The fish sporting in such a medium would have driven old Izaak Walton into ecstasies, and the fine practical and practicable stone which lines the shores so abundantly, would have made Mr. McAdam sigh that nature had here made her own turnpikes.

At this point a portion of the dragoons and infantry were halted, while the General with the remaining detachments and artillery, pushed on to the Leona, where they arrived about noon. Nearly the entire distance between the Rio Frio and the Leona, the road passes over a limestone formation, with a very superficial covering of soil. The growth of timber is scattering and scraggy. The pioneers who, from bringing up the rear, have finally floundered into their appropriate position, reached here in the morning. Owing, however, it is said, to a difference of opinion as to the best method of arranging the approaches so as to be able to ford the stream with the train, nothing had been done on our arrival, and it therefore became necessary for the troops themselves to cut down the banks on either side so as to fit them for the passage of the artillery and baggage-wagons. This operation was conducted under the immediate supervision of Captain — Corps of Engineers, whose "functions" (vide the 63d Article

of War) "are confined to the more elevated branches of military science." It must be confessed that our friends of the shovel and pick-axe did, in their first experiment, very forcibly illustrate their familiarity with the "elevated branches," and have acted with becoming regard to all the requirements of "science," particularly in reference to the Cæsarean maxim *festina lente*. Fording a river is doubtless a serious business, and the resources of science ought, of course, to be made available in its accomplishment. Should any of the streams ahead of us, however, require bridging, the problem was suggested whether it would be necessary to make drawings and specifications, and advertise for "sealed proposals"—as that is the usual method—which, under the circumstances, would be exceedingly inconvenient.

It has been asserted on the authority of "Deaf Smith"—the celebrated Texan spy—that eighteen years since, there was no water in the channel of the Leona, and that he had frequently slept upon it—then dry ground. According to this tradition, it burst forth at once with a depth of three or four feet, which it very nearly preserves throughout the year. Others affirm that it consisted at that time of a series of basins, subterraneously connected, and that the rotten limestone has since crumbled away from above, and united the whole into a running stream.

The pure water and shaded borders of this little river, seduced many into the luxury of a thorough ablution this evening, and while enjoying a solitary bath just before tattoo, two huge owls perched upon a tree overhanging the water, gave several most unmistakable hints, in the way of unearthly and unmusical sounds, that I was an intruder on forbidden regions.

The artillery and dragoons resumed their march at sunrise, but owing to the problem to be solved, to wit, whether or not the principal wagon train could cross the Leona without a bridge, the commanding general remained until the arrival of the troops in rear, which was about eight o'clock. After felling a couple of trees across the stream, the men were all enabled to pass over dryshod, but the wagons were not so easily disposed of. It was found necessary to cut down the banks still more, throwing the gravel into the river, so as to form slopes of easy declivity, before the crossing could be commenced. Very precise instructions touching the mode of locking wheels; the proper method of addressing the mules; the number of "gees," "haws," "ups," "rips," &c., &c., to

be given in a minute; how to hold the reins; when to start and when to stop, and other details, to be thoroughly comprehended only by those vehicular quadrupeds and their drivers, in the service of Uncle Sam, were next given with great energy and effect, after which the whole body moved forward. As soon as the immediate valley of the river is left behind, the country again becomes prairie, and continues to the Nueces, of the same sterile, stony texture, with the exception of a narrow belt of red clay, indicating the probable proximity of iron ore.

At noon we came in sight of the Nueces, its winding course beautifully outlined by the mass of foliage with which its western bank is embroidered. Beyond it, the ground rises, so that the towering elms along the shore are overtopped by the less ambitious growth of the distant prairie. In the foreground of the lovely landscape were the white tents of the troops, the horses and mules grazing lazily around, the men engaged in their appropriate duties, and a solitary sentinel at his post, and just life enough visible in all, to relieve the repose of inanimate nature. Behind us a cloud of dust distinctly marked the sinuous road-way we had just passed over, beneath which the remainder of the troops then "dragged their slow length along," while the distant hill-tops before us were shaded with a misty curtain, so clear, and soft, and ethereal, it seemed as if torn from the azure drapery of heaven with which its hues were mingling. The scene might well remind one of Byron's beautiful and inimitable description, in that sad and sombrous picture-gallery of the "Dream."

"There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me,
Reposing from the noontide sultriness

* * * * *

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around,
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven."

The different corps and detachments were in camp by four o'clock, except the stragglers, who, as usual, kept coming until sunset.

The position of our camp, though highly creditable to the artistic eye of ———, had little to recommend it practically. The grazing was scanty and burnt up, the fuel not abundant, and the water, though good and plenty of it, when reached, was rather too far from our tents, to please the cooks. Indeed, it appears that

Texas, poor as we have found it thus far, becomes worse as it approaches Mexico. One may travel from Dan to Beersheba, or from the Sabine to the Nueces, and exclaim with a great deal of truth as well as sorrow, All is barren. The country is a great thorn in the side of the body politic, and nearly every vine, or shrub, or bush, or plant, that draws its nourishment from the soil is a subdued image of its mother; and at the same time almost every insect, reptile, or animal, that is found within its borders, is venomous and vindictive.

Another innovation upon the constitution and habits of man, horse and mule, was perpetrated the ensuing morning, by rousing the camp from its slumbers at three o'clock. There is no surety for nocturnal rest in the vicinity of Major ———.

As we marched from camp the fires were still blazing; a smoky vapor from the Nueces, hung like a veil over the plain; many tents were not yet struck; mule drivers were running about, yelling and cursing, in pursuit of lost animals; teams half harnessed and but half made up, on account of the strays, were standing in confusion along the path, and a perfect Babel of sounds and kaleidoscope of sights, assailed us at every point. The scene at the ford was fertile in materials of the grotesque and ridiculous. The regular infantry passed into the water with the counterfeit presentment of a grin, and went over without much hesitation. The volunteers, however, though amiable enough in the abstract, did not take it so kindly. A very few of them seemed to think a cold bath by starlight a most felicitous conception, but the larger portion entered the stream with as much suspicious reluctance as if about to take passage with old Charon across the impalpable Styx.

A German captain, not satisfied with his observations upon the depth of the water, after seeing two or three companies effect a crossing, began his own perilous passage, by probing or sounding with his sword. This idea had probably been suggested by hearing many of those who had preceded him, and who had doubtless been Mississippi "deckers" before they became soldiers, singing with the genuine twang as they strided through the river, "quarter less twain;" "no bottom;" "by the mark three," &c., &c. The captain made the first plunge with admirable coolness and perfect military caution. He had evidently determined to "feel his way," and had resolved not to put himself knowingly in the power of the enemy. His legs were as bare—though perhaps not

quite so accurately outlined—as those of the Apollo Belvidere. The swallow-tail skirts of his coat were carefully “tucked up;” no fancy ornament was suffered to come within reach of the treacherous element; and thus “accoutred as he was, he plunged in.” His trusty sword he grasps with a nervous clutch in his right hand, and with his left, like a performer on the rope, he strives to preserve the centre of gravity in such position as will enable him to maintain a stable equilibrium. As he creeps over the stones, the hand flies up and down, right and left, and by its rapid and irregular gyrations, you are almost able to take the soundings of the ford, to trace its tortuous course, and discover its ups and downs. With tremulous motions he thrusts the sword into the stream, and follows on with tottering and unsteady step. He falters, his pace slackens, he halts, and looks wildly and anxiously around. The shores are lined with spectators watching his precarious progress. He turns his eyes from one side to the other; he meets no sympathy, and the waters roll fiercely and pitilessly on: he looks forward, and the ripples are rising higher before him, yet there is no retreat. Again he nerves himself to renew his task, still stealthily advancing like a man groping his way in the dark. The march of those in the rear is suspended to mark his progress. Again he pauses; and shouts from front and rear assail his ears. “Forward!” says one; “right face!” shrieks another; “go it while you’re young!” says a third; “to the rear open order!” exclaims a fourth; “halt!” roars a fifth; “mark time!” shouts a sixth. The poor man is in agony. Big drops of perspiration start from his brow, and trickle down his face. Unconscious of any distinct direction, his actions indicate a desire to obey them all. He trembles; he waves to and fro; he is not so much a bubble on the stream, as something between a snag and a sawyer. He makes another effort, as if to concentrate his energies for a final struggle. But the waters are around him, and he reels like a drunken man. The stones appear to glide from under him as easily as the ripples float before him; he sinks, he groans, he struggles; he throws out his right arm in frantic strokes, and with his left he brandishes—a grasp of vapor. Once more he heaves himself like Samson among the columns of the Philistines, and with headlong desperation plants his foot upon dry land. The joy of Columbus when he beheld for the first time the shores of the New World, or of Wellington when he heard

the wild cry of Waterloo, *saute qui peut*, was tame compared with that which at that moment filled the breast of the hero of the Nueces. And as the great achievement was completed, a shout burst forth from the admiring crowd; the laughter that had hitherto been oozing out in broken doses and half-suppressed spasms could no longer be restrained, and both banks gave forth a tempest of acclamations.

We crossed the river, and entered upon the disputed territory about six o’clock. There was about thirty inches of water at the deepest point of the ford, and a hard, gravelly bottom. On leaving the river, the road passes at once into an extremely barren prairie, poor in soil, but rich in the diversity of stunted and noxious specimens of mezquit and chaparral. The growth is very dense, and where the ground is not cumbered with these excrescences, the prickly pear rears its horrid front, to the annoyance and terror of man and beast.

The Mina, or as it is sometimes called, the Espantosa, of which the Mina is properly a tributary, is about nine miles from the Nueces. The banks at the ford were steep and rugged, and the labors of the pioneers were again in requisition. The General remained here to observe the passage of the train, while the advance troops pushed on. The same barren and desolate waste presented itself, through which we threaded our weary way as we best could. The guide had reported water nine miles from the Mina, and we were on the visual stretch to discover it. At length a line of darker green rose before us, and we fancied the end attained; but on our arrival, it proved to be nothing but foliage which owed its growth to the water that once flowed through the bed below. Now there was not a drop remaining, to wet the parched lips of hundreds almost famished. This was the channel of the Esquipula—a name certainly pretentious enough to belong to a river—but alas! the “pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the bowl broken at the cistern.” Our hearts well-nigh sank within us—after a march of so many miles beneath a burning sun—at the grievous disappointment; but there was no alternative, and the word was still on. Every blade of grass, every drooping twig, was parched to crisp. Mile after mile of the thorny chaparral we traversed, and at length again emerged upon an open, sandy prairie. The dragoons were in advance of us, but were nowhere visible. We quickened our pace: a group of towering and aged oaks crowned the summit of an

eminence we were approaching, and the sight restored our hopes. We reached the topmost point, not doubting that the promised stream would be in full view before us. Nothing was to be seen except the too familiar burning expanse of barrenness. Still advancing, we swept the horizon with our eyes, and far ahead we could once more distinctly trace the winding outline of a greener foliage, in broad contrast with the parched vegetation of the prairie. Our last hope was now before us, and we continued our march. A few miles further brought us to the trees, but we found no water. After beating about among the bushes for a while, we discovered the camp of the 1st Dragoons, and continued searching revealed a few ponds of water green and slimy upon the surface; but,

"As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,"

it was yet potable, after so long and so hot a march. Its foulness, however, was relieved somewhat by a brilliant display of lilies, resting on its bosom, like the iris athwart the clouds. It was now late in the afternoon. Steeds were unsaddled, and turned loose upon the prairie, knapsacks tumbled to the ground, with no great regard to their contents, and each man strove to get into a comfortable place, with as little delay as practicable, as a compensation for a day's march of twenty-two miles.

It was determined late at night to proceed with the troops then in camp to the Pecos, distant about fifteen miles. The bugles of the dragoons sounded to horse at half-past six o'clock the next morning, and the squadron filed out of camp in rear of the infantry. We left the banks of the bitter Chaparrrosa without regret, hoping to find an improvement in the fluids at our next stopping-place. The General remained behind to await the arrival of Colonel Harney's command, while we pushed along, at first over a very bad specimen of the "hog-wallow" species, and then through the thorny path to which we had been so long accustomed, over a flat, sandy prairie, productive of nothing but noxious plants, the prickly pear being pre-eminent. This plant has now become such a nuisance, that it may with safety be affirmed, that no member of this army—however amiable or sentimental his temperament—can hereafter bestow a thought of admiration upon any woman, who to his knowledge shall cultivate a single variety of the cactus. The prickly pear has sins enough to answer for, to damn the whole family and consign its patrons

to a penitentiary or nunnery. It is worthy alone of the country which has emblazoned it upon its coat of arms, as the national plant. To cultivate such a monster, with hot-house delicacy and attention, is worse even than fondling a lap-dog, or making a pet of a snarling grimalkin. All who participate in the preservation or propagation of such a species, ought to be considered as voluntary accessories to a crime of the first magnitude, against the laws of taste and propriety, and ought to be condemned to a three days' march, bare-foot, between the Nueces and Rio Grande.

At eight o'clock we reached the Salidito. This stream, as its name indicates, was represented as brackish; but travellers have libelled it, as the water is as good as any on the route. The engineers were called upon here to make such an application of "the more elevated branches," to wit, spades and pick-axes, as would enable the wagons to cross with facility. We then passed on through the dust, bound, as we supposed, to a halting-place ten miles distant, which, we understood, the topographical party ahead had reported as abounding in wood, water, and grazing. We had not gone many miles, however, before an irregular clatter or hollow rumbling was heard behind us, which was soon explained by the appearance of——, mounted upon a black charger very much addicted to falling upon his knees at inopportune moments, and hence pretty generally known throughout camp as the "camel," or "hoofs." From him (the rider, not the horse) we learned that the order of march had been changed, that new information had been communicated to the commanding general, the effect of which was to prolong the march several miles. This was of course gratifying intelligence to those already wearied with the day's labors, and whose imaginations had been prematurely excited by visions of a not far distant cup of coffee and a blanket. The night's work, however, of Lieutenants Franklin and Bryan, was effectually extinguished, not unlike the snuffing out of a candle; and we passed the Pecos, then, like so many other streams in the country, a broken chain, of which a few stagnant pools were the separated links.

The sun's rays came down with the power of a steam engine, as we halted about three o'clock. Not a tree nor shrub was visible, as large as a rose-bush, beneath which one could crawl for protection.

With the exception of a successful effort on the part of a topographical messenger to the commanding general, to make night hideous by rudely severing a nap ap-

proaching to maturity, the interval of darkness passed quietly into the wallet of oblivion. The column passed out of camp at half-past seven o'clock. The aspect of nature was any thing but cheerful. There was a dull, heavy, ague-and-feverish sort of fog hanging over us, and when the sun lifted this curtain, in which for a few miles we were enveloped, we were able to perceive only a vast waste, presenting, at distant intervals, slight and irregular elevations and depressions. A barren, desert, sterile prairie was again before and around us. The prickly pear and the dwarf sunflower, worthy of their distinction, held almost unaccompanied possession of the soil, a single new and insignificant plant being assigned to the intervals, the name of which I could not learn. Like its predecessors and associates, it possessed a thorn wherever there was room, and the process of laceration lost nothing in its vicinity.

It having been determined to unite the troops of Colonel Harney's command with those under General Wool, before reaching the Rio Grande, the encampment survived the rising of the sun on the 7th of October.

The flag of the United States, or a very uncertain number of stars and stripes on a cotton ground, was, for the first time on the march, given to the breeze this morning, from a staff erected in front of the tent of the commanding general. Not a single cheer greeted it as it rose, not a gun was fired; and the only remark which the incident appeared to call forth was from one of the soldiers, who—probably glad that the job was over—very patriotically, and with an enthusiasm corresponding to the sentiment, exclaimed, "There goes the star-spangled blanket!" This, though not strictly true, was received with a due measure of applause, which in some sort atoned for the absence of a volley from the battery. The fact is, there was not a government flag in the entire command. The one just hoisted was the property of a volunteer company—whose members appeared not to think that our national flag ought not to be prostituted to such an expedition—and, though resembling a "blanket" in size if not in material, was quite as far from "bunting." It bore the emblems nevertheless, and though they were apportioned according to the taste of the maker, rather than in reference to the statute, and put together on very primitive principles, it was "a good enough" flag for our present purposes.

There was also a pleasant little excite-

ment in camp during the morning, from a report that we were already realizing our proximity to the enemy, as the Mexicans had driven off our beef cattle during the night, thus leaving us to the uninterrupted mercy of pork and bacon. This was a matter appealing directly to the stomach, in and through which every emotion of chivalry has its origin, and was therefore of the most absorbing interest for the time.

Barren, sterile, desolate, and destitute as this position was, in reference to every species of vegetation, the noxious qualities of the soil vindicated themselves in the sustenance afforded to the venomous reptiles, which are there indigenous. A black, bloated, hairy tarantula, of gigantic dimensions, was discovered near one of the tents, almost realizing the description in the Apocalypse of the monster with "seven heads and ten horns." This poisonous and disgusting object had a small head, lighted up with two fiery little eyes, and from the mouth a pair of forked fangs projected, more deadly in their assault than the bite of the rattlesnake. Ten legs radiated from an odious and revolting body, covered with long black hair, the entire creature as unsightly and loathsome in all its parts, as any combination of animal life well can be. But this was not the only specimen of native society to which we were introduced. The centipedes were scattering their footprints wherever flesh and blood would let them; rattlesnakes were making their music in the grass; and the scorpions playing antics with their tails, and probing every surface on which they could fasten themselves.

The day was one of uncompromising do-nothingness. At five o'clock P.M., the camp might have been thus daguerreotyped: Most of the men are engaged in idle and doubtless agreeable relaxation. The notes of a violin, not very tastefully extracted, are gushing forth from several tents, round which divers groups are gathered, eagerly absorbing the exhalations of catgut. Songs—or rather their fragments—are being emitted in parenthetical snatches from a hundred sources, the intervals supplied with the hearty joke, the "rough and ready" repartee, and boisterous laughter. The anvil of the artillery battery is ringing with the heavy strokes of some military Cyclops, who has doubtless taken a day of rest—not for him—to repair the wear and tear of the march. Tents are flapping softly in the wind; officers are in groups in search of, or fancying they have found,

positions which combine the two properties of breeze and shade, smoke rises fitfully from the camp fires, and an odor is occasionally wafted, strongly suggestive of bean soup, and the approach of the eating hour.

At sunset a most amusing farce was performed,—an experiment, for the first time on the march, of a general guard mounting. Regular and volunteer infantry; dragoons mounted and on foot; volunteer cavalry in full costume; and, in short, a representation from each variety of the force, were assembled upon the parade ground, where most of the parties made their *début*, in the operations of opening ranks, inspection of arms, saluting, passing in review, &c., under the direction of an experienced officer. Of course the adjutant-general had as much upon his hands, as, being a modest man, he could desire; having not only to give every command with detailed instructions as to the method of execution, but, in many instances, to go through the movement himself, before reaching the comprehension of his pupils. At the command "march," some would move to the right and left, and at the word "halt," perhaps half would just commence moving. Fast where they should be slow, and in "rear" when they should be at the "front;" facing to the "right" when the order was given to the "left," and wheeling one way when the command was another: these and a host of other operations of like character, gave to the ceremony the appearance of a satire on soldiering, and stripped the military to its cuticle, of all dignity or grandeur.

Great commotion ruled in the camp at an early hour the next morning. An order of march had been prescribed for the whole command, with a view to the production of the maximum effect upon the Mexicans, whom we might perchance encounter in the vicinity of the Rio Grande. Hence, as much labor had been bestowed in perfecting the arrangements for the day, the mules appeared a little more obstinate and contrary than usual, and the horrid profanity of the teamsters of course increased in a similar proportion. There was hurry among the dragoons and delay with the artillery; the infantry was in this position which was wrong, and the Arkansas cavalry in that which was far from being right. Wagons were just where they ought not to have been, and clerks, waiting boys, and supernumeraries, had usurped the position of the general staff. Orders and counter-orders in all quarters were given and countermanded

in a breath. Aides-de-camp, extra and real, were riding in all directions but the right ones, and as fast as they followed each other, perhaps undoing what each one's predecessor had effected. The General wondered why the Colonel did not move on, and the Colonel in his turn could not for the life of him perceive what detained somebody else. However, the confusion of tongues at Babel terminated with the dispersion of the talkers throughout the land of Shinar, and in spite of darkness and misapprehension, the great snake—to which the column might be compared—finally uncoiled itself, and began its winding course along the road at seven o'clock.

The country becomes more broken as the "Great River of the North" is approached; the road winds around numerous hills and traverses many deep ravines. The vegetable growth near the Cuevas, as has been already observed, is very slight: the prickly pear—that unmatched bane to prairie life and physical comfort—almost creeps along the ground at that point, but before reaching the river it again becomes a monster, and rears its hideous arms to the height of six or eight feet. A small bush called by the Mexicans *chaparra ceniza*, was seen for the first time to-day. It bears a beautiful violet-colored little flower, and deserves honorable mention, as growing in Texas or Mexico, and free from the deformity of thorns.

To enable the troops to keep in compact order, the column was frequently halted, and during one of these intervals, an incident occurred which excited deep interest throughout the entire command. At no great distance from the head of the line, a young fawn was bounding over the prairie, pursued by a mean, sneaking, vicious, ravenous-looking wolf. With eye dilated and swelling nostril, the deer glided along with almost the speed of the wind, while her ferocious enemy kept on the path with a determination which seemed to evince no fears of the loss of his intended prey. Now the fawn sweeps along like a bird, and now she bounds over the cactus and chaparral, as if she were an element of the air: forward she goes, leaping obstacles and threading mazes which would appear to defy her powers, yet as she touches the earth, it seems to our fancy and our fears, that she gains nothing in advance of her voracious foe. Her flight is directed towards a group of mezquit trees in the distance, as if there was the last citadel of her hopes. Her speed now becomes phantom-like. Terrified with the doom which she seems with human

cies of prolific unproductiveness. The grass is of sickly growth, and almost parched to a cinder; amid which, however, several new varieties of plants made their appearance. The wild sage may be mentioned as found here, and the *abolo*, or buffalo herb. The latter derives its name from the resemblance of its odor to that of a herd of buffaloes. A variety of the *mimosa sensitiva* has also been noticed, but, like other occupants of this region, not very sensitive. About a mile east of the stream stood a stately elm, and as the largest tree yet seen in Texas and strikingly conspicuous from its isolation, this passing notice seems to be due to the legitimate monarch of the prairies. Like Napoleon, according to orator Phillips, it stands "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and as no well-bred man ought to pass under the shadow of a full-grown survivor of a forest that has passed away, without doffing his hat, so few were disposed to withhold proper homage and respect in presence of its venerable and majestic form.

The approach to the Rio Frio was by a gradual slope, with a natural pavement of snow-white gravel. The water is clear, cool, and delicious, and flows over a bed rivalling the whiteness of Parian marble. The fish sporting in such a medium would have driven old Izaak Walton into ecstasies, and the fine practical and practicable stone which lines the shores so abundantly, would have made Mr. McAdam sigh that nature had here made her own turnpikes.

At this point a portion of the dragoons and infantry were halted, while the General with the remaining detachments and artillery, pushed on to the Leona, where they arrived about noon. Nearly the entire distance between the Rio Frio and the Leona, the road passes over a limestone formation, with a very superficial covering of soil. The growth of timber is scattering and scraggy. The pioneers who, from bringing up the rear, have finally floundered into their appropriate position, reached here in the morning. Owing, however, it is said, to a difference of opinion as to the best method of arranging the approaches so as to be able to ford the stream with the train, nothing had been done on our arrival, and it therefore became necessary for the troops themselves to cut down the banks on either side so as to fit them for the passage of the artillery and baggage-wagons. This operation was conducted under the immediate supervision of Captain — Corps of Engineers, whose "functions" (*vide* the 63d Article

of War) "are confined to the more elevated branches of military science." It must be confessed that our friends of the shovel and pick-axe did, in their first experiment, very forcibly illustrate their familiarity with the "elevated branches," and have acted with becoming regard to all the requirements of "science," particularly in reference to the Cæsarean maxim *festina lente*. Forging a river is doubtless a serious business, and the resources of science ought, of course, to be made available in its accomplishment. Should any of the streams ahead of us, however, require bridging, the problem was suggested whether it would be necessary to make drawings and specifications, and advertise for "sealed proposals"—as that is the usual method—which, under the circumstances, would be exceedingly inconvenient.

It has been asserted on the authority of "Deaf Smith"—the celebrated Texan spy—that eighteen years since, there was no water in the channel of the Leona, and that he had frequently slept upon it—then dry ground. According to this tradition, it burst forth at once with a depth of three or four feet, which it very nearly preserves throughout the year. Others affirm that it consisted at that time of a series of basins, subterraneously connected, and that the rotten limestone has since crumbled away from above, and united the whole into a running stream.

The pure water and shaded borders of this little river, seduced many into the luxury of a thorough ablution this evening, and while enjoying a solitary bath just before tattoo, two huge owls perched upon a tree overhanging the water, gave several most unmistakable hints, in the way of unearthly and unmusical sounds, that I was an intruder on forbidden regions.

The artillery and dragoons resumed their march at sunrise, but owing to the problem to be solved, to wit, whether or not the principal wagon train could cross the Leona without a bridge, the commanding general remained until the arrival of the troops in rear, which was about eight o'clock. After felling a couple of trees across the stream, the men were all enabled to pass over dryshod, but the wagons were not so easily disposed of. It was found necessary to cut down the banks still more, throwing the gravel into the river, so as to form slopes of easy declivity, before the crossing could be commenced. Very precise instructions touching the mode of locking wheels; the proper method of addressing the mules; the number of "gees," "haws," "ups," "zips," &c., &c., to

be given in a minute; how to hold the reins; when to start and when to stop, and other details, to be thoroughly comprehended only by those vehicular quadrupeds and their drivers, in the service of Uncle Sam, were next given with great energy and effect, after which the whole body moved forward. As soon as the immediate valley of the river is left behind, the country again becomes prairie, and continues to the Nueces, of the same sterile, stony texture, with the exception of a narrow belt of red clay, indicating the probable proximity of iron ore.

At noon we came in sight of the Nueces, its winding course beautifully outlined by the mass of foliage with which its western bank is embroidered. Beyond it, the ground rises, so that the towering elms along the shore are overtopped by the less ambitious growth of the distant prairie. In the foreground of the lovely landscape were the white tents of the troops, the horses and mules grazing lazily around, the men engaged in their appropriate duties, and a solitary sentinel at his post, and just life enough visible in all, to relieve the repose of inanimate nature. Behind us a cloud of dust distinctly marked the sinuous road-way we had just passed over, beneath which the remainder of the troops then "dragged their slow length along," while the distant hill-tops before us were shaded with a misty curtain, so clear, and soft, and ethereal, it seemed as if torn from the azure drapery of heaven with which its hues were mingling. The scene might well remind one of Byron's beautiful and inimitable description, in that sad and sombrous picture-gallery of the "Dream."

"There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me.
Reposing from the noontide sultriness

* * * * *

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around,
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven."

The different corps and detachments were in camp by four o'clock, except the stragglers, who, as usual, kept coming until sunset.

The position of our camp, though highly creditable to the artistic eye of ———, had little to recommend it practically. The grazing was scanty and burnt up, the fuel not abundant, and the water, though good and plenty of it, when reached, was rather too far from our tents, to please the cooks. Indeed, it appears that

Texas, poor as we have found it thus far, becomes worse as it approaches Mexico. One may travel from Dan to Beersheba, or from the Sabine to the Nueces, and exclaim with a great deal of truth as well as sorrow, All is barren. The country is a great thorn in the side of the body politic, and nearly every vine, or shrub, or bush, or plant, that draws its nourishment from the soil is a subdued image of its mother; and at the same time almost every insect, reptile, or animal, that is found within its borders, is venomous and vindictive.

Another innovation upon the constitution and habits of man, horse and mule, was perpetrated the ensuing morning, by rousing the camp from its slumbers at three o'clock. There is no surety for nocturnal rest in the vicinity of Major ———.

As we marched from camp the fires were still blazing; a smoky vapor from the Nueces, hung like a veil over the plain; many tents were not yet struck; mule drivers were running about, yelling and cursing, in pursuit of lost animals; teams half harnessed and but half made up, on account of the strays, were standing in confusion along the path, and a perfect Babel of sounds and kaleidoscope of sights, assailed us at every point. The scene at the ford was fertile in materials of the grotesque and ridiculous. The regular infantry passed into the water with the counterfeit presentment of a grin, and went over without much hesitation. The volunteers, however, though amiable enough in the abstract, did not take it so kindly. A very few of them seemed to think a cold bath by starlight a most felicitous conception, but the larger portion entered the stream with as much suspicious reluctance as if about to take passage with old Charon across the impalpable Styx.

A German captain, not satisfied with his observations upon the depth of the water, after seeing two or three companies effect a crossing, began his own perilous passage, by probing or sounding with his sword. This idea had probably been suggested by hearing many of those who had preceded him, and who had doubtless been Mississippi "deckers" before they became soldiers, singing with the genuine twang as they strided through the river, "quarter less twain;" "no bottom;" "by the mark three," &c., &c. The captain made the first plunge with admirable coolness and perfect military caution. He had evidently determined to "feel his way," and had resolved not to put himself knowingly in the power of the enemy. His legs were as bare—though perhaps not

quite so accurately outlined—as those of the Apollo Belvidere. The swallow-tail skirts of his coat were carefully “tucked up;” no fancy ornament was suffered to come within reach of the treacherous element; and thus “accounted as he was, he plunged in.” His trusty sword he grasps with a nervous clutch in his right hand, and with his left, like a performer on the rope, he strives to preserve the centre of gravity in such position as will enable him to maintain a stable equilibrium. As he creeps over the stones, the hand flies up and down, right and left, and by its rapid and irregular gyrations, you are almost able to take the soundings of the ford, to trace its tortuous course, and discover its ups and downs. With tremulous motions he thrusts the sword into the stream, and follows on with tottering and unsteady step. He falters, his pace slackens, he halts, and looks wildly and anxiously around. The shores are lined with spectators watching his precarious progress. He turns his eyes from one side to the other; he meets no sympathy, and the waters roll fiercely and pitilessly on: he looks forward, and the ripples are rising higher before him, yet there is no retreat. Again he nerves himself to renew his task, still stealthily advancing like a man groping his way in the dark. The march of those in the rear is suspended to mark his progress. Again he pauses; and shouts from front and rear assail his ears. “Forward!” says one; “right face!” shrieks another; “go it while you’re young!” says a third; “to the rear open order!” exclaims a fourth; “halt!” roars a fifth; “mark time!” shouts a sixth. The poor man is in agony. Big drops of perspiration start from his brow, and trickle down his face. Unconscious of any distinct direction, his actions indicate a desire to obey them all. He trembles; he waves to and fro; he is not so much a bubble on the stream, as something between a snag and a sawyer. He makes another effort, as if to concentrate his energies for a final struggle. But the waters are around him, and he reels like a drunken man. The stones appear to glide from under him as easily as the ripples float before him; he sinks, he groans, he struggles; he throws out his right arm in frantic strokes, and with his left he brandishes—a grasp of vapor. Once more he heaves himself like Samson among the columns of the Philistines, and with headlong desperation plants his foot upon dry land. The joy of Columbus when he beheld for the first time the shores of the New World, or of Wellington when he heard

the wild cry of Waterloo, *saute qui peut*, was tame compared with that which at that moment filled the breast of the hero of the Nueces. And as the great achievement was completed, a shout burst forth from the admiring crowd; the laughter that had hitherto been oozing out in broken doses and half-suppressed spasms could no longer be restrained, and both banks gave forth a tempest of acclamations.

We crossed the river, and entered upon the disputed territory about six o’clock. There was about thirty inches of water at the deepest point of the ford, and a hard, gravelly bottom. On leaving the river, the road passes at once into an extremely barren prairie, poor in soil, but rich in the diversity of stunted and noxious specimens of mezquit and chaparral. The growth is very dense, and where the ground is not cumbered with these excrescences, the prickly pear rears its horrid front, to the annoyance and terror of man and beast.

The Mina, or as it is sometimes called, the Espantosa, of which the Mina is properly a tributary, is about nine miles from the Nueces. The banks at the ford were steep and rugged, and the labors of the pioneers were again in requisition. The General remained here to observe the passage of the train, while the advance troops pushed on. The same barren and desolate waste presented itself, through which we threaded our weary way as we best could. The guide had reported water nine miles from the Mina, and we were on the visual stretch to discover it. At length a line of darker green rose before us, and we fancied the end attained; but on our arrival, it proved to be nothing but foliage which owed its growth to the water that once flowed through the bed below. Now there was not a drop remaining, to wet the parched lips of hundreds almost famished. This was the channel of the Esquipula—a name certainly pretentious enough to belong to a river—but alas! the “pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the bowl broken at the cistern.” Our hearts well-nigh sank within us—after a march of so many miles beneath a burning sun—at the grievous disappointment; but there was no alternative, and the word was still on. Every blade of grass, every drooping twig, was parched to crisp. Mile after mile of the thorny chaparral we traversed, and at length again emerged upon an open, sandy prairie. The dragoons were in advance of us, but were nowhere visible. We quickened our pace: a group of towering and aged oaks crowned the summit of an

eminence we were approaching, and the sight restored our hopes. We reached the topmost point, not doubting that the promised stream would be in full view before us. Nothing was to be seen except the too familiar burning expanse of barrenness. Still advancing, we swept the horizon with our eyes, and far ahead we could once more distinctly trace the winding outline of a greener foliage, in broad contrast with the parched vegetation of the prairie. Our last hope was now before us, and we continued our march. A few miles further brought us to the trees, but we found no water. After beating about among the bushes for a while, we discovered the camp of the 1st Dragoons, and continued searching revealed a few ponds of water green and slimy upon the surface; but,

"As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,"

it was yet potable, after so long and so hot a march. Its foulness, however, was relieved somewhat by a brilliant display of lilies, resting on its bosom, like the iris athwart the clouds. It was now late in the afternoon. Steeds were unsaddled, and turned loose upon the prairie, knapsacks tumbled to the ground, with no great regard to their contents, and each man strove to get into a comfortable place, with as little delay as practicable, as a compensation for a day's march of twenty-two miles.

It was determined late at night to proceed with the troops then in camp to the Picoso, distant about fifteen miles. The bugles of the dragoons sounded to horse at half-past six o'clock the next morning, and the squadron filed out of camp in rear of the infantry. We left the banks of the bitter Chaparrosa without regret, hoping to find an improvement in the fluids at our next stopping-place. The General remained behind to await the arrival of Colonel Harney's command, while we pushed along, at first over a very bad specimen of the "hog-wallow" species, and then through the thorny path to which we had been so long accustomed, over a flat, sandy prairie, productive of nothing but noxious plants, the prickly pear being pre-eminent. This plant has now become such a nuisance, that it may with safety be affirmed, that no member of this army—however amiable or sentimental his temperament—can hereafter bestow a thought of admiration upon any woman, who to his knowledge shall cultivate a single variety of the cactus. The prickly pear has ~~ans~~ enough to answer for, to damn the whole family and consign its patrons

to a penitentiary or nunnery. It is worthy alone of the country which has emblazoned it upon its coat of arms, as the national plant. To cultivate such a monster, with hot-house delicacy and attention, is worse even than fondling a lap-dog, or making a pet of a snarling grimalkin. All who participate in the preservation or propagation of such a species, ought to be considered as voluntary accessories to a crime of the first magnitude, against the laws of taste and propriety, and ought to be condemned to a three days' march, barefoot, between the Nueces and Rio Grande.

At eight o'clock we reached the Salidito. This stream, as its name indicates, was represented as brackish; but travellers have labelled it, as the water is as good as any on the route. The engineers were called upon here to make such an application of "the more elevated branches," to wit, spades and pick-axes, as would enable the wagons to cross with facility. We then passed on through the dust, bound, as we supposed, to a halting-place ten miles distant, which, we understood, the topographical party ahead had reported as abounding in wood, water, and grazing. We had not gone many miles, however, before an irregular clatter or hollow rumbling was heard behind us, which was soon explained by the appearance of——, mounted upon a black charger very much addicted to falling upon his knees at inopportune moments, and hence pretty generally known throughout camp as the "camel," or "hoofs." From him (the rider, not the horse) we learned that the order of march had been changed, that new information had been communicated to the commanding general, the effect of which was to prolong the march several miles. This was of course gratifying intelligence to those already wearied with the day's labors, and whose imaginations had been prematurely excited by visions of a not far distant cup of coffee and a blanket. The night's work, however, of Lieutenants Franklin and Bryan, was effectually extinguished, not unlike the snuffing out of a candle; and we passed the Picoso, then, like so many other streams in the country, a broken chain, of which a few stagnant pools were the separated links.

The sun's rays came down with the power of a steam engine, as we halted about three o'clock. Not a tree nor shrub was visible, as large as a rose-bush, beneath which one could crawl for protection.

With the exception of a successful effort on the part of a topographical messenger to the commanding general, to make night hideous by rudely severing a nap ap-

proaching to maturity, the interval of darkness passed quietly into the wallet of oblivion. The column passed out of camp at half-past seven o'clock. The aspect of nature was any thing but cheerful. There was a dull, heavy, ague-and-feverish sort of fog hanging over us, and when the sun lifted this curtain, in which for a few miles we were enveloped, we were able to perceive only a vast waste, presenting, at distant intervals, slight and irregular elevations and depressions. A barren, desert, sterile prairie was again before and around us. The prickly pear and the dwarf sunflower, worthy of their distinction, held almost unaccompanied possession of the soil, a single new and insignificant plant being assigned to the intervals, the name of which I could not learn. Like its predecessors and associates, it possessed a thorn wherever there was room, and the process of laceration lost nothing in its vicinity.

It having been determined to unite the troops of Colonel Harney's command with those under General Wool, before reaching the Rio Grande, the encampment survived the rising of the sun on the 7th of October.

The flag of the United States, or a very uncertain number of stars and stripes on a cotton ground, was, for the first time on the march, given to the breeze this morning, from a staff erected in front of the tent of the commanding general. Not a single cheer greeted it as it rose, not a gun was fired; and the only remark which the incident appeared to call forth was from one of the soldiers, who—probably glad that the job was over—very patriotically, and with an enthusiasm corresponding to the sentiment, exclaimed, "There goes the star-spangled blanket!" This, though not strictly true, was received with a due measure of applause, which in some sort atoned for the absence of a volley from the battery. The fact is, there was not a government flag in the entire command. The one just hoisted was the property of a volunteer company—whose members appeared not to think that our national flag ought not to be prostituted to such an expedition—and, though resembling a "blanket" in size if not in material, was quite as far from "bunting." It bore the emblems nevertheless, and though they were apportioned according to the taste of the maker, rather than in reference to the statute, and put together on very primitive principles, it was "a good enough" flag for our present purposes.

There was also a pleasant little excite-

ment in camp during the morning, from a report that we were already realizing our proximity to the enemy, as the Mexicans had driven off our beef cattle during the night, thus leaving us to the uninterrupted mercy of pork and bacon. This was a matter appealing directly to the stomach, in and through which every emotion of chivalry has its origin, and was therefore of the most absorbing interest for the time.

Barren, sterile, desolate, and destitute as this position was, in reference to every species of vegetation, the noxious qualities of the soil vindicated themselves in the sustenance afforded to the venomous reptiles, which are there indigenous. A black, bloated, hairy tarantula, of gigantic dimensions, was discovered near one of the tents, almost realizing the description in the Apocalypse of the monster with "seven heads and ten horns." This poisonous and disgusting object had a small head, lighted up with two fiery little eyes, and from the mouth a pair of forked fangs projected, more deadly in their assault than the bite of the rattlesnake. Ten legs radiated from an odious and revolting body, covered with long black hair, the entire creature as unsightly and loathsome in all its parts, as any combination of animal life well can be. But this was not the only specimen of native society to which we were introduced. The centipedes were scattering their footprints wherever flesh and blood would let them; rattlesnakes were making their music in the grass; and the scorpions playing antics with their tails, and probing every surface on which they could fasten themselves.

The day was one of uncompromising do-nothingness. At five o'clock P.M., the camp might have been thus daguerreotyped: Most of the men are engaged in idle and doubtless agreeable relaxation. The notes of a violin, not very tastefully extracted, are gushing forth from several tents, round which divers groups are gathered, eagerly absorbing the exhalations of catgut. Songs—or rather their fragments—are being emitted in parenthetical snatches from a hundred sources, the intervals supplied with the hearty joke, the "rough and ready" repartee, and boisterous laughter. The anvil of the artillery battery is ringing with the heavy strokes of some military Cyclops, who has doubtless taken a day of rest—not for him—to repair the wear and tear of the march. Tents are flapping softly in the wind; officers are in groups in search of, or fancying they have found,

positions which combine the two properties of breeze and shade, smoke rises fitfully from the camp fires, and an odor is occasionally wafted, strongly suggestive of bean soup, and the approach of the eating hour.

At sunset a most amusing farce was performed,—an experiment, for the first time on the march, of a general guard mounting. Regular and volunteer infantry; dragoons mounted and on foot; volunteer cavalry in full costume; and, in short, a representation from each variety of the force, were assembled upon the parade ground, where most of the parties made their *début*, in the operations of opening ranks, inspection of arms, saluting, passing in review, &c., under the direction of an experienced officer. Of course the adjutant-general had as much upon his hands, as, being a modest man, he could desire; having not only to give every command with detailed instructions as to the method of execution, but, in many instances, to go through the movement himself, before reaching the comprehension of his pupils. At the command "march," some would move to the right and left, and at the word "halt," perhaps half would just commence moving. Fast where they should be slow, and in "rear" when they should be at the "front;" "facing to the right" when the order was given to the "left," and wheeling one way when the command was another: these and a host of other operations of like character, gave to the ceremony the appearance of a satire on soldiering, and stripped the military to its cuticle, of all dignity or grandeur.

Great commotion ruled in the camp at an early hour the next morning. An order of march had been prescribed for the whole command, with a view to the production of the maximum effect upon the Mexicans, whom we might perchance encounter in the vicinity of the Rio Grande. Hence, as much labor had been bestowed in perfecting the arrangements for the day, the mules appeared a little more obstinate and contrary than usual, and the horrid profanity of the teamsters of course increased in a similar proportion. There was hurry among the dragoons and delay with the artillery; the infantry was in this position which was wrong, and the Arkansas cavalry in that which was far from being right. Wagons were just where they ought not to have been, and clerks, waiting boys, and supernumeraries, had usurped the position of the general staff. Orders and counter-orders in all quarters were given and countermanded

in a breath. Aides-de-camp, extra and real, were riding in all directions but the right ones, and as fast as they followed each other, perhaps undoing what each one's predecessor had effected. The General wondered why the Colonel did not move on, and the Colonel in his turn could not for the life of him perceive what detained somebody else. However, the confusion of tongues at Babel terminated with the dispersion of the talkers throughout the land of Shinar, and in spite of darkness and misapprehension, the great snake—to which the column might be compared—finally uncoiled itself, and began its winding course along the road at seven o'clock.

The country becomes more broken as the "Great River of the North" is approached; the road winds around numerous hills and traverses many deep ravines. The vegetable growth near the Cuevas, as has been already observed, is very slight: the prickly pear—that unmatched bane to prairie life and physical comfort—almost creeps along the ground at that point, but before reaching the river it again becomes a monster, and rears its hideous arms to the height of six or eight feet. A small bush called by the Mexicans *chaparra ceniza*, was seen for the first time to-day. It bears a beautiful violet-colored little flower, and deserves honorable mention, as growing in Texas or Mexico, and free from the deformity of thorns.

To enable the troops to keep in compact order, the column was frequently halted, and during one of these intervals, an incident occurred which excited deep interest throughout the entire command. At no great distance from the head of the line, a young fawn was bounding over the prairie, pursued by a mean, sneaking, vicious, ravenous-looking wolf. With eye dilated and swelling nostril, the deer glided along with almost the speed of the wind, while her ferocious enemy kept on the path with a determination which seemed to evince no fears of the loss of his intended prey. Now the fawn sweeps along like a bird, and now she bounds over the cactus and chaparral, as if she were an element of the air: forward she goes, leaping obstacles and threading mazes which would appear to defy her powers, yet as she touches the earth, it seems to our fancy and our fears, that she gains nothing in advance of her voracious foe. Her flight is directed towards a group of mezquit trees in the distance, as if there was the last citadel of her hopes. Her speed now becomes phantom-like. Terrified with the doom which she seems with human

instinct to apprehend as inevitable, she flies over bush and brier and from peak to peak, with an energy wrung from despair. But without some foreign aid all her agile powers must fail before the cool, calm and persevering efforts of her enemy. He wastes no strength in flying leaps; but with steady strides, his eye fixed on his victim, his scent sharpened and appetite quickened by the race, he pursues with untiring pace his object. The chase continued until the dust from the rear of the column had almost hidden the pursuer and pursued from view, when, in spite of orders, the rifle could no longer be restrained, and a whizzing bullet from a sympathizing volunteer, suddenly relieved the wolf and his intended victim. This incident, the starting of a hare, and the death of a rattlesnake, were the most marked features of the day's march.

As we approached within a few miles of the river, all were on the *qui vive*; every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse, but many a distant hill and jutting bluff disappeared before the object was attained. The road runs nearly parallel with the river for several miles, the heights on the opposite shore being a long time visible, without any apparent diminution of distance. A mile or two from the ford we caught a glimpse of a house, from which appeared to be streaming a white flag. This of course was far from being gratifying to those who wished the passage to be disputed, as it was death to immediate glory if not to the Mexicans, and those maiden swords must yet remain unfleshed. We came upon a full view of the river at eleven o'clock, and as we reached the bank, a man appeared on the Mexican side waving the emblem of peace. A short colloquy ensued between him and our interpreter. To an invitation to come over, he seemed at first to object, on account of "*mucha agua*," but soon consented, and, naked as the horse on which he rode, he entered the river, still bearing his pacific credential before him, which proved on his arrival to be a shirt—which had probably been washed for the occasion. He bore a letter from the Alcalde of the Presidio, to the commanding general, couched in very humble terms, protesting that the people of that region bore no arms against the United States, were peacefully pursuing their usual occupations, and begging that General Wool would treat them with as much consideration as Colonel Harney had previously done, &c., &c. The General made an appropriate verbal reply, and desired that the Alcalde would present himself in per-

son. The messenger then returned, and we began pitching our tents.

A few minutes before sunset, the Chief of the Presidio municipality made his appearance accompanied by a single individual, who was probably another official functionary, though his position was not very clearly defined. The Alcalde surprised us with the first intelligence of the fall of Monterey, having a Mexican copy of the articles of capitulation. The news of the event spread rapidly over camp, and created great exultation.

The Alcalde returned some time after dark, and a dragoon who assisted in reconveying him across the river, disappeared on his return, between ten and eleven o'clock, and it was feared might be drowned.

For the first time since we left San Antonio, there was a slight shower on the 9th, with indication of prolonged wet weather.

The 2d Dragoons under Colonel Harney were the first to cross the river. The water was about four feet and three inches deep, and quite as high as is safe or convenient for fording. Many of us contrived to elude official vigilance and steal off under cover of the cavalry, and entered the enemy's country with the troops. To accomplish the crossing with dry feet, it was necessary to take a most constrained and painful position on the horse, and one that would have been fatal to the department of Mr. Turveydrop. As we did not consult attitudes however, so much as prospective comfort, this was not considered an insuperable objection to the movement.

The village or city of the Presidio, is about five miles from the river, in a direction from the ford, a little west of south. About three hundred yards north of the town, stand the ruins of an old "mission"—another monument to the ubiquitous efforts of the Jesuits. Originally a mongrel mixture of stone and mortar, time has added nothing to its beauty or its symmetry, though it has curtailed somewhat its first proportions. The body of the edifice is, as usual, connected with a series of arched ways, cells, chambers, &c., for purposes doubtless well known to the occupants, but which at this time forbid speculation. The swelling notes of the organ are no longer heard within its stately walls, but the wind howls a mournful requiem through its falling arches, over the grandeur that has passed away. The imposing ceremonial—the pomp and circumstance of prayer; the morning and evening chimes; the whis-

pered confession and the muttered absolution; the tonsured priest and the besotted people, have disappeared for ever; and ruin with its inexorable grasp has given walls and arches, corridors and columns, to the wild flowers for their dominion, and to the birds of heaven for their revels.

The cavalcade entered the town with guidons flying, and the band playing "Hail Columbia." The doors and windows were planted thickly with the inhabitants, eager to see the invading "barbarians of the North." By the time we reached the plaza, the whole place was in motion, and every house had disgorged its occupants. The children were most conspicuous in numbers, and not least striking from their apparel—or the want of it. The Indian mother, nurtured only in the school of nature, gives to her child a girdle about the middle: the Mexicans, inheritors of Spanish civilization and refinement, dispense with so superfluous a garment. The Colonel presented to the Alcalde a letter from General Wool, whereupon, as Gil Blas says, were many compliments on both sides. The official was as condescending and affectionate as a stump candidate three weeks before the election, and, notwithstanding we were all on horseback, passed round most graciously, careful to omit none, shaking every one's hand and, leading us to infer that if we had been on foot, we should have had still more touching evidence of his esteem.

The buildings are generally of a similar character to those of San Antonio, many of which, of the better looking class, were deserted; the inhabitants who had the means apparently thinking it preferable to leave their homes, rather than see them desecrated by the presence of a military rabble, judging our troops by the character of their own. None of the houses have wooden floors: the arrangements for light in those of most pretensions, are gratings rising from a broad sill projecting a foot or two from the walls, the bars of which are elaborately carved or turned. These window recesses are also useful to the young ladies in another way; as the bewitching señoritas may frequently be seen there in the cool of the day, puffing their cigarritas, and ogling the passers by. Many of the doors are rudely ornamented with men's heads, the figures of animals, &c., intended to resemble perhaps, as near as any thing else, the ancient gods of the Aztecs. I observed, as at San Antonio, that the chief occupation of the women within doors, consists in *looking the heads*, or taking the census *per capita*, of their children, and of each other.

The problem of the existence of the Mexican people, as illustrated in those of the Presidio de Rio Grande, is of no simple solution. Food and clothing are universal necessities of mankind, to which this portion of the human family is no exception; but while they are in possession of both, the mystery is, whence they are procured. There are no indications of mechanical industry—I saw but one approach to it in the case of a man who was mending a woman's shoe—there are no workshops and no stores; no gardens and no fields: idleness and indolence are every where lords of the ascendant. There was one place of general resort, and it appears to be common to all latitudes and to every people: it was the village grog shop. Muscal, or Mexican whiskey, distilled from a wild plant indigenous to the country, forms the staple article of this establishment, though nuts, rice, sugar, &c., are kept in small quantities. Sweet potatoes were also disposed of here at a picayune a pound. In the distillation of their alcoholic products however, it must be acknowledged that the Mexican people act with more wisdom than ourselves, and that in one thing at least, we may derive from them a wholesome example. They do not make the staff of life its destroyer, and so abuse an inestimable blessing that it becomes a withering and deadly curse. No: instead of perverting what may be called pre-eminently the great North American plant, which Providence has given for man's subsistence, to the uses of evil habits, the production of vice and misery, and the degradation and prostitution of humanity, they apply it to its legitimate ends, and gratify their depraved appetites by extracting their intoxicating drinks from the more natural source of a wild plant of the prairies. What little labor is rendered by the people, is chiefly agricultural, and a fertile soil and genial climate, doubtless yield at a trifling cost rich returns to the toil of the cultivator. The habits, manners, and costume of the people, are simple in the extreme, and a small infusion of Anglo-Saxon energy, could it possibly be effected, might perhaps be followed by a corresponding infusion of Anglo-Saxon intelligence and prosperity. So much would certainly be gained in purity of morals, government, and religion, that a revolution of this sort ought to be encouraged by every Mexican who loves his country. Every philanthropist must desire that the present indolent effeminacy may soon cease to exist, and that the energies of a people who may boast of the "Great Admiral," the "Great

Captain," Cortez, Alvarado, and a host of other illustrious names, may once more be quickened into life. And though they have known us only as enemies, let us hope now that peace is restored, they may take an example from us in activity, in industry, in enterprise, and resolve to elevate their country to the position which Providence has assigned it, and to leave our vices—if any they have observed—to moulder in the grave in which their own ignorance and lethargy would then be buried. Then indeed would Mexico be worthy of her ancient renown; and though she might not attain to the pre-eminent position which she held in the days of Aztec splendor and power, towards the other nations of America, she would be able to engage in honorable rivalry with the Republic of the North, in advancing the common wealth and common intelligence of nations; in the prosecution of the arts and the cultivation of science; in rendering the whole people industrious and intelligent; in contributing to the universal amelioration of mankind, by securing with a panoply of law, virtue and true religion, the person and property of every individual.

The Rio Grande at the ford, is by calculation two hundred and seventy-two yards wide; the current rapid, and the bottom hard. The water is much like that of the Missouri, and after filtration is probably quite as good. A substitute for this operation is furnished by the prickly pear, which, stripped of its skin, and deposited in the vessel of water, very soon precipitates the earthy matter. It is perhaps the only known application of the plant—except the torture.

The dragoon who so mysteriously vanished after disposing of the Alcalde, turned up the next day and exhibited no signs of having passed the night under water. He was only classifying and qualifying himself as an old soldier; and being on guard, very sagely concluded, that a night in the chaparral was preferable to one on post.

One of the Arkansas volunteers died just after reaching the Rio Grande, and on observing a man carrying a barrel on his shoulder to their late camp, I was told on inquiry, it was for a coffin,—that no other material was to be had, and that his comrades were about to inclose a portion of his form thus, rather than leave it to the cold embraces of the earth. Poor fellow! he doubtless left home, like the most of us, with high anticipations and chivalric hopes; joyfully enrolling himself among those who were going forth to

fight the battles of their country, and perhaps with honorable aspirations after a distinction that might survive him. He arrives in sight of the soil of the enemy, but his foot is not permitted to touch it. Death strikes him at the very threshold. The tender cares and sacred affections of a mother or a sister are not present to hallow or to soothe his dying hours; but stretched upon a blanket, on the bosom of the cold earth, to which the body must so soon return, he yields up his last breath among his comrades, and his "spirit to Him who gave it." Then, indeed, the martial mockery of a military funeral does honor to his remains: music, in melancholy and mournful strains, precedes him to the grave, and volleys of musketry eloquently tell of a country's gratitude, and the Republic's respect for her patriotic defenders. The clods of earth fall coldly—not upon his coffin, for that his country denies him—but upon the pittance of protection which his comrades have procured for his mortal remains; the grave closes, the procession returns with the gayest music, and the soldier is forgotten. On the wild and solitary banks of the Rio Grande, in a grave perhaps unsanctified by one tear of affection, and unhallowed by the rites of Christian burial, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

On the 11th of October, at eleven o'clock, the main body crossed the river. At the right bank we found Captain Morgan and his company, of the 1st regiment, stripped to their shirts and drawers, engaged in getting a wagon out of the river, which the mules had not been able to extricate. They had blocked up the point of exit from the stream, and those in the rear therefore were compelled to await their movements. The Captain in his red flannel seemed to waive all considerations of rank, and was in the midst of his company, setting the right sort of an example, and making himself not only ornamental but useful. On ascending the bank, in the midst of dragoons and infantry, teamsters and baggage wagons, a dozen or more Mexican carts were discovered, loaded with sugar-cane, chickens, sweet potatoes, corn and wheat bread, a variety of which was very like the "ginger cake" bought and sold by the boys at "general trading." The latter was decidedly the most popular purchase—partly, perhaps, because it could be eaten on the ground, and partly on account of early associations. While the larger portion of us were engaged in the vigorous mastication of the various viands before us, we observed our gallant commander, seated in a small skiff,

towed by a horse, making his entrance into Mexico. Not many minutes after his arrival, he was met by a Mexican Teniente (Lieutenant) with an escort of two men, who brought a complete copy of the articles of capitulation at Monterey, with a letter from a Mexican colonel.

The General soon put himself at the head of the battery, the dragoons being in front, and with the military ambassador in his immediate vicinity, and the cavalcade enveloped in impenetrable clouds of dust, advanced towards the Presidio. It was nearly one o'clock when the party left the river, and the green tops of the lofty pecan trees of the town became visible in a little less than two hours.

Just before entering the principal street, we passed on our right a large reservoir, formed by a high embankment or dam across a small stream that winds around the place, from which the irrigating canals radiate over the surrounding region. Above the gate or sluice-way, there is a conspicuous wooden cross, which, with an inscription below, indicates the usual tincture of priestcraft and superstition. On the southern side of the town, at the extremity of a street leading to the plaza, stands a small stone building, evidently constructed for defence, to which is attached a castellated tower. The position is an important one, and would permit an effective fire in almost every direction.

The residence of Miguel Arsiniega, *Gefe Politico*, the Political Chief of Department and commonly known as the *Alcalde*, to which the column proceeded, is a one story building of stone or adobe, in the form of a hollow square, with an interior court of twelve or fifteen hundred square feet. Availing myself of the broad shoulders of ———, I was permitted to enter with the crowd. The rooms are spacious and airy. On being ushered into the parlor, the carpet of which was of good hard Mexican clay, we met the *Alcalde*, clad in a white, homespun frock coat, decorated with immense black buttons, his nether proportions encased in similar material, but of variegated hues; his wife, a not ill-looking, buxom specimen of her sex, and several younger females, whom we presumed to be her daughters. One of them—a youthful mother—was yielding from the lacteal fountains that nourishment of a maternal nature which comes from no other source, and which the baby in her arms was extracting with as much vigor as might have been looked for in one east of the Sabine.

The furniture of the room consisted of a high-post bedstead, embellished with a

gay, checkered quilt; three or four wooden benches, like those found in a back-woods meeting-house in Georgia; a looking-glass, nine by fourteen inches; a rude table, upon which writing materials were spread alongside of one of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's novels; a wooden image of Christ on the cross, and a picture of the pope or some other respectable gentleman, which might very well be taken for the "man of sin." There was also a stone or earthen jug standing in the window-sill, from which we supplied ourselves with water out of a broken tumbler. The interview lasted but a short time; the object of it was apparently not very clearly comprehended, even when we rose to depart. The General gave each of the ladies a very affectionate squeeze of the hand, and the less favored members of the party bowed themselves out of the room.

As we were leaving, we observed in the court a remarkable looking man, oblivious of all things going on around him, walking to and fro, with a wisdom-giving pair of spectacles astride his nose, and an ancient volume in his hands, with numerous leaves turned down, and slips of paper inserted, to mark the places. He was without coat or hat. His gray hair was "cropped short" enough to excite the admiration of a writer of army regulations, and in his round, rubicund face, there twinkled two cunning little eyes, above which hung a pair of brows in overshadowing humility. He proved to be the priest of the village, conning over his paternosters, and so laboriously, that it appeared to be an act of self-imposed penance. Notwithstanding the gravity of his appearance, and his very clerical austerity of demeanor, it is said he is decidedly a jovial companion, and for this reason likes San Fernando, his previous parish, much better than the Presidio. He states that there were in the former place a few worthy and congenial associates, with whom he could play a game of cards or take a social glass without scandal upon his profession, but he adds—with perhaps not so much truth—that here such innocent enjoyments are looked upon with great horror. Some who were disposed to sympathize with him in his unaccustomed privations, invited him to camp, where he would be permitted to indulge his animal propensities to "the top of his bent." From him we learned that the old "Mission" was erected early in the eighteenth century, and had been abandoned for nearly fifty years.

After leaving this pious father to his pages, his penance, and his paternosters, we continued our route through the town

towards the encampment. The houses were filled with spectators, gazing at the unusual exhibition; pigs and poultry were picking up corn, with the naked children on the floors and in the streets, and the usual process of gathering in the *harvest of the hair*, was going on industriously among the women. These were generally dressed with less regard to neatness and display, than when Colonel Harney arrived, on which occasion the newest calicoes seem to have been in requisition. The females to-day were, in most cases, reduced to the last layer of drapery, while from the waists of a few, there hung a petticoat in addition.

About a mile from town, it became necessary to cross one of the irrigating ditches, over which the Mexicans had constructed a rude but practicable bridge. We found, however, on our arrival that the genius of ——— had been moved as usual, to leave the impress of his mind and power, upon the stumps and logs before him, and he was actively engaged as the chief pioneer. From almost the commencement of the march, he had become the absorbent, whenever the opportunity offered, of all the operations. Snatching from the commanding general his commission, from the engineer his compass, from the quarter-master his responsibility, from the adjutant-general his pen, from the ordnance officer his powder, from the wagon master his whip, from the surgeon his lancet, from the teamster his reins, and from the pioneer his pickaxe and shovel, he appropriated to himself the functions of the whole—a self-constituted itinerant military pantheon. If Leonidas could have had three hundred such, the story of Thermopylæ would have a different conclusion.

The encampment was upon an open prairie, with mezquit trees scattered in clustered coruscations, and with a sprinkling of the prickly pear, and a new variety of the chaparral, more thorny if possible than any of its predecessors. The water was of a rich sulphurous taste and odor, and might well lay claim to medicinal virtues. It was nearly dark before we completed the pitching of our tents, and night, with a thick garniture of clouds, fell long before we received our suppers.

On Friday morning we had something like an April shower; which was followed by a regular, sober, steady, energetic rain, combining the power of the storm with the pertinacity of the drizzle. It proved, however, no obstacle to the out-door efforts of the Mexicans, who swarmed into camp to sell their figs, cakes, bread, potatoes,

&c. They seemed not at all disinclined to furnish supplies, according to the full extent of their abilities, and on reasonable terms. Indeed, they did not evince quite such a mercenary disposition, such a determined pertinacity for public plunder, as our friends in Texas. There a bushel of corn cost a dollar and fifty cents: here it could be bought for about half that sum.

It was rumored that there was as much difficulty at head-quarters, in translating the communications received by the Tente, as Tony Lumpkin once encountered in reading a certain "cramped piece of penmanship." The conclusion, however, arrived at by all the interpreters, as reported, was that the Mexican officer who wrote the letter, and who somewhat loftily signed himself "Francisco de Castañeda, Colonel, commanding the left wing of the Northern army," entertained the opinion that the articles of capitulation at Monterey, prohibited by implication General Wool from crossing the Rio Grande, and that such a movement would involve a violation of their spirit and intent. It is not known what reply the commanding general made; but we may infer that he informed Colonel Castañeda that he could construe those articles without Mexican assistance; that he had crossed the river, and that if the "Commander of the left wing of the Northern army" objected thereto, he might resort to such means as should seem proper to him, to put General Wool on the other side.

As the sun rose on the 13th, the flag of the United States rose upon the soil of Mexico: as the stars of heaven paled before the great luminary of the universe, the stars of the Republic waved above a foreign horizon. There may be something grand and poetical, perhaps, to a Frenchman, in the idea that the government thus symbolled forth, should be displayed at such an hour, saluted with the roar and blaze of gunpowder, and the virgin beams of the morning; but if there be a thought or association of power or protection with the flag, why should it not be unfurled by night as well as by day? According to Walter Scott, such was the practice with the Crusaders: why and when was it discontinued?

The morning was fair and charming; the air pure and bracing. Every inhalation seemed to give new vigor to the system. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass, and hung like clusters of jewels from the branches of the chaparral. The birds had caught the inspiration of the hour, and made nature vocal with their

grateful and joyous melody. Not to trifle away in camp such opportunities for rational enjoyment, and such an invocation to a proper acknowledgment of the benevolence of the Creator, by a contemplation of His works, a party was made up for town. The road was alive with the industrious Mexicans of all sizes, bringing in the surpluse of their labors for sale. Boys with unripe melons, sweet potatoes, cigarritas, eggs, chickens, polonces (sugar in the form of truncated cones about the size of a common tumbler), preserved pumpkin, dried figs, looking and tasting like prunes, tortillas, tamales, &c., &c., and men with the more bulky and substantial products, were rushing into camp, to reap the harvest while it lasts.

Before arriving at the Presidio, *alias* San Juan de Bautista, *alias* Villa del Herriero; for the town is known by the three names, we met General Shields, with two or three officers, just from Camargo to join this column. We thus gathered many particulars of the great battle or rather battles of Monterey, of a victory to our arms which was purchased at the price of some of the best blood of the nation, and which carried grief, and sorrow, and lamentation, and brokenness of heart, to many a widowed wife and childless mother. The son, the husband, the lover, and the brother had fallen, and the glory of such a triumph is wrung from bitter tears and written in priceless blood. Numerous instances of the thrilling horrors of the scene were described, but there is none perhaps more affecting than the fate of Lieutenant — of the — Infantry.

According to report, he was wounded early in the action by a musket ball, and stretched almost lifeless upon the earth. In the heat and *melée* of the carnage, it was impossible to remove him from the field, and thus weak from loss of blood and suffering the most intense agony, he remained an entire day; balls hurtling through the air, and the rain falling in torrents nearly the whole time. Almost exhausted, he was an agonized spectator of the battle raging fiercely around him, and of the warring of the elements, rivaling that of man with man. When taken up, life was nearly extinct, and the affectionate efforts of his friends seemed only to prolong agony with which he had wrestled in vain.

The heart turns with horror from the contemplation of such details, and which, terrific and revolting as they are, are too often aggravated by the consideration that they arise from the mad ambition and petty policy of those who, secure in their

own positions, trifle with human life as they would amuse themselves with the balls of a billiard table. Yet these men we are told are "Christian Statesmen;" looking to divine law as their rule of action; professing to ask and to do nothing but what is right, while forgetting, yea trampling deliberately under foot, the edict which was thundered forth in such terrible sublimity from the throne of Omnipotence, "Thou shalt not kill."

The population of the Presidio is probably not far from two thousand; but the juvenile proportion is enormous, if not alarming. Nearly every house displays three or four naked boys and girls, at the doors and in the court yards, all apparently of the same age, as they are of the same size. It would appear from the fecundity here, that the population of Mexico must reduce itself elsewhere in a most mysterious way, if at present, as has been estimated, it does not amount to more than seven or eight millions. And whatever process they may have for curtailing numbers, a disciple of Malthus would be very apt to complain in the most deprecatory terms of the frightful consequences that must ensue from the masses of juvenility presented here, and would doubtless suggest remedies not entirely in accordance with the tastes and appetites of the people.

The jurisdiction of the Alcalde, or Prefect of the Presidio, extends over a department comprising six towns, in which he is the chief, if not the only civil officer. The precise nature of his duties and extent of his powers cannot be very accurately defined; but in addition to the function of judge and juror, he has the general supervision of the revenues, and is responsible within his department for the faithful execution of the laws, particularly those in reference to government dues. The truth is, there is very little of law in the country, except the forms, and these it may be feared will not long survive. The canon [query—cannon?] law really prevails over every other, and there is no functionary whose power is so unlimited as that of the priest.

At a short distance from the road, about half a mile this side of the town, are the ruins, or rather the remnants of the foundation of one of the earliest missions erected on the continent. It was known as the church of San Juan Bautista; and was built, it is supposed, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Nothing remains at present but a shapeless pile of rubbish and stones. We were furnished here with another sad illustra-

tion of the casualties incident to a campaign, even when not actively engaged with the enemy. One of the Illinois volunteers attached to Captain Lee's corps of pioneers, was cruelly mutilated by a ponton sliding from a wagon, which struck him near the abdomen, forcing out his intestines, and otherwise lacerating his person in the most frightful manner. He survived several days, suffering the most acute pain, and subjected to all the torture that such an injury could inflict.

Two or three days before the march was resumed, several volleys of musketry, fired in quick succession, were heard by the sentinels, early in the morning, in the direction of the town. At first no notice was taken of the fact, but from the repeated discharges, it was deemed proper to report it to the commanding general, who with all his watchfulness was caught napping for once. Though it could hardly be possible that an armed enemy should be in that quarter, in a few moments the camp was in commotion. The bugles of the dragoons sounded "to horse;" the drums of the infantry beat "the general." The horns of the Arkansas regiment emitted certain sounds understood by themselves, for they were very soon in their saddles. In the mean time, men half-dressed were hurrying to and fro, all knowing there was an excitement, but very few knowing why. Some were in pursuit of horses, grazing beyond the camp; some returning from the water, and all apparently busy about every thing, save preparation for a battle. The mounted troops were ordered to town to investigate the affair which seemed to involve so much mystery, and the artillery and infantry were formed in line of battle to await events. Each man was ready at the signal to

"Let slip the dogs of war."

The report finally came, and lo! the consternation had been created by a salute—

common, it is said, in this country—fired over the grave of a Mexican baby. A very lame and impotent conclusion certainly, but how could it have been otherwise? There was no one with whom an enemy could engage except ourselves, and we had not been invited to such an entertainment.

Captain — and Lieutenant — of the Topographical Engineers, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, the whole under — — —, left on a reconnaissance in the direction of San Fernando and Santa Rosa, one day in advance of the army.

A new turn was also given to the machinery of monotony, in the way of a review, the great feature of which was the performance of one of the — companies. At the head of the detachment with which this company was embodied, rode — — —, in his round hat and black coat; having too keen a sense of the ridiculous not to know that in his position it would be a burlesque to affect the soldier even in appearance. Then came the main body. Covered with hats, broad brim, narrow brim, and no brim at all, straw, chip, felt, and fur, the whole of the class known as "shocking bad;" with coats of every shape, of every hue, and of every material, and not a few coatless; jackets without skirts and with one skirt—razed from necessity, with collars and without; trousers like Jacob's cattle, "ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzled;" white, black, blue, brown, and dingy; in short, it may be doubted if heroism were ever more thoroughly disguised or fantastically arrayed. Among the banners redoubtably borne on this occasion, one blazed with the inscription "Try us," and another, that had probably served a similar purpose during the presidential campaign, flaunted the execrable, because false and hypocritical sentiment, "Extend the area of Freedom."

(To be Continued.)

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A MEMOIR ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG IN ROME.

IN those quiet old winter evenings, around our Roman fireside, it was not seldom, my dear Storg, that we talked of the advantages of travel, and in speeches not so long that our cigars would forget their fire (the measure of just conversation) debated the comparative advantages of the Old and the New Worlds. You will remember how serenely I bore the imputation of provincialism, while I asserted that those advantages were reciprocal; that an orb'd and balanced life would revolve between the Old and the New as its opposite, but not antagonistic, poles, the true equator lying somewhere midway between them. I asserted also that there were two epochs at which a man might travel,—before twenty, for pure enjoyment, and after thirty, for instruction. At twenty, the eye is sufficiently delighted with merely seeing; new things are pleasant only because they are not old; and we take every thing heartily and naturally in the right way, events being always like knives, which either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle. After thirty, we carry with us our scales with lawful weights stamped by experience, and our chemical tests acquired by study, with which to ponder and assay all arts, and institutions, and manners, and to ascertain either their absolute worth, or their merely relative value to ourselves. On the whole, I declared myself in favor of the after-thirty method,—was it partly (so difficult is it to distinguish between opinions and personalities) because I had tried it myself, though with scales so imperfect and tests so inadequate? Perhaps so, but more because I held that a man should have travelled thoroughly round himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside and inside his own threshold, before he undertook voyages of discovery to other worlds. Let him first thoroughly explore that strange country laid down on the maps as SEAUTON; let him look down into its craters and find whether they be burnt out or only sleeping; let him know between the good and evil fruits of its passionate tropics; let him experience how healthful are its serene and high-lying table-lands; let him be many times driven back (till he wisely consent to be baffled) from its metaphysical north-west passages that lead only to the dreary

solitudes of a sunless world, before he think himself morally equipped for travels to more distant regions. But does he commonly even so much as think of this, or, while buying amplest trunks for his corporeal apparel, does it once occur to him how very small a portmanteau will contain all his mental and spiritual outfit? Oftener, it is true, that a man who could scarce be induced to expose his unclothed body, even in a village of prairie-dogs, will complacently display a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig-leaf of acquirement on it, in every gallery of Europe. If not with a robe dyed in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture, if not with the close-fitting, active dress of social or business training,—at least, my dear Storg, one might provide himself with the merest waist-cloth of modesty!

But if it be too much to expect men to traverse and survey themselves before they go abroad, we might certainly ask that they should be familiar with their own villages. If not even that, then it is of little import whether they go, and let us hope that, by seeing how calmly their own narrow neighborhood bears their departure, they may be led to think that the circles of disturbance set in motion by the fall of their tiny drop into the ocean of eternity, will not have a radius of more than a week in any direction; and that the world can endure the subtraction of even a justice of the peace with provoking equanimity. In this way, at least, foreign travel may do them good, may make them, if not wiser, at any rate less fussy. Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for the lesson? We cannot pay too much for that genial stoicism which, when life flouts us and says—*Put THAT in your pipe and smoke it!*—can puff away with as sincere a relish as if it were tobacco of Mount Lebanon in a narghileh of Damascus.

After all, my dear Storg, it is to know *things* that one has need to travel, and not *men*. Those force us to come to them, but these come to us—sometimes whether we will or no. These exist for us in every variety in our own town. You may find your antipodes without a voyage to China; he lives there, just round the next corner, precise, formal, the slave of precedent,

making all his tea-cups with a break in the edge, because his model had one, and your fancy decorates him with an endlessness of airy pigtail. There, too, are John Bull, Jean Crapaud, Hans Sauerkraut, Pat Murphy, and the rest.

It has been well said—

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives around him, sees
Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
Rome, Egypt, England, Ind, and Greeceo.

"Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,—
Whatever Empires wax and wane,—
To him who hath not eyes in vain
His village-microcosm can show."

But *things* are good for nothing out of their natural *habitat*. If the heroic Barnum had succeeded in transplanting Shakespeare's house to America, what interest would it have had for us, torn out of its appropriate setting in softly-hilled Warwickshire, which showed us that the most English of poets must be born in the most English of counties? I mean by a *Thing* that which is not a mere spectacle, that which the mind leaps forth to, as it also leaps to the mind, as soon as they come within each other's sphere of attraction, and with instantaneous coalition form a new product—knowledge. Such, in the understanding it gives us of early Roman history, is the little territory around Rome, the *gentis cunabula*, without a sight of which, Livy and Niebuhr and the maps are vain. So, too, one must go to Pompeii and the *Museo Borbonico*, to get a true conception of that wondrous artistic nature of the Greeks, strong enough, even in that petty colony, to survive foreign conquest and to assimilate barbarian blood, showing a grace and fertility of invention, whose Roman copies Raffaello himself could only copy, and enchanting even the base utensils of the kitchen with an inevitable sense of beauty to which we subterranean Northmen have not yet so much as dreamed of climbing. Mere sights one can see quite as well at home. Mont Blanc does not tower more grandly in the memory, than did the dream-peak which loomed afar on the morning-horizon of hope; nor did the smoke-palm of Vesuvius stand more erect and fair, with tapering stem and spreading top, in that Parthenopean air than under the diviner sky of imagination. I know what Shakespeare says about home-keeping youths, and I can fancy what you will add about America being interesting only as a phenomenon, and uncomfortable to live in, because we have not yet done with

getting ready to live. But is not your Europe, on the other hand, a place where men have done living for the present, and of value chiefly because of the men who had done living in it long ago? And if, in our rapidly-moving country, one feel sometimes as if he had his home in a railroad train, is there not also a satisfaction in knowing that one *is* going *somewhere*? To what end visit Europe, if people carry with them, as most do, their old parochial horizon, going hardly as Americans even, much less as men? Have we not both seen persons abroad who put us in mind of parlor goldfish in their vase, isolated in that little globe of their own element, incapable of communication with the strange world around them, a show themselves, while it was always doubtful if they could see at all beyond the limits of their portable prison? The wise man travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of himself and his habitual associations, trying every thing in turn till he find that one activity, sovran over him by divine right, toward which all the disbanded powers of his nature and the irregular tendencies of his life gather joyfully, as to the common rallying-point of their loyalty.

All these things we debated while the illex logs upon the hearth burned down to tinkling coals, over which a gray, soft moss of ashes grew betimes, mocking the poor wood with a pale travesty of that green and gradual decay on forest-floors, its natural end. Already the clock at the *Capuccini* told the morning quarters, and on the pauses of our talk no sound intervened but the muffled hoot of an owl in the near convent-garden, or the rattling tramp of a patrol of that French army which keeps him a prisoner in his own city, who claims to lock and unlock the doors of heaven. But still the discourse would eddy round one obstinate rocky tenet of mine, for I maintained, you remember, that the wisest man was he who stayed at home; that to see the antiquities of the old world was nothing, since the youth of the world was really no farther away from us than our own youth; and that, moreover, we had also in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example. Add, that in the end this antiquity is a matter of comparison, which skips from place to place as nimbly as Emerson's sphinx, and that one old thing is good only till we have seen an older. England is ancient till we go to Rome. Etruria dethrones Rome, but only to pass this sceptre of Antiquity which so lords it over our fancies to the Pelasgi, from whom

Egypt straightway wrenches it to give it up in turn to older India. And whither then? As well rest upon the first step, since the effect of what is old upon the mind is single and positive, not cumulative. As soon as a thing is past, it is as infinitely far away from us as if it had happened millions of years ago. And if the learned Huet be correct, who reckoned that every human thought and record could be included in ten folios, what so frightfully old as we ourselves, who can, if we choose, hold in our memories every syllable of recorded time, from the first crunch of Eve's teeth in the apple, downward, being thus ideally contemporary with hoariest Eld?

"The pyramids built up with newer might
To us are nothing novel, nothing strange."

Now, my dear Storg, you know my (what the phrenologists call) inhabitiveness and adhesiveness, how I stand by the old thought, the old thing, the old place, and the old friend, till I am very sure I have got a better, and even then migrate painfully. Remember the old Arabian story, and think how hard it is to pick up all the pomegranate-seeds of an opponent's argument, and how, as long as one remains, you are as far from the end as ever. Since I have you entirely at my mercy (for you cannot answer me under five weeks) you will not be surprised at the advent of this letter. I had always one impregnable position, which was, that however good other places might be, there was only one in which we could be born, and which therefore possessed a quite peculiar and inalienable virtue. We had the fortune, which neither of us have had reason to call other than good, to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut it in, and looked down upon those Italian plains of early manhood; and, since then, we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life as it truly is. With this letter I propose to make you my fellow-traveller in one of those fireside voyages which, as we grow older, we make oftener and oftener through our own past. Without leaving your elbow-chair, you shall go back with me thirty years, which will bring you among things and persons as thoroughly preterite as Romulus or Numa. For, so rapid are our changes in America, that the transition from old to new, the change from habits and associations to others entirely different, is as rapid almost as the pushing in of one scene and the drawing out of another on the stage. And it is

this which makes America so interesting to the philosophic student of history and man. Here, as in a theatre, the great problems of anthropology, which in the old world were ages in solving, but which are solved, leaving only a dry net result; are compressed, as it were, into the entertainment of a few hours. Here we have I know not how many epochs of history and phases of civilization contemporary with each other, nay, within five minutes of each other by the electric telegraph. In two centuries we have seen rehearsed the dispersion of man from a small point over a whole continent; we witness with our own eyes the action of those forces which govern the great migration of the peoples, now historical in Europe; we can watch the action and reaction of different races, forms of government, and higher or lower civilizations. Over there, you have only the dead precipitate, demanding tedious analysis; but here the elements are all in solution, and we have only to look to know them all. History, which every day makes less account of governors and more of man, must find here the compendious key to all that picture-writing of the Past. Therefore it is, my dear Storg, that we Yankees may still esteem our America a place worth living in. But calm your apprehensions: I do not propose to drag you with me on such an historical circumnavigation of the globe, but only to show you that (however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of æsthetics) a man who uses the eyes of his heart, may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which that Indian-summer atmosphere of the Past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin. Let us look at the Cambridge of thirty years since.

The seat of the oldest college in America, it had, of course, some of that cloistered quiet which characterizes all university-towns. But, underlying this, it had an idiosyncrasy of its own. Boston was not yet a city, and Cambridge was still a country village, with its own habits and traditions, not yet feeling too strongly the force of suburban gravitation. Approaching it from the west by what was then called the New Road (it is called so no longer, for we change our names whenever we can, to the great detriment of all historical association) you would pause on the brow of Symonds' Hill to enjoy a view singularly soothing and placid. In front of you lay the town, tufted with elms, lindens, and horse-chesnuts, which had seen Massachusetts a colony, and were

fortunately unable to emigrate with the Tories by whom, or by whose fathers, they were planted. Over it rose the noisy belfry of the college, the square, brown tower of the church, and the slim, yellow spire of the parish meeting-house, by no means ungraceful, and then an invariable characteristic of New England religious architecture. On your right, the Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt-meadows, darkened, here and there, with the blossoming black-grass as with a stranded cloud-shadow. Over these marshes, level as water, but without its glare, and with softer and more soothing gradations of perspective, the eye was carried to a horizon of softly-rounded hills. To your left hand, upon the Old Road, you saw some half-dozen dignified old houses of the colonial time, all comfortably fronting southward. If it were spring-time, the rows of horse-chestnuts along the fronts of these houses showed, through every crevice of their dark heap of foliage, and on the end of every drooping limb, a cone of pearly flowers, while the hill behind was white or rosy with the crowding blooms of various fruit trees. There is no sound, unless a horseman clatters over the loose planks of the bridge, while his antipodal shadow glides silently over the mirrored bridge below, or unless

"Oh, winged rapture, feathered soul of spring,
 Blithe voice of woods, fields, waters, all in one,
 Pipe blown through by the warm, mild breath of
 June,
 Shepherding her white flocks of woolly clouds,
 The Bobolink has come, and climbs the wind
 With rippling wings, that quiver, not for flight,
 But only joy, or, yielding to its will,
 Runs down, a brook of laughter, through the air."

Such was the charmingly rural picture which he who, thirty years ago, went eastward over Symonds' Hill, had given him for nothing to hang in the Gallery of Memory. But we are a city now, and Common Councils have yet no notion of the truth (learned long ago by many a European hamlet) that picturesqueness adds to the actual money-value of a town. To save a few dollars in gravel, they have cut a kind of dry ditch through the hill, where you suffocate with dust in summer, or flounder through waist-deep snow-drifts in winter, with no prospect but the crumbling earth-walls on each side. The landscape was carried away, cartload by cartload, and, deposited on the roads, forms a part of that unfathomable pudding, which has, I fear, driven many a teamster and pedestrian to the use of phrases not commonly found in English dictionaries.

We called it "the Village" then (I speak of Old Cambridge), and it was essentially an English village, quiet, unspeculative, without enterprise, sufficing to itself, and only showing such differences from the original type as the public school and the system of town government might superinduce. A few houses, chiefly old, stood around the bare common, with ample elbow-room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia General who had come to wield our homespun Saxon chivalry. People were still living who regretted the late unhappy separation from the Mother Island, who had seen no gentry since the Vassals went, and who thought that Boston had ill kept the day of her patron saint, Botolph, on the 17th June, 1775. The hooks were to be seen from which had swung the hammocks of Burgoyne's captive red-coats. If memory does not deceive me, women still washed clothes in the town-spring, clear as that of Bandusia. One coach sufficed for all the travel to the metropolis. Commencement had not ceased to be the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth, and a fitting one it was—the festival of Santa Scolastica, whose triumphal path one may conceive strewn with leaves of spelling-book instead of bay. The students (scholars they were called then) wore their sober uniform, not ostentatiously distinctive nor capable of rousing democratic envy, and the old lines of caste were blurred rather than rubbed out, as servitor was softened into beneficiary. The Spanish king was sure that the gesticulating student was either mad or reading Don Quixotte, and if, in those days, you met a youth swinging his arms and talking to himself, you might conclude that he was either a lunatic or one who was to appear in a "part" at the next Commencement. A favorite place for the rehearsal of these orations was the retired amphitheatre of the Gravelpit, perched unregarded on whose dizzy edge, I have heard many a burst of *plus-quam-Ciceronian* eloquence, and (often repeated) the regular *saluto vos praestantissimas*, &c., which every year (with a glance at the gallery) causes a flutter among the fans innocent of Latin, and delights to applauds of conscious superiority the youth almost as innocent as they. It is curious, by the way, to note how plainly one can feel the pulse of self in the plaudits of an audience. At a political meeting, if the

enthusiasm of the lieges hang fire, it may be exploded at once by an allusion to their intelligence or patriotism, and at a literary festival, the first Latin quotation draws the first applause, the clapping of hands being intended as a tribute to our own familiarity with that sonorous tongue, and not at all as an approval of the particular sentiment conveyed in it. For if the orator should say, "Well has Tacitus remarked, *Americani omnes sunt naturaliter fures et stulti*," it would be all the same. But the Gravelpit was patient, if irresponsible, nor did the declaimer always fail to bring down the house, bits of loosened earth falling now and then from the precipitous walls, their cohesion perhaps overcome by the vibrations of the voice, and happily satirizing the effect of most popular discourses, which prevail rather with the clay than with the spiritual part of the hearer. Was it possible for us in those days to conceive of a greater potentate than the President of the University, in his square doctor's cap, that still filially recalled Oxford and Cambridge? If there were a doubt, it was suggested only by the Governor, and even by him on artillery election days alone, superbly martial with epaulets and buckskin breeches, and bestriding the war-horse, promoted to that solemn duty for his tameness and steady habits.

Thirty years ago, the Town had indeed a character. Railways and omnibuses had not rolled flat all little social prominences and peculiarities, making every man as much a citizen every where as at home. No Charlestown boy could come to our annual festival, without fighting to avenge a certain traditional porcine imputation against the inhabitants of that historic locality, and to which our youth gave vent, in fanciful imitations of the dialect of the sty, or derisive shouts of "Charlestown hogs!" The penny newspaper had not yet silenced the tripod of the barber, oracle of news. Every body knew every body, and all about every body, and village wit, whose high 'change was around the little market-house in the town-square, had labelled every more marked individuality with nick-names that clung like burrs. Things were established then, and men did not run through all the figures on the dial of society so swiftly as now, when hurry and competition seem to have quite unhung the modulating pendulum of steady thrift, and competent training. Some slow-minded persons, even followed their father's trade, an humiliating spectacle rarer every day. We had our established loafers, toppers,

proverb-mongers, barber, parson, nay, postmaster, whose tenure was for life. The great political engine did not then come down at regular quadrennial intervals, like a nail-cutting machine, to make all official lives of a standard length, and to generate lazy and intriguing expectancy. Life flowed in recognized channels, narrower, perhaps, but with all the more individuality and force.

There was but one white-and-yellow-washer, whose own cottage, fresh-gleaming every June through grape-vine and creeper, was his only sign and advertisement. He was said to possess a secret, which died with him like that of Luca della Robbia, and certainly conceived all colors but white and yellow, to savor of savagery, civilizing the stems of his trees annually with liquid lime, and meditating how to extend that candid baptism even to the leaves. His *pie-plants* (the best in town), compulsory monastics, blanched under barrels, each in his little hermitage, a vegetable Certosa. His fowls, his ducks, his geese could not show so much as a gray feather among them, and he would have given a year's earnings for a white peacock. The flowers which decked his little *door-yard*, were whitest China-asters and goldenest sun-flowers, which last, backsliding from their traditional Parsee faith, used to puzzle us urchins not a little, by staring brazenly every way except toward the sun. Celery, too, he raised, whose virtue is its paleness, and the silvery onion, and turnip, which, though outwardly conforming to the green heresies of summer, nourish a purer faith subterraneously, like early Christians in the catacombs. In an obscure corner grew the sanguine beet, tolerated only for its usefulness in allaying the asperities of Saturday's salt fish. He loved winter better than summer, because nature then played the whitewasher, and challenged with her snows the scarce inferior purity of his over-alls and neck-cloth. I fancy that he never rightly liked Commencement, for bringing so many black coats together. He founded no school. Others might essay his art, and were allowed to try their 'prentice hands on fences and the like coarse subjects, but the ceiling of every housewife waited on the leisure of Newman (*ichneumon* the students called him for his diminutiveness) nor would consent to other brush than his. There was also but one brewer,—Lewis, who made the village beer, both spruce and ginger, a grave and amiable Ethiopian making a discount always to the boys, and wisely, for they were his

chiefest patrons. He wheeled his whole stock in a white-roofed handcart, on whose front a signboard presented at either end an insurrectionary bottle, yet insurgent after no mad Gallic fashion, but soberly and Saxonly discharging itself into the restraining formulary of a tumbler, symbolic of orderly prescription. The artist had struggled manfully with the difficulties of his subject, but had not succeeded so well that we did not often debate in which of the twin bottles Spruce was typified, and in which Ginger. We always believed that Lewis mentally distinguished between them, but by some peculiarity occult to exoteric eyes. This ambulatory chapel of the Bacchus that gives the colic, but not inebriates, only appeared at the Commencement holidays. And the lad who bought of Lewis, laid out his money well, getting respect as well as beer, three *sirs* to every glass—"beer, sir? yes, sir: spruce or ginger, sir?" I can yet recall the innocent pride with which I walked away after that somewhat risky ceremony (for a bottle sometimes blew up), dilated not alone with carbonic-acid gas, but with the more ethereal fixed air of that titular flattery. Nor was Lewis proud. When he tried his fortunes in the capital on Election days, and stood amid a row of rival vendors in the very flood of custom, he never forgot his small fellow-citizens, but welcomed them with an assuring smile, and served them with the first.

The barber's shop was a museum, scarce second to the larger one of Greenwood in the metropolis. The boy who was to be clipped there, was always accompanied to the sacrifice by troops of friends, who thus inspected the curiosities *gratis*. While the watchful eye of R. wandered to keep in check these rather unscrupulous explorers, the unpausing shears would sometimes overstep the boundaries of strict tonsorial prescription, and make a notch through which the phrenological developments could be distinctly seen. As Michael Angelo's design was modified by the shape of his block, so R., rigid in artistic proprieties, would contrive to give an appearance of design to this aberration, by making it the keynote of his work, and reducing the whole head to an appearance of premature baldness. What a charming place it was, how full of wonder and delight! The sunny little room, fronting southwest upon the common, rang with canaries and java-sparrows, nor were the familiar notes of robin, thrush, and bobolink wanting. A huge white cockatoo harangued vaguely, at in-

tervals, in what we believed (on R.'s authority) to be the Hottentot language. He had an unveracious air, but what inventions of former grandeur he was indulging in, what sweet South-African Argos he was remembering, what tropical heats and giant trees by un conjectured rivers, known only to the wallowing hippopotamus, we could only guess at. The walls were covered with curious old Dutch prints, beaks of albatross and penguin, and whale's teeth fantastically engraved. There was Frederick the Great, with head drooped plottingly and keen side-long glance from under the three-cornered hat. There hung Bonaparte, too, the long-haired, haggard General of Italy, his eyes sombre with prefigured destiny; and there was his island grave; the dream and the fulfilment. Good store of sea-fights there was also; above all, Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard; the smoke rolling courteously to leeward, that we might see him dealing thunderous wreck to the two hostile vessels, each twice as large as his own, and the reality of the scene corroborated by streaks of red paint leaping from the mouth of every gun. Suspended over the fireplace with the curling-tongs, were an Indian bow and arrows, and in the corners of the room stood New-Zealand paddles and war-clubs quaintly carved. The model of a ship in glass we variously estimated to be worth from a hundred to a thousand dollars, R. rather favoring the higher valuation, though never distinctly committing himself. Among these wonders, the only suspicious one was an Indian tomahawk, which had too much the peaceful look of a shingling-hatchet. Did any rarity enter the town, it gravitated naturally to these walls, to the very nail that waited to receive it, and where, the day after its accession, it seemed to have hung a lifetime. We always had a theory that R. was immensely rich, (how could he possess so much and be otherwise?) and that his pursuing his calling was an amiable eccentricity. He was a conscientious artist and never submitted it to the choice of his victim whether he would be perfumed or not. Faithfully was the bottle shaken and the odoriferous mixture rubbed in, a fact redolent to the whole school-room in the afternoon. Sometimes the persuasive tonsor would impress one of the attendant volunteers and reduce his poll to shoe-brush crispness, at cost of the reluctant ninepence hoarded for Fresh Pond and the next half-holiday.

Shall the two groceries want their *vates sacer*, where E. & W. I. goods and country produce were sold with an energy

mitigated by the quiet genius of the place, and where strings of urchins waited, each with cent in hand, for the unweighed dates (thus giving an ordinary business transaction all the excitement of a lottery), and buying, not only that cloying sweetness, but a dream also of Egypt, and palmtrees, and Arabs, in which vision a print of the pyramids in our geography tyrannized like that taller thought of Cowper's?

At one of these the unwearied students used to ply a joke handed down from class to class. *Enter A.* and asks gravely, "Have you any sour apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sour; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sour apple generally like that." (*Exit A.*)

Enter B. "Have you got any sweet apples, Deacon?"

"Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sweet; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sweet apple generally like that." (*Exit B.*)

There is not even a tradition of any one's ever having turned the wary deacon's flank, and his Laodicean apples persisted to the end, neither one thing nor another. Or shall the two town-constables be forgotten, in whom the law stood worthily and amply embodied, fit either of them to fill the uniform of an English beadle? Grim and silent as Ninevite statues they stood on each side of the meeting-house door at Commencement, propped by long staves of blue and red, on which the Indian with bow and arrow, and the mailed arm with the sword, hinted at the invisible sovereignty of the state ready to reinforce them, as

"For Achilles' portrait stood a spear
Grasped in an armed hand."

Stalwart and rubicund men they were, second only, if second, to S., champion of the county, and not incapable of genial unbendings when the fasces were laid aside. One of them still survives in octogenarian vigor, the Herodotus of village and college legend, and may it be long ere he depart, to carry with him the pattern of a courtesy, now, alas! old-fashioned, but which might profitably make part of the instruction of our youth among the other humanities!

In those days the population was almost wholly without foreign admixture. Two Scotch gardeners there were,—Rule, whose daughter (glimpsed perhaps at church, or possibly the mere Miss Harris of fancy) the students nicknamed Anarchy or Miss Rule,—and later Fraser, whom whiskey sublimed into a poet, full of bloody his-

tories of the Forty-two, and showing an imaginary French bullet, sometimes in one leg and sometimes in the other. With this claim to military distinction he adroitly contrived to mingle another to a natural one, asserting double teeth all round his jaws, and having thus created two sets of doubts, silenced both at once by a single demonstration, displaying the grinders to the confusion of the infidel.

The old court-house stood then upon the square. It has shrunk back out of sight now, and students box and fence where Parsons once laid down the law, and Ames and Dexter showed their skill in the fence of argument. Times have changed, and manners, since Chief Justice Dana (father of Richard the First, and grandfather of Richard the Second) caused to be arrested for contempt of court a butcher who had come in without a coat to witness the administration of his country's laws, and who thus had his curiosity exemplarily gratified. Times have changed also since the cellar beneath it was tenanted by the twin brothers Snow. Oyster-men were they indeed, silent in their subterranean burrow, and taking the ebbs and floods of custom with bivalvian serenity. Careless of the months with an R in them, the maxim of Snow (for we knew them but as a unit) was, "when 'ysters are good, they *are* good; and when they ain't, they *isn't*." Grecian F. (may his shadow never be less!) tells this, his great laugh expected all the while from deep vaults of chest, and then coming in at the close, hearty, contagious, mounting with the measured tread of a jovial but stately butler who brings ancientest goodfellowship from exhaustless bins, and enough, without other sauce, to give a flavor of stalled ox to a dinner of herbs. Let me preserve here an anticipatory elegy upon the Snows, written years ago by some nameless college rhymers.

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

"Here lies, or lie,—decide the question, you,
If they were two in one, or one in two,—
P. & S. Snow, whose memory shall not fade,
Castor and Pollux of the oyster-trade:
Hatched from one egg, at once the shell they burst,
(The last, perhaps, a P. S. to the first.)
So homocousian both in look and soul,
So undiscernibly a single whole,
That, whether P. was S. or S. was P.,
Surpassed all skill in etymology;
One kept the shop at once, and all we know
Is that together they were the Great Snow,
A snow not deep, yet with a crust so thick
It never melted to the son of Tick;
Perpetual? nay, our region was too low,
Too warm, too southern, for perpetual Snow;

Still like fair Leda's sons, to whom 'twas given
To take their turns in Hades and in Heaven,
Our new Dioscuri would bravely share
The cellar's darkness and the upper air;
Twice every year would each the shades escape
And, like a seabird, seek the wave-washed Cape,
Where (Rumor voiced) one spouse sufficed for both;
No bigamist, for she upon her oath,
Unskilled in letters, could not make a guess
At any difference 'twixt P. and S.,—
A thing not marvellous, since Fame agrees
They were as little different as two peas,
And she, like Paris, when his Helen laid
Her hand 'mid snows from Ida's top conveyed
To cool their wine of Chios, could not know,
Between those rival candors, which was Snow.

Whiche'er behind the counter chanced to be
Oped oysters oft, his clamshells seldom he;

If e'er he laughed, 'twas with no loud guffaw,
The fun warmed through him with a gradual thaw;
The nicer shades of wit were not his gift,
Nor was it hard to sound Snow's simple drift;
His were plain jokes, that many a time before
Had set his tarry messmates in a roar,
When floundering cod beslimed the deck's wet
planks,—
The humorous specie of Newfoundland banks.

But Snow is gone, and, let us hope, sleeps well
Buried (his last breath asked it) in a shell;
Him on the Stygian shore my fancy sees
Noting choice shoals for oystery colonies,
Or, at a board stuck full of ghostly forks,
Opening for practise visionary Yorks,
And whither he has gone, may we, too, go—
Since no hot place were fit for keeping Snow!
Jam satis nivis.

(Concluded next month.)

THE GREAT PARIS CAFÉS.

IF the *cafés* and the *restaurants* owe their origin to the storms of 1789, when, in the raging fever which then maddened the French nation, every one was anxious both in the morning and the evening, to learn the news (news such as the world had never read the like before), and to read the different exponents of the several public men; and to discuss the politics of the day, and to indulge in literary debates; if they owe their origin, we say, to the storms of '89, it was especially under the Empire and the Restoration, that these establishments multiplied, and appeared in the brilliancy and the luxury for which they are now celebrated. The most of them were founded by the *chefs de cuisine*, or the head cooks (to use our more homely phrase), of the great aristocratic houses, whose names had become extinct in the prison massacres, or on the guillotine, or whose fortunes had been melted in the agrarian crucible of the revolutionary decrees: Beauvilliers had been the *chef de cuisine* of the Prince de Condé, and his restaurant was chiefly patronized by distinguished persons; the Duke d'Angoulême and M. de Chateaubriand dined there together, more than once, and in the public room. Robert had been the *chef de cuisine* of M. de Chalandray, an ex-farmer-general: on his return from exile, M. de Chalandray, without more than the shadows of his former fortune, went into Robert's restaurant and recognized his old cook; Robert served his old master a most exquisite dinner

and placed before him his finest wines, and when the bill came, its total was only six francs: the rich cook treated the poor farmer-general. But the *cafés* and the *restaurants* of the Empire shared the common grossness of that epoch; drunkenness and gluttony were common vices to all of them, until the Restoration introduced more courtesy, and more of the arts of peace. Our reader is aware that *cafés* and *restaurants* are, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of French life; there is nothing which an absent Frenchman more regrets while wandering from home, than the *cafés* and the *restaurants*, where his meals were taken, and his idle hours passed away, and his friends encountered, and himself seeing and seen. Besides, being the Temples of Fame of the town, they are the chapels of ease to limited fortunes: their ample porcelain stoves, piled high with plates, their brilliant gas chandeliers, the numerous newspapers, their well-stuffed seats, their excellent attendance, enable those of straitened circumstances to efface from their account-books many sources of expense, without in the least suppressing (so blunted are the French people to the sense of the observation of others) any of their comforts. We are persuaded, that our reader will find the same sustained interest which we took in reading M. Veron's account of the celebrated *cafés* and *restaurants* of Paris, where he enables us to form a quite clear conception of those stages, where, more than any

where else, "men and women are merely players;" a far clearer conception, we dare say, than many of our countrymen who are in the city of Paris itself, are able to frame in consequence of the ignorance of the French language, and their position as foreigners. We abandon, then, our reader to the admirable guidance of M. Veron:—

—For now some thirty years I have lived in Paris almost as if I had been a foreigner, and since 1823 (under the Restoration), I have indulged my passion of observation, in those numerous *restaurants* which are peculiar to Paris. None of the great capitals of Europe are adorned with these sumptuous establishments, with a luxurious service, open day and night, where a meal is ready, at all hours, where silence and solitude may be enjoyed in the midst of a crowd. Writers, princes, artists, magistrates, ministers, legislators, diplomatists, warriors, foreigners from every quarter of the globe, *Crœsus* of every rank and of every age, beauties from the North, and beauties from the South, how many generations, how many original characters, have offered themselves to the observer, *inter pocula* before those tables open to the first and to all comers. There is not a *bourgeois* of Paris, who on some days does not treat himself to a dinner at the Café de Paris, or at the Frères Provençaux, or at the Café Anglais, or at Riche's or Véry's, or at Vefour's. I have easily collected some very curious historical details about the *restaurants* and the celebrated cafés of Paris, and I must initiate my readers to this erudition which I have gained at the sources, and which throws, too, some light upon other times. Let us enter as chance may direct into all of these establishments; the origin of many of them dates many years back. The establishment, known under the name of the Frères Provençaux was founded in 1786; three young men born in Provence, united together by a warm friendship, but without the least fraternal relation, MM. Barthélemy, Manneilles, and Simon, rented a house near the Palais Royal and served meals there. When the stone arcades were constructed, they opened in them some saloons, which still form a portion of the splendid and vast apartments of the Frères Provençaux. One of these three friends was charged with the management and the *surveillance* of the establishment, the two others were attached, in the house of the Prince de Conti, to the service of the kitchen and the offices. In 1786 the saloons of the Trois

Frères Provençaux were far from resembling the present saloons of that well-known restaurant; the furniture was exceedingly modest, the tables were covered with oil-cloth, the salt-cellars were of wood, silver-plate was rare. The Trois Frères Provençaux, nevertheless, already numbered a large number of customers; the wine there was unadulterated, and the vaults were rich in vintages of good years and good growths; the cooking was highly esteemed; and the Trois Frères Provençaux was instanced for the excellence of its dishes *à la Provençale*. General Bonaparte and Barras often dined together at the Provençaux, and from there they both went to the neighboring theatre of Mademoiselle Montansier. The great fortune of the Trois Frères Provençaux, dates especially from 1808, from the first war with Spain. Troops for that war were summoned from all parts of Germany; these troops passed through Paris: generals and officers selected the saloons of the Trois Frères Provençaux for their junketings. Gold was rare at this period, and the receipts were so large that several times during the day and evening, they were obliged to empty the safe which overflowed with silver into additional safes. The receipts were not less than twelve or fifteen thousand francs a day (some \$2400 or \$3000). The Trois Frères Provençaux also saw, with all the then famed restaurants, the fortunate days of 1808 reproduced in 1814 and 1815. This establishment was managed and kept by its founders, for fifty years. A man named Lionnet, still the butler of the establishment, has occupied that same post for forty-eight years. About 1836 the restaurant of the Trois Frères was purchased by the brothers Bellenger, who kept it only a year; the title, name and the restaurant were then sold by them to M. Collot, who for the last fifteen years has succeeded in maintaining the brilliant reputation and prosperity of this house.

It was only in 1805 the restaurant Véry was founded; it was situated in the Garden of the Tuileries, Terrasse des Feuillants; its rival and neighbor on this terrace was the restaurant Legacque. Véry's soon became fashionable; it obtained the orders for all the great dinners frequently given at the Ecole Militaire during the first years of the empire. The higher functionaries, generals, and especially Marshal Duroc, were the constant frequenters of Véry's. It was indeed Marshal Duroc, the Grand Master of the Palace, who had obtained for Véry the permission to open what was then called La Tente des Tuil-

eries. The cooking was exquisite and scientific; the wines were excellent, and the guest was kindly received by the *dame du comptoir*, Madame Véry in those days, whose grace and beautiful eyes were much lauded. It was only in 1808 that Véry founded in the Palais Royal the house which still exists there, and until 1817 he kept at the same time the establishment of the Garden of the Tuileries and that of the Palais Royal. In 1817 Véry's and Legacque's shanties on the Terrasse des Feuillants were demolished. At this time Véry retired from business, the possessor of a large fortune, which his son soon inherited. Véry was born in 1760, in a village of the Meuse; he came to Paris wearing *sabots* (wooden shoes), and not less than thirty years old; he took a place as an assistant cook, and soon became a skilful cook. Véry sold his establishment to his three nephews, the brothers Meunier; of these three brothers, one died shortly after this purchase, the other sold his share to the third, who thus remained the sole proprietor; he retired in 1843; his successor was M. Neuhaus, the present proprietor. Véry's continues to be one of the best restaurants of Paris.

In 1749 an old officer, M. de Foy, founded the Café du Foy, which since became so celebrated. This café then occupied the whole of one story of a house situated in that portion of the Rue Richelieu which ran by the side of the Garden of the Palais Royal; a private staircase led from the Café du Foy to one of the entrances to the Garden, the stone arcades of the Palace not being then built. About 1774 the Café du Foy got into the hands of a M. Jossereau; this Jossereau had just married a young and pretty girl, whose beauty made a good deal of noise. The Duke of Orleans, the father of King Louis Philippe, wished to see the beautiful Madame Jossereau; one evening he entered the café and ordered an ice. He returned there several times, and gave the café his protection; Madame Jossereau had a private audience of the prince; she obtained for her husband the permission to sell refreshments and ices in the Horse-Chestnut Tree Row, in the Garden of the Palais Royal, where the stone arcades have been since built. Jossereau was, however, expressly interdicted from placing tables in the Garden, he was allowed to introduce only chairs. The stone arcades were completed about 1792. When they were completed, the Café du Foy was established in the apartments it still occupies. The Café du Foy is the first establishment of the kind opened in the Palais

Royal; among other celebrated frequenters it numbers the whole generation of the Vernets, the painters, Joseph, Carle, and Horace. In the midst of the ceiling of the ground-floor a bird may still be seen, which Carle Vernet painted from friendship to the proprietor. It was from the Café du Foy that (the eve of the taking of the Bastille) Camille Desmoulins set out, wearing a green leaf in his hat, and followed by an immense crowd; he called the *bourgeois* of Paris to arms. Madame Lenoir succeeded M. Jossereau, who was in turn succeeded by M. Lemaitre; lastly, M. Questel purchased the house from the latter; he is the present proprietor, and he has now kept the house for nearly twenty-five years.

In the Palais Royal another café was founded in 1805, which afterwards, under the Restoration, became a political café. I refer to the Café Lemblin. In the Galerie de Chartres No. 100 and No. 101, was a small café of the third or fourth rank: a man named Perron vegetated there for some twelve years or more; his lease expired; the landlord refused to renew it except upon the payment of a premium of a thousand *écus*, which Perron could not pay. One of the waiters of the Café de la Rotonde, named Lemblin, hearing of this affair, found resources and aid; he went to this exacting landlord, paid him the three thousand francs premium, and obtained a lease for twenty years. Confidence began to be restored; the Palais Royal was the rendezvous of all foreigners and of the gamblers of the whole world. Lemblin undertook to transform the dirty old café into a brilliant saloon; the plans were soon prepared by the architect, Alavoine, the same who was charged by the government to erect on the Place de la Bastille a colossal elephant in bronze, whose plaster model was in existence in 1830, when it served as the barracks to an army of rats. The Café Lemblin owed its success at first solely to the exquisite quality of its chocolate, tea, and coffee. But after 1814 this establishment had two classes of frequenters, that of the morning and that of the evening. In the morning no one was seen there but grave persons, academicians, *savants*, judges, enjoying the chocolate made by the famous Judicelli, and the coffee prepared by Viente, a Piedmontese, who was initiated into his art in Rome by the chief cook of the Vatican. Among the most faithful morning frequenters were Chappe, the inventor of the telegraph, Boieldieu, Martinville, Jony, of the Académie Française, who was then writing his *Ermite*

de la *Chaussée d'Antin* in *La Gazette de France*; Ballanche, now a member of the *Académie Française*; Brillat Savarin, a judge of the *Cour de Cassation*, whom his *Physiologie du goût* had not yet made famous. In the evening, under the floods of light poured down by the crystal chandeliers, the brilliant uniforms of the higher ranks of officers of all branches of the service were assembled. Among them might be seen General Cambonne, General Fournier, the brilliant Colonel (and afterwards General) Dulac, Colonel Sauzet, who was also made a general after having undergone ten years of imprisonment, from 1820 to 1830; Colonel Dufai, and a host of others whose blood had flowed on every battlefield of Europe. Among the waiters of the *Café Lemblin* was one named Dupont, a first cousin of M. Dupont (de l'Eure), then a deputy, and who has since been elected the president of two provisional governments. One evening in 1817, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) having dined at the restaurant *Trois Frères* with several deputies, entered with them the *Café Lemblin*. The coffee ordered by M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was served by Dupont the waiter. The latter recognized his illustrious cousin, blushed and trembled so much the tray almost fell out of his hands. The deputy also had recognized his relation. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) got up, and holding out both hands to the abashed waiter, said, "Eh! good-day, cousin; I am glad to see you, and to let you know that all are well at Neubourg" (a hamlet of the department of the Eure, the birthplace of the Dupont family). M. Dupont (de l'Eure) has always aided his poor relations. In 1848 he gave a place of porter in the *Hôtel de Ville* to this same waiter of the *Café Lemblin*, who had become almost blind; he still occupies that post. It was in the *Café Lemblin* the first Russian and Prussian officers, who entered Paris in 1815, showed themselves. It was in the evening; the café was filled with officers who had returned from Waterloo, their arms in slings, their caps and helmets riddled with balls. They allowed the four foreign officers to take their seats at a table; but in a minute every body rose up as if struck by the same electric spark, and a formidable cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* made every window rattle; twenty officers sprang towards the four foreigners; a captain of the National Guard, a very Hercules in size and strength, placed himself before them. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have defended Paris abroad, it is our duty to have it respected at home!"

Then turning towards the foreign officers, he said, "Gentlemen, your premature presence offends the *bourgeois* of Paris, and a *bourgeois* of Paris demands satisfaction from you." Lemblin, who was a sergeant in the National Guard, then interfered, and under the pretext of obtaining quieter explanations, he carried the Russians and Prussians into his kitchen, from whence they escaped into the street. Although the *Café Lemblin* was the rendezvous of officers of the Empire, *Gardes du Corps* and *Mousquetaires*, with curled-up mustache and disdainful lip, came there to seek adventures. One evening the *Gardes du Corps* came in a large body and announced that the next day they would inaugurate above the *comptoir* the bust of Louis XVIII. The next day nearly three hundred officers of the Empire occupied the menaced place; but the authorities had received warning, and the *Gardes du Corps* did not appear.

Under the Restoration, the *Café Valois* flourished in the *Palais Royal* as a political club, and as the antagonist of the *Café Lemblin*. It was the very pacific and calm club of the old *émigrés*, who were then called the *voltigeurs* of Louis XIV. The *Café Valois* no longer exists.

About 1805 or 1806, the *Café du Caveau* and the *Café de la Rotonde* were opened near the *Café Lemblin*; these two houses were soon purchased by M. Angilbert, who in 1822 founded the *Café de Paris*. The *Café du Caveau* especially was frequented by officers of the Imperial Guard; all the celebrated men of the day in letters and the arts meet there; Demarne, the landscape painter, presided there for thirty years, in a small corner, where, from ten o'clock until midnight, all the painters and amateurs of the day were wont to meet. It was at the *Café de la Rotonde* a subscription was opened for the first ascension of the Brothers Montgolfier. This circumstance was inscribed upon a marble table. The busts of Philidor, Gluck, Piccini, Gretry, and Sacchini were placed in one of the saloons of the *Café de la Rotonde*; the Gluckists and the Piccinists often came to quarrel about music there, on their return from the opera, which was then situated in the *Palais Royal*. M. Angilbert kept this establishment from 1806 until July, 1815. In 1814, M. Angilbert found himself in a bad state of fortune and of health; obliged to keep his bed, he was also obliged to abandon the management of his house to his head servant, Casimir B... Shortly after this the allies entered Paris, and from the 31st March,

1814, to the 15th July, 1815, when M. Angilbert began to recover, his house had made 467,000 francs profits. This fortune of M. Angilbert came to him while he was asleep and suffering.

The Café des Milles Colonnes was, under the Empire and the Restoration, the most brilliant and the best patronized café of all those on the second floor of the Palais Royal. For more than twenty years it was very fashionable; it owed its fortune to the beauty of the mistress of the house, Madame Romain, whose husband, by a sort of compensation, was small, lean, and one-armed. This very ill-assorted couple had just kept the Café du Bosquet in the Rue Saint Honoré, a third-rate house, and where the beauty of Madame Romain soon attracted a crowd. A *queue** was formed early in the morning in front of the door of this café by the throng anxious to gain admittance, the concourse of the people was so great in the vicinity of the café, the authorities were obliged to interfere. The beautiful *limonadière* formed the object of more than one song:

"Et son nom par la ville,
Court ajusté sur l'air d'un vaudeville."

About the end of 1817, the vogue of the Café des Milles Colonnes diminished, although Madame Romain, scarcely thirty-four years old, was in all the bloom of her beauty. An intelligent man, Romain disdained half measures: he closed his café, and in a few days, aided by an army of skilful workmen, his saloons were transformed into a real palace of the Arabian Nights' Tales; the beautiful *limonadière* was seated on a regal throne. About 1824, the glory of the Café des Milles Colonnes was extinguished, as all glories are extinguished! In 1824, the one-armed Romain died by a fall from his horse, and two years afterwards the beautiful *limonadière* entered a convent.

The next most popular café of those on the second floor of the Palais Royal, after the Café des Milles Colonnes, was the Café de la Montansier. It was in the beginning of 1813 that a man named Chevalier opened a café in the room where for several years, Brunet, Tiercelin, Baptiste, jr., and even Mademoiselle Mars (then a mere child), had performed Vaudevilles. In 1831 this café became the Theatre du Palais Royal. Chevalier desired to trans-

form this room into a café-theatre, but the authorities would allow him only to convert it into a café-chantant, or café where singing is served up with the coffee. The singers were placed upon the stage of the old theatre; and, as duos and trios were not interdicted, they easily contrived to play small lyrical dramas without contravening the letter of the license. This state of things lasted from the commencement of 1813 to the 20th March, 1815. From the 20th March, some warm partisans of the Empire—officers, and non-commissioned officers—extemporized a rostrum in this café, from which the Bourbons were daily insulted, from six o'clock in the evening until midnight. Hired singers no longer appeared; the stage was filled by customers who sang alternately different songs, which were very often repeated by all the persons present joining in chorus. I heard a captain of the confederates sing these couplets, with the choruses:

Captain.

Do you think a Bourbon can be
King of a grand nation?

Chorus of Customers.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Captain.

But perhaps he can
Govern a small canton?

Chorus.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Captain.

Then the devil take him off
To Pluto's sombre palace!

Chorus.

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done.

Captain.

And let us sing with all our heart,
Vive le grand Napoleon!

Chorus.

Done, done, done, done, done, done, done.

Another officer succeeded to this captain, who declared, in the first place, he did not know how to sing, but that, added he, does not hinder *les sentiments*, and

I don't care a d—n for the king,

Nor the Count d' Artois,
Nor the Duke d' Angoulême,
Nor the Duke de Berry,
Nor the Duchess neither,
Nor all those who love them.

These saturnalia lasted a hundred days, that is, until the return of Louis XVIII. Then the hour of reprisals came; the

* The French call a *queue*, or a tail (we use the French word in speaking of the old-fashioned appendage to a wig which streamed down our forefathers' backs), the double file (commonly marshalled between stout wooden barriers, just wide enough apart to admit two persons abreast) the police force the spectators of all public amusements to take, whenever a crowd seems likely to be formed. This arrangement preserves an admirable order and comfort, to which we, as yet, are strangers on "Lind" or "Sontag Nights."

mousquetaires and the Gardes du Corps wished in turn to avenge royalty from these insults, as if such insults could reach royalty. In the blindness of their zeal, they forgot themselves so far as to invade, in armed force, the Café Montansier; they broke the mirrors, and threw a portion of the furniture, of the linen, and of the silver, out of the windows.

The Café de Chartres, situated in the Palais Royal, on the ground-floor of the stone arcades, still maintains, under the name of Véfours, its old reputation. Few were met at the Café de Chartres other than the higher classes of office-holders, generals, wealthy financiers, and distinguished foreigners. Murat, when as yet only Grand Duke de Berg, frequently breakfasted there in company with his aides-de-camp. The celebrated gastronomers, Berchoux the poet, and Grimod de la Regnière, practised there the art of dining well.

The Café de la Régence, on the Place du Palais Royal, but now being demolished, was founded in 1718, and took its historical name from the Regency of the Duke d'Orléans. It almost immediately became, and has still remained, the rendezvous of chess-players. At different periods, quite a large number of celebrated persons visited this café to play chess. Among other names may be instanced, Jean Jacques and J. B. Rousseau, Voltaire, the Marshals de Richelieu and de Saxe, the Emperor Joseph II., Franklin, Marmontel, Diderot, Chamfort, Saint Foix, the three celebrated players, Philidor, Deschappelles, and La Bourdonnais, Bernadin de Saint Pierre, Louvet, the Marquis de Bièvre, General Bonaparte, Dumont d'Urville, the architects Percier and Fontaine, the painter Regnault, Champion, the man with the small blue cloak, &c. Such are the celebrated cafés and the restaurants whose history is connected with the annals of the Palais Royal, and which have more or less contributed to illustrate it by their scientific culinary disguises.

In the first years of this century, the cafés and the restaurateurs were as numerous as at present upon the Boulevard des Italiens. In the first place were the Café Hardi, which has been replaced for the last ten years by the Maison Dorée, and the Café Riche, and the Café Anglais. M. Hardi, the founder of the café of his name, had constructed in the largest of his saloons, a splendid white marble chimney, where, from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, an enormous silver gridiron constantly stood over the glowing coals. Near this chim-

ney was a buffet, where the guest selected the varied and the appetizing meats which he desired to have broiled. Hardi took them up on his long silver fork, and prepared them before his guest, whose appetite, in this manner, was greatly increased. The most singular one of the frequenters of the Café Hardi about 1815 or 1816, was an Englishman, named Schmitt or Smith, who lived close by the café. He arose every day at five o'clock in the afternoon, sat down to table at Hardi's at six o'clock in the evening, and in the saloon with the marble chimney, at ten o'clock he finished dinner, but not drinking; at midnight he ordered a pickled herring. At day-break he went home, leaving on his table at the least a dozen bottles empty of Bordeaux wine. About 1798, there was also opened on the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, a café kept by a man named Velloni, the first Neapolitan ice-maker who came to Paris. This Velloni, who founded successively in different quarters of Paris, several cafés where ices were sold, had constantly been unfortunate in business, and he was forced to place the establishment at the corner of the Rue Taitbout, under the name of Tortoni, who had managed the establishment for a long time. At the commencement of this century, under the Empire and under the Restoration, the Café Tortoni was the rendezvous of more than one celebrated man and of the dandies of the day. MM. de Saint Didier, Riboutté, the author of the "*Assemblée de Famille*," Delrieu, Lacretelle, Harel, Jouy, met there almost every night. In one of the saloons on the second floor there was a billiard table, whose reputation was made by a person named Spolar. The highest bets were made there. This Spolar had been quite a distinguished member of the Rennes bar, and had been forced to quit Rennes in consequence of his misconduct. Tortoni had given him in his house his meals and lodgings. Prince de Talleyrand and Montrond went to Tortoni's more than once to see Spolar play. Prince de Talleyrand even invited Spolar to his house, and presented him to one of his friends, the Receiver-General of the department of the Vosges, who thought himself the better player of the two. The Prince betted for Spolar, and won from the Receiver-General 40,000 francs (\$8,000). Spolar was appointed in 1809 the billiard professor of Queen Hortense; he died in 1811. Under the Empire and the Restoration, Prévost, one of the waiters of the Café Tortoni, created for himself an historical fame.

He was powdered; he was a model of respectful and incessant obsequiousness; he never addressed one but with this phrase: "I beg pardon! . . . Is Monsieur so good as to wish for something." When customers of the house laughed among themselves, Prévost, out of respect to them would put his napkin in his mouth to keep from laughing with them. He paid himself for his humble civility. Prévost levied night and morning a small tax upon the regular frequenters of Tortoni's: when he had to return them the change, he never gave but fifteen sous pieces for twenty sous pieces; but in doing this, he constantly repeated: "I beg pardon! I beg pardon! Pardon a thousand times!"* Prévost ended his life badly. The café Tortoni has made the fortune of every person who has owned it.

About 1816 and 1817, the Paris *bourgeois* willingly halted and gave expression to his enthusiasm, before rich and vast apartments on the ground-floor of the house upon the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Taitbout. These apartments were occupied by M. Demidoff, a Russian Croesus, who owed his immense riches to the returns from his mines of coal, copper, iron and malachite. He had two sons, MM. Paul and Anatole Demidoff; † M. Anatole Demidoff is the sole survivor. M. Demidoff, the father, lived alternately in Paris and in Florence; he had in his pay a company of playactors who were called the Demidoff troop; they played in his palace in Florence, comedies, vaudevilles, and comic operas. A whole *hôtel* was allotted to the actors' lodgings. In M. Demidoff's house, especially in Florence, there was an uninterrupted round of dramatic performances, sumptuous balls, and brilliant concerts. Worn out, prematurely old, and gouty, M. Demidoff was borne to all of these fêtes in a rolling armchair, from which he did not move; he retired early and the fête continued; nay, sometimes he would fall into a syncope, and become insensible, but the orchestra and the dances moderated neither their gaiety nor their vivacity. M. Demidoff was carried out *et voila tout*. Warned from all pleasures, he delighted in the animated spectacle of another's pleasures. A Russian, a man of talents, was his friend and companion. This friend lodged in his house and near M. Demidoff's bedroom. When this poor rich man, tortured by the gout and

by pain as the Laocoon was by the serpents, found, which happened very frequently, that he could not sleep, he called his friend at any and all hours of the night: "See here," said he to him, "in the first place, here are two or three *rouleaux* of a thousand francs for you to amuse yourself to-morrow at the card-table; now, to amuse me, tell me what you did yesterday and what you intend doing to-morrow." M. Demidoff was a sort of martyr to opulence; he would gladly have given for a good night's rest, his precious paintings by the old masters, his rare and marvellous curiosities, his admirable works of art, even the treasures which in Florence were placed in the middle of his drawingroom and protected by a glass case; where he had taken pleasure to collect or rather to heap up brilliant necklaces, and bracelets, collars, rings, turquoises, sapphires, emeralds, rubies; in a word, treasures enough to save an empire. The 15 July, 1822, the vast apartments of M. Demidoff received a new and a public destination; bills posted on the walls in the morning announced: "To-day at five o'clock, opening of the saloons of the Café de Paris." MM. Angilbert and Guériz were the founders of the Café de Paris. From the 15 March, 1837, M. Angilbert, jun., managed the establishment alone; the 15 July, 1838, M. Alexander Kratoeville succeeded him; and since the 18 November, 1845, the Café de Paris has been owned by M. Martin Guépet. The Café de Paris—known to all Europe—is now in the height of prosperity. The English officer who fights against the Birmans, the Russian officer who fights at Khiva, beyond the sea of Arad, on the banks of the Oxus, dream in their bivouacs of the pleasures of a good dinner at the Café de Paris.

We should also instance among the political cafés under the Restoration, the Café Desmarest, situated at the corner of the Rue de l'Université and the Rue du Bac. It has its regular frequenters of the morning and of the evening, at breakfast and at dinner; the morning visitors were composed of the officers of the higher ranks in the Gardes du Corps, and of the garde, and the heads of the divisions of the different ministries situated on the left bank of the Seine. M. Desmarest was the brother of Mademoiselle Desmarest, an agreeable actress, who for fifteen years was applauded at the Vaudeville Theatre.

* We are persuaded that our readers will share our surprise at the euphonious terms M. Veron employs in speaking of this writer's cheating. We are inclined to suspect it no rare vice in Paris.

† The husband of the Princess Mathilde of France (a daughter of Marshal Jerome Bonaparte). He has separated from his wife.

Mademoiselle Desmares used to say of her brother: "I cannot bear a hot-water seller." M. Desmares was wont to say of his sister: "I cannot bear a woman who appears on the boards." The Café Desmares had as an assiduous guest, a colonist, an old war commissary, a man of talents and a great philosopher; he had little money (his pension was small), but he had many friends. He was the Vicomte Léaumont. Every day a plate was set for him at Desmares' table. "Desmares is very kind to me;" said he to me; "he gives me good dinners; but a few days ago I found out how to express my gratitude to him. Poor Desmares is very illiterate, I even doubt whether he can read or write. A few mornings ago, I came into the Café, all the tables were filled with people, and as soon as I saw Desmares, I bawled out to him before every body, 'good day, my dear old college chum.'" The Vicomte Léaumont wrote poetry, but his poetical efforts never soared so high as the Alexandrine verse; his lines had only eight syllables. "I write my poetry, said he, only on my knees, and my poverty is so great, my thigh has become so lean that I am obliged to stop writing at the fourth foot, for my table then fails me." The Café Desmares was of Legitimist politics; it furnished more than one table daily in the palace of the Tuileries. Agier* was the protector of the Café Desmares. On the election days of the department of the Seine, the Café Desmares kept open house to him and his friends.

There were more than nine hundred restaurants in Paris in 1825; those we have named were the most celebrated, and their prosperity has survived all the revolutions which have passed over us. The Restaurant Lointier, the Restaurant Beauvilliers, the Restaurant Grignon, the Rocher de Cancale, all of which enjoyed a great deal of celebrity during the Empire and the Restoration, are no longer in existence.

My habit of dining at the restaurants has been to me a never failing source of surprises, of discoveries, and of revelations of human nature. How many original characters, whimsical and grotesque people have I not met! The human mind is infinity itself! And yet anatomy and chemistry show us in the human brain, in that organ of the mind, nothing but almost inappreciable differences of form and of weight, of consistency and of organic elements. The most prominent

fact anatomy reveals to us is the variations of the volume of the brain. More than one physiologist measures the forces of the mind by the quantity of the cerebral mass: I hold that besides quantity, quality must also be considered. Air, water, and locality exert an influence upon the development and the quality of the brain. Do we not see generation after generation of cretins begotten and perpetuated in Le Valais at the foot of the Alps? The abundance of wealth, the satiety of all pleasures, and especially the torments of idleness, exert upon the character and upon the mind more unforeseen, stranger, and more singular influences than poverty and privations. "An oyster may be unhappy from love," says Lord Byron, "because it dreams idly in its shell." With the madmen, there are in this world, the quarter-mad, the third-mad, the half-mad, who live together, who seek each other's society, who rally each other, and deem themselves to preserve a half portion of good sense in the midst of those who have only a third or a quarter part sound. Like the poor consumptive patients who enjoy themselves, and ameliorate their disease at the Eaux Bonnes: those who have only a lung and a half, deem themselves happy, and console themselves by the sight of those who have only one, or the half of one.

I dined every day, for more than two years, at Véry's, always at the same hour and the same table. I had for some months as a neighbor, an Englishman as exact and as regular as myself. One day, my neighbor bade me adieu: "I am about embarking on a voyage of circumnavigation of the globe." In eighteen months afterwards, when he returned to Paris he found me, as at a rendezvous, at the same hour and at the same table. He had gone around the world; I had scarcely changed my place. However, by dining for a long time at more than one restaurant, I have been enabled to circumnavigate the human mind, and especially the minds of those "four thousand rich and idle" of whom Byron speaks, who seek in life naught but pleasures which last, at the longest, five minutes, and for whom the world is made. When education, family duties, religion, or morality, do not incite to virtue, do not serve as restraints, the human mind and heart, without check or control, stray at hazard, and do not know what to do with their life. They touch every passion and

* The son and the cousin of two celebrated Legitimist judges, the authors of law tracts of unquestionable ability; the son here spoken of was afterwards promoted to the Court Royale of Paris.

every vice; they invent new ones; they care for nothing but that which has the merit of novelty; and novelty is refinement, excess, abuse; most commonly it is the *wrong side* of every thing. The wealthy persons Byron speaks of, would willingly fire a city, not to purify nor to rebuild it, but for the five minutes' pleasure of seeing it burn. Xerxes is said to have promised immense treasures to any one who would invent a new pleasure for him. The little pleasures and the little joys are the only ones which are moral, respectable, and human; and they are easily procured, even in the saddest and the most painful circumstances. In the hospitals, I have seen the invalids procure themselves little pleasures by cultivating a flower, by the slight work their disease allowed them to undertake, by the allowance of a desired dish. I have seen many patients happy for a day and more, when the physician spoke to them in encouraging terms, or with the consoling and Christian accents of the Sisters of Charity, who rival each other in examples of every kind of virtue and of courage. Medicine, like charity, inspires, and accomplishes miracles of compassion and of heart-relieving. Let us study some of these persons, maddened or brutalized by their wealth; let us show, for the honor of morality, their miseries and their sufferings. It may be remarked, that all the natural inclinations of man cause him to commit excesses, which, renewed and prolonged, become vices. The savage, as well as the civilized man, is obliged constantly to appeal to his reason. The fruitful vine, changing its savor and its perfume in the north and in the south, and, so to say, even on neighboring hill-sides, is one of the richest gifts made to France. It is neither vicious nor sinful to love wine. Religion, morality, and good education merely require the exercise of temperance. The vine especially has, for many ages, made songs flourish in France. Wine and songs are brothers and sisters. We saw, under the Empire especially, a good deal of celebrity given to the song writers of the Caveau. Desaugiers and Béranger were the poets of these societies, which honored our celebrated wines and gay songs. But excesses in wine brutalize the mind, and dishonor humanity.

I was introduced, in the house of Count Torreno,—ex-minister of Queen Christina of Spain, who died in Paris from an anthrax,—to an English family, composed of the husband and the wife, people of an immense income, who resided but a few days at Paris, and who the rest

of the time travelled about in France. They cared for nothing but the bottle, and they never quitted the table until they had lost their reason. In their travels in France, they sought only the most celebrated vineyards, and the length of their stay in a province was calculated upon the quality and the fame of the wine made there. I pray the reader to allow me to make this distinction: they were not *drunkards*, they were *fuddlers*.

Observation has proved there is a classification to be established for all those who cannot live except in the midst of intoxication. I call those *fuddlers* who love wine only, and who drink their fill of it. The *fuddler* is merry when he is drunk; he is fond of the company of drinkers, where he appears almost diverting, by dint of his fixed ideas, his unexpected sallies, and his *spirituelle* singularities. These wealthy *fuddlers* sometimes conciliate their excesses of wine with a flourishing health. The *drunkard* differs in every respect from the *fuddler*. The *drunkard* pushes intoxication to the brutalization of his mind, and to the momentary paralysis of the whole muscular system; he despises wine, and satisfies his passion for intoxication with nothing but brandy or with *absinthe*. Those who intoxicate themselves with *absinthe* reach a state of madness which is so singularly characterized that it is called the insanity of *absinthe*. One of those unhappy people, who give themselves up to *absinthe*, said to me one day, "I never feel what I eat, I feel only what I drink." I once sought to cure one of these *drunkards*; I wished to convert him to the use of wine: we dined together, and his conversation, even after dinner, was wanting neither in wit nor in reason. I would quit him for an instant, and give rendezvous at the Grand Opera. He would come there, his legs staggering, and he in a state of complete insensibility. Full of contempt for the dinner I had given him, he would go and swill *absinthe* as soon as I quitted him. This young *drunkard* was not more than thirty years old; he had an aristocratic name; he was well educated, and witty in his lucid intervals; and his income was not less than twenty thousand dollars a year. Like all great passions, drunkenness seeks solitude; the *drunkard* takes pleasure only in the company of drunkards. I knew very well, while I was the manager of the Grand Opera, one of these young, aristocratic *drunkards*. He was a nobleman. He often gave the same orders to seven or eight hackney coaches, and so went out,

and was accompanied by seven or eight hack-drivers to a drinking shop outside of the city wall, where he passed away all the night drinking brandy, and stupefying himself in the midst of his drunken companions. In my opinion, this sort of intoxication, some of whose traits I have just indicated, is not a vice, it is a disease; it is a disease which excites the greatest disorders in the digestive functions—in the functions of the mind—in the functions of the heart—and which leads to a premature old age, to the contempt of life, and to an early death. Do not ask from a drunkard an abrupt return to sobriety and temperance; some days of diet would produce rather a paroxysm than a cure.

A prelate had insensibly contracted in his solitude the habit of becoming intoxicated every evening; and he imagined quite an ingenious method of restoring himself to temperate habits. He took as his drinking cup, a gold mug; he dropped in it every day a drop of wax, and so diminished insensibly the capacity of the glass and the quantity of the wine he drank. The only difficulty with him was not to make amends for the diminished capacity of the cup by the number of times he emptied it.

I exchanged some civilities with an Englishman, who seemed to me to merit some study. He sent me his card: his name was surrounded by bottles, slightly dressed and capering dancing-girls, flowers and birds, and all admirably engraved. He resided at the Hotel Meurice, and he often gave there, to his English friends, dinners which commenced at eight o'clock in the evening and ended only at eight o'clock the next morning. His father, the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in England, also possessed the richest collection of birds. This Englishman, like his father, had only two passions, wine and ornithology. He invited me one morning to breakfast; nothing was served on the table but hard-boiled eggs of the rarest birds, from the egg of the partridge to the egg of the swan. I breakfasted as one should breakfast: I did not breakfast at all. Pitt, who was called in his twenty-second year to deliberate on the great affairs of his country, allowed himself as he advanced in life, to be seduced into intemperance; he would lock himself up to drink, and he often quitted the House of Commons to go to his club and get drunk. One day, he returned from it to the House of Commons in company with a friend as drunk as himself; when he entered the House, Pitt exclaimed with astonishment:

"By —, I see no Speaker!" To which

his friend replied: "By —, I see two!" One had lost his sight, the other saw double. Pitt endeavoured to forget in drunkenness all the teachings of his noble mind and his experience of men. It is not surprising to see the artisan or the soldier sometimes guilty of drunken excesses. Unaccustomed to wine in the ordinary course of their life, it soon makes them lose their mind, their powers of speech, and the steadiness of their gait. But must we not conclude that wealth cannot supply that moral, beneficent and antispasmodic influence of labor, when we see some idle men of wealth endeavor to forget the vacancy of their heart and to lose their reason in the ignoble and the disgraceful habits of drunkenness. I long knew, and frequently met in a restaurant, a half-crazy man full of original and sometimes witty repartees. One day he came into the Café Anglais: "I am very tired," said he to me, "I have been walking ever since eight o'clock this morning." And taking from his pocket a bottle of Bordeaux wine, "See here," said he, "here is some excellent wine, which I want you to taste; every body knows that Bordeaux wine improves by travelling, and I have been travelling this ever since eight o'clock this morning." It was this fellow, who interrupted the actors of the Theatre Français, the first night of some new piece, getting up in his box and saying to the public: "Acknowledge, gentlemen, that it is very unlucky the author of this new piece has not an income of fifty thousand francs a-year, perhaps he might then be brought not to write so pitiful a piece." I inquired after a common friend of one of these young madmen, always agitated by a febrile motion, passing their nights gambling, and going from one excess to another: "Don't talk to me about our friend," he replied, "he is stupefying himself reading." An Englishman whom I met several times, exchanged with me some confidences about situation and character. His fortune was immense, he had no near relations, he was a bachelor. Life hung heavy on his hands, he had no vice, no taste to satisfy. I was for a moment afraid that he was about confiding to me some plans of suicide; but I was mistaken: "I have found out," said he to me, "a way of supporting life; I have conceived a scheme to accomplish, which will take me so many years that I shall be a very old man before I can do so. I have constructed three travelling carriages, which I have planned myself in their every part; I have imposed on myself the task of gathering in different

vials the water of all the rivers and streams in the world; but I shall unfortunately have the regret of dying before my collection is complete." Is not that a very intelligent and a very noble use to make of life and a large fortune? I also met another *millionnaire* who travelled a great deal. He traced at haphazard the plan of a voyage: he never stopped in any town except to eat and to remain there in bed two or three days; he ordered his servant to visit the curiosities for him and to purchase the richest pipes and the finest segars he could find. Science, and letters, and arts, will not be much enriched by the narratives of the voyages of this new Christopher Columbus, of this new Humboldt. I let the curtain fall on all these depraved tastes of the human imagination and mind, the fruits of idleness and of wealth dissipated in the saddest and the most stupid manner. "What good can a sage do who is poor?" says Pindar, "what evil may a wealthy man not do if he is not a sage?" How often do we not see wealthy idlers throwing a large estate or an ample fortune to the

dogs, ruining themselves in expensive dinners, in stage-boxes, in elegant horses, and in rich carriages. Verily, it must be a lively pleasure to these young madmen to place the soles of their patent leather boots on the steps of the handsomest equipage! How many of these young spendthrifts have I not known dissipating in a year, sometimes in a quarter, a paternal fortune acquired by thirty years of labor, and who after this short intoxication of vanity, one day dine alone, shake hands with you tranquilly and bid you adieu, and then go home and hang or shoot themselves?

These singular pictures, and the felicity with which M. Veron has sketched them, seduced us further from the Restoration than at first we had intended to wander. We are persuaded that our reader will have pardoned us. Of a truth, we do not remember to have read this many a long day a more forcible homily on contentment, and in the praise of humble fortune—every envious desire dies away within us at the sight of these martyrs of wealth.

A TOSS-UP FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VISCOMTE PONSON DU TERRAIL.

L.

THE Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasie, her two ladies'-maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hoar-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his Majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that Kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. *Madame Dubarry's* estate adjoined hers;

and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut-trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hand that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the Marchioness interrupted at times whilst she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the Marchioness was ac-

customed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting, pearl-grey hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The King had come from Luciennes, almost alone, that is to say with a Captain of the Guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandsire, Henry IV., could not have been less ceremonious.

But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his Majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wet him through, and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau, when the shower commenced. He had come therefore to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Nisus, that celebrated greyhound, given by Charles IX. to his friend Ronsard, the poet.

"Good morning, Marchioness," said the King, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower, at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, Sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the King, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the Marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour, he would have bragg'd of it every where, this very evening. He is very apt to compromise one, and he is a great coxcomb too, the old Duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, Marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies and the roses of your be-

witching face Why, Marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, Sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the King seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the Marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an infinity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance—easy as it is, Marchioness—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, Sire, the functions of destiny."

The King opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the Marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the Countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, Sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your Majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the King.

"Imagine, Sire; yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down, in this way." And the Marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the King; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, Sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, Sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the King; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Croesus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection?"

"I'll tell you," said the dame.

"You know, Sire, that Monsieur de Men-

neval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the Court, from grandeur and from turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the King. "One does become so wearied at Court."

"Aye, and no," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty-spot. . . .

"Nor are you unaware, Sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious; burning with zeal for the service of your Majesty; as brave as Monsieur de Menneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth. . . . with the title of Ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, "I have been a widow . . . these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, Sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me . . . at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, Sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. When no external noises disturb the honeymoon, that month, Sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north-wind moaning in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window-panes."—And the King shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ha! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, Sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a Marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval." . . .

"Very good," exclaimed the King, laughing: "Now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, Sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah, what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both, each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, Sire? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges . . . you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet-pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadress."

"Excellent! Now, Sire, let's see the result."

The King took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his Majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, Sire!"

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do, is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum. Then you can beg me to taste them, and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaide."

"And Monsieur de Menneval? and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the Marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, Sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, Sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other: the Marquis at one o'clock precisely; the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the King, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, Sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlac, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, Sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern."—And the King got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, Sire?" asked the Marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the Kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush! Marchioness."

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

II.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself.

"Decidedly, I believe that the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud shall I be to lean upon his arm at the court-fêtes! With what delight shall I keep long watches in the cabinet of his Excellency the Ambassador, whilst he is busy with his Majesty's affairs!"

But after this "aside," the Marchioness resumed her gracious and coquettish air; as though the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its evil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week? why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, Marchioness."

"Perhaps so, . . . it comes naturally, . . . I am tired."

"Ah, Marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fête!"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, Madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!"—

"You are still then as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious looks of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? . . . And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved, in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, Marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady-love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well-born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuanakers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It

would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the Provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of fêtes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. . . . Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the Cardinal, stands well at court. He has the King's ear, and better still, the Countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the Northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself, Madame the Ambassadors, treading on the platform of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him:

"Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, Marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, Madam."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. . . . Ah! I forgot."

"What, further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the King."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, at Courlac, be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. . . . I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. . . . What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Hush! it's a bargain. . . . Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished, to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the King, from his hiding-place and through the screen, "you will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, Madame; it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying any thing."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His Majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

III.

Monsieur de Menneval was, at all points, a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was

fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the Troubadours of France in the olden time.

We cannot say whether Monsieur de Menneval had perpetrated verse; but he loved the poets, the arts, the quiet of the fields, the sunsets, the rosy dawn, the breeze sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of a harp, sounding at eve from the light bark shooting over the blue waters of the Loire—all things in short that harmonize with that melodious concert of the heart, which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on, who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophic skepticism.

He trembled, as he entered the Marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest, who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the King, and thus addressed the Baron.

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The Baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry, should aspire to every thing, and achieve every thing."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your Excellency the Ambassador to Prussia will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders: to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind!" said she, trembling with joy and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room, wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the Baron by the right-hand door, as she had handed out the Marquis by the left; and then said to herself:

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaç!"

Thereupon, the King removed the screen and reappeared.

His Majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, Sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled pen-knife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, Sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the King, pointing to the valet, who entered with a note from the Marquis. "You'll soon see."

The widow opened the note, and read:

"Madam, I love you—Heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service —."

"Et cetera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbé Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his Majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it, to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the Marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and

you shall marry the Marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the King peeled the second orange and eat it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the Baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the Marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the Baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this, I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar And yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish Monarch!"

THE VISION OF HASHEESH.

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting."

COLLINS.

DURING my stay in Damascus, that insatiable curiosity which leads me to prefer the acquisition of all lawful knowledge through the channels of my own personal experience, rather than in less satisfactory and less laborious ways; induced me to make a trial of the celebrated *Hasheesh*—that remarkable drug which supplies the luxurious Syrian with dreams more alluring and more gorgeous than the Chinese extracts from his darling opium pipe. The use of *Hasheesh*—which is a preparation of the dried leaves of the *cannabis indica*—has been familiar to the East for many centuries. During the Crusades, it was frequently used by the Saracen warriors to stimulate them to the work of slaughter, and from the Arabic term of "*Hashasheeh*," or Eaters of *Hasheesh*, the word "*assassin*" has been naturally derived. An infusion of the same plant gives to the drink called "*bhang*," which is in common use throughout India and Malaysia, its peculiar properties. Thus prepared, it is a more fierce and fatal stimulant than the paste of sugar and spices to which the Turk resorts, as the food of his voluptuous evening reveries. While its immediate effects seem to be more potent than those of opium,

its habitual use, though attended with ultimate and permanent injury to the system, rarely results in such utter wreck of mind and body as that to which the votaries of the latter drug inevitably condemn themselves.

A previous experience of the effect of *hasheesh*—which I took once, and in a very mild form, while in Egypt—was so peculiar in its character, that my curiosity, instead of being satisfied, only prompted me the more to throw myself, for once, wholly under its influence. The sensations it then produced were those, physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness—mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous, in the most simple and familiar objects. During the half hour in which it lasted, I was at no time so far under its control, that I could not, with the clearest perception, study the changes through which I passed. I noted, with careful attention, the fine sensations which spread throughout the whole tissue of my nervous fibres, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthy and material nature, till my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapors of the atmosphere, and while sitting in the calm of the Egyptian twilight, I expected to be

lifted up and carried away by the first breeze that should ruffle the Nile. While this process was going on, the objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression.—My pipe, the oars which my boatmen plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, became in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep, refreshing sleep.

Two friends—one a fellow-countryman, and the other an English gentleman, who, with his wife, was also residing in Antonio's pleasant caravanserai—agreed to join me in the experiment. The dragoman of the latter was deputed to procure a sufficient quantity of the drug. He was a dark Egyptian, speaking only the *lingua franca* of the East, and asked me, as he took the money and departed on his mission, whether he should get hasheesh "*per ridere, o per dormire?*" "Oh, *per ridere*, of course," I answered; "and see that it be strong and fresh." It is customary with the Syrians to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system. As our dinner-hour was at sunset, I proposed taking hasheesh at that time, but my friends, fearing that its operation might be more speedy upon fresh subjects, and thus betray them into some absurdity in the presence of the other travellers, preferred waiting until after the meal. It was then agreed that we should retire to a room which the other American occupied jointly with myself, and which, as it rose like a tower one story higher than the rest of the building, was in a manner isolated, and would screen us from observation.

We commenced by taking a tea-spoonful each of the mixture which Abdallah had procured. This was about the quantity I had taken in Egypt, and as the effect then had been so slight, I judged that we ran no risk of taking an over-dose. The strength of the drug, however, must have been far greater in this instance, for whereas I could in the former case distinguish no flavor but that of sugar and rose leaves, I now found the taste intensely bitter and repulsive to the palate. We allowed the paste to dissolve slowly on our tongues, and sat some time, quietly waiting the result. But, having been taken upon a full stomach, its operation had been

hindered, and after the lapse of nearly an hour, we could not detect the least change in our feelings. My friends loudly expressed their conviction of the humbug of hasheesh, but I, unwilling to give up the experiment at this point, proposed that we should take an additional half spoonful, and follow it with a cup of hot tea, which, if there were really any virtue in the preparation, could not fail to call it into action. This was done, though not without some misgivings, as we were all ignorant of the precise quantity which constituted a dose, and the limits within which the drug could be taken with safety. It was now ten o'clock; the streets of Damascus were gradually becoming silent, and the fair city was bathed in the yellow lustre of the Syrian moon. Only in the marble court-yard below us, a few dragomen and *mukkairee*, or muleteers, lingering under the lemon-trees, and beside the fountain in the centre.

I was seated alone, nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends, who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove, at the farther end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken, suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied with a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach, and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation—of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood—instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin, and without thinking what form I wore—losing sight, even, of all idea of form—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood, pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the orb of the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—like the revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent

images. They presented themselves to me in a double form—one physical, and therefore to a certain extent tangible; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its centre or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach—incessant adumbrations of light that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. To my mind, even now, this image is still the best illustration of my sensations, as I recall them; but I greatly doubt whether the reader will find it equally clear.

My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon, shall I not rather say?) of Hasheesh, had entire possession of me. I was cast upon the flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied with sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed in a sea of light, through which played the pure, harmonious colors that are born of light. While endeavoring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously—not yet having been affected by the drug—I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great Pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun, and the pile rose so high that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it, and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex, lifted thousands of feet above the wheat-fields and palm-groves of Egypt. I cast my eyes downward, and to my astonishment, saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of cavendish tobacco! Words cannot paint the overwhelming sense of the ludicrous which I then experienced. I writhed on my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view, till out of my confusion of indistinct images and fragments of images, another and more wonderful vision arose.

The more vividly I recall the scene which followed, the more carefully I restore its different features, and separate the many threads of sensation which it wove into one gorgeous web, the more I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the Desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a

barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was made of grains of gold, and my keel slid through them without jar or sound. The air was radiant with excess of light, though no sun was to be seen. I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odor, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me—for a thousand leagues, as it seemed—stretched a vista of rainbows, whose colors gleamed with the splendor of gems—arches of living amethyst, sapphire, emerald, topaz and ruby. By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade, yet the vista still stretched as far before, as ever. I revelled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror—not of a conqueror who subdues his race, either by love or by will, for I forgot that Man existed—but one victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of Light, Color, Odor, Sound and Motion were my slaves; and having these, I was master of the universe.

Those who are endowed to any extent with the imaginative faculty, must have at least once in their lives experienced feelings which may give them a clue to the exalted sensuous raptures of my triumphal march. The view of a sublime mountain landscape, the hearing of a grand orchestral symphony, or of a choral upborne by the "full-voiced organ," or even the beauty and luxury of a cloudless summer, suggest emotions similar in kind, if less intense. They took a warmth and glow from that pure animal joy which degrades not, but spiritualizes and ennoble our material part, and which differs from cold, abstract intellectual enjoyment, as the flaming diamond of the Orient differs from the icicle of the North. Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and being thus at one and the same time gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity, the result was a single harmonious sensation, to describe which human language has no epithet. Mahomet's Paradise, with its palaces of ruby

and emerald, its airs of musk and cassia, and its rivers colder than snow and sweeter than honey, would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian Nights, in the glow and luxury of all Oriental poetry, I now recognize more or less of the agency of hasheesh.

The fulness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing through my mind, years seemed to have elapsed while I shot under the dazzling myriads of rainbow arches. By and by, the rainbows, the barque of pearl and jewels, and the desert of golden sand, vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowery lawns, divided by hills of gently undulating outline. But, although the vegetation was the richest of earth, there were neither streams nor fountains to be seen; and the people who came from the hills, with brilliant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the coral honeysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and, breaking off the flowers one by one, set them in the earth. The slender, trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry, and sank deep into the earth; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-colored marble, and the people, leaning over its brink, lowered their pitchers to the bottom with cords, and drew them up again, filled to the brim, and dripping with honey.

The most remarkable feature of these illusions was, that at the time when I was most completely under their influence, I knew myself to be seated in the tower of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, knew that I had taken hasheesh, and that the strange, gorgeous and ludicrous fancies which possessed me, were the effect of it. At the very same instant that I looked upon the Valley of the Nile from the pyramid, slid over the desert, or created my marvellous wells in that beautiful pastoral country, I saw the furniture of my room, its mosaic pavement, the quaint Saracenic niches in the walls, the painted and gilded beams of the ceiling, and the couch in the recess before me, with my two companions watching me. Both sensations were simultaneous, and equally palpable. While I was most given up to the magnificent delusion, I saw its cause and felt its absurdity most clearly. Metaphysicians say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may

attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between the two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skilful musician, with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle, than was I conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet, singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features. One set of nerves was thrilled with the bliss of the gods, while another was convulsed with unquenchable laughter at that very bliss. My highest ecstasies could not bear down and silence the weight of my ridicule, which, in its turn, was powerless to prevent me from running into other and more gorgeous absurdities. I was double, not "swan and shadow," but rather, Sphinx-like, human and beast. A true Sphinx, I was a riddle and a mystery to myself.

The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system—the effect of over-stimulus. I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt the contortions through which I went, to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny, would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them, and through that laughter, my vision shifted into another scene. I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every tear that dropped, immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker in the bazaar at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised about the baker, that I could hardly see the top of his head. "The man will be suffocated," I

cried, "but if he were to die, I cannot stop!"

My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force; and, in the glimmering of my fading reason, grew earnestly alarmed, for the terrible stress under which my frame labored increased every moment. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass, and my tongue, it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron. I seized a pitcher of water, and drank long and deeply; but I might as well have drunk so much air, for not only did it impart no moisture, but my palate and throat gave me no intelligence of having drunk at all. I stood in the centre of the room, brandishing my arms convulsively, and heaving sighs that seemed to shatter my whole being. "Will no one," I cried in distress, "cast out this devil that has possession of me?" I no longer saw the room nor my friends, but I heard one of them saying, "It must be real; he could not counterfeit such an expression as that. But it don't look much like pleasure." Immediately afterwards there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming, "O, ye gods! I am a locomotive!" This was his ruling hallucination; and, for the space of two or three hours, he continued to pace to and fro with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets, and when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk, at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels. The Englishman, as soon as he felt the dose beginning to take effect, prudently retreated to his own room, and what the nature of his visions was, we never learned, for he refused to tell, and, moreover, enjoined the strictest silence on his wife.

By this time it was nearly midnight. I had passed through the Paradise of Hasheesh, and was plunged at once into its fiercest hell. In my ignorance I had taken what, I have since learned, would have been a sufficient portion for six men, and was now paying a frightful penalty for my curiosity. The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears, and so throbbled in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over

the spot, and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts, one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow, dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood, and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. I felt them gushing warm down my cheeks and neck. With a maddened, desperate feeling, I fled from the room, and walked over the flat, terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid as I wrestled with the demon, and my face to become wild, lean and haggard. Some lines which had struck me, years before, in reading Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," flashed into my mind:—

"And the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs
poised in air,
On the last verge, rears amain,
And he hangs, the rocks between,—and his nostrils
curdle in,—
And he shivers, head and hoof, and the flakes of foam
fall off;
And his face grows fierce and thin."

That picture of animal terror and agony was mine. I was the horse, hanging poised on the verge of the giddy tower, the next moment to be borne sheer down to destruction. Involuntarily, I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. Oh horror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton head that I carried on my shoulders! With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the sinking moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself, but though the horror of that skeleton delusion was greater than my fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. Besides, there were watchers near, though I saw them not, nor knew it until afterwards. The noise we made had attracted attention, and the host, Antonio, with Francisco, our dragoman, apprehensive of some accident, followed and watched us.

I made my way back to the room, in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and he raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it, but before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out: "How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?"

But I was now too far gone to feel the absurdity of this, or his other exclamations. I was sinking deeper and deeper into a pit of unutterable agony and despair. For, although I was not conscious of real pain in any part of my body, the cruel tension to which my nerves had been subjected filled me through and through with a sensation of distress which was far more severe than pain itself. In addition to this, the remnant of will with which I struggled against the demon, became gradually weaker, and I felt that I should soon be powerless in his hands. Every effort to preserve my reason was accompanied by a pang of mortal fear, lest what I now experienced was insanity, and would hold mastery over me for ever. The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf, and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain, filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, with the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth—resisting no longer, but awaiting my fate with the apathy of despair.

My companion was now approaching the same condition, but as the effect of the drug on him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, implored me to help him, and reproached me vehemently, because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. "Why will he disturb me?" I thought; "he thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer." While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my anger, but after a time my senses became clouded and I sank into a stupor. As near as I can judge this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hasheesh began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of gray, blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing Francisco's voice. He told me afterwards that I arose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the same death-

like stupor; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, after a sleep of thirty hours, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me, but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank, and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily upon their thrones.

My countryman, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a veil now and then fell over my mind, and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock, to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. I suspect that my language must have been rambling and incoherent, and that the menials who had me in charge understood my condition, for as soon as I had stretched myself upon the couch which follows the bath, a glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me, and after drinking it I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible, for the time, to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a constant effort to reunite my divided perceptions.

Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a journey to Palmyra, which lies in the desert, 150 miles to the north-east of Damascus. Owing to the hostility between the Arabs of the villages and the desert tribes of Aneyzeh, it was necessary to make the journey by stealth, under the guidance of a shekh belonging to some one of the former tribes. Three English travellers had just returned in safety, and the shekh was willing to accompany us. The state, however, in which we now found ourselves, obliged us to relinquish the plan. Perhaps the excitement of a forced march across the desert, and a conflict with the hostile Arabs, which was quite likely to happen, might have assisted us in throwing off the

baneful effects of the drug; but all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

Two days afterwards, weak in body and still at times confused in my perceptions, I started for Baalbec. On the first day we visited the fountains of the Barrada, or Pharpar, and slept at Zebdeni, a village in an upland valley among the peaks of the Anti-Lebanon. The pure mountain air, and the healing balm of the night's sleep completed my cure. The next morning, as I rode along the valley, with the towering, snow-sprinkled ridge of the Anti-Lebanon on my right, a cloudless heaven above my head, and meads enamelled with the asphodel and scarlet anemone stretching before me, I felt that the last shadow had rolled away from my brain. My mind was now as clear as that sky, my heart as free and joyful as the elastic morning air. The sun never shone so brightly to my eyes, the fair forms of nature were never penetrated with so perfect a spirit of beauty. I was again master of myself, and the world

glowed as if new-created in the light of my joy and gratitude. I thanked God who had led me out of a darkness more terrible than that of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and while my feet strayed among the flowery meadows of Lebanon, my heart walked on the Delectable Hills of His mercy.

Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me depths of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest, and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity. I have here faithfully and fully written out my experience, on account of the lesson which it may convey to others. If I have unfortunately failed in my design, and have but awakened that restless curiosity which I have endeavored to forestall, let me beg all who are thereby led to repeat the experiment upon themselves, that they be content to take the portion of hasheesh which is considered sufficient for one man, and not, like me, swallow enough for six.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"WHAT did his contemporaries think of him?" "How were his first productions received?" How naturally these queries occur to us, when contemplating the literary character of those who have inscribed their names upon the scroll of Fame! Could there be a more delightful book than "The Judgment of Contemporaries upon the Great Writers of the World?" In English literature alone, what a *Boswellian* popularity would that work—not *secure*, but—"jump into," which should give us—"Things said and written of British authors and their works, during their lives." Or, if our prospectus be too ambitious, let us have *Dicta Collectanea* concerning any dozen of the most renowned heroes of the "grey goose quill." In this point of view, how rich a mine of literary wealth have we in the 237 volumes of the "Monthly Review," containing contemporary opinion upon the productions of genius for almost a century (1749-1842).

We do not refer simply to the "Monthly Reviewers'" opinions; but, be it remembered, they record and judge, not only any particular author's works, but also the answers, attacks, and private reviews of all kinds, which the said author's works elicited. For instance: did Samuel Johnson, LL.D., vindicate the suicidal policy, against which Chatham and Burke protested, in his "Taxation no Tyranny," published March 1, 1775? The "Monthly Review" of only two months later, proves that we "rebels" had stanch champions of the "*Bis dat, qui cito dat*" school; for the May number records no less than *five responses* to the gruff old doctor, the very titles of which stir our blood, as did the first Pitt's—"I rejoice that America has resisted!"—nerve the arms, and strengthen the hearts of our patriot forefathers! E. G. "Resistance no Rebellion," "Taxation Tyranny," &c. But we anticipate. Indeed, no one can have a correct idea of the literary career of any eminent author, without

a knowledge of the opposition and criticism he elicited, as well as of the praise with which his efforts were rewarded. Knowledge of this kind can only be found, *in extenso*, in the reviews of the day. We shall greatly err if we seek for both sides, where we have a right to look for only one,—in literary biographies. The post of biographer generally presupposes that of admirer. Men do not often write lives of those whom they despise or hate. Cibber may write "Letters to Pope," and Pope may return the compliment by impaling his martyred correspondent on the highest stake of that "infernal machine"—that poetical "Cheval de Frise"—the terrible "Dunciad;" but we should not expect either to become the other's biographer. The biographer naturally becomes, if he do not commence, a partisan; and the tendency of partisanship is, to engender contempt for the opinions of those who do not share our enthusiasm. Boswell was a most minute and painstaking chronicler; but had he not more respect for that gigantic cat, "Hodge," of which his "guide, philosopher, and friend was so fond," than for any score of the doctor's literary assailants? We shall, therefore, proceed to glean, for our readers' edification, from the "Monthly Review" (principally), what he will in vain seek in other departments of literature, a *catalogue raisonné* of contemporary opinions upon the productions of a man, who will always be admired, often loved, as frequently disliked, but never despised. We gaze upon the serene radiance of the star with complacency; with terror upon the lurid glare of a comet; with contempt only upon the "ineffectual fire" of the ignis-fatuus.

We shall not confine ourselves to the "Review," but shall draw from other sources, or intersperse our own comments, as we may think fit. The first notice which we find of Johnson as a writer ("Irene," and some periodical contributions, had been previously composed), is in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1738; where, on page 269, we have: "Short EXTRACTS from LONDON: a POEM, written in imitation of the third SATIRE of JUVENAL; and become remarkable for having got to the second edition in the space of a week." This was a good beginning, surely! It is on page 156 of this volume (March, 1738), that we find our author's first ascertained contribution to this venerable magazine; a history of which periodical would be most interesting, and may hereafter be attempted for "Putnam's Monthly." The contribution

referred to, "*Ad Urbanum*," is thus prefaced: "All men of sense, as far as we can find, having condemned the rude treatment given to Mr. URBAN by certain booksellers, whose names are not worth the mention already made of them, we hope it will not be thought any ostentation to let the reader see a few of the pieces sent in his favor by correspondents of all degrees; especially as no objection can be made to some of them but his being accessory to their publication." It is worthy of note, that he who was so largely beholden to booksellers, and to whom, in return, booksellers were so largely indebted, thus at the outset of his literary career, took up his lance in defence of a bookseller, against his rivals in the same trade.

Nearly four years before this, the young author had endeavored to form a connection with Cave's successful monthly pamphlet; for in November, 1734, he gives the publisher a hint that no common talents were in the market place, "because no man had hired them."

"Sir,—As you appear no less sensible than your readers of the defects of your poetical article, you will not be displeased, if, in order to the improvement of it, I communicate to you the sentiments of a person who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column.

"This opinion is, that the public would not give you a bad reception, if, beside the current wit of the month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow compass, you admitted not only poems, inscriptions, &c., never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with, but likewise short literary dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on Authors ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, or loose pieces, like Floyer's, worth preserving. By this method, your literary article, for so it might be called, will, he thinks, be better recommended to the public than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party.

"If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me in two posts what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer gives me no reason to distrust your generosity. [A prize of £50 for the best poem.] If you engage in any literary projects beside this paper, I have other designs to impart, if I could be secure from having others reap the advantage of what I should hint. Your letter by being directed to S. Smith, to be left at the Castle, in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will

reach, &c." (*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.)

To us, there is something exceedingly touching in this modest attempt to gain the uncertain bread of a literary hack. Poor Johnson! perhaps he could have signed this letter, as he did a later one to Cave, "Impransus." We remember that Walter Scott, somewhere speaks of the effect which this little word had upon his feelings. Many a breakfast, no doubt, he lacked in this straitened season of his life. Are there not many such sons of want, even now, around us? And shall we not willingly communicate of that which hath been bountifully intrusted to our stewardship?

"London, a Poem, in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal," was published in May, 1738; and we have seen, to repeat the quaint language of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that it had "become remarkable for having got to the Second Edition in the space of a week."

The young author thought it prudent to see what reception his offspring would meet with in the world, before he acknowledged paternity. In his letter to Cave he says that, he has "the inclosed poem in my hands to dispose of for the benefit of the author (of whose abilities I shall say nothing, since I send you his performance.) . . . I cannot help taking notice, that besides what the author may hope for on account of his abilities, he has likewise another claim to your regard, as he lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune. . . . By exerting on this occasion your usual generosity, you will not only encourage learning and relieve distress, &c." Cave would not venture to publish the poem, but he seems to have "exerted his generosity;" for Johnson returns thanks for "the present you were so kind as to send by me." "I am very sensible from your generosity on this occasion, of your regard to learning, even in its unhappiest state; and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary disposition."

How little did the obscure, yet kind, bookseller then foresee, that this half famished youth should become so illustrious in the world of letters, that the greatest honor which attaches to the name of Cave, should be the fact of the object of his opportune bounty becoming his biographer! To say that the booksellers refused to purchase "London," is to say but little. *A curious work would that be, which should give us a full list of the great works which have*

been refused by a dozen of booksellers, each. Boswell quotes Derrick as aiming a poetical dart against this *Opprobrium Bibliopolarum* (to coin a new phrase):—

"Will no kind patron Johnson own?
Shall Johnson, friendless, range the town?
And every publisher refuse
The Offspring of his happy Muse?"

No! Dodsley will take it! and what's more, he will give ten guineas for it! The author says: "I might perhaps have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." Ten guineas strikes us as cheap for "London;" and yet it was as much again as Milton got for "Paradise Lost," (saving contingencies, which increased the sum, afterwards.) "London" was published on the same day with Pope's Satire of "1738;" and the youthful satirist did not suffer by the comparison; for people said: "Here is an unknown poet, greater even than Pope." General Oglethorpe (what Georgian does not feel his heart beat faster at the name?) adopted "London" at once; and lived to see its author among the foremost in rank; surviving him about six months.

Pope set young Richardson to work, to find out who this formidable rival was. Mr. Richardson brought back the information, that he had discovered only that his "name was Johnson, and that he was some obscure man." "He will soon be *déterré*," replied Pope. This was not the only instance in which he displayed a commendable generosity to the rising star; for from the perusal of "London," alone, he recommended him to Earl Gower, when Johnson (in the next year) sought a degree "to qualify him for the mastership of a Charity School." The similarity between "London" and Pope's style is very observable. The "Vanity of Human Wishes," essays a more dignified strain. Garrick accounts for this in his own manner. "When Johnson lived much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what was passing in life, he wrote his 'London,' which is lively and easy: when he became more retired, he gave us his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' which is as hard as Greek: had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew."

And yet, flippant little David! thy old school-fellow wrote a hundred lines a day of this poem, if it is "all Greek" to thee! Hard as it was to thee, David, it softened a greater man to tears: for Walter Scott tells us: "The deep and pathetic morality

of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental." Aye, it drew tears from the eyes of the author himself. George Lewis Scott describes a very interesting little family gathering at Thrall's, when Dr. Johnson read aloud his satire; when he recounted the difficulties of the poor, struggling scholar, he "burst into a passion of tears." Poor fellow! he remembered those days when he subscribed himself *impransus*! No longer subject to the pangs of hunger, he now had "all that heart could wish: 'plenty,' honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" but his mind reverted to those bitter days of penury, when he wandered in the streets for want of a lodging, and in the garb of poverty, devoured his dinner, furnished by the hand of charity, behind the curtain at good Mr. Cave's! How had his condition changed! We need not marvel at those outpourings of a grateful heart, which gush forth in his quiet hours of meditation, and solemn seasons of prayer. The great Being on whose goodness and protection he confidently relied in the day of destitution, and hour of trial, had not disappointed his hope! He had "brought him to great honor, and comforted him on every side!" This he deeply felt; and, however at times arrogant and harsh to his fellow men, he ever, as Bishop Horne well says, "walked humbly before the Lord his God."

We must not quit the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," without quoting, also, Walter Scott's remark to Ballantyne; "he had often said to me, that neither his own, nor any modern popular style of composition, was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was. He answered, Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading *London*," and the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration, than while reciting aloud from these productions." (Lockhart's Scott.) Lord Byron gives us his opinions in his *Ravenna Diary*: "Read Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, all the examples and mode of giving them are sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. 'Tis a grand poem—so true! True as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages changes all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing about, around, and underneath man, except man

himself, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives, conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes, leads but to disappointment."

Lockhart informs us that, the last line of MS. that Scott sent to the press, was a quotation from the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*." We must apologize for lingering so long on the way; but where there are so many flowers on every side, soliciting our notice, it is difficult to make much speed.

The first notice of Johnson which we find in the "*Monthly Review*," is in Vol. 6 (1752). "Four volumes of the *Rambler*, 12mo. 12s. Payne & Bouquet. These four volumes contain 136 numbers of this excellent paper, out of 200 now published; and still continued on Tuesdays and Saturdays." The first number of the "*Rambler*" was published on Tuesday, March 20, 1749–1750, and the last on Saturday, 17th (14th in fact) March, 1752; 208 numbers in all; never having missed a publication day. Would that all authors who seek to advance the interests of religion and morality, were as conscientious as the author of the "*Rambler*" in imploring the aid of that Divine grace, "without which, nothing is strong, nothing is holy." "Grant, I beseech thee," supplicates the pious writer, "that in this undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation [both] of myself and others."

The "*Rambler*" excited but little attention at first. Croker seems to question Payne's assertion to Chalmers, that Richardson's essay, No. 97, was the "only paper which had a prosperous sale, and was popular." But the ladies will side with Payne, when they discover by inspection what "No. 97" is about. We shall not inform them; and, indeed, we strictly forbid any of our female readers to turn to this mysterious paper. If in this Blue-Beard prohibition, we meet with the same measure of obedience which was accorded to our "illustrious predecessor," we must e'en digest it as we may. Boswell, who, with Croker, has our general acknowledgments, enlarges upon this and other publications of his *Dominie's*. at greater length than we can afford. Suffice it to give a few interesting facts, for which the busy, or the idle reader who will not take the trouble to look for himself, will please consider himself obliged. The good Doctor was sorely put to it to find a name for his child. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, "What *must* be done,

sir, will be done. When I began publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. *The Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

The Doctor wrote the whole of the 208 papers, with the exception of "four billets in No. 10, by Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone); No. 30, by Mrs. Catherine Talbot; No. 97 by Richardson, and Nos. 44 and 100, by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter." Of the 204, thirty only were "worked up" from previously prepared materials. The "*Rambler*" soon became appreciated by those who were capable of discerning merit. "The Student" speaks of it as "a work that exceeds any thing of the kind ever published in this kingdom. May the public favors crown his merits, and may not the English under the auspicious reign of George the Second, neglect a man, who, had he lived in the first century, would have been one of the greatest favorites of Augustus." Cave received letters of commendation, newspaper verses appeared in its praise, and Elphinstone superintended an Edinburgh edition, which followed the London issue. Richardson wrote to Cave, that Johnson was the only man who could write them; which Cave admitted, but complained that, good as they were, they were *very slow sale*. Even corpulent Mrs. Rambler, who has never been suspected of very exquisite literary sensibilities, was moved by these effusions of the "gude man's," and rewarded his labors with the very handsome speech,—"I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this." Notwithstanding the tardy sale, at first, the author had the satisfaction of surviving ten editions in London alone. We must not conceal the fact that, some unreasonable beings complained of the erudite dignity of the style; and declared that the author (a true "Yankee trick," we should call it) used the "hard words in the '*Rambler*,' in order to render his Dictionary indispensably necessary!" Mr. Burke, who, like most truly great men, excelled in wit and humor, said that Johnson's ladies,—his Misellas, Zorimas Properantias, and Rhodoclias,—were all "Johnsons in petticoats." This is much of a piece with Goldsmith's telling Johnson that if he were to write a piece in which *little fishes* had to talk, he would make them all talk like *great whales*!

In his contributions to the "*Adventurer*," the Doctor uses the stilts less; he

walks more; perhaps occasionally runs. Yet are we great admirers of "Johnsonese." Majestic diction was as natural to a man who *thought in rounded periods*, as was a disjointed chaos of the parts of speech, to many of his critics. So far from the elaborate verbal architecture, anxiously built up, and painfully cemented, which the reader supposed, the *Ramblers* were written just as they were wanted for the press; indeed, at times, the first half was in type before the remainder was on paper! Boswell gives us an amusing anecdote relative to the Italian edition of the *Rambler*. "A foreign minister of no very high talents, who had been in his company for a considerable time, quite overlooked, happened, luckily, to mention that he had read some of his '*Rambler*' in Italian, and admired it much. This pleased [Johnson] him greatly; he observed that the title had been translated *Il Genio errante*, though I have been told it was rendered more ludicrously, *Il Vagabando*; and finding that this minister gave such a proof of his taste, he was all attention to him, and on the first remark which he made, however simple, exclaimed, 'The ambassador says well; his Excellency observes—;' and then he expanded and enriched the little that had been said, in so strong a manner, that it appeared something of consequence. This was exceedingly entertaining to the company who were present, and many a time afterwards it furnished a pleasant topic of merriment. '*The ambassador says well*' became a laughable term of applause when no mighty matter had been expressed."

It deserves to be noticed, that the 110th number of the "*Rambler*" (on Repentance) was the means of deciding the Rev. James Compton, of the English Benedictine Monks, at Paris, to leave that body, and embrace the Protestant faith. How many devotees of the Greek Church it would have converted, we have, unfortunately, no means of knowing; yet the author thought, at one time, that it was about having the opportunity presented to it. Somehow or other, he heard that the Empress of Russia had ordered a translation of the *Rambler* into the Russian language. "So," says the author with a complacent smile, "I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." Whether this was the work of some wicked wag, or not, we cannot tell; but we believe that the Russian edition of the "*Rambler*" is even

scarcer than any "liber rarissimus" which tantalizes the "belluo librorum" in the "choice catalogue of Thomas Thorpe."

"THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, OR UNIVERSAL REVIEW" made its first appearance May, 1756, and its last, July, 1758. For this periodical Johnson wrote five essays and some twenty-five reviews. We have adverted, heretofore, to the temptation under which a reviewer lies, to abuse his position to personal, and often unworthy, ends. Candor compels us to admit that, even our stern moralist was not proof against what has so often seduced the fidelity of smaller men.

Jonas Hanway, a man with more than ordinary pretensions to the character of a philanthropist, as his introduction of umbrellas into Britain demonstrates,—a man who had heretofore ranked as a decent, well-deserving, "highly respectable" citizen,—actually had the hardihood, malignity and effrontery, to publish a violent attack upon—what think you, gentle reader? public morality, or private character? neither, but an attack upon "*Tea-Drinking*." Whether he forgot the Doctor's propensity, or was ignorant of his being a reviewer, or was determined to brave the matter out in his zeal for the public good, does not appear. To suppose that our Doctor would tamely bear this terrific attack upon his favorite beverage, was reckoning without his host. He came down with such sledge-hammer blows upon Jonas, that the latter realized that, now, at least, if never when in Russia, he had "caught a Tartar." Johnson describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker; who for many years diluted his meals only with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has hardly time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight; and with tea welcomes the morning." Tyens parodied the last phrase "*te veniente die—te decedente*." Imagine the stupefaction of horror into which the zealous Jonas was thrown, by this unblushing avowal of unrepented profligacy! He girded on his sword afresh, and attacked the *Tea-monster* with all the zeal of a true imitator of Saint George. The great dragon, in this instance, however, held with feline tenacity to life; and continued to toss off his dozen or twenty cups of "bohea," or "young hyson," without caring a rush for Jonas Hanway and his caustic strictures.

The "Monthly Review" for April, 1755, was enlarged "four pages extraordinary," and, even at that, the usual "catalogue" omitted, to make room for a copious no-

tice of Johnson's Dictionary. The want of a good dictionary, before Johnson's made its appearance, need not be enlarged upon here. Those who are versed in philology will not need our learning upon the subject; and those who have no taste for it, would vote us a bore. So we resist the temptation of a vast parade of learning, which would be about as profound as much smattering we meet with in this day of universal scholarship. Cooper says, somewhere, that an American would consider himself as ignorant, indeed, if he did not feel competent to talk upon any subject, whatsoever; so our "clever young men," range, at will, from "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," to the Greek particle; and from "*Toilette*" critiques, to the differential calculus. To show how reviewers *worked* in those days, although the dictionary was published only on the 15th of the month, the review of thirty-two pages (principally quotations, indeed) was ready for the press by the 24th. It is much to the credit of the "Monthly Review," that, notwithstanding its Whig principles, Johnson was always treated with a marked consideration; which in days of excited party spirit, is not often accorded to political opponents. In regard to lexicography, all literary men, Whig and Tory, were ready to hail with gratitude one who should promise order and certainty where there reigned obscurity and confusion. English scholars had to endure in silence the sarcasm of the Abbé le Blanc, who declares that, such was the passion for the English tongue that the French had made it one of the learned languages, and that even their women studied it; and yet that there was not so much as a good dictionary, or hardly a tolerable grammar. The Reviewer foresees a brighter state of affairs, since the valiant doctor had come to the rescue:—"But these reproaches, we hope, will in a great measure be *removed*, as well as the acquiring a competent knowledge of the genius of our tongue, *facilitated* by the work before us; a work that has been much wanted, and no less eagerly expected, especially by those who are acquainted with Mr. Johnson's literary abilities." After copious quotations, the reviewer thus proceeds: "Such is Mr. Johnson's account of what he has endeavored; and barely to say that he has well performed his task, would be too frigid a commendation of a performance that will be received with gratitude, by those who are sincerely zealous for the reputation of *English* literature: nevertheless, lavish as we might, justly, be in

\$1575, equal perhaps to \$15,000 in our day) had long been in the hands of the lexicographer. Here was an opportunity, on the pages of a work of general reference, too good to be lost, of giving vent to some of the strong prejudices which the doctor adhered to with a pertinacity worthy of a worthy cause; accordingly he gave some curious definitions:

"OATS. A grain which, in England, is generally given to horses, but in Scotland, supports the people."

"WHIG. The name of a faction."

"PENSION. An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean, pay given to a state hireling, for treason to his country."

We may be sure that the last definition was not forgotten by the lexicographer's friends, or enemies, when a pension of £300 was graciously bestowed upon the author of the "Rambler," by George Third. Nor did Johnson himself forget his unhappy definition; for he consulted Sir Joshua Reynolds, as to the propriety of the author of such a sweeping attack upon pensioners becoming one himself.

The Dictionary sold well; for a second *folio* edition was published within a year. This was a triumph for the author; who declared that, of all his acquaintances, there were only two who, upon the publication of the work, did not endeavor to depress him with threats of censure from the public, or with objections learned from those who had learned them from his own preface.

He complains, in 1771, that, "my summer wanderings are now over, and I am engaging in a very great work, the revision of my Dictionary; from which, I know not at present how to get loose." In the next year, the work had reached its fourth edition, but was much the same as when first published; for he tells Boswell: "A new edition of my great Dictionary is printed from a copy which I was persuaded to revise; but having made no preparation, I was able to do very little. Some superfluities I have expunged, and some faults I have corrected, and here and there have scattered a remark; but the main fabric of the work remains as it was. I had looked very little into it since I

wrote it, and I think, I found it full as often better, as worse, than I expected." "The world," he tells Mr. Bagshaw, "must at present take it as it is."

Mrs. Piozzi tells a curious anecdote upon this point. "As he was walking along the Strand, a gentleman stepped out of some neighboring tavern, with his napkin in his hand, and no hat, and stopping him as civilly as he could,—'I beg your pardon, sir; but you are Dr. Johnson, I believe.' 'Yes, sir.' 'We have a wager depending on your reply: pray, sir, is it *irréparable* or *irreparable* that one should say?' 'The *last*, I think, sir," answered Dr. Johnson, "for the adverb [adjective] ought to follow the verb; but you had better consult my Dictionary than me; for that was the result of more thought than you will now give me time for." "No, no," replied the gentleman gayly, "the book I have no certainty at all of; but here is the *author* to whom I referred: I have won my twenty guineas quite fairly, and am much obliged to you, sir," so shaking Dr. Johnson kindly by the hand, he went back to finish his dinner, or dessert." Croker comments: "The Dictionary gives, and rightly, a contrary decision."

Robert Dodsley is entitled to our gratitude, for suggesting the publication of a Dictionary to Johnson; although the latter declares that he had long thought of it. Boswell one day ventured one of his usual sapient remarks: "You did not know what you were undertaking." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it, and have done it very well." When Johnson asked Garrick, what people said of the new book, he replied, that it was objected to as citing authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work; Richardson, for example. "Nay," said the lexicographer, "I have done worse than that: I have cited thee, David."

But all did not find fault. Sheridan paid a compliment to the author, in his prologue to Savage's tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," worthy of both the donor and the recipient—

"So pleads the tale that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive;
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live."

THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels, one of Life and one of Death,
 Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white;
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
 "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
 The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
 Descending, at my door began to knock,
 And my soul sank within me, as in wells
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,
 That oft before had filled and haunted me,
 And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
 And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
 "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

OF FITNESS IN ORATORY.

IT is not a mere prudential maxim, but an ethical law, that in undertaking to act upon others, we must pay attention to the circumstances under which our attempts are made. These circumstances are nothing else than our relations, which again are determined by the personal character of men and by our influence upon that character. But now every one requires that his personality be respected, and if he admits that it can and must undergo changes, yet he demands that this shall be brought to pass, not in suppressing, but in ennobling and expanding his existing nature. Since this is a universal demand, and since it is a moral law to adjust our demands so that they can consist with the demands of the other party, we are subjected by this law to the duty of respecting their personality; that is, of adapting our mode of procedure to relations and circumstances. For in the effort to put an idea into practice, we assert our own personality; but in order that this may not take place at the expense and through the suppression of the personality of others, we must endeavor by a most thorough adjustment thereto, to extenuate and to make amends for the preponderance we strive to gain. Hence arose the first duty to make our ideas consort with theirs; hence arises now the second duty, in asserting our personality to acknowledge theirs and to approach every thing which belongs to it with the greatest care. Since now, according to our previous position, the highest virtue is also the highest prudence, it follows that this moral propriety or appropriateness in action, will be the surest means and the indispensable condition of success. It is this by which the *practical* man (in the higher and better sense of the word) distinguishes himself; and if his conduct always exhibits this feature, and he is by that means invariably successful, yet we should not simply ascribe to him prudence and forget the moral power of this quality. There are men of this sort, who inspire confidence at the first look, and for this reason; because while maintaining their own personality with dignity and with emphasis, they do not forget that modesty which yields to the personality of every other individual its fullest rights. Scarcely have these men undertaken to conduct a difficult matter, when difficulties disappear and opposition vanishes, because every one who observes their proceedings is convinced that his own interests will be advanced thereby. These are the men

who guide and govern social life: and from such an example as theirs we must take our start, in order to form a lively idea of the distinctive features of the orator. On the contrary there are men enough who are ever ready and anxious to accomplish some good end, but who, because they always bring forward their plans at an unsuitable season, and because they are not capable of adapting them to the peculiarities of those with whom they deal, are perpetually baffled in their plans and undertakings; good men, if you will, yet men who, beyond a doubt, stand in need of a higher moral cultivation. These are the genuine unrhettorical natures, well adapted to illustrate in the clearest manner, what the orator may not be.

As it applies to all moral activity, so does this law of propriety, hold good in rhetoric, and imparts to the rhetoric which is framed in accordance with it, certain characteristics which are of ethical origin, and which, at the same time, may be regarded as the best means of moving the hearer's heart.

In the first place, a discourse constructed in accordance with existing relations, will be so adapted to the capacity of the hearer, that it will neither tax it too severely nor leave it too little employed. For the capacity is dependent upon the knowledge and mental culture of the hearer; forming a very important part of his personality, which the orator is bound to respect, and which he will unpardonably offend if he wears him with excessive obscurity or excessive simplicity in his discourse. And as a very complete acquaintance with his public is necessary in order to avoid both these errors, it is obligatory upon the orator to use all diligence in acquiring a knowledge of the same. Otherwise he will subject himself to the reproach of one who has undertaken a business, and has neglected to obtain the information necessary in the case. It is true indeed that among the same class of hearers the degree of culture attained will vary in each individual case; yet a middle course is not difficult to be found, and accordingly a fictitious general or normal hearer may be imagined, which may be kept constantly in view, and to which every thing may be addressed; by which device one may escape error in either of the directions adverted to.

When an orator is not in a position rightly to judge of his public, or is incapable of engaging its attention in a suitable

manner, we cannot regard it simply as a natural deficiency, nor express regret merely, but it must be viewed as a moral and a culpable deficiency; one is bound to observe such incompetence in one's self, and one should abandon an employment which is found to be beyond his reach: particularly as in most cases, perseverance and application would have compensated for what was lacking to him of native talent. And indeed were his native talents of the greatest, it would still and forever be impossible for him, to appreciate the habits of thought prevailing in a circle of cultivated hearers, and to adapt his own to the same, unless himself the possessor of a scientific and a learned education. This then he is under obligation to obtain; ignorance with him is to be considered as a defect in character, and to be visited as such with reprobation. And this shows us again how in the case of the orator the activity of all his mental faculties is under a moral guidance.

In the acquisition of a learned and scientific culture, we have absolutely no limit to propose to him; let him proceed as far as he can; let him keep pace with his age or outstrip it; only let him never forget that for him as orator, learning and science are simply means, not end, and that he should not make an exhibition of these various attainments at the expense of those moral ideas which must form the staple of his discourse. This would be in itself immoral as an exhibition of vanity: it would also be to overlook the capacity of the hearer, and would lead to the introduction of topics and discussion which would fatigue the attention of the public without any good result, or would give rise to indistinct ideas instead of clear conceptions; this would be the second and as is self-evident, the equally moral error which is forbidden by the canon of fitness in reference to the capacity of the hearer.

In this adaptation of the discourse to the capacity of the hearer, which, as we have seen, is of moral origin, we discover the first means of exciting the feelings. In order to promote the hearer's interest in a train of ideas, it is absolutely necessary that the activity required of him should not be wearisome; in that case, he would soon become tired of it, and relapse into an inactivity which would render fruitless all further attempts made to interest him by the orator. And should he be disposed to pay attention to a discourse which, by its obscurity, puts his faculties on the rack, yet these extraordinary efforts of his understanding will operate to suppress the activity of imagina-

tion and feeling, so that it will be impossible to affect them. In a similar manner, also, will attention flag, under an excessive simplicity of address, and the finer movements of the affections will ever refuse the bidding of a man who cannot satisfy even the understanding.

Here I must expect the objection, that the man who is prudent enough to make the above observations himself, needs nothing beyond this very prudence in order to act in accordance with them, and to adapt his discourse to the comprehension of the hearer—thus leaving the moral qualities of the orator entirely out of the question. We admit that, with many a demagogue in Athens and Rome, such might really have been the case: such an example, however, proves nothing for us; for there, if any one had ventured to utter any thing unintelligible, he would have been driven from the forum by the howlings of the impatient assembly. In such a situation, where the absolute necessity of following such a rule was apparent, one might, perhaps, dispense with the assistance of moral qualities, which, under other circumstances, are indispensable; but because, forsooth, a bad man is driven by constraint to adopt a particular course, it does not follow that there is nothing of a moral nature involved in it, and that, if restrictions were removed, both bad and good would succeed in it alike. Consider for a moment the pulpit orator of our day, whose relation to his hearers is far less restricted, their reaction upon him being by no means so offensive; how difficult, and, indeed, impossible it seems to be, often for men of the greatest wisdom, and not at all wanting in ability, to judge of the public, to keep their discourse at a just elevation, mounting neither too high nor descending too low for their hearers. Carried away by their own passion for scientific inquiry, they at one time imagine their hearers possessed of like interest and capacity with themselves; at another time, they sink into commonplace, and tediously repeat and prolong the discussion of points already clear to the hearer's mind: and is not the first an indication of excessive vanity, self-conceit—acknowledged offences against morality? And does not the next, as every lifeless adherence to custom, betray a want of wholesome energy of character?

Hence it appears, that this which is a very subordinate quality of eloquence, the adaptation of the discourse to the understanding of the hearer, cannot be acquired without the possession of moral excellence. Should I succeed in creating a conviction

of the correctness of this position, I doubt not, I shall have performed no trifling service for those youths who design devoting themselves to eloquence. Science and scholarship prepare them for an office, in which science and scholarship may no longer be the chief object of their exertions, but must be made secondary to the higher object which they are to aid in reaching. But it will be exceedingly difficult for them to understand that this is a higher object, so long as they are taught in their preparatory course that science and scholarship are absolutely highest, taking precedence of every thing, not excepting religion and morality themselves. Vainly now are they admonished to exclude every thing scientific in matter and in form from their discourses; they despise this canon, which, in their view, savors of a weak spirit of compliance, and which, in truth, is habitually denounced as such by their instructors. In the lack of a professor's chair, they appropriate the pulpit to such a use, and heroically attempt to draw up the people to the elevated sphere in which they float. If at last they recover from their folly, they frequently sink dispirited into flat and insipid commonplace. Now, if this adapting of one's discourse to the comprehension of the auditors is not a mere politic compliance, but a truly moral proceeding, if the opposite course is unjustifiable, and if the question is presented in this light to a youth of noble spirit, he will readily conform to a rule which he finds instead of lowering, only dignifies and exalts him.

But the law of fitness requires not merely that the discourse should be adapted to the understanding, but also that the entire individuality of the hearer, his situation, his relations, the circumstances which affect his destiny, and which especially concern him, should be observed by the orator. And this kind of adaptedness is far more difficult to secure than the first; for this, it is necessary that we should know and keep in view the manifold elements of which the social, moral, and religious condition of man is composed, namely, the circle of his ideas and his experiences, the conceptions which are familiar or unusual with him, the images with which his imagination is mostly occupied, the more or less accurate ideal of good he has formed of social, moral, and religious perfection, his virtues and vices, his wishes and appetites, together with those special situations which are the result of rank, of wealth, of political events, of the condition of one's country and the church.

This fitness of the discourse seems to have been admitted to be a means of exciting the affections (which, indeed, in their sense mean passions) by the best masters of rhetoric; at least, I should be able to assign no other reason why Aristotle (*Rhet.*, Lib. II., ch. 12-17) follows up his theory of the passions with a description of the moral condition of men as it is varied by their age, their rank, and their wealth, while he gives no clear account of any use which the orator is expected to make of this knowledge.

Cicero (*De Orat.* i. 5.), too, desires the orator to be an accomplished, sagacious man, who has comprehended the character of his hearers, their modes of thought, according to their age and rank; and he errs in this alone, that he expects from shrewdness and sagacity results which are best secured by morality. It is not at all impossible that a crafty spirit may succeed in discovering one or another weak side of a character, with the design of bringing it into leading-strings; yet, to gain an enlarged appreciation of the views, feelings, and condition of a man, so as to be able to operate with beneficent and ennobling results upon his character, something more than cunning is necessary; prudence, indeed, is necessary, but such a prudence as follows the guidance of conscientious feeling, and of a disinterested spirit which looks with a genial sympathy upon the various circumstances of men.

Nor may the knowledge thus attained of the hearer be employed to give countenance to his errors, or to flatter his passions; but it must be used in the excitement of his affections, first, negatively, in order to avoid every thing which would wound or offend the hearer, and in regard to things, which though at first view seemingly indifferent, might be disagreeable to him. Without such forethought, it is vain to think of exciting the affections. It is in vain to speak with warmth and emphasis, in vain to the hearer, himself perfectly well disposed to the truth you are presenting, if, on the road to the object which is sought to be gained, he is hindered or vexed by all sorts of annoyances, great and small. And this is not a faulty sensitiveness on his part, for the very demand I make upon him, to surrender himself up entirely to me in one respect, imposes upon me the duty of acting considerably towards him in every other respect, so far as possible. Hence it is the duty of the orator also, acting under the dictates of true moral wisdom, to circumvent all those obstacles which at the moment he

cannot overthrow—this is at once duty and wisdom. The apostle Paul, to attain his great objects the easier, practised this considerateness towards the prejudices of his contemporaries, and became *all things to all men that by all means he might save some*.

The orators of antiquity, with perhaps the single exception of Demosthenes, in their ignorance of the true ground upon which this obligation of propriety is based, practised a kind of artifice and coquetry, alike unbecoming in a person of dignity, as unsuited to the attainment of their end. When Cicero assumes an inability to recall the name of Polycletus (Verrina iv. 3, Wolf ad Leptineam, p. 300) and proceeds as if it had been called out to him by some one in the crowd, he intended, without doubt, by this show of ignorance of Grecian history, to signify his assent to the opinion of the citizens, namely, that it was unworthy of a statesman to occupy himself with such matters. For my own part, I can discern in it only an excuse for that compliance which in a right degree is proper to the orator—in this instance a moral wrong. Nor can I divine what advantage he could expect to derive from such toying who knew how to put in operation the most powerful of motives. But such is the fate of all such endeavors after an object which has been too narrowly conceived of; they become a mere effort after the form, without regard to substance. And this was early the fate of ancient oratory, because its moral element was overlooked, and because it was esteemed merely an instrument in attaining ambitious ends.*

If compliance pushed to such an extreme is to be condemned, so the opposite error, namely, that of offending against existing and unalterable relations among the hearers, is to be expounded as morally wrong and as unwise. An offence of this kind ruins at once the operation of the

most powerful discourse; and we need only examine the kind of dislike that is excited, in order to see, that it is not the result of a lack of acuteness or of productive genius in the orator, but far worse, of moral feeling. Were a public too obtuse to find cause of offence in such blunders (and this is the case oftener than we are apt to suppose), it might indeed lighten the labors of the orator in one respect, while in another it would impede them; for just as the public would be insensible to improprieties in the discourse, so it would fail to appreciate its fitness. Hence we cannot but desire, for the orator, an audience so refined as to take offence at the least unsuitable expression. If such is not to be found, then he must seek to elevate his public to that standing, by manifesting a degree of respect for it which it will soon learn to prize and to understand.

What he may venture upon, and what he must withhold, is a question to be decided not according to the conjectures of a worldly wisdom, but according to the principles of good morals; the severest and the strongest, if it is but appropriate, if by his office and his calling he is required to say it, will not prove offensive; it will not weaken, it will further the operation of the discourse and promote the feeling intended to be aroused. How refined was the feeling for appropriateness among the Athenians in the days of Demosthenes, and yet never did this orator hesitate to charge upon them with the greatest force and plainness their degeneracy, their errors and their weaknesses; and I am not aware that his success was at any time hindered by this frankness, interwoven as it plainly was with his love to his country and to its existing constitution. Much less should the pulpit orator hesitate truthfully to depict the corruption of the moral and religious nature of man, and to threaten the impenitent sinner with the

* An artifice of like character, only far more subtle and crafty, has been ascribed to Demosthenes, for the purpose of explaining the following passage in the oration for Ktesiphon: "For I," says the speaker to Æschines, "and all them with me, call thee a hireling first of Philip and now of Alexander! If thou doubtest, put the question to the audience; or I will put it for thee;—Is it your opinion, O men of Athens! that Æschines was a hireling or a guest of Alexander? Thou hearest what they say." Here, say the Scholia, Demosthenes intentionally placed the accent falsely in pronouncing the word *μισθωτός*, and he announced the exclamation of the bystanders, who repeated the word with the correct accent, as an answer to his inquiry, and a declaration of their opinion that Æschines was a hireling. This explanation has been received by many on the authority of the Scholia, and because the reader finds a certain entertainment in the discovery of such tricks in the orators; its correctness I must seriously question. Without doubt, that misplacement of the accent would have extremely offended the ears of the Athenians, and have brought out a clamor of corrections; but could even this mobile populace have suffered its words to have been perverted in its mouth, and framed into a decision adverse to Æschines, when it simply aimed to correct the accents of Demosthenes? But leaving this, if we only reflect upon what is due to the known character of Demosthenes in explaining his orations, its dignity, if only the half of it be acknowledged, is sufficient to clear him of the suspicion of having employed such pitiable devices; let us reflect that in this most tragical hour of his existence, his intensely occupied soul might well have emitted lightning-thoughts, but not have trifled with accents. And besides, what were more natural than to conjecture in explanation of this passage, than that among the audience he had, even at the beginning, a strong party upon whom he could depend for an appropriate response? This far more suitable explanation is likewise found in the Scholia, who ascribe the response to Menander, the comic poet, one of the friends of the orator.

terrors of a future judgment. Whoever omits to do this for fear of estranging his hearers from him, overlooks the fact that the hearer involuntarily judges the orator by moral rules only, and grants to him to utter whatever he may utter with propriety;—that the most energetic reproofs will not wound him, if he but sees that they are justified by the relation in which the speaker stands to him; indeed that in the moral and religious nature of man there exists a certain tendency closely allied with the taste for the sublime and the terrific, by reason of which the hearer is better content with an abasement of his feelings, such as may lead to an improved state of mind, than with that superficial emotion which is caused by the approaches of the flatterer. Thus the renowned orator who preached before Louis XIV. and his court,—an audience which would never have forgiven the slightest impropriety, employed all the terrors of religion, and often exercised the full judicial power of their office, and always with great effect.

While the fitness of a discourse prevents any occasion of offence which might interfere with the desired movement of the feelings, it contributes, moreover, directly to promote such a movement. For example, if the orator confines himself to such thoughts, images and allusions as calls up to the hearer's memory his own experience and his own personal observations, the discourse must operate with greatly increased power. For the truth is thus not merely rendered clear to his mind, but whilst he associates it with all which he himself has thought and felt, it takes a hold upon his entire inner nature, and creates that very ferment and agitation which we have named *the affected condition*. Many an expression may be appropriate to the thoughts and intelligible to the hearer; there may however be still another, by the employment of which, a region of his thoughts before covered up in obscurity, may suddenly be brought to light, and which touches upon some of the manifold threads of which the web of his feelings is composed; this expression the orator should endeavor to find, and he is enabled to do this by studying his hearer under the influence of a true zeal for his welfare. Should he prefer to this a different style, as easier and more agreeable to himself, his course would be that of an egotist, and the inoperativeness of the discourse would be his just punishment. How powerful is the impression made by the wise use of the hearers' existing feelings, may be seen in

occasional discourses. In a sermon designed for the opening of a campaign, for a victory, or an occasion of public rejoicing, the preacher can take for granted in his hearers, with far greater certainty than on ordinary occasions when the relations are not so definite, certain prevalent views and opinions, certain hopes and fears, certain sentiments of joy and thankfulness; and if he can only in the exercise of a little wisdom, draw together all their different rays, and throw these upon the truth in hand as upon a focal point, he will make it exceedingly effective in the hearers' minds. Thus we explain why it is that the effects of discourses preached on feast days are often more decided than are those of the usual Sabbath-day sermons. It is because to the first, the hearer, however perverted he may be, nevertheless brings with him certain religious sentiments upon which the orator can easily fasten the thread of his discourse.

It is, moreover, a part of this matter of fitness that the speaker should never suffer himself to be elevated in his expressions, turns of thought and images, above the language of social intercourse among educated persons; even, if before an audience competent to follow in such a flight, and to understand more refined modes of expression. I am constrained to refer to this on account of those who expect by poetical ornament, by words which they have collected with great research from the dust of past centuries, and by constructions which are foreign to pure prose, to give their discourses a peculiar weight and dignity. This is, however, nothing more than a cold and powerless display, if indeed, as I take for granted, power means nothing but the efficacy of the discourse in affecting the mind. In the press of active life, under circumstances of deep affliction, in the calm hours of meditation, did ever the hearer express his thoughts and feelings to himself or to others in a highly figurative language, and in far-fetched modes of speech? Assuredly not. The expression which couples itself with the quiet movements of the mind as they present themselves in our consciousness, is ever noble as it is simple; if the orator therefore would penetrate into our inner life and renew there the traces of forgotten thoughts and feelings, if he would indeed *address us*, let him make use of the familiar and customary words in which we are wont to hold converse with ourselves. Every strange expression, every singular turn, hurries us as it were out of ourselves

instead of turning us inward, and the stream of inner harmonies, perhaps already brought to flow, is suddenly interrupted and dispersed. To this is added the feeling of dislike to a man who decks himself out with a parade of sounding phrases, which after all it is not difficult to gather up, instead of speaking to his own as well as to my real advantage in my own familiar language. Those very rare instances in which we choose a rare expression for an unusual thought, must here, of course, be excluded; but to allow one's self, without a very peculiar intention in view, to deviate in the slightest degree from the prevailing usage in language is, in my opinion, improper, contrary to a speaker's aim, and hence liable to a moral reproach.

The employment of the language of Scripture is by no means included in this expression of disapproval; on the contrary, if the expressions and figures of Holy Writ are not introduced simply to fill up a vacant place, but if retaining a sense of their true worth and power, they are inwrought into the discourse, their frequent use is to be recommended to pulpit orators, as a highly suitable and efficacious method of exciting the hearer's affection. Highly suitable; for Scripture language can never grow old, presenting as it does so many expressions full of meaning for the manifold conditions of life and of the human spirit, not a few of which are current proverbs in the language of every-day intercourse; and though religious education and the reading of the Bible, may, to some degree, be neglected, yet the orator may count securely upon having his thought understood far sooner in a Scriptural than in a philosophical garb. But the great power of Scripture language to move the affections, consists mainly in this, that in the expression for the understanding, and that for the feeling is not distinct, as in human modes of presenting truth, but is always one and the same; the images of which it makes such frequent use, combine with the accuracy of an abstract terminology, the advantage of interweaving the idea into the web of human relations, and of associating it with all the conceptions which have power to work upon the emotional nature of man. They are a ray of combined light and heat that passes from the spirit into the heart, and how should it not inflame the whole man? If now it should happen, as indeed is often the case, that an expression drawn from Scripture, upon first acquaintance with it, or upon succeeding occasions, has awakened a

train of pious emotions, the speaker, as often as he fittingly introduces it, is enabled to call up that movement of the feelings which has already so often been connected with it, and thus, further, the operation of the truth he is discussing. On account of this great advantage, I should deem it advisable to use Scripture language even in those cases where we cannot presuppose an acquaintance with it on the part of the hearer, and where it has never, as yet, contributed to the awakening of his inner life; for thus by employing it more frequently, that more thorough acquaintance with it, and that influence upon the emotional nature which we have described, will by degrees be effected.

But now the thing which hinders the orator in thoroughly understanding his hearer's views, is learning to speak their own language, and in exciting the feelings by the appropriateness of his style: this again is naught but moral delinquency. Especially prominent is that self-pleasing vanity which desires only the gratification of expressing itself easily and agreeably, and which shuns the difficult and often violent effort which is needful in order to come forth out of one's self and enter sympathizingly into the circle of another's individuality. From this defect it is that, among other specimens of pulpit eloquence, we have those artfully constructed and flowery discourses, which, although in consequence of their adaptedness to work upon the hearer's fancy, they often receive enthusiastic commendation (thus men generally, under the blinding influence of their own vanity, fail to judge and to punish that of others so severely as it deserves), yet their idle trifling with thoughts and words can produce only an imbecile void; never a state of feeling favorable to great and noble decisions in the mind. In the next place we mention a kind of shyness unfavorable to this active method which is to be found in noble and refined natures, which embarrass them in entering upon the relations of their hearers, in grasping their hearts with a strong hand, and so in giving to their mode of discourse a fitness such as will move the emotions. In case the speaker entirely abandons himself to the truth under discussion, unfolds it with the greatest care, but touches only superficially and in general terms upon the relations under which it should be realized, so that he hits nowhere and hurts no one, then we may assuredly suspect the existence of this timidity. Similar reprobation, if no greater is deserved, and like enervating

effects are produced upon the style by too great concession on the part of the orator; if, ignoring his idea and his own personality, he busies himself only with his hearer's relations and preferences, in order to say something which will be appropriate and of good tendency; this is a low ambition which seeks perishable praise and not the true and imperishable glory of ennobling the nature of men; an orator who is chiefly led by such an impulse will often melt his hearers into weak sentiment, but will never kindle them into a true moral passion, for the glance of ideal truth by which alone this sentiment is to be reached, never breaks through the inclosures with which he surrounds it. Thus three wrong courses are indicated; that is, either becoming engrossed with one's self, or with the idea, or with the relations of the hearer exclusively; whenever a discourse claiming to be rhetorical inclines decidedly in one of these three directions, it is inappropriate and powerless. In order therefore to speak with entire propriety, the orator should so comprehend, combine, and mediate among the three diverse claims which his own personality, the idea, and the relation of his hearers make upon him, that each one of these demands would be satisfied without loss to either of the others; and this is conclusively nothing else than what is indispensable to a really virtuous transaction, in which a clear, continuous sense of our own personality, of the principle according to which, and the relations in which, we act, is absolutely requisite. The solution of this problem requires really great energy of character in rhetorical as well as in moral acts; and how justly they may be considered as of the same nature, appears in the fact that both the discourses, which are excellent in this respect, as also truly virtuous actions, are distinguished by no outward glare and brilliancy; for here, where three different elements are blended, their colors melt into each other; on the contrary, those faulty discourses, for the very reason that one of these elements appears prominent above the rest, let them but be composed with a little talent, may very readily possess a certain brilliancy, an object of admiration with the unintelligent, but which warms neither him nor any one besides.

Demosthenes, in this connection, deserves the highest praise with the least blame; for surely never an orator united with such a dignified assertion of his own personality, such a luminous development of his idea, and such a comprehensive view of the existing relations. And it is from this sustained combination of these three elements that his powerful and profoundly attractive simplicity arose; which would have disappeared the moment a separation of the lyric and philosophic parts from the matters of fact had taken place in his discourse. On the other hand, Cicero is far less deserving of the rank of a model of appropriateness; not as though he elevated himself above the comprehension of his hearers or uttered any thing unsuitable and violent; but because with him, now his personality, now the truth, and now the circumstances become too prominent, and the element at any time preponderating invariably throws the others into the shade. By this very failing he is found to possess a more showy coloring than Demosthenes, and can be understood, in the general, with far less effort and pains to penetrate the relations of his times.

Without in the least intending to compare Massillon with Demosthenes, or Bossuet with Cicero, they have these points of similarity: Massillon, like the Greek orator, without giving up himself or his idea, placed before his eyes in the fullest manner the life of his hearers; on the contrary, Bossuet, and indeed (as I suspect) on account of an inferior purity of character, almost entirely overlooked this last consideration. Hence men were carried away by Massillon and forgot to admire him, the best praise an orator can receive; on the contrary, Bossuet in his sublimest flights can only excite a cold admiration, or at most a ferment of the imaginative powers, entirely useless for moral ends. If, moreover, the French themselves almost universally prefer Bossuet to Massillon, this only shows, what appears from many other decisions of their critics, how little they understand and appreciate what of real excellence they have among them.

OUR EXODUS FROM JERICHO.

A RAZORIAL RHAPSODY.

"HAIR."—*Ben Jonson.*

"BEARD."—*Shakespeare.*

"DON MUSTACHIOS."—*The Spaniard.*

THE news of the day is not one of the recognized departments of "Putnam's Monthly," but there is one local fact so striking—so patent, in the face and under the eyes of the people, that we step aside to make it History.

So some fat band-leader, hidden by his trombone—oblivious as to his boots—reckless as to his path—purple as to his face, and puffed out as to his cheeks to such extent that his beard looks straggling; will sometimes intermit his professional labors, to give—perhaps a glance at his following—perhaps a moment to his handkerchief—perhaps a turn to his perched-up music-book—perhaps an unexpected attention to some too prominent vocal and personal imitator among the urchins, and then fall back to his spasmodic sound-volcano, as if his tortured lips had never before quitted the sonorous metal since they were transferred from the maternal bosom.

Be it known then, that this instant month of March, 1854,—the time of gestation of the current number of "Putnam's Monthly;" to wit, Number XVI.—is to be known for all time, and noted by all future Valentines, as the month of incipient mustachios! One half the men you meet in New-York to-day (be it kalends, nones, or ides of March), shave not their lips. The hirsute growth of one half of these is not yet long enough to begin to turn down, or is down, downy, and not begun to turn to anything else. Of this half, one half left off shaving this week, half of whom stopped day before yesterday! (Let the wise and statistical air of this statement make up for its concealed looseness and unimportance; it will not be the first trial of such an expedient.) So one sixty-fourth of the face of nature (human nature, of course, in cities) is in a mere cloudy state; or in other words, the reform is *in nubibus*. One thirty-second part bears hairs that look as if they had come out wrong end first, or were in a surprised state at not finding themselves nipped in the bud. One sixteenth is in stubble of all sorts and shades, and one eighth, in all, is now unchecked in its persistent efforts to produce the crop that needs no planting. As is clear to

every deep thinker and political economist, (and to whom else need we try to speak?) this leaves one half to be counted as minors, and one quarter as adult females, among whom the beard is of no account. Not that they oppose by indifference, the great movement. No, bless them! They are right now, as always. To be sure, as a class, they say "horrid," but it is with an air that rather helps than hinders its progress; an air that says, "we set our faces against it," and so suggests charming pictures. They like beards, but each very much prefers to have some one to carry hers for her. The *Moustache* is a tax she likes not to have imposed on herself, though hirsute she likes to see her suitor.

The rubicund is past (as Brown said when he handed the claret to Jones), and the manly is attained. The crisis has arrived—the climax of the shaving edifice has been reached; let us hope no annihilator may be nigh when it is set fire to. Its fall is begun. The "Emollient," the "Military," the "Cream" and the divers other shaving-soap factories may cease to offend olfactories—may boil their last boiling—ley their last ashes—in sackcloth, if they like. There shall be no more lather. The nose of the razor-strop man is out of joint, and he had better raise a moustache, himself, to hide it. Razor factories need no longer raise their hideous heads, for we no longer raze ours. The barbers' poles shall be hereafter seen only in collections of antique curiosities. The barbarous walls of Jericho are trembling, and we have tarried there long enough. We are coming out. Every day of this blessed month has seen a delivery. It is as if thirty-one gates had been opened and from each of them Nature has received a cloud of returning children; the new roughness of their lips gratifying her, as they each kissed her fair hands in repentant submission, with a titillation that has brought tears from her eyes and great sighs from her bosom unceasingly. Vide the weather-gauge.

The modest and conservative person now addressing the public held out with an obstinacy of opposition that seems incredible when looked back upon. Ever

since he first scraped an acquaintance with his chin, had he, each morning, thwarted the purposed kindness of Nature, and each night had she come again with her gentle, timid offering—it often reviled and cursed, but she never disheartened. How I thank thee, kind mother, that on no morning of those weeks, and months, and years, didst thou turn away, saying "Go to, scoffer! I come nigh thee and thy fellows no more!" Think of the loud consternation, if thou, repulsed and insulted, hadst turned away thy face from us; thyself from our faces! But no, indeed, that is not like thee! Thine erring and rebellious child laid down his arms—his sharp blade and his leather—and instantly it was to him almost as if he had never taken them up. A tear trickles down and mingles with thy gift as he thinks of these things—a simple tribute to its generous and unmerited luxuriance.

Mystax, as has been hinted, is a Greek word. Thence, by most obvious gradations, have we *my-tax* (semper-matutinally submitted to) and *meat-axe*; an allusion to the sharpened, gaunt, and polished appearance of my jaws after the amercement. Some go still farther, and trace it to the *moustache*, and the *mystery* it is that we have enslaved ourselves so long; but I am not one of those who profit in distant philological analogies.

* Let not the corners of your whiskers be marred, When it's so much handsomer and healthier and easier and cheaper and better every way to go bearded like the pard."

These two lines of poetry, drawn (by an imminent modern poet) with much research, the first line from the Bible and the last from Shakespeare, show the whole case in a few words and a clear light. Not to speak of the two influential authorities adduced, what can more clearly express the (growing) necessity of having some insuperable distinction between the sexes? And look at its allusion to the influence on children! How necessary to them to have some emblem of the strength of "par" as contra-distinguished from the gentle smoothness of "mar"!

How art thou fallen, oh thou razor; now raise thyself if thou canst! Little didst thou think when last I shut, with its usual and peculiar "phlemp" thy leathern case; that the rattle thou gavest was against the sides of thy coffin—that thou quittedst my æsophagus for thy sarcophagus! So when some poor, crest-fallen cur, a mongrel rough and valueless, comes trotting soft behind his lord, obedient, and suspecting nought till on the bridge, the which they've passed a hundred times on other days, the keystone

VOL. III.—27

reached, amazed he sees his master stop, and crouching low lay hands on him, with what intent he can but dream. With upturned eyes and piteous cries he feels the rope his neck about. Then if his master softens down, so is our simile carried out. Yes, razor; from destruction I spared thee, for the sake of the affection with which in my boyhood I regarded thee; but never shalt thou be unsepulchred, but for low and menial services; to cut another growth than that thou hast heretofore reaped, and not, like that, one that is spontaneous and thrives without cultivation. It is, however, a meek plant, that loves to be oppressed, and that is fostered by abuse. It is the corn! With this must thou be contented, for even this is only a temporary salvation from utter oblivion. When nature ceases to be maltreated even in her care of our foundations, then thou shalt indeed be laid up. But good sense descends to us, so I am afraid that about our feet thou hast a long office to perform before it gets down there. After that, shalt thou be even as an unmatched scissor, or an old bachelor—thy fang removed (across the poker) and thy cold brightness dimmed with the rust of neglect. Perhaps my great-grandchildren may sometimes climb prattling upon my knees, touching with reverent hands my mouth's bleached curtain, and say, "show us the razor, Grandpa, and tell us all about it." Then will it be held up to fresh marvel that these things should have been. And at some of those times thou wilt be forgotten to be put back, and wilt go unheeded to that bourne, "lost," which is the ultimate destination of all manufactured things—an insatiable grave—a bottomless pit, from which nothing ever comes out, and where so few things ever are heard of.

"Some traveller there may find thy bones,
Whitening amid disjointed stones;
And, ignorant of man's cruelty,
Marvel such relics there should be."

But enough. It is history. Monthly, return to thy trombone. Blow thine own trumpet—my pipes are broken.

It has been reserved for this great nation to complete the beard reform, and restore man to his primitive manliness. The clergy are at last aroused to the importance of the great movement of the age, and are about to beard the lion in the pulpit. We had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Orson Truman in the street, when that zealous gentleman put his hands to his face to hide his bald and emasculate-looking jowls. He informed

us that he had set the day for burying the razor, after which he should allow his beard to grow as God intended, feeling ashamed to acknowledge that the loose fish of society, the artists, authors, pick-pockets, musicians, reporters, editors, gold-miners, Hungarian patriots, and other

picturesque vagabonds had got the start of the clergy in commencing the great reform, in going back to Nature, and throwing off the effeminate habits of a corrupt, and luxurious century. The beard movement may be looked upon as fairly inaugurated.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman in the moonlight, there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane
He envies me my brilliant lot,
And blows his aching fists in vain,
And wishes me a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks, how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor our host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble—watery—thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance
The galley slave of dreary forms.

O! could he have my share of din
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

A CHAT ABOUT PLANTS.

LONG years ago I was in the Holy Land. It was the last day I was to spend near Jerusalem, and as the sun sank towards the blue waters of the Mediterranean, I found myself once more sitting on the banks of the Jordan. The air was perfectly calm; the tolling of a convent bell came faintly over the plain from Bethlehem, and mingled its well-beat cadences with the gentle, playful murmuring of the sacred stream at my feet. By my side sat an Arab, tranquilly following with his eye the light clouds of his pipe, as they gracefully rose up in the clear, blue ether, but apparently buried in deep thought. Abu Abdallah was his name; so I said, "Abu Abdallah, do you believe in God?" "Thou sayest it, oh brother!" was his quiet answer. "But Abu Abdallah, I fear you do not believe that your soul is immortal;" for the old Arab, though my friend for the while, was a sad thief, and when he swiftly rode through the desert, there were voices heard, it was said, mournful voices of men, who called for the sweet life he had taken from them. He gazed at me for an instant from the depth of that unfathomable eye, the precious heirloom of a son of the Orient, but vouchsafed not a word. I was struck by his silence, and asked again. "Oh brother, oh brother, thou wrongest me!" he said, and quietly rising, he seized upon a little shapeless mass, that lay half hid in the fragrant herbs at our feet, and gently pushing it into the purling stream, he added: "Has not the God of our fathers, whose prophet is Mahomet, given us the Rose of Jericho? And does not my brother, who reads the books of the wise men of the Franks, know that the burning sands of the desert are its home, and that it delights in the fiery winds of the west, which scatter the caravan, and strew the sands of the Sahara with the bones of the traveller? There it grows, and blossoms, and our children love it. But the season comes again, and it withers and dies. And the dread simoom rises, and seizes the dry, shrivelled roots, that my brother beholds there, and on the wings of the tempest the Rose of Jericho rides far far east, until it falls upon holy soil. Now let my brother wait and he shall see!"

And we did wait, waited until the shadows grew long, and dreamy dusk covered mountain and plain. And the little shapeless mass became a miracle indeed, and right before our eyes! The roots had expanded, the leaves had un-

folded, life and breath had returned to the dead child of the Sahara, and the very blossoms began to show, and to rival the faint rosy tints of the evening sun!

I never forgot that lesson of immortality—I never forgot that Rose of Jericho. On my return to Europe I learned that botanists called it "*Anastatica*," the flower of resurrection. I wished to know more about it, and that was the way I first learned something about plants.

I found botany very little attractive—very little deserving of its ancient name of the "lovely science." I found that botanists would go out into the fields, their text-books in their pockets, and gather the tender children of Flora into huge masses, then dry them and classify them, describe their head-dress and uniform, their rank and dignity, and finally deposit them in magnificent herbariums. There they were, well dried and well pasted, clad, to be sure, in all the pomp and circumstance of high-sounding names—so much Latin hay. But where was their color and graceful shape? where the breath of air that made them gently wave to and fro? where the sweet perfumes they gratefully sent up to their Maker? where the bright water at their side, in which they reflected their lovely form? where the whole glorious scene for which they were intended by Nature, and to which they lent, in return, life and beauty?

Thus it was that botanists of old collected the material only—not without bestowing unceasing industry upon it, not without making unheard of sacrifices, often of the very lives of devoted laborers in that field of science—but they were content with a form only and a name. They were like the French officer, who in one, I forget which, of the French revolutions, came to Rome and there had the good fortune to discover a precious inscription on a monument, dating far back into antiquity. Proudly, and carefully, he detached one bronze letter after another, then slipped them into a bag, and sent them to the antiquarians of Paris to be deciphered.

But there have arisen, within the last thirty years especially, men who have studied plants with the view, not only to know who they were, but rather what they were, how they lived and how they died, what their relation was to the world, and what their purpose in the great household of Nature. Kindred sciences have lent their aid; the microscope has laid

open the innermost recesses of plants; travellers have brought home new, generalizing views, and an insight has at last been gained into the life of the vegetable world. Great, startling discoveries have there been made, new truths and new beauties have been revealed to us, and natural science has unfolded the most delicate resources and most curious relations in the vegetable kingdom.

Thus we have learned, that it is a fallacy—to be sure as old as botany itself—that plants have no motion. Old Aristotle, it is true, had a curious idea, that they were buried in deep slumber, out of which nothing could awake them, and that thus by a kind of enchantment, they were spell-bound, until the great word should be spoken, that was to restore to them life and motion. Modern science also teaches that the characteristic of organic bodies is independent motion, that of inorganic, rest. But plants have both life and motion; we dare not as yet say whether it be the effect of a mere dream, of a mechanical pressure from without, or of instinctive life within. For what do we as yet know of the simplest functions of the inner life of plants? Who has not, however, observed how the pale sap courses through the colossal stems of gigantic trees and the delicate veins of a frail leaf, as rapidly and marvellously as through the body of man? Take a microscope and you will see the plant full of life and motion. All its minute cells are filled with countless little currents, now rotary and now up and down, often even apparently lawless, but always distinctly marked by tiny grains which are seen to turn in them or to rise without ceasing. In this world nothing is motionless, says a modern philosopher. Let the air be so still, that not a breath shall be felt to creep through it, and yet the forest leaves will seem stirred as if in silent prayer. The earth moves small things and great, all obey the same law, and the little blade of grass goes around the sun as swiftly as the tallest pine. The very shadow dances, as if in idle mockery, around the immovable flower, and marks the passing hours of sunshine.

But plants move not only where they stand—they travel also. They migrate from land to land, sometimes slowly, inch by inch, then again on the wings of the storm. Botanists tell us of actual migrations of plants, and a successive extension of the domain of particular floras, just as we speak of the migration of idioms and races. Individual plants, however, travel only as man ought to travel, when they

are young. If they have once found a home, they settle quietly down, grow, blossom, and bear fruit. Therefore it is, that plants travel only in the seed. For this purpose, seeds possess often special organs for a long journey through the air. Sometimes they are put, like small bombshells, into little mortars, and fired off with great precision. Thus arise the well-known emerald rings on our greenswards, and on the vast prairies of the West, which some ascribe to electricity, whilst the poet loves to see in them traces of the moonlight revels of fairies. The truth is scarcely less poetical. A small circular fungus squats down on a nice bit of turf. It prospers and fills with ripening seed. When it matures, it discharges the tiny balls, already mentioned, in a circle all around, and then sinks quietly in the ground and dies. Another season, and its place is marked by an abundance of luxuriant grass, feeding upon its remains, whilst around it a whole ring of young fungi have begun to flourish. They die in their turn, and so the circle goes on enlarging and enlarging, shifting rapidly, because fungi exhaust the soil soon of all matter necessary for their growth, and closely followed by the rich grass, that fills up their place, and prevents them from ever retracing their steps.

A similar irritability enables other plants also to scatter their seeds far and near, by means of springs bent back, until a breath of wind, a falling leaf, or the wing of an insect, causes them to rebound, and thus to send the pollen with which they are loaded often to a great distance. The so-called Touch-me-not balsam scatters its ripe seeds, by such a contrivance, in all directions, and the squirting cucumber is furnished, for the same purpose, with a complete fire-engine. Some of the geraniums, also, of our greenhouses have their fruit-vessels so curiously constructed, that the mere contact with another object, and frequently the heat of the sun alone, suffices to detach the carpels, one by one, with a snapping sound, and so suddenly as to cause a considerable jerk, which sends the seeds far away.

Other fruit-vessels again, have, as is well known, contrivances the most curious and ingenious, by which they press every living thing that comes near them into their service, and make it convey them whithersoever they please. Every body is familiar with the bearded varieties of wheat and other grain; they are provided with little hooks which they cunningly insert into the wool or hair of grazing cattle, and thus they are carried

about until they find a pleasant place for their future home. Some who do not like to obtain services thus by hook and crook, succeed by pretended friendship, sticking closely to their self-chosen companions. They cover their little seeds with a most adhesive glue, and when the busy bee comes to gather honey from their sweet blossoms, which they jauntily hang out to catch the unwary insect, the seeds adhere to its body, and travel thus on four fine wings through the wide, wide world. Bee fanciers know very well the common disease of their sweet friends, when so much pollen adheres to their head that they cannot fly; and must miserably perish, one by one, under the heavy burden which these innocent-looking plants have compelled them to carry. We have but little knowledge as yet of the activity of life in the vegetable world, and of its momentous influence on the welfare of our own race. Few only know that the gall-fly of Asia Minor decides on the existence of ten thousands of human beings. As our clippers and steamers carry the produce of the land from continent to continent, so these tiny sailors of the air perform, under the direction of Divine Providence, the important duty of carrying pollen, or fertilizing dust, from fig-tree to fig-tree. Without pollen, there come no figs, and, consequently, on their activity and number depends the productiveness of these trees; they, therefore, regulate in fact the extensive and profitable fig trade of Smyrna. A little, ugly beetle of Kamschatka has, in like manner, more than once saved the entire population of the most barren part of Greenland from apparently unavoidable starvation. He is a great thief in his way, and a most fastidious gourmand, moreover. Nothing will satisfy him on a long winter evening—and we must charitably bear in mind that these evenings sometimes last five months without interruption—but a constant supply of lily bulbs. The lilies are well content with this arrangement, for the being eaten is as natural to them as to a Feejee-islander; and they are, as compensation, saved from being crowded to death in a narrow space, whilst those that escape the little glutton, shoot up merrily, next summer, in rich pastures. Still better content are the Greenlanders; for, when their last mouthful of meat, and their last drop of train-oil are gone, they dig and rob the little, provident beetle of his carefully hoarded treasure, and, by its aid, manage to live until another season. It is thus that we see every where the beautiful and close

bonds of love connecting even those parts of creation, that seem to be without sense or voluntary motion, humble subjects of the dominion of the elements, and which yet respond to the action of those mysterious powers, that rule, under God, in nature. The flower opens its gorgeous chalice, filled with rich honey, to the tiny insect; the insect, in return, carries the fructifying pollen to the flower's distant mate, and thus propagates it anew. The herbs of the field send forth their luxuriant tufts of leaves for the browsing cattle, and sheep and oxen carry the seed in their hides from meadow to meadow. The trees themselves, planted by stones that birds have dropped, grow and flourish until "they are strong, and the height thereof reaches unto heaven, and the beasts of the field have shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwell in the boughs thereof."

When neither quadruped nor insect can be coaxed or forced to transport the young seeds that wish to see the world, they sometimes launch forth on their own account, and trust to a gentle breeze or a light current of air, rising from the heated surface of the earth. It is true, nature has given them wings to fly with, such as man never yet was skilful enough to devise for his own use. The maple—our maple, I mean—has genuine little wings, with which it flies merrily about in its early days; others, like the dandelion and the anemone, have light downy appendages, or little feathery tufts and crowns, by which they are floated along on the lightest breath of air, and enjoy, to their heart's content, long autumnal wanderings. These airy appendages are marvelously well adapted for the special purpose of each plant: some but just large enough to waft the tiny grain up the height of a molehill, others strong enough to carry the seed of the cedar from the low valley to the summit of Mount Lebanon. The proudest princes of the vegetable kingdom often depend for their continuance on these little feathery tufts, which but few observers are apt to notice. A recent writer tells us that, a few years ago, the only palm-tree the city of Paris could then boast of, suddenly blossomed. Botanists were at a loss how to explain the apparent miracle, and skeptics began to sneer, and declared that the laws of nature had failed. An advertisement appeared in the papers, inquiring for the unknown mate of the solitary tree. And behold, in an obscure court-yard away off, there had lived, unknown and unnoticed, another small palm; it also had blossom-

ed apparently alone, and in vain—but a gentle breeze had come, and carried its flower-dust to its distant companion, and the first palm-flowers ever seen in France were the result of this silent mediation.

Reckless wanderers, also, there are among the plants, who waste their substance, and wildly rove about in the world. The rose of Jericho, which we have already noticed, and a club moss of Peru, are such erratic idlers that wander from land to land. When they have blossomed and borne fruit, and when the dry season comes, they wither, fold their leaves together, and draw up their roots, so as to form a light, little ball. In this form they are driven hither and thither on the wings of the wind, rolling along the plains in spiritlike dance, now whirling in great circles about, now caught by an eddy and rising suddenly high into the air. It is not until they reach a moist place that they care to rest a while, but then they settle down at once, send down their roots, unfold their leaves, assume a bright green, and become quiet, useful citizens in their own great kingdom of plants.

There are, however, thousands of plants that have neither servants nor wings to gratify their wishes, and who seem condemned to see their offspring die at their feet. But here again we see how the resources of nature are always far superior to the apparent difficulty. These very seeds which seemed so hopelessly lost, often travel fastest of all; they travel on the wings of birds. The latter steal our fruit, our cherries and grapes; they carry them off to some convenient place, eat the pulpy part, and drop the stone with the seed in it, where it is most likely to find a genial soil and a sheltered home. Even their evil propensities must thus serve the purposes of nature. Jays and pies, it is well known, are fond of hiding grains and acorns among grass or moss and in the ground, and then, poor things, forget the hiding place, and lose all their treasure. Squirrels, also marmots and mice, bury nuts under ground, and often so deep that neither light nor warmth can reach the hidden grain. But then comes man, and cuts down the pinewood, and lo! to the astonishment of all, a young coppice of oaks shoots up, and the wonder is, where all the acorns have so suddenly come from. It is not without its ludicrous side, to see even the ingenuity of men baffled by these unconscious but faithful servants of nature. We are told that the Dutch, with a sublime kind of political wisdom, destroy the plants which produce our nutmeg, for the purpose of keeping up

their monopoly, and high prices into the bargain, by the limited amount of the annual produce, which is entirely in their own hands. With this view, they cut down every tree of the kind in the Molucca Islands, where it was originally indigenous, and punish, to this day, with the severest penalties the mere possession of a nut. But it so happens that a little bird of the same Moluccas also is fond of these nuts; and as the air cannot very well be guarded and watched, even by Dutch ingenuity, he insists upon eating them, and carries the seed to distant islands of the ocean, causing the stupid Hollanders infinite trouble and annoyance.

Seeds that have not learned to fly with their own or other people's wings, it seems are taught to swim. Trees and bushes which bear nuts, love low grounds and river banks. Why? Because their fruit is shaped like a small boat, and the rivulet playing with its tiny ripples over silvery sands, as well as the broad wave of the Pacific, carry their seed alike, safely and swiftly, to new homes. Rivers float down the fruits of mountain regions, into deep valleys and to far off coasts, and the Gulf Stream of our own Atlantic carries annually the rich products of the torrid zone of America to the distant shores of Iceland and Norway. Seeds of plants growing in Jamaica and Cuba have been gathered in the quiet coves of the Hebrides. The fruit of the red bay has the form of a pirogue; at first it sinks to the bottom, but nature has given it a small hole in the upper part; a little air-bubble forms there, and causes it to rise again. The gigantic cocoa-nut itself, weighing not rarely more than five pounds, but air-tight in its close shell, and buoyant by its light, fibrous coat, is thus drifted from island to island, and rides safely on the surges of the ocean from the Seychelles to the distant coast of Malabar. There it lodges, and germinates in the light moist sand, so that the Indians of old fancied that they grew under water, and called them sea cocoas. A still more striking provision of nature is this, that there are some seeds of this kind so exquisitely adjusted to their future destination, as to sink in salt water, while they swim with safety in sweet water.

Large vegetable masses even travel on the great waters of the ocean. Compact fields of marine plants are occasionally met with in the Southern seas, and on the coast of Florida, large enough to impede the progress of vessels, and filled with millions of crustaceae. They are not

unfrequently so firm and so extensive as to afford a building place for the nests of aquatic birds and for quadrupeds, who thus float at the mercy of wind and waves to their new, unknown home. Amid the Philippine Islands, also, after a typhoon, floating islands are fallen in with, consisting of matted plants and wood, with tall, old trees, growing on them. These strange, insular rafts, are carried along by swift currents, or wafted onward by the slightest breath of air which fans the foliage of their dense woods, until, after a passage of weeks or months, they land, like a new ark, on some distant shore.

But we need not go to far-off countries to see plants wandering about in the world: our own gardens afford us, though on a smaller scale, many an instance of the recklessness of these very plants that are so much commiserated because they cannot move about and choose their own home. Every casual observer even knows that many bulbs, like those of crocus, tulips or narcissus, rise or sink by forming new bulbs above or below, until they have reached the proper depth of soil which best suits their constitution—or perhaps their fancy. Some orchids have a regular locomotion: the old root dies, the new one forms invariably in one and the same direction, and thus they proceed onwards year after year, though at a very modest, stage-coach rate. Strawberries, on the contrary, put on seven-league boots, and often escape from the rich man's garden to refresh the weary traveller by the wayside. Raspberries, again, mine their way stealthily under ground, by a subterranean, molelike process; blind, but not unguided, for they are sure to turn up in the brightest, sunniest spot they could have chosen, had their eyes been wide open, and their proceedings above ground.

As if in return for the manifold services which plants require and receive from their fellow creatures, they show kindness of their own to animal life, and shelter and feed the most timid as well as the noblest of beings, with the hospitality of their generous life. In early childhood already we are taught, that even the smallest of seeds, the mustard seed, grows up to be a tree, "in whose branches the fowls of the heavens have their habitation," that "both Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, all the days of Solomon," and that Deborah, the prophetess, "dwelt under a palm-tree." Modern science has furnished us numerous striking and detailed instances of the great variety of life, which is thus intimately connected with the vegetable kingdom.

It is not only that the plaintive nightingale sings in the murmuring poplar, whilst the gay butterfly loves the sweet-scented rose, that the sombre yew hides the owl's nest, and the dark northern pine harbors the fur-clad squirrel. Animals, invisible to the naked eye, have been found to float in the sap of trees, and even the smallest moss has its own tiny insect, which it boards and lodges. Aphides and gall insects live, in every sense of the word, on the leaves of plants, flies and butterflies on their flowers, and ants and worms crowd upon them, after death, in countless multitudes. Every plant, moreover, is inhabited by some insect, to which it affords an exclusive home. Many caterpillars are born and die with the leaf on which they live, whilst, on the other hand, the proud monarch-oak alone supports seventy different kinds of insects—a swarm, which sets all measurement at defiance, and, moreover, replaces by numbers and the enormous voracity with which they are endowed, what they want in bodily magnitude.

Already Pliny was surprised to see small ants run up the tall cypress, and devour its rich fruit with surprising avidity; he wondered that so insignificant an insect should be allowed to destroy the seed of the largest tree of his country. But plants have to support guests of every size and shape. The butterfly and its less gaudy relations, drink with their long trunks sweet honey out of gorgeously colored flower-cups; four-winged bees carry away the precious dust of anthers in large spoons, fastened to their thighs; gall insects pierce with sharp daggers the tender leaf, drink its refreshing juice, and deposit their eggs in the delicate texture; beetles gnaw and saw with a hundred curiously shaped instruments through the hardest wood of noble trees; naked, helpless-looking worms make the very trunk their cover and their home, and with sharp augers often destroy whole forests. The ingenious ant of South America has its winter residence in the warm ground, and its cool summer house on tall plants. For there grows on the banks of the Amazon River a gigantic reed, nearly thirty feet high, which is frequently crowned with a large ball of earth, like the golden globe on the utmost end of a lofty church steeple. This is the comfortable home of myriads of ants, which retire to these safe dwellings, high and dry, at the time of rains and during the period of inundation, rising and descending in the hollow of the reed, and living on what they find swimming on the surface of the water. Another

curious lodger of a South American plant is the famous cochineal bug, well known from the precious red color, that bears its name, and which it draws from a certain cactus until its body becomes impregnated with the brilliant scarlet. It is probably the most sedentary of all insects, making but one short journey in early life, and then settling down for ever upon one and the same spot. As soon, namely, as the young insect leaves its egg, it manifests great activity and a restless desire to travel. But alas! it finds itself upon a prickly, thorny stem, hanging high in the air, and in contact with no other. But nature soon comes to its aid, and sends a small spider to spin a silken thread from branch to branch. Upon this slender, trembling bridge, the young cochineal wanders boldly out to a new world, seeks a promising spot, deliberately sinks its fragile trunk into the juicy leaf—and never draws it back again, drinking, drinking, like a toper as he is, through his whole existence.

Even larger inhabitants are often found on quite small plants. Thus England produces a slight but well-supported thistle, which is frequently found to have little elaborate nests hanging down, at an elevation of a few inches from the ground. These contain not insects, but mice, though of the smallest variety known, and are occasionally large enough to hold as many as nine young ones, carefully stowed away and well secured against all enemies and dangers.

Birds seem, of course, the most natural lodgers of plants; they find there abundance of nourishment, all the material for building their nests, and a well-protected home. The eagle gathers the knotted branches of oaks or pines, to bring up his fierce brood upon the hard, uncushioned couch; the thorn tears a handful of wool from the passing sheep, for its tiny inhabitants, and the despised mullein covers its broad leaves with the softest of downs, to line the bed of the delicate children of the humming bird. There is probably no bush and no tree, that has not its own, particular bird; every where do the fowl of the air find a foliage, thicker or thinner, to shelter them against rain, heat and cold; a hollow trunk affords safe and warm lodgings; soft moss carpets their dwellings, and insects and worms swarm around, to offer, at the same time, food in abundance. They give, in return, life and sound to the immovable plant. Song birds of many kinds perch and sing their beautiful anthems on every spray; locusts thrill their *monotonous* and yet pleasing note among

a world of leaves through long summer noons, and the katy-did utters its shrill cry during sultry nights. They all love their home, making it their dwelling by night and by day, and many are the instances in which birds, that had long lived in certain trees, have died from home-sickness, when they were felled.

Monkeys also, it is well known, are frugivorous animals, and by their food as well as by the peculiar structure of their body, so closely bound to trees that they but seldom leave them. The tree-frog clings to the rugged trunk, mingling its faded colors with those of the bark, and feasting upon the insects hid in each crevice. The unsightly sloth fastens its enormous claws to the branches, and passes thus, head downward, with astounding alacrity, from tree to tree; whilst even the black tiger of South America, finding the undergrowth too dense and impenetrable, lives on trees, and coursing on his bloody race, leaps from branch to branch, until he has hunted down his exhausted prey.

Nor has man himself neglected to avail himself of trees, as a dwelling or a home. Already Lucinius Mutianus, an ex-Consul of Lycia, took special pleasure in feasting twenty-one guests in a hollow plane-tree; and modern travellers tell us of a gigantic Boabal in Senegambia, the interior of which is used as a public hall for national meetings, whilst its portals are ornamented with rude, quaint sculptures, cut out of the still living wood. The sacred fig-tree of India, which, as Milton says,

"Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar's shade
High overarch'd, with echoing walks between,"

is worshipped as sacred, and the lazy, helpless priest, the Bonre, builds himself a hut, not unlike a bird's cage, in its branches, where he spends his life, dreaming in contemplative indolence, under its cool, pleasant shade. Nay, whole nations live in the branches of trees. There is a race of natives of South America, west of the mouth of the Orinoco, the Guaranis, who have never yet been completely subdued, thanks mainly to their curious habitations. The great Humboldt tells us, that they twine most skilfully the leafstalks of the Mauritius palm into cords, and weave them with great care into mats. These they suspend high in the air from branch to branch, and cover them with clay; here they dwell, and in a dark night the amazed and bewildered traveller may see the fires of their dwellings high in the tops of lofty trees.

More civilized countries even have not left us without similar, though isolated instances of men who have found a dwelling in the trees of the forest. Evelyn tells us of the huge trunk of an oak in Oxfordshire, which served long as a prison for felons; and he who lived in the shades of old Selborne so lovely and sweet, mentions an elm on Blechington Green, which gave for months reception and shelter to a poor woman, whom the inhospitable people would not receive into their houses. When she reappeared among them he says, she held a lusty boy in her arms. Men are, however, more frequently buried than born in trees. The natives of the eastern coast of Africa, hollow out soft, worm-eaten Baobabs, and bury in them those who are suspected of holding communion with evil spirits. Their bodies, thus suspended in the dry chambers of the trunk, soon become perfect mummies. The Indians of Maine had a more touching custom of the kind. They used to turn up a young maple-tree, place the body of a dead chief underneath, and then let the roots spring back, thus erecting a sylvan monument to his memory.

Thus it is that vegetable and animal life go hand in hand, showing that beautiful bond of love, which pervades all nature, even in its minor parts; where there is life, there are plants, and on land and on water, on the loftiest mountain top, and in the very bowels of the earth, every where does man find a plant to minister to his support and enjoyment, every where he sees plants quietly and mysteriously perform their humble duty in the great household of nature. Plants alone—it would at first sight appear—have no home, for they seem to be at home every where. Turn up the soil, where you will, to any depth, and such a rich abundance of vegetable life is mixed with the loam, that almost instantaneously plants innumerable spring up from seeds, which may have lain slumbering for thousands of years in the warm bosom of our mother earth. Man himself cannot master this exuberance of vegetable life. He may change it by cultivation, it is true, but that also only for a time. And what is a generation, or two, in comparison with the eternal earth? Do not even in our day, and before our eyes, lofty trees raise their proud heads, where our fathers cut the green turf with their sharp plough? In vain does man take the Alpine rose from the banks of its pure mountain brook and plant it in the lowly valley; in vain does he bring costly seeds from the Indies and the warm climes of the tropics, even to the ice-clad coast of Norway.

They live and pine and die. It is true, he sometimes seeks to reverse nature itself. He places bubbling fountains on the top of high hills, and plants lime-trees and poplars between great masses of rocks; vineyards must adorn his valleys, and meadows spread their soft velvet over mountain sides. But the poet of old already has taught us, that you may drive out nature even with the pitchfork, and yet she will ever return. A few years' neglect, and how quickly she resumes her sway! Artificial lakes become gloomy marshes, bowers are filled with countless briars, and stately avenues overgrown with reckless profusion. The plants of the soil declare war against the intruders from abroad, and claim once more their birthright to the land of their fathers. The fine well-trimmed turf is smothered under a thousand coarser plants, rank grass and fat clover overspread the exotics; briars climb up with the aid of hooks and ladders, as if they were storming a fortress; nettles fill the urns of statues with their thick tufts, and unsightly mosses creep upon the very faces of marble beauties. Wild cherry-trees and maples seize on every cornice and cleft of every stately mansion; hardy invincible roots penetrate into the slightest opening, until at last victory is declared, and the trees of the forest wave their rich foliage over the high turrets, and raise triumphantly on spire and pinnacle, the gorgeous banner of Nature.

There is high life and low life among plants, as among men. The stately palm raises its high, unbroken pillar, crowned with sculptured verdures, only in the hot vapors of Brazilian forests and tropical climes, and like a true "king of the grasses," as the ancient Indians called the noble tree, it must need fare sumptuously and upon the richest of earth's gifts, before it justifies the prophet's saying, that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." How humble, by its side, the lowly moss, barely visible to the naked eye, clad in most modest garb, and yet faithfully covering with its warm mantle the dreary, weatherbeaten boulders of northern granite, or carpeting our damp grottos, and making them resplendent with its phosphorescent verdure! The brilliant flower of Queen Victoria's namesake, the most superb cradle in which child was ever rocked, must needs float its rosy leaves on the warm bosom of the silent lakes of Guiana, and the Aristolochia of South America, whose flowers are large enough to serve Indian boys as hats or helmets, deigns not to live, unless it can bathe its delicate roots in the shady waters

of the Magdalen River. Theirs is the warm golden light of the sun, theirs the richest of soils, the purest of waters, an everlasting summer, an unbroken enjoyment. And yet, are they really more beautiful and graceful than the humble house-leek, which flourishes under circumstances that would be fatal to almost all other plants? In the very driest places, where not a blade of grass, not a spire of moss can grow, on naked rocks, old crumbling walls, or sandy, scorched plains, these step-children of nature are seen to prosper and to thrive. Alternately exposed to the heaviest dew at night, and the fiercest rays of the noonday sun, they withstand all, and live upon so small a particle of soil, that it seems to them more a means of keeping them stationary, than a source of nutriment. Rock-roses bear that name, because they will only flourish in dry, rocky places, where other plants would never find a due supply of moisture. These rocks they are industriously engaged in ornamenting with a profusion of brilliantly colored flowers, for nature loves to combine every where the beautiful with the useful. Still, their beauty is but short-lived; their blossoms usually expand at night, and after a few hours' exposure to the sun, they perish. But their long evergreen branches, trail year after year, with great beauty over the rough banks and rocky cliffs that give them a shelter and a home. The very sand of the sea, dry, and drifting at the mercy of the waves, fickle and false to a proverb, is not too poor for a most useful plant, the so-called sand-reed. It has no beauty of form to please the eye, no delicacy of structure to engage our attention, the cattle themselves will not touch it. But when planted by the hand of man, to give firmness to dikes and embankments, it pierces them with an entangled web of living structure, which offers a resistance stronger than that of the gigantic walls of fabled Cyclops, and is but rarely overcome by the violence of the storm and the fury of the waves. The loose sand of South American deserts still harbors little cacti, so small, and so slightly rooted in their unstable home, that they get between the toe of the Indian—and even the fearful deserts of Africa, those huge seas of sand without a shadow, are at least surrounded by forest shores, clothed in perpetual verdure; even there a few solitary palm-trees, sighing in loneliness for the sweet rivulets of the oasis, are scattered over the awful solitude, and wherever a tiny thread of water passes half concealed through the endless waves of sand, a

line of luxuriant green, marks it to the exhausted traveller, and reminds him of the green pasture and still waters of Holy Writ.

Nor are plants dwellers upon land only: the waters also teem with vegetable life, and the bed of the mighty ocean is planted with immense submarine forests, and a thousand varied herbs, from the gigantic fucus, which grows to the length of many hundred feet, and far exceeds the height of the tallest tree known, to the little yellow blossom of the duckweed on our ponds. Every river has its own reed; some, covered with snow for part of the year, hardly rise above the sluggish, silent waters of the Irtysh in cold Siberia; others form ever-murmuring forests of graceful bamboo on the banks of the Ganges. For the earth opposes every where to the encroaching tides of the ocean, another sea of restless vegetation, yielding constantly, and yet never giving way; with its green waves, so delicate, fragile and airy, and yet as strong in their very weakness as the deep-blue waves of the ocean. Further out at sea, enormous sponges fill vast spaces of the watery realm, and when mature break loose from their safe anchorage, to float in countless myriads through the surrounding sea. For here also nature pours out, with a lavish hand, living food, storing even the waves with nutriment for their gigantic denizens, and literally casting bread upon the waters for the living world of the ocean. In other zones, immense and permanent banks of verdure are met with, by far exceeding the largest prairies on land, true oceanic meadows. For twenty-three long days did Columbus sail through one of these marvels of western waters, covering an area like that of all France; and yet there it is, even now, as large and as luxuriant as it was more than three centuries ago.

Trees and shrubs still gather around the desolate North Cape in spite of eternal winter, and relentless storms. Ice-clad Spitzbergen even boasts still of a willow, the giant of these Arctic forests, the woody stems of which, it is true, creep so close on the ground, and conceal themselves so anxiously in the turf bogs, that the small leaves, never rising more than an inch or two, are hardly discoverable amid the thick moss. The plains bordering on the Icy Sea are full of cryptogamous plants, and show even, here and there, patches of green turf, a most glad sight to the weary traveller. The swampy districts, also, which there extend further than eye can reach, are covered with a closely

woven carpet of mosses, minute in size, and yet so abundant, that they support immense herds of reindeer for a whole, dreary season. Even the perpetual snow of the polar regions is often adorned with beautiful forests of diminutive plants, and extensive fields of bright scarlet are seen, consisting of myriads of minute fungi and microscopic mushrooms, which form the so-called "gory dew," beheld by early navigators with a wonder nearly akin to awe. Capt. Richardson found the ground near the Arctic circle, though it remains frozen throughout the whole year to a depth of twenty inches, covered with bright flowering plants; and the great Humboldt saw at a height of more than 18,000 feet, on the uncovered rocks of the Chimborazo, traces of vegetation piercing through the eternal snow of those inhospitable regions. So far from ice and snow being hostile to plants, it has even been observed that some of the most beautiful flowers on earth grow in the very highest and bleakest parts of the Alps. There the snow has hardly melted, and lies still close at hand, when these Alpine roses unfold their brilliant flowers, with a haste, as if they knew how costly were the moments of their short summer-time. They seem to devote their whole strength to the development of their flowers, and as their stems are but short and partially buried in the ground, their bright blossoms often appear to spring immediately from the unsightly drift and gravel, in which they live. Thus bare steep cliffs, vast dazzling snow fields, and dark-blue glaciers, are seen in immediate contact with graceful little plants, decked with a profusion of flowers of the purest and brightest colors. The tiny forget-me-not of the Alps blossoms by the side of huge boulders of rock, and sweet roses unfold their rich crowns at the foot of massive blocks of ice, exhibiting a beautiful picture of loveliness mated with grandeur.

The vegetable kingdom extends its colonies even into the bowels of the earth—the so-called subterranean flora is large and beautiful. Wherever rain or surface water can percolate, either through natural cavities or openings made by the hand of man, there plants will appear, and busily hide the nakedness of the rock. Far below the soil on which we tread, plants thrive and adorn our globe. When the miner first opens his shaft, or the curious traveller discovers a new cave—every where they find the rough rock and the snow-white stalactite covered with a delicate, graceful network of an usnea, or, as in the coal mines near Dresden, a lumi-

nous fungus shines brightly, and turns these regions of darkness into the semblance of a begemmed and illuminated enchanter's palace. The narrow, deep crevices of the glaciers, have a vegetation of their own, and even in the thick-ribbed ice of the Antarctic seas, marine plants have been found floating.

Heat deters plants as little as cold; the fiery furnace of volcanoes is tapestried with conservæ, and hot springs, whose breath is certain destruction to animal life, feed plants, and water the roots of others, which bear beautiful blossoms. There are springs in Louisiana, whose temperature is 1458, and yet not only mosses, but shrubs and trees are seen to bathe their roots in their boiling waters. In the Fumarole, or the fairy island of Ischia, near Naples, a sedge and a fern grow in the midst of ascending vapors, and in a soil so hot that it instantly burns the hand which attempts to touch their roots! Nay, in the very geysers of Iceland, which boil an egg in a few minutes, a small plant grows, blossoms, and reproduces itself annually.

If land and water abound thus with vegetable life, the realms of the air are not less well peopled, at least with germs and seeds of plants; they float upon every breeze, are wafted up and down the heavens, and round and about our great mother earth. Nothing is more startling, more wonderful, than the almost omnipresence of fungus germs in the atmosphere. A morsel of ripe fruit, a little water spilt on a crumb of bread, a drop of stale ink, a neglected bottle of medicine, afford at once ample evidence of this teeming, living world around us. In a very short time, a delicate, velvet-like covering, envelopes the decomposing mass, and presently acquires the utmost luxuriance of growth. And a wonderful race are these fungi, the earth's vegetable scavengers; called upon, by the mysterious distribution of duties in nature, to destroy all decaying matter, and to absorb noisome exhalations, they grow with a rapidity that outstrips decay itself. A very common kind of puff-ball swells, in one night, from a minute speck to the size of a gourd, and there is a fungus at home, on the continent of Europe, which has been known to increase from a point invisible to the naked eye, to a weight of more than a hundred pounds! Or take the simple mould of every day's life. Arm your eye, and you will behold myriads of delicate forms, standing up in jaunty attitudes, and rearing their tender filaments over the decaying mass, in which they are living in lux-

urious plenty. They lengthen, they swell, they burst, and again scatter their light and invisible germs, like a cloud of smoke, into the air. There they float around us, like motes in the sunbeam; there we breathe them, for they have been found in the membranes of the lungs of living men. Our common house-fly may be seen in fall, glued by cold and inertia to the window-pane, and at once covered with its own appropriate mould; in the West Indies, wasps have been observed flying about with plants of their own length hanging down from behind their heads. It is a fungus, the germs of which was introduced through the breathing pores into the body of the poor victim, where it takes root, and feeding upon the living substance, develops its luxuriant vegetation.

Heat and moisture are the two great requisites of plants: without them no vegetation is possible—heat, especially, is of all their necessities of life the most important: it is the iron sceptre which rules the vegetable kingdom, whether the plant hangs in the air, is half buried in the ground, or for a lifetime covered with water. The same degree of heat produces every where the same union of kindred plants; hence the arrangement of all vegetables according to zones on our globe. The Arctic, nearest to the poles where the lichens still support the reindeer, and cheerful mosses cover the bare rock, is destitute of trees,—but it has dwarfish perennial plants, with large flowers of beautiful colors; it has its gentle smiling meadows and green pastures, which we miss so sadly in the sunny South. More varied and of higher order is the flora of the temperate zone, though not approaching in luxurious abundance and gorgeous brilliancy the splendor of the torrid zone. But what can compensate for the periodical, anxiously awaited, reawakening of nature, at the first breath of the mild air of spring? What is more beautiful than the fresh evergreen foliage of firs and cypresses, so rare in the tropics, which cheer up the desolate winter landscape, and loudly tell the nations of the North, that, though snow and ice cover the earth, the inward life of plants is never extinguished, and that spring will come after winter as surely as eternity comes after death? The great leading features of the temperate zone are its vast plains and steppes, which the eye of man cannot compass, and where he feels himself, as on the high sea, face to face with his Maker. These large prairies, or savannahs, are covered with luxuriant, waving grass, ex-

pressive of all that is cheerful in their airy grace and tremulous lightness. In other regions, strange, fantastic-looking soda plants, succulent and evergreen strike the eye and dazzle it with their brilliant, snow-white crystals—or, as on Russian steppes, plants of all kinds are so densely crowded on the unmeasured plain, that the wheels of the traveller's carriage can but with difficulty crush them, and he himself is half buried in the close, high forest of grapes, too tall to allow him to look around.

In the torrid zone all vegetable life attains the highest development, from the exclusive and constant union of a high temperature with abundant moisture. Here we find the greatest size combined with the greatest variety, the most graceful proportions by the side of the most grotesque forms, decked with every possible combination of brilliant coloring. Here also—and here alone—are found truly primeval forests, impenetrable to man and beast, from the luxuriance of thickly interwoven creepers above and the density of a ligneous undergrowth, through which not a ray of light can penetrate.

As the distribution of plants in zones depends almost exclusively on the amount of heat which they require for their development, we find that the succession of plants from the foot of mountains upwards to their summit, is nearly the same as that from the middle latitudes to the poles. For heat decreases in the same proportion by height above the level of the sea as by latitude; and the horizontal zones on a mountain's side present the same variety of plants, as the great zones mentioned, only in a much smaller space; as we feel the temperature of the atmosphere diminish more rapidly in ascending a lofty mountain, than in travelling from the tropics to the poles. Hence the same peculiar plants are found in the arctic zone, and on the highest mountains which reach the line of perpetual snow; the same humble but no less beautiful flowers blossom in Spitzbergen and on the icy shores of Victoria Land, as on the desolate cliffs of the Andes, the Alps and the snow-covered heights of the Himalaya. Even under the tropics, the evergreens of the North appear again: the most elevated regions of Peru, and the lofty plains of Asiatic mountains are covered with superb forests of that noble tree of which the poet says:

"Where summer smiles with verdant crown'd,
Where winter flings his storms, the pine is found;
With heaven aspiring head it grows
'Mid burning sun—and everlasting snows."

the highlands of Mexico, and the ruins of Java, the traveller from the north meets with surprise the chestnut and the noble oak of his own distant land.

It is one of the most interesting elements offered to the layman as well as the botanist, thus to pass from zone to zone in the course of a few hours or at most. Rising, for instance, from the waters of the Mediterranean, his eyes are at first with wondering delight flamed orange gardens and dusky pines, "fair and of goodly fruit;" he passes through thickets of fragrant myrtle, and evergreen oaks, above which rise the stone-pines of the South, and at last there an isolated date-palm, lifts its gently-waving crown. A few miles further, and the aspect changes; he is among the evergreens of the milder clime behind him, and stepping out of the bright, fiery sunshine, he delights in the refreshing gloom of the wide branches of chestnuts and proud oaks, the very life of the forest. Revived by their constant foliage, "at dewy eve distilling" he gazes upwards, where their leaves interlace and form grand cathedrals, and bows down in awe and reverence in this fit temple of the Most High.

As he ascends he meets yet with more life, spreading out its broad dome of green leaves in masses so thick, beneath it he fears not the passing wind, and the beech, which shows its smooth bark and bright green foliage. Every trunk of some white birch, with boughs so pendulous and fair—"already to gleam among the undergrowth when he leaves behind him the ash with its ever-quivering leaves, which imparted a sense of breezy coolness on the sultry day.

The next step leads him into the dark forest of truly northern trees: pines, firs, and cedars. Their dense shade fills his mind with sombre thoughts; the gentle ringing of their boughs sounds to him a low complaint, and even the sweet perfume that perfumes the air, brings with it a knowledge not why—feelings of vague sadness and sorrow. He gazes up with awe at the tallest of the tall, and to be

in the Norwegian hills, to be the mast of some admiral.

As he mounts still higher, trees grow fewer; low bushes stand scattered, forlorn outposts of their happier brethren below; they also soon venture and low but fragrant herbs alone to greet his eye and cheer him on

his way upward. At last he reaches the eternal snow, that knows no season and no change, and stands in unsullied purity, dazzling white, high in the clear blue ether. All traces of life are left behind—he stands there alone in the awful, silent solitude, alone in the presence of his Maker.—Thus he has seen in rapid succession, and in a few short hours, what it would have cost him months to behold, had he travelled from the same Mediterranean northward to the frozen Ocean.

Still more striking is the sudden change in high northern regions. In the year of revolutions it was my good fortune to cross the lofty, snow-capped mountains which divide Sweden and Norway. On the south we left summer behind us; as we climbed up the steep ascent, misty autumn and cold winter seized us by turns. At last we stood on the very line that forms the water-shed between the two kingdoms, and parts the loving sisters. Huge boulders of dark granite lay scattered about in wild disorder, and gigantic blocks of ice rose in stern majesty before us. Beyond was Norway. As we turned round one of these awe-inspiring masses, behold! a sight met our eyes that froze the very blood in our veins. A vast table land, bare and silent, spread its horrors before us: it was strewn with the bones of hundreds of men, who lay there stiff and cold—not a feature marred—"death had put on so slumber-like a form"—but unburied, uncoffined and unknown. They were the sad relics of a whole regiment of brave, blooming sons of Sweden, who had marched into Norway. It was a fierce, bleak day of winter, and as company after company defiled from the well-protected south around the very rock, by which we stood, the cold blast from the pole froze their breath within them, and laid them, one by one, lifeless on the cold ground.

And yet, within a few hours' ride from this most melancholy scene, there lay spring and summer at our feet. We descended rapidly, from the eternal snow, through the treeless zones into the faint, fairy sheen of white birchwoods, and the dark shade of pine-forests, brightened up by the showy blossoms of the foxglove—when all of a sudden the sweet odor of fresh-mown hay was wafted upward to greet us. A short hour more, and the almost magical change set us down in the midst of waving fields of ripened corn, and meadows adorned by cherry-trees, which bent under the weight of their luscious fruit, and luxuriantly-blooming roses.

THE BIG BUCK.

[MET my friend Jack N. at a wedding in South Kentucky. It was a rollicking festivity, held at the house of a wealthy tobacco-planter, who was giving away his last and youngest daughter to a fresh, manly-looking young fellow, who was, as usual, a second or third cousin; for your true Virginian never marries out of the family," and every planter in South Kentucky was a Virginian, of course.

Amidst the merry crowd, I very soon made out the tall, lank figure of my friend Jack N., whom I had not met for several years. Indeed it would be difficult to mistake him in any crowd, for he was as cantant as sharp as a rail-splinter, with his beaklike nose, and projecting chin. There was about him, too, the decided, saucy carriage of the high-blooded countryman, and with his head thrown back in a saucy, fox-hunting guffaw, there was something indescribably keen, game, and amusing in his appearance.

As I conjectured, when I approached him I found him in the midst of a glowing despatch in his last run with his dogs, and being surrounded by an eager audience of young men, for Jack was no great hand with the women.

"Now," said the owner of a big "ten-pony" mare in the bound, by the throat, and brought him to his knees, when Jack caught up the "The names of 'Music,' 'Science,' and 'Rhetoric' died away upon his tongue, in Jack's coming utterance, as he looked at me for a moment of doubtful recognition.

"Halloo, Charlie W.!" by old Bell-Mouth. (Jack always swore by his favorite hound-dog, Bell-Mouth, who never gave tongue on a false trail.)

"Why, my boy, how are you? Just in time—the bucks are just in the blue! The dogs are as lean as I am, and as keen as starved tigers for a chase!"

"In your hands—but lean as you are, Jack, why, you make them carry weight in a high wind, don't you? Glad to see you, by my faith! They say you've got down back west of the Alleghenies, now."

"West of the Alleghenies! Pahaw! now, nothing to equal them, on top of the Alleghenies! Twenty-five, all told, with threats like the tramp of resurrection! When they open in full blast, they make the hills skip like young lambs—and the trees bend before the sound, like in a

hurricane! I tell you, they make the Mississippi walk up stream, and the cat-fish stand straight up on their tails, out of the water, to listen to them."

"That'll do, Jack! When do you go—back home?"

"Start in the morning—you'll be all ready?—Won't let you off under three weeks—We have the cream of the hunting season now?"

"Won't promise for all that time—but I will be ready for you in the morning!"

"That's a good boy! bring nothing but your rifle—if you want birds, I have guns enough, and Ponto's nose is as keen as a brier!"

A two days' ride through the wild and picturesque "Barrens" brought us to the banks of the Mississippi River. Here we entered upon a long deep stretch of land, covered with the most tremendous forest I ever saw. It extends from Columbus, or the "Iron Banks" as they are called, up some thirty miles, nearly parallel with the present course of the Mississippi—though greatly elevated above the present bottom—and constituting what is thought to be the old bank of the river.

From seven to ten miles in width, this singular tongue of land is without a single inhabitant, except the settlement of the N.'s about a mile from Columbus—though composing some of the richest land of the State—from the fact of its being an old military reserve, and covered, as Jack said, "six deep with titles,"—which had sufficed to keep at bay, even the unscrupulous squatters—so that it was literally given over to the possession of wild animals, and constituted, at that time, the greatest hunting-ground within hundreds of miles.

Here, the N.'s—who were a wealthy and aristocratic "Old Dominion" stock—had opened a large plantation, immediately upon the river bank, where it descended three hundred feet, perpendicularly to the water.

From the portico of the Mansion-House placed upon this lofty perch, you could command a clear view of the majestic river, to its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles above. This was no insignificant sight, you may rest assured, with sometimes twenty steamboats in view at a time—rolling like huge omnibuses along

the "Broadway of Creation," as Jack, who had once visited New-York, afterwards insisted upon calling his favorite river.

Such a hullabulloo, as greeted us when we alit at the gate! The hounds had first discovered us, and to the shout of their master gave us a reverberating echo. Then the picaninnies came pouring in sooty legions out of the cabins of the extensive "quarter" which flanked the mansion in the back-ground—their black, shiny faces, stretched in yells and grins, exhibiting an ivory ecstasy of delight at the return of "Massa Jack"—while the hounds nearly tumbled us into the dirt, with their rude gambols. In a moment the whole plantation seemed alive, and Jack's favorite hunter Lara, which had the freedom of the yard, came prancing into the melee.

The ladies of the hospitable mansion met us at the door, and I was greeted with that gentle and high-bred frankness, for which the true Virginia woman has always been noted—which has that indescribably, motherly, and sisterly something in it, which makes the stranger feel at once that he has found home.

After his mother and three lovely young sisters, Jack's next greeting was to his mulatto foster-mother, who stood with a loving and humble smile, upon her good-looking face in the back-ground, along with her son, Jack's foster-brother and body-servant, Cato.

Then to supper.

Ah! that delicious supper! the fresh, juicy venison, the cakes of grated green corn, kneaded in its own sweet milk by some mysterious process, known only to Virginia women—and coffee that is a re-distillation of nectar, thickened with golden cream!

Then to bed.

Cato roused us, with the dawn; and we went out to see the dogs fed, preparatory for the morning hunt. It was, indeed, a magnificent pack, such as I had never seen together before. Twelve of them were of the same family, and of great size and power, standing very high upon their legs, and marked with great uniformity with black spots, upon a pure white ground.

"Spot," the sire and leader of this noble group, was of a pure white body, with a single black spot in the centre of the forehead—from which he took his name. He was a most powerful animal, and able to cope with the largest buck, alone. He was a stag-hound, carefully crossed upon

the short-legged and long-bodied fox-hound.

"Music"—the dam—was a fox-hound of the "true Spartan breed," with a voice like a distant alarm-bell; while the organ of old "Spot" was as sonorous as the boom of "old ocean" against hollow cliffs.

But among them all, my eye instantly detected a magnificent creature—a black tan hound, that to me seemed absolutely perfect, as a specimen of canine symmetry. His coat was as fine as the most glossy silk; from his head, which was pointed like a serpent's, his fine, broad, and thin ears, with their great swelling veins, depended more than an inch below the tip of his nose. His neck, like a young stag's; his chest, barrel-ribbed, and deep as a panther's; his loins as clean as a gray-hound's, with a broad, strong back; limbs that seemed to have been hammered by some wondrous skill out of fine steel; and such a voice! bugles, clarions, cymbals, bells, winds, waters, echoes, mingled, clashing, rolling, roaring, in one tide of rushing sound; altogether, they were nothing to that voice! "Nowhere, nor nothing!" as Jack exclaimed, "to the voice of 'Black Terror,' and 'Smile,'" as he named a beautiful tan slut of smaller size, which stood beside this noble animal.

The history of this splendid couple was a singular one, as Jack gave it to me on the spot.

He was sitting in the portico one morning, looking out over the river, which was very much swollen, and filled with drift wood. He observed some strange, black objects, which seemed to be struggling with the current. He called to Cato for his spy-glass, and saw at once that they were two animals of some sort, who were trying hard to climb upon the drift-wood which floated in the middle of the mighty stream.

Here was an adventure, at any rate; and, followed by Cato, Jack descended the steep bank of the river. When he reached the water, he found that his boat had been torn away by the current. Here was a nonplus with a vengeance! Jack was staggered but for a moment, when the low plaintive howl of a hound reached him across the waters.

It was a terrible venture; but Jack's coat was off in a minute, and, looking round at Cato, he only heard him say, "Go in, Massa Jack, I'm here," when he plunged into the turbid current, followed by the brave boy. Jack said, If it had been a man's voice, it could not have "hurt him" more than the sound of that hound's plaintive howl.

Suffice it, the adventure, after having nearly cost them both their lives, was successfully accomplished, by bringing these two hounds, which were coupled together by a chain, to shore, some four miles below, by the help of the drift-wood, which they pushed before them. The poor animals were nearly exhausted, and had probably been in the water for many hours.

Jack vowed that a whole plantation couldn't buy them. They had probably fallen from some steamboat, and had got caught by their chain to the drift-wood, which had prevented them from swimming ashore.

The whole kennel was fed upon bread exclusively, during the hunting season, and were never permitted to touch any meat except what they themselves killed. This kept them in fine bottom and wind for running, and made them very savage.

CHASE OF THE BIG BUCK.

A delicious breakfast is rapidly dispatched, the horn is sounded, and we are off for our stands in the deep forest.

Cato, who "drives," turns to the left, at the corner of the plantation, followed by the whole pack, while we follow a bridle-path, leading straight ahead, into the depths of the forest.

In a half a mile I am stationed just on the verge of the "old bank," as it is called, of the river, with the deep forest, through which Cato is driving, on my left, and, on my right, after a sheer descent of twenty feet, a tremendous swamp, which was now dry, except where traversed by deep lagoons filled with quick-sands. Jack rode on some half a mile farther to his stand.

My instructions were, not to let the hounds pass my stand, if I missed the deer, which would attempt to get by me into the almost impenetrable swamps, where, if the dogs followed him, they would be lost for the remainder of the day.

I had not long to wait; for I could just begin to hear my heart beat in the restored silence, and a neighboring squirrel had only just commenced barking at me, when a low and distant bay, followed by a faint whoop, showed that a trail had been struck. Gradually the sounds gathered, as voice after voice joined in, until at last the thunder bass of old Spot boomed out, and old Music followed with a blast; and now the clashing clangor of Black Terror's tongue leads off the bursting symphony, and the forest rang

to reverberations which startled the heart into my very throat.

Peal on peal, and now a sudden silence—my blood is running like mill-tails through the swollen veins, and the arteries thrum almost to bursting. Crash! there it goes again! Heavens! what music! How the leaves flutter, and the trees sway to my vision!

"Whoop!" in a smothered gasp. If I could only yell! Here they come! I wonder the forest isn't level before the mighty roll of sound! Ha! lost again! No! it is only muffled as they go down some valley! Now they rise again! Gods! if I could only give one yell! How it deafens! they must be right upon me! they will be running over me, deer, dogs, and all! I am no Actæon! Oh, hurricanes, and thunder-claps—list! here he comes! and out bounded, within ten feet of me, a tremendous buck, with his mighty antlers, like forest-trees, thrown back upon his rump! He has paused an instant.

Crack! away with one prodigious bound, he clears the twenty feet of bank, and is crashing through the swamp.

What a roar! here they are! bristles up, tongues out, Black Terror ten paces ahead, Spot next, then Music, and all the rest in a crowd, looking savage as harried wolves. You might as well talk of stopping the Mississippi—they have smelt the blood—what a terrible burst! Black Terror's leap is as long as the buck's! Old Spot roars again! They are out of sight! That's Jack's yell. Hark! his horse's feet, already! He is coming, furious, because I did not stop the buck!

And furious he was, sure enough! I began to exclaim at the top of my voice, before he came in sight, but it was no use. He comes clattering up, and nearly rides me down.

"Why the deuce didn't you stop that deer! Are the dogs gone? Black Terror will never stop. Confusion, man! were you asleep?"

"He was as big as an elephant, Jack. Here's plenty of blood," said I, trying to appear cool, and pointing to the ground, with my gun, "he's done for!"

Jack sprang to his feet and examined the signs. "Oh, thunder! you have shot him too far back, and through the loins; he will take to the river—what a track! it must be the 'big buck,' I shall lose Black Terror! Come ahead, and let's cut him off before he gets there, if we kill our horses!" And away he dashed through the wood.

I followed as fast as possible, and such a ride as that was! Through vine-matted thickets, over dead trees, leaping at break-neck speed the wide lagoons,—away! away! we clattered, foaming through the dense swamp like wild men possessed of demons.

At length we burst upon open ground, and Jack gave a yell that would have waked the dead. "Too late! too late! the Big Buck, by old Bell-Mouth! he'll take the river."

Jack's yell had slightly startled the buck, which was making for the river, along the bank of a wide lagoon. He turned sharp, and attempted to leap the lagoon, he disappears—on we rush, at mad speed—but Jack knows what he is about, and his horse too—while my mare leaps. Plump, we land in the middle of the lagoon, followed by a roar of laughter from Jack.

"Next time, shoot farther forward, if you please, old boy!"

But it was no joking matter for me—we had landed in a quicksand. I looked around with an expression of terror at Jack, for I felt my mare rapidly sinking under me.

"Catch that limb above you," shouted

he, "and tie your bridle to it, or you will both go under."

There was no time for mincing matters. I let go my gun, which sunk out of my sight forever. Rising in my saddle, with a desperate effort I reached the stout limb of a bending cotton-wood tree, which I dragged down, and to which I managed to secure my bridle by a strong knot. I succeeded finally by the aid of the cotton-wood, in reaching the bank, and by this time, when I looked back, I found that my poor mare had sunk nearly up to her eyes.

I now looked round, and saw Jack, busy enough, between beating off the dogs and attempting to secure the buck, which had stuck fast also in the quicksand. He succeeded in throwing a rope about his horns, and when the "driver" came up, we dragged it out at our leisure, after having rescued my poor "Celeste," who from hanging so long by her headstall, had grown quite black in the face.

The buck was a prodigious animal, and had several times before been chased by Jack, when it always took to the river, and had thus lost him several fine hounds.

We had many a hearty laugh over my adventure in the quicksand and the chase of the "big buck."

A LETTER ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

BY ——— BROWN, ESQ.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR:—I do not know of any medium better calculated to convey an important announcement to the public than your widely circulated and most popular Magazine, which I understand from a friend of mine, whose opportunities for knowing are indisputable, is taken and read by all the learned, wealthy, and refined classes throughout the country; and these classes constitute the very public whom I wish to address on this occasion.

The present age, sir, I think will be known in future times, as the gold teakettle or silver pitcher era, or some such epithet by which the peculiar mania of the times may be distinguished from all other epochs in history. The presentations of table services of gold and silver are peculiar to the present day. The passion, or mania, for bestowing a service of plate upon every

body has now attained so high a pitch, that, unless it shall be reduced to a system, it has been calculated by an expert actuary of a life insurance company, all the precious metals in the world will soon be absorbed in the manufacture of complimentary presents, and there will not be gold and silver enough left for the purposes of a currency. We do not open a daily paper without our eye falling on an account of a presentation of plate to somebody; and the alarming part of the matter is, that these great somebodies and their meritorious services, are first heard of by the public in connection with the complimentary testimonial in the shape of a gold teakettle, a pair of gold water-pots, and other domestic utensils of the same precious material. In fact I am told by one of the members of our first society, that in the Fifth Avenue and other genteel parts of the city, not to

have had a complimentary testimonial in the shape of a gold teakettle, or something of the kind, is to be most undesirably notorious. It has been said that certain persons have even paid for a service of plate to be presented to themselves, and have carried the delusion to the extent of inviting a party of friends to witness the ceremonies of presentation, and partake of a superb supper served up on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the occasion. The next day the whole affair has been found reported at length in the morning papers, with the names of the donors, the correspondence that grew out of the presentation, the particulars of the festival, the toasts, the speeches, and the services of the distinguished recipient of the splendid gift. These complimentary gifts were once confined almost wholly to the captains of ships and steamboats, and took the shape of silver speaking trumpets, snuff-boxes, and pitchers. They were the grateful and spontaneous offerings of timid passengers, who regarded themselves as special objects of divine favor in having been conducted safely across the Atlantic; and as their gifts cost but little, and could readily be converted into money, they caused little harm, and excited less attention. But now the custom has expanded, the magnificence and number of the complimentary presents daily and nightly made are producing disastrous effects in the commercial world, and draining our banks of their specie. I was assured by the fortunate recipient of a modest silver service, whose presentation supper I had the honor of attending a short time since in Avenue A., that the teapots, salver, goblets and so forth, of which the present was composed, were manufactured from forty-four hundred American half dollars. It can easily be seen where all our specie goes, the loss of which causes such disastrous reverses in the commercial world.

In consideration of these very alarming circumstances, and in anticipation of greater excesses than any yet heard of, a movement has been made towards arresting the evil, by the formation of a **GRAND CONSOLIDATED ASSOCIATION for the PROMOTION of MUTUAL ADMIRATION and the PRESENTATION of GOLD and SILVER SERVICES of PLATE.** The capital stock of the Association to consist of one hundred thousand shares, at one dollar each, and every subscriber of ten shares to be entitled to the compliment of a service of gold plate upon the condition of his giving a supper to the committee of presentation, who shall have the privilege of inserting an account of the whole affair in the daily

papers at their own expense. The Association has been already organized, and the greater part of the capital subscribed and paid in. I am not at liberty at present to publish the by-laws of the Association, but any gentleman desirous of joining the enterprise may do so by applying at the Office of the Company, Brokers' Court, Wall-street. The principal object of the enterprise is to purchase a magnificent service of gold plate, consisting of teakettles, water-pots, salvers, goblets, pitchers, and other articles usually forming a presentation service, which shall be of such a degree of magnificence, costliness, and splendor, as to make any private attempts to equal it entirely hopeless. This superb service of complimentary gold plate shall remain the property of the Association to the end of all time, and, after having been used at a presentation, shall be immediately returned and locked up in the vaults of the Company. The Association pledges itself to furnish complimentary letters, toasts, speeches, and the names of most respectable committees, and, unlike the present loose system of making presentations of gold and silver services, no name shall ever be found on more than one committee. Members who wish to become candidates for complimentary gifts are to send in their names to the committee, stating the nature of their claims, and also what style of a compliment they prefer; whether a public dinner, a service of plate, or a public procession. Gentlemen belonging to the Army and Navy, and the Militia, will be accommodated with swords and epaulettes. The profits of the Association are to be employed in making complimentary presents to eminent public men who have distinguished themselves in the public service, or who have rendered their names illustrious by their genius. The following list of names, now before the committee, will be the first attended to, when the public presentations are begun.

His Excellency Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, on his patriotic services in the great Erie war of 1853-4.

To the Hon. J. Y. Mason, our Ambassador to Louis Napoleon, on his assuming the Court costume. A large quantity of gold lace.

Phineas T. Barnum, Esq., on his introduction of the Fire Annihilator, which nearly consumed his country residence in Connecticut. A gold water-pot.

Henry M. Paine, Esq., of Worcester, on the discovery of his aquatic light.

Mr. Daniels, our chargé at Turin, on his epistolary correspondence.

To Captain Ericsson, on his superseding

steam by the invention of the Caloric Engine.

To the Hon. Robert J. Walker, on his projected Railroad to the Pacific.

To Alderman Sturtevant, on his magnanimous contempt case.

To Judge Edmonds, on his remarkably satisfactory explanation of spiritual manifestations. A gold tea service.

To the Manager of the Perham Gift Enterprize, in the name of the Ticketholders. A gold snuff-box.

To the Architect of the Smithsonian Institute, on his brilliant idea of making a modern seat of learning to resemble an old feudal castle. A tea set of silver.

To Mr. Powell, on the completion of his great National painting. A gold vase.

To Senator Douglas, of Illinois, on his Nebraska bill. An epergne, half gold and half silver, emblematic of the North and South.

To Henry Arcularius, Esq., the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, on his resignation of office. Something of inestimable value.

To M. Soulé, our Ambassador at Madrid, on his Turgot duel. A gold sword.

To John Mitchell, on the establishment of the Citizen. A gold ink-stand.

A simple wreath of oak or laurel leaves, was once regarded as a sufficient testimonial of public gratitude for the most exalted merits; the gift of a garter which may be purchased for a shilling, is even

now an envied proof of illustrious services in a certain kingdom, and in another a little silver cross, attached to a bit of red ribbon, the entire cost of which is less than a dollar, is proudly worn as a mark of distinction by those upon whom it is conferred in acknowledgment of their virtues or genius. But here, where all titles of nobility, have been forbidden by our glorious Constitution, the complimentary gifts which are made in acknowledgment of splendid talents, or exalted services, must have a positive and intrinsic value, bearing some proportion to the importance of the person complimented. Stars, garters, ribbons, crosses, and titles are too aristocratic for our simple republican habits, which demand solid gold and silver of an *avoirdupois* value. Fine words butter no parsnips. Our practical republicanism requires something solid even in compliments; and as our great men are multiplying at a fearful rate, it will be easily seen that unless some method of rewarding distinguished services, similar to the one I have explained, shall be adopted by the public, all the gold of California and Australia will be insufficient to supply even a teakettle apiece to such as may fairly be entitled to a compliment of the kind.

I have the honor to remain the public's obedient servant,

— BROWN.

SHAKESPERIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE Shakesperian Miscellany in our last number has brought us correspondence from many quarters, and through divers channels. We can notice but little of it. First, an intelligent and courteous correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, finds fault with us for occasionally supposing that the editor of the readings of the Quincy Folio, "supports or is in some way responsible for the annotator at whose posthumous nativity he assists." Far from it. We would as soon hold a medical man responsible for the still-born babe "at whose posthumous nativity he assists." But still, if he should claim that the sinless little stranger was alive, it seems undeniable that he should be held responsible for that assertion. We desire, however, to repeat the statement made in the March

number of the Monthly, that the editor in question "disclaims all pretence to authority" for the readings, and to add, that his defender, or apologist in the Boston Advertiser, who evidently is fully empowered to speak for him, declares that the favorable comment which he made upon one of the most objectionable of the corrections, was intended "merely to show that it could be supported quite as plausibly as many of Mr. Collier's." For "many" the writer might, with more propriety, have written "most!" We are happy to observe the declaration, that the changes in this folio "were not published to throw light upon the text of Shakespeare, but simply as a pertinent comment upon the value of Mr. Collier's discovery." As such we regarded it, and thought that we

had stated that opinion with sufficient clearness, when we said, that the publication had "at least a temporary value beyond that which belongs to it, as a literary curiosity;" and that "succeeding Mr. Collier's publication, it is useful, as showing the utter worthlessness of his folio, as far as its claims to authority are concerned," &c.

One sentence in the communication in question we must notice, as exhibiting an erroneous estimate of the injury which can be done by the publication of even glaringly mistaken constructions and changes of Shakespeare's text. The writer says, "The merit of exposing the impotence of such emendations as make *Dogberry* talk correctly, or convert a lively expression of pique into a common-place statement of fact (*As You Like It*, Act. iv. Sc. 3), was left for those who should think it worth while so to employ themselves." That he who undertakes to defend the integrity of Shakespeare's text, must not disdain to expose the impotence of even such corrections, is sufficiently shown by the fact that one of these very changes, that one which makes *Dogberry* talk correctly, is sustained by Theobald, the editor to whom, of all those of the last century, except Malone, the text of Shakespeare is most indebted! The judicious need no warning against such errors; but, in the words of another of our correspondents, thanking us for our exposure of the worthlessness and presumption of these MS. corrections, "all are not judicious till judgment is whipped into them." The editor of the pamphlet on the Quincy Folio has certainly succeeded in his laudable design of making his publication "a pertinent comment upon the value of Mr. Collier's discovery." We regret that his desire "to give the emendations in some instances, the same sort of support that Mr. Collier gave his," should have occasionally betrayed him into the use of terms which certainly express a faith in the value, though not the authority, of the changes which he made public.

One word as to the 'conservatism' which is spoken of as characteristic of our criticisms. Conservatism with regard to the authentic text of any author is a charge which any critic may be well contented to sustain. It means simply that the author shall be allowed to speak his own thoughts, and not those of some one else. But with regard to the text of Shakespeare, we are conservative thus far and no farther. When the authentic folio has a comprehensible, and consistent reading, no man has a right to change it, even

for one which is better,—in his opinion. When the folio does not afford such a reading, it must be sought from the quartos, when the play exists in that form, and next through conjectural emendation. Such emendation must take the form of proof reading.—That is, that word must be sought which best suits the context, and most conforms to the trace of the letters in the word found in the corrupted passage. To suppose it necessary to defend the propriety of such conservatism, would be to insult the understanding of our readers.

That Juliet's Runaway has been fairly caught in the person of Rumor, we are glad to find is the opinion of nearly the entire American world of Shakesperian readers. But we hear from three or four who are yet unconvinced. Our correspondent in Maine, G. W. E., writes: "Rumor is associated in my mind (perhaps wrongly), not with a person who sees, but with a spirit invisible, intangible, which hears and tells, of course, but as a concealed wind harp hears and reports the vibrations of the air—the very word, *rumor*, seems to me (also wrongfully, perhaps), to be a sound to be heard, not a thing of vision." This involves the mistake made by so many critics of Shakespeare, that in deciding upon his text, or interpreting it, they are at liberty to decide by their feelings, their knowledge, their habits of thought; when, on the contrary, it is their only function to assimilate, for the time, their feelings and thoughts to those of their author, and to consult the manners and state of knowledge in his day, and among the very people for whom, as a playwright and a manager, he wrote his plays. Now, whatever G. W. E. or any one else, may feel or think about Rumor, the people who sat in the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres in the days of Elizabeth and James were in the habit of seeing Rumor represented as both visible and tangible; and of seeing her represented not only with tongues, but with eyes. Shakespeare, himself, brought Rumor bodily before his audience, "painted full of tongues" (*Henry IV.*, part II., Induction), and his contemporary, Thomas Decker, represented her, to the public in 1603, with open eyes, as well as tongues, as we pointed out in our last number. Shakespeare's public would, therefore, instantly both apprehend and comprehend Juliet's prayer, that "Rumor's eyes may wink," in order that *Romeo* may come to her "untalked of and unseen."

With regard to other topics in our correspondent's letter, we can only point out

to him that to call any plea or suggestion "plausible" is necessarily to cast doubt upon it; that to call it both "plausible and ingenious" expresses not a whit more confidence in its soundness. The Devil himself, the Father of Lies, never made a plea that was not plausible and ingenious in the highest degree. Briefly, however, in those cases in which we have spoken of the changes made in Mr. Collier's folio as "plausible," we do not agree with them; except in two instances,—*Mea. for Mea.* Act IV., Sc. 2, and *Henry VIII.* Act V., Sc. 3. Our correspondent, had he read with the attention proper in one who intended to criticise, would have found that not only in one instance (*King John*, Act III., Sc. 3.) did we expose the gross injury to the text, which would result from the adoption of one emendation which we styled "plausible," but that the change in withstanding which we shed most ink—"who smothers her with painting," *Cymbeline* (Act III., Sc. 4), we expressly called "the most striking and plausible of all the inadmissible changes proposed by Mr. Collier." All our readers may not have our correspondent's fondness for the subject, and therefore, in spite of the attention which it is receiving, we cannot promise not to comply with his request for more Shakesperian articles. The book about which he asks is to be published by the Appletons, and will be issued in a few weeks.

As to his suggestion of "rudesbies' eyes" for runaway's eyes," we admit, on his demand, that one word might be misprinted for the other, and that the first is not too coarse to be used by *Juliet*, who, as we have pointed out, was a very 'free spoken' young woman. But as to the

fitness of the word for the text, we must really be excused from discussing that. We prefer to turn its advocate over to dispute the matter with another correspondent, who argues that because "the scene of the play is Verona, where *Juliet* was at the time she made puzzling invocation, and she would naturally have been most anxious that all Verona's eyes should wink on that occasion," and because 'runawaies' is almost an *anagram* of Veronese; that, therefore, it is the word which Shakespeare wrote. The two can settle the difference between them.

From "Wall-street" we have the suggestion that it would be well to read,

"That wide awake eyes may wink;" &c.

It is quite in keeping, that this wide awake suggestion should come from a quarter where to be wide awake, is—must be, the cardinal virtue, and where wide awake eyes do "wink" when they see a good operation; but as *Juliet* was not 'bulling' or 'bearing' herself, and as we have no ground for believing that any of her townspeople so occupied themselves, we do not see the perfect propriety of the suggestion.

One correspondent winds up his letter by asking our opinion of "the Spirit Manifestations." We answer that we have no opinion of them; and refer the querist to Mr. Owen Glendower, who once advertised that he had some knowledge of those matters, and whose 'Card' is published in the *First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 1; but it is there accompanied with a running commentary by Henry Percy, jr., of Northumberland, Esquire, which we confess we think very much to the purpose.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—THE BARCLAYS OF BOSTON. We learn from the daily papers that this new American novel has created a great sensation in Boston, and that the first edition of fabulous thousands was immediately exhausted, and another put to press to supply the demand. But books that sell before they are published, very often fail after they have been read; and we should not like to hazard our critical reputation

by predicting that such a fate will not befall *The Barclays of Boston*. The author of *The Barclays* is Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, a lady of high social standing, and of extensive connections, and the Boston public was naturally in a feverish state of curiosity to know who and what the Barclays of Boston would prove to be. But that feverishness must soon be abated by an inspection of the book, and then it must stand, like all other books, upon its

individual merits. The Barclays of Boston is a genuine woman's book, not only in its defects, but in its merits. It has no story, and the incidents are either impossibly extravagant, or tamely real. Nearly all the characters get married, and there is an immense quantity of satin dresses, orange blossoms, and bride's cake. Evidently Mrs. Otis is no Malthusian. Like a true woman, she thinks the great aim of human effort is a wedding. Yet, oddly enough, the hero and heroine do not get married, and for a reason that none but a woman could have invented. Georgiana Barclay marries the wrong man, by mistake, clandestinely, in the middle of the novel, and in a manner, too, which would be both legally and morally impossible in Boston; and then, to show her contrition for disobeying her parents, she refuses to marry the man with whom she was in love, and whom they wish her to marry. But the book is full of cross purposes and every thing turns out not just as it should, in a novel, but just as it should not. In these perversities Mrs. Otis has shown a lack of true artistic management of her puppets, for the reasonable anticipations of the reader must not be disappointed in the denouement of the story, or his feeling will be one of disappointment and disgust instead of pleasure. The perplexities of the reader must arise from the developments of the plot, from the unanticipated events which the art of the writer uses to bring about the denouement which all parties anticipated at the outset. In the Barclays there is no plot at all, and the surprises are in the denouements which are constantly happening, and destroying the interest which should be felt in the final explosion in the last chapter. The hero and heroine do not get married; a widow and an old bachelor who hate each other very heartily, all through the volume, marry each other at the close; a gay young creature marries a sedate clergyman, and a wealthy old miser who was to have enriched every body at his death, proves to be next door to a beggar. In this last character, Philip Egerton, Mrs. Otis has created a new being in fiction, and, if she had made him the principal personage of her novel, she might have given us a romance, that would have been equal to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Philip Egerton is a retired merchant who had lived in India, and where it was supposed he had accumulated a large fortune; but he returns home almost a beggar, in consequence of various losses, and finds, to his mortification, that he is regarded as a million-

aire. He has not the courage to confess the truth, and, for the sake of enjoying the reputation of a man of wealth, he assumes the character of a hard-hearted miser, and knows that he is despised and hated by those who pay him every mark of outward respect for the sake of his imagined fortune. This character is finely conceived and admirably well sustained, excepting in a few incongruities which were unavoidable in a womanly delineation of a masculine character; but he plays no important point in the novel, and might have been left out without detriment to the other characters. Although the novel is full of Boston, and the rest of the world is nowhere, yet there is very little of local coloring in the descriptions, and, if the names were altered, the scene might be changed without violence to Liverpool or any other provincial English town. The truth is, that Boston is a very English town, and as the characters in *The Barclays* are all of the wealthy classes, merchants, lawyers, and professors, they are not essentially American. Natural characteristics are found only in the lower orders. The descriptions of local manners in *The Barclays*, are not so good as we should expect from so clever and observant a woman as the authoress; for it is in such things that women have evinced their greatest power in literature. The book opens at a children's party, where the two Barclay sisters are introduced, but the scene is very vaguely depicted, and the reader is left to fill in the coloring from the resources of his own imagination; and so with all the other "set scenes," where we should have had bright and distinct pictures of local manners, such as most women novelists have given us, the sketches are in the flimsiest outline. There is one very great merit in *The Barclays of Boston*; it is entirely free from the fashionable cant of philanthropy, and there are none of those superangelic little creatures who have been called into existence, in the domain of fiction, by the success of Dickens's *Little Nell*. *The Barclays of Boston* is, at least, a thoroughly honest book; it is a novel and not a sermon, nor a treatise on political economy in disguise; and, though not of a high order as a literary work of art, it displays considerable knowledge of the world, and contains many sagacious hints on the conduct of life which a good many readers may profit by.

—Joel Barlow and Pop Emmons are no longer to stand as solitary authors of American epics, for Mr. THOMAS L.

HARRIS has recently presented us with a poem which he calls "*An Epic of the Starry Heavens.*" We say Mr. Thomas L. Harris, and yet we are not quite right, because the book comes to us in the double character of a revelation from the "spirit-world," and a poem. Mr. Harris was merely the agent by whom it has been given to us, while the real authors were some unknown persons beyond the grave, though it is intimated that Dante is one of the number. In the introduction we have this account of the mode in which the Epic was dictated.

"The poem bearing the above title was spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS in the course of fourteen consecutive days, the speaker being in a *trance state* during its delivery. From one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty lines were dictated at each session, of which there were twenty-two in number, and the precise time occupied in communicating the whole was TWENTY-SIX HOURS AND SIXTEEN MINUTES. On several occasions, while the Epic was being delivered, Mr. Harris was unexpectedly entranced, under rather unfavorable circumstances, and in two instances, as will appear from the Appendix, he was absent from his lodgings when the trance occurred. The general appearance and manner of the *improvisatore* while subject to the influence of Spirits, was much like a person in an ordinary magnetic sleep. There was a slight involuntary action of the nerves of motion, chiefly manifested at the beginning and close of each sitting, or during brief intervals of silence, when some new scene appeared to the vision of the medium. The eyes were closed, but the expression of the face, which was highly animated and significant, varied with every change in the rhythm, and was visibly influenced by the slightest modification of the theme. The voice of the speaker was deep-toned and musical, and his enunciation distinct and energetic. Occasionally he exhibited considerable vehemence, but when the nature of the subject required gentleness, his voice was modulated with great delicacy, and at times his whole manner and utterance were characterized by remarkable solemnity and irresistible pathos. The writer has been personally acquainted with Mr. Harris for some twelve years, but has never witnessed on his part the slightest attempt to *sing* previous to the delivery of his Epic, portions of which were chanted in a low, musical voice, and with remarkable effect. Moreover, our friend several times remarked, during the progress of the work, that the invisible powers seemed to be singing it within him, and that all his nerves vibrated to the music.

"If the reader will refer to the Appendix, he will perceive that the particular Spirits whose presence was disclosed to Mr. Harris, did not, strictly speaking, communicate the Poem to or through him. This is not pretended. It is merely claimed that they used their influence—doubtless in harmony with existing psychological laws—to entrance the medium, and that when the state of interior perception and consciousness was induced, his spirit—by virtue of this inward quickening or opening of the interiors—was brought into intimate relations with the essential principles, invisible forms, and immortal inhabitants of the Spirit-world. While in this condition it may be presumed that he was as well qualified to obtain correct information respecting the sphere to which he was thus admitted, as men in the external state are to re-

ceive reliable impressions from the outward world. Thus the primordial elements or archetypal images of the thoughts embodied in this grand Epic were communicated to the receptive spirit, and the process of their reception was undoubtedly as strictly NORMAL as that by which the forms and qualities of outward things are perceived through the ordinary avenues of sensation."

Alexander Dumas will announce a five act comedy in one week and see it played at the *Theatre Française* the next, but what is his rapidity of composition compared with that of a medium, like Mr. Harris, who in "twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes" turns off an epic of four thousand lines? The spirits are great labor-saving machines, and we commend their agency to the editors of the daily press and literary men in general.

As to the epic itself, we do not hold ourselves competent to speak of its merits as a revelation, but of its merits as a poem we have formed no very high opinion. We are bothered in the outset by its being called "an epic," seeing that it is a mere collection of enthusiastic lyrics, which answer to no single requisite of the epic order of poetry. There is neither beginning, middle, nor end to it,—neither narrative nor catastrophe,—and it consists wholly of pleasant vaticinations on the part of Mr. Harris and his angels, in regard to the future well-being of the universe. But they may have other notions than ours in the land of spirits as to the nature of epics! We will, therefore, say no more on that head.

Nor are we greatly impressed, in the second place, with the lyrics of "Jupiter, Mars, and the electric ocean of the solar system." They are not a whit better than, nor half so good as, many lyrics that we know of on this plain, commonplace orb. Here and there, it is true, we fall upon passages of considerable vigor, but the greater part of the book seems to us utterly vague and unmeaning. Any body who will take the usual "disclosures" of the spirits and put them into agreeable verse, may make a volume which will correspond in every sense with that of Mr. Harris. We do not deny that there is thought in it, and, occasionally, fancy, but the impression it leaves upon us, as a whole, is that of a pretentious rhapsody. Like the talk of a man, in a state of high cerebral fever, it gives forth some profound suggestions, and some brilliant imagery, but the general effect of it is confusing and fugitive. No one after reading the book feels himself a jot the wiser; he carries away with him no single pregnant thought; on the contrary, he feels that his mind has been jaded, with-

out result. It is related that Mr. Harris, after his trances, immediately fell asleep, and we suspect that most of his readers will be happy to escape into the same gentle oblivion.

—PROFESSOR MAURICE'S *Theological Essays*, to which his dismission from King's College has given a temporary notoriety, have been republished in this country, by Redfield. They are sixteen in number, and treat of all the prominent topics controverted between the Orthodox, Unitarians and Universalists; Original Sin, the Trinity, the Atonement, the Personality of the Spirit, the Judgment Day, Eternal Punishment, and the relation of Faith and Charity, are the subjects chiefly handled; and handled, too, we need not say, in a profoundly religious spirit, yet with independence and freedom. The author, it is evident on every page is a churchman, humble and reverent, but a churchman, who cannot accept the traditional interpretations of his creed. He does not separate himself from orthodox openly, nor does he openly reject any of its received doctrines, but he questions the prevalent expression of those doctrines, and endeavors to give a more liberal, and as he thinks, a profounder significance to them. The opinions which he publishes of the Atonement, of the Day of Judgment, and of Future Punishment, are not the views which nine out of ten men would gather from a reading of the English symbols. He denies, for instance, the vicarious nature of Christ's suffering, believing the essence of the atonement to consist in his delivering men from sin and not from punishment and implanting in them a true righteousness; he denies the general judgment, as a special day set apart for the final decision of our future destiny, holding that judgment is perpetually decreed in the course of human destiny; and he denies that the "eternal" of the Scriptures carries with it any idea of duration; and, in doing all this, we conceive, he departs from the tenets of his church, as they are almost universally taught. We do not mean that his theology is any the worse for these modifications, but simply that it is not the old and accepted theology.

There is one thing in Professor Maurice's controversial writings which we desire, especially to commend. It is the tone of candor and tolerance with which he speaks of all adverse views. A great many of his remarks are levelled directly at the Unitarians, but we are persuaded that no sincere man of that persuasion could take the least offence at any thing

he says. He does not conceal or withhold the expression of his total dissent from the Unitarian theories, yet he does not consider it necessary, on account of that fundamental difference, to visit those who adhere to them, with the outpourings of his wrath. This is an advance in the temper of theology which cannot but be regarded as a favorable sign of the times. Nor will it hurt the cause to which he is so evidently devoted in the minds of his readers, of any denomination.

—Literature is making its way into California, for the last mail brings us the first number of the *Pioneer, or California Monthly Magazine*,—a most promising periodical. Its matter is furnished by resident Californians, and is various in its nature as well as agreeable in its form. Among the contributions we find one relating to the "Poetry of California," as if a school of rhyme had already sprung up in that far locality, and another is a notice of a new object in the animal creation, which is nothing less than a viviparous fish. It seems that books of original poems have already been published at San Francisco, while the "California Academy of Natural Sciences" has also been occupied with dissertations on certain small fish, which in one respect are wholly different from any specimens before known to naturalists. Dr. Wm. P. Gibbons, on the 13th of June, 1853, read to the Academy a memoir on a species of Percoides, which produce their young from the body, and not by means of external eggs; and on the 5th of January, he described five new species of these viviparous novelties. Professor Agassiz in the November number of *Silliman's Journal* refers to two species of these fish, but he was clearly anticipated in the discovery by Dr. Gibbons, who also rejects the name of *Embriotico*, which Agassiz has given, and classes them among the *Labroides*, from which they scarcely differ. We must congratulate the California Academy, on signaling its advent into the world of science, by this interesting discovery. San Francisco is only five years old, and yet it supports two or three theatres, an opera, a monthly Magazine, an Academy of Science, thirteen Daily Papers, and we don't know how many weekly papers.

—Among professional books we are called upon to notice, the *Homœopathic Practice of Medicine, embracing the history, diagnosis and treatment of Diseases in general, including those peculiar to women*, by M. FRELEIGH,

M. D., who is reputed to be a gentleman of intelligence and ability. Our acquaintance with the subject is too limited, to allow us to make more than an announcement of the work. The publishers are Lampport, Blakeman & Law.

—Is it not significant of a growing demand for poetry, that the stereotype plates of *Bryant's Poems*, were sold at the Trade-sale at Philadelphia, the other day, by Mr. Hart, who is retiring from the trade, for Twenty-two Hundred Dollars, which is more than their original cost?

—DR. HEMPEL, of whose industry as a translator we have before spoken, has lately made an original contribution to his profession, in the shape of an *Organon of Specific Homœopathy*. It is an ample statement of the leading doctrines of Hahnemann, with a criticism of their merits and defects. Dr. Hempel is a follower of the great German medical reformer, but not a blind follower, and in his essay points out, with remarkable shrewdness and ability, the weak points of the system, suggesting at the same time, what he esteems a profounder and juster view of the science of healing. Dr. Hempel, though a foreigner, writes the English language with unusual facility and force. His book, if we mistake not, will produce a sensation among his fellow practitioners.

—We are glad to see the *Thesaurus of English Words*, by PETER MACK ROGET, one of the authors of the Bridge-water Treatises, republished in this country. It is a most valuable work, giving the results of many years labor, in an attempt to classify and arrange the words of the English tongue, so as to facilitate the practice of composition. The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is to explain the meaning of words, while the object of this Thesaurus, is to collate all the words by which any given idea may be expressed. Phrases are therefore classed, not according to their sound, or their orthography, but according to their signification. Thus, supposing a writer is describing the general form of some object, and wishes to vary the expression, he will find under the term "form," a large number of related words, such as "figure, shape, configuration, make, formation, frame, construction, conformation, cut, set, build, trim, stamp, cast, mould, fashion, structure, &c." He finds at hand, on every topic, a copious store of phrases, adapted to express all the more important shades and modifications of the general idea with which he is engaged. Words, it should be remembered, are not

only the tools of the writer, the vehicle or medium through which he communicates his sentiments, but they are the very instruments of thought. Few intellectual operations can be carried on without their agency, and, consequently, a facility in using them is necessary to precision and rapidity of thinking as well as to accuracy and grace of expression.

The American edition of this work has been edited by Dr. Sears, the eminent secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, who has greatly improved it by correcting numerous errors, and enlarging the index. But there has been one exercise of editorial judgment to which we decidedly object. Dr. Roget had incorporated into his work a large number of idiomatic and colloquial phrases, which Dr. Sears omits, on the ground that they were vulgar and low. He does so, as he alleges, because such phrases are of no use except to "professed authors who have occasion to represent the language of low life," and adds, "whom we do not undertake to aid." But Dr. Roget undertook to aid them, and his editor had no right to deprive any class of writers of the assistance he meant to supply. Vulgar and low words, as they are called, are often the most expressive words, and so long as they are not positively offensive or incorrect, ought to be retained in a Thesaurus of this kind. Many of the best writers in the English language, such writers as Swift, De Foe, Fielding and Cobbett, abound in words and phrases that a fastidious taste might condemn as vulgar, but which, in reality, are only idiomatic and popular. Such words add a great deal to the force, the ease and the picturesqueness of style, and are always favorites with men of vivacious as well as of earnest dispositions.

We regret the omission of them, the more because one great defect, in the style of American writers, especially those of New England, arises from what appears to be a careful avoidance of easy and familiar terms. They are uniformly too stately and sustained, and give a look of stiffness to whatever they say. Take Dr. Channing, as an instance,—who was certainly a writer of remarkable elegance and force,—and yet one can hardly read more than two pages at a time of his essays without a sense of weariness. The reason is, that he uses no colloquial and easy words—words that Dr. Sears would call vulgar or trite—to break and relieve his lofty and sonorous periods. Even in the three volumes of letters addressed to his intimate friends, where it might be sup-

posed he would naturally descend to the talk of common life, there is but one single idiomatic expression. It is where he says that "he had been all day as busy as a bee," but in all the rest he is as dignified and precise as in his most solemn sermons. Mr. Everett exhibits the same defect, and so does Webster, but neither of them to the same extent as Dr. Channing. Our newspaper writers, on the other hand, run into *slang*, simply for the want of those cozy and apt idiomatic phrases, which cut into the core of a subject, and avoid the necessity for clumsy paraphrases and heavy circumlocution. We hope, therefore, that in the second American edition of Dr. Roget's book, it will be given to the public without the abridgments of which we complain.

—One of the most acceptable additions recently made to our current literature, is the translation of Weiss' History of the French Protestant Refugees, made by Henry W. Herbert, and published by Stringer and Townsend. Such a book as this, which gives not only the history of one of the most important episodes in the progress of Christianity, but an authentic narrative of the wanderings and fate of those who were the subjects of the most malign persecution of modern times, many of whom were the founders of historical families in this country, cannot fail to be most favorably received by American readers. The History of the French Protestant Refugees has already become famous in Europe, and it will lose nothing by the admirable manner in which it has been rendered into English by Mr. Herbert.

ENGLISH.—Now that the English people are on the eve of war, their current literature is running almost exclusively into the Eastern Question. Every body that has ever visited the Black Sea, or sojourned in the Danubian principalities, or floated down the great river, is putting his recollections into a book, while old books relating to the same subjects are revived, and there is no end to the pamphlets and essays on the comparative resources of Russia and Turkey. Many of these publications are of course utterly worthless, being mere fugitive and catch-penny attempts to take advantage of a prevailing excitement, but others are not only appropriate but valuable, and furnish a large amount of necessary and useful information. Some of the latter we shall notice, beginning with *The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828-29, with a view of the present state of affairs in the*

East, by a distinguished officer of the British army, COL. CHESNEY, who went to Turkey in 1828, to offer his services to Mahmoud, but was unfortunately too late. Yet, being on the spot he visited the seat of war, both in Asia and Europe, and gathered particulars of its incidents from Russian and Turkish officers as well as from other sources. As the same countries are again the scene of conflict, his descriptions possess a present interest, while his critical account of the old campaigns afford us grounds of conjecture as to the probable result of the anticipated conflict. Indeed, it is in the latter point of view, that the chief value of the work consists. Col. Chesney estimates the respective abilities of Russia and Turkey so clearly, that he leaves little doubt in the mind, that even in an unassisted encounter between the two nations, the Turks would in the end get the upper hand. In all that concerns mere fighting, whether in open field, behind cover, or in that regular hand to hand which accompanies the sally, or the desultory combat on broken ground, the Turks, according to the English Colonel, were quite equal, if not superior to the Russians. In the art of quickly covering themselves by entrenchments, he also adds, they are superior to all European nations, while in regular battle they are not inferior. But what they wanted thirty years ago, was discipline, which has since been supplied under the instruction of English and French officers, so that they are now first-rate and effective soldiers. With the assistance of France and England, Colonel Chesney thinks they will have an easy time in routing the forces of the Czar. We are not so sure of that ourselves, though quite willing that the gallant Colonel should prove a good prophet. It would be worth while giving Russia a drubbing, if only to take the preposterous conceit out of the head of its half-barbarous monarch.

—A later, and on the whole, more interesting book on the East, is a *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities, in the autumn and winter of 1853*, by one who is obviously an Irishman, if we may judge from his name, PATRICK O'BRIEN. He left Constantinople last September for Bucharest, and was fortunate enough to be present at one or two of the less important skirmishes which have taken place between the combatants. But without dwelling upon any details of battles, let us extract the following striking account of the appearance of a small body of Russian troops, while

marching—which seems to us to present a suggestive picture of character. He says, just before reaching Bucharest,

"There were about five hundred Russians quartered in the neighborhood of the khan. They had that staid, soldierly look which is the effect of severe discipline. This I observed to be the characteristic of nearly all the Russian soldiers that I have seen in the Principalities. The exceptions are the young recruits, who of course are not yet properly formed. I have never observed any appearance of light-heartedness among the Russian soldiers even when off duty. It is true that at times, in marching, whole battalions sing in chorus either the National Anthem, which is a fine, solemn air, or some wild melody, generally of a warlike character, interspersed with sharp cries and an occasional shrill whistle. These latter songs are particularly animated and spirit stirring, and the quick rattle of the drum, which is the sole instrumental accompaniment, increases their exciting character. To the listener there is something sublime in thus hearing thousands of manly voices blended together in chorus uttering sentiments of devotion to God and the Emperor, or of fierce defiance to the enemies of the Czar. But even in these exhibitions the sternness of military rule is seen. Upon the faces of the men thus engaged no trace of emotion is visible; their tread is measured; their forms are erect; they are obeying a command, and not an impulse. The emotions of the heart seem to have been drilled into order, and expressions of love or anger, devotion or revenge are only awakened by the voice of their commander."

Mr. O'Brien gives a spirited description of the affair at Oltenitz, for which we must refer our readers to his volume.

—Far more interesting to scholars than the whole litter of books on the Eastern Question, is a work with the strange title of the *Bhilsa Topes*, which will doubtless convey no meaning to the minds of a large number of our readers. But the second title, or *Buddhist Monuments of Central Asia*, will elucidate the obscurity. Buddhism, as most people know, is one of the superstitions of the East, which formerly controlled the faith of more than one half the human race, and which is still a matter of life and death to some two hundred and fifty millions of votaries. It took its rise in India, some two thousand years ago, and flourished for a long time with great vigor, but it afterwards decayed, or rather migrated into Thibet, Siam, Burmah, Japan, Ava, Ceylon, and Cochin China; and it is, at this day, the most widely-diffused religion in the world. If truth could be determined, therefore, by a majority of voices, we ought all of us to be serenely contemplating the supreme and excellent Buddha. Yet truth cannot be determined in that way, and prevailing as Buddhism may be, it must be regarded as rather in its decay, and the object of MAJOR CUNNINGHAM'S book,—for he is the author of "*Bhilsa*

Topes"—is to illustrate the monuments of its former existence and glory. These consist, as a writer in the *Athenaeum* who condenses Major Cunningham's accounts, says, of caves, temples, monastic retreats structural and excavated, inscriptions on rocks and columns, and *Topes* or religious edifices. The last here named, though numerous, are contained in few localities. They are found in Afghanistan, near the Indus, near the Ganges, at Tirhut and Bahar, and round Bhilsa in Central India. Of the Bhilsa *Topes*, the largest was examined a short time ago by Major Cunningham's brother, who induced the Court of Directors to carry out the research. Lieut. Maisiey was therefore employed, and Major Cunningham joined him in January, 1853. The results of their labors were valuable, and the record of their discoveries is intrinsically of uncommon interest.

The Buddhist *Topes* are of three kinds: the first, immense hollow mounds of masonry, dedicated to the Eternal Buddha; the second, the Funereal, erected over the ashes of his "Mortal Emanations" and most pious saints; and the third, memorials, raised on spots sanctified by some extraordinary religious event. The first are the largest, and placed in the loftiest situations:—of the third little is known.

"The *Funereal Topes* were of course the most numerous, as they were built of all sizes, and of all kinds of material, according to the rank of the deceased and the means of his fraternity. At Bhojpur, the *Topes* occupy four distinct stages or platforms of the hill. The largest *Topes*, six in number, occupy the uppermost stage, and were, I believe, dedicated to Buddha; that is, either to the celestial Buddha *Adinatha*, or to the relics of the mortal Buddha, *Sakya*. This view is borne out by the facts that the largest *Tope* contained no deposit; and that the second and third sized *Topes* yielded crystal boxes, one of which, shaped like a *Tope*, contained only a minute portion of human bone smaller than a pea! The second-rate *Topes*, sixteen in number, stand on the second stage. According to my view, these *Topes* contain the ashes of those who had reached the rank of Bodhisatwa. We discovered relics in five of these *Topes*, but there were no inscriptions of any historical value. The third stage of the hill is occupied by seven small *Topes*, all of which I suppose to have built over the remains of the third grade of Pratyeka Buddhas. Of the eight *Topes* which stand on the lowest stage of the hill, one is much larger than any of those on the third stage. These *Topes* were, I believe, built over the ashes of the lowest grade of the Buddha community, the *Srawaka Buddhas*."

They were built at a vast cost, and with infinite ceremonies. The foundation-stones were trodden down by elephants, and milk, oil, vermillion, and precious gums were used in the cement. Like the Egyptian monarchs, when they reared

their Pyramids, the Buddhist Rajahs often erected these structures by means of forced, unpaid labor; and the bones of many wretches lay on the earth around them. The Topes are of various shapes, according to their age. The most ancient are hemispherical, forming simple mounds. Next, in point of antiquity, are those which are raised a few feet on cylindrical plinths. In the third order, the height of the basement is equal to that of the superstructure; and so on, until in the latest we find a tall, round tower, surmounted by a dome.

—The English press has teemed of late with poetry, but we find among the mass nothing worthy of comment, unless it be a volume of *Poems* by MATTHEW ARNOLD, who not only writes his verses, but prefaces them, like Wordsworth, with a long dissertation, in order to show the principles on which he has written. Mr. Arnold is a disciple of the classic, as contradistinguished from the romantic school, and urges with no little earnestness a more sedulous study of the great masters of antiquity. He even questions whether Shakespeare is a good model for young poets (though he admits him to be "the greatest of all poetical names"), because the mere accessories of his excellence, "his happy, abundant, and ingenious expression" are more likely to captivate the young imagination than his more real and substantial qualities as an artist. Clearness of arrangement, vigor of development, and simplicity of style, can be better learned, he says, from the ancients. As a specimen of his own success, in this study of the classic authors, we give Mr. Arnold's "Ode to Philomela."

"Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

"O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world
pain—

Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
Thy too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,

Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?

Listen, *Engenia*—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the
leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!"

This is very beautiful, but has it not the defect that it retains the diction of the ancients, while it is altogether too scholarly and remote in its allusions to produce any popular effect? Comparing it with Keats' Nightingale or Shelley's Sky Lark, we feel that it wants much more than rhyme in order to win it a place in the enduring memories of our race.

—Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, says the *Literary Gazette*, has been combating the alleged heresies and paradoxes, delivered in that city by Mr. Ruskin, in a recent course of lectures before the Philosophical Association. Mr. BLACKIE read a paper on *Mr. Ruskin and Greek Architecture*, before the Architectural Institute, in which the excessive laudation of Gothic, at the expense of Greek architecture, was censured, the beauty and effects of the two styles not being subjects of comparison. Mr. Ruskin's theory about religious faith being necessary for high art, was also shown to be fanciful, some of the noblest works being by skeptics, while men of the noblest faith and truest piety, such as the Covenanters, abhorred every idea of the fine arts. Professor Blackie and Mr. Ruskin are both enthusiasts in their way, and, by their earnest advocacy of their extreme views, they will at least gain more general attention to questions of art, in connection with history, literature, and taste.

FRENCH.—We have already announced the *Reminiscences of Contemporaries in History and Literature, Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*, by M. VILLEMMAIN, and have now the first volume of the work before us. It is occupied chiefly by a memoir of M. de Narbonne, who was Minister of War under Louis the XVI., and whose friendship Villemmain enjoyed in his younger days. He is scarcely of importance enough in himself to be entitled to the front rank in a volume of biography; but, as he was intimately connected with Madame De Stael, Napoleon, Fox, Lafayette, and other personages of note, and had a good deal to do with the diplomacy of the Great Captain, his position rescues him from his native insignificance. Napoleon was in the habit

of conversing in the most unreserved manner on all his projects to M. de Narbonne, who transmitted records of them to Villmain, by whom they were preserved and are now published. Of course they give a lively and faithful idea of the interior life of the court at that time, and of that of the several head-quarters on the march to Russia. They are not so elaborate as the memoirs of Count de Segur, but they produce, on the whole, a more favorable impression of the times. A great many personal reminiscences and anecdotes are scattered through the narrative, but Villmain is a man of too much self-respect, and too high a position, to indulge in the scandals which form the chief interest of so many French memoirs. His book is not likely to find, therefore, as many readers as the autobiography of the more garrulous and less conscientious Veron, but it will take a more permanent place in literature. Appended to the commemoration of Narbonne, is a chapter entitled *Demosthenes and General Foix*, and another, which is called *M. de Feliez and the Salons of his time*, which are both interesting. The subsequent volumes will enter upon the subject of the author's literary history, and may be expected to be more generally entertaining than the first volume.

—The literary treaty recently concluded between France and Spain has just been formally promulgated by the French Emperor. It gives full protection in France and Spain to authors of books, plays, musical compositions, pictures, designs, engravings, lithographs, sculpture, geographical maps, and other similar productions; the protection to last not only all the lives of the authors, but twenty years after their death, if they leave direct heirs, and ten years if they have only collateral heirs. Protection is also extended to translations, and authors may reserve to themselves for five years the right of translating their works. But imitations of works are to be tolerated, provided they be not made with the evident intention of pirating the originals. We cannot record this honorable agreement between two great nations, made in the interest of their authors and artists, without expressing the deep mortification we feel at the dilatory movements of our own government in recognizing the rights of foreigners from whose labors we are constantly reaping such precious harvests. How long, oh, how long, American legislators, must the world wait to see you do the simplest act of justice? Why have we commercial treaties with nearly all the nations of the

globe, but literary treaties with none? Are books an object of less importance than bales of wool or cargoes of guano?

—COUSIN has commenced in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a history of the literary saloons of the 17th century, beginning with the Marchioness de Sablé, who was one of the most amiable and accomplished women of the first half of that century. She did not possess, as he says, the beauty of Madame de Montbazon, nor the audacity of Madame de Chevreuse, nor the virtue of Madame de Rambouillet, nor the genius of Madame de Sevigné; but she possessed, in the highest degree, what was then called *politesse*, and was a happy combination of mind, grace, and goodness. At the first, a brilliant woman of the world, living in the very centre of fashion, she afterwards became the centre of a renowned intellectual society, the Port-Royalists, who gave a new phase to literature. Of both periods of her existence ample memorials have been preserved, and these Cousin weaves into a most entertaining biography. She appears to have taken a lively interest always in public affairs, and among the figures who float about among the scenes of her activity are the Prince de Condé, Richelieu, Balzac, Corneille, Mame'selle de Scudery, Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, La Rochefoucauld, and other illustrious personages. After her retirement to the Port Royal, she became very devout, but she managed at the same time to live in the greatest comfort, drawing around her a most polished and aristocratic society.

—It is remarkable, amid the variety of writers in France, that no good history of French literature is extant. There are many admirable works, such as the *Discours et Melange Littéraires* of Villmain, on particular periods of literary history, many eloquent and instructive monographs on eminent literary men, but a connected and systematic history of the entire course of literature has yet to be written. M. EUGENE GERUZZE attempts in two volumes, just published, *Essais d'Histoire Littéraire*, to supply the deficiency, but not with marked success. His work is well written, but is rather a gallery of portraits, beginning with St. Bernard and ending with Rousseau, than a regular history. In the absence of a better one, however, it will answer a good purpose, for it gives a tolerably clear conception of the gradual growth of the language, with some faithful pictures of the more impressive periods. The author

evinces artistic taste and critical discrimination.

—We know of few French authors whose works furnish pleasanter reading than those of M. EMILE SOUVESTRE. His last book is a series of literary and historical conversation (*Causeries Historiques et Littéraires*), which seem to have been originally given as lectures in Switzerland. They make no pretensions to erudition, and yet they discourse of the principal writers of antiquity, and the great literary monuments of the middle ages, with the precision of a scholar, as well as with the liveliness of a man of the world. The several subjects are treated with animation, while many obscure points of history are elucidated with a clearness of language which must make them intelligible to the most uninstructed mind. Another recent work of his, is a narrative of a family, *Le Memorial de Famille*, which takes a young household, from the moment it is formed, and carries it along through a whole career of varied experiences, sometimes gentle and sometimes rough, showing the dangers to which it is exposed, describing its pleasures, and suggesting principles for its guidance. It is a simple-hearted and honest story, meant to be read by the fireside, and though it contains many scenes of domestic life, does not offend in points where French romances are most apt to be objectionable. It may safely be recommended, both for style and subject, as a proper subject for translation.

—We cannot say as much of M. ARNOULD FREMY's *Journal of a Young Girl*, *Journal d'une Jeune Fille*, which, possessing a powerful and moving interest, is yet tinged occasionally with vulgar and trite phrases, as well as scenes that one might as well not read. It details the history of a young woman of education and elevated tastes, who is reduced to the support of her mother by giving lessons in music. This resource at last fails and she is forced to accept of service in a chateau in the country, where she becomes the victim of the heir of the house, and afterwards falls into dishonor and misery, and destroys herself by poison. The first part which relates her precarious life as a music teacher, exhibits a rare dramatic truthfulness, and pith; but the subsequent parts are not so well executed. The author's apology may be, that his work is not an invention, but a real history; yet, we cannot conceive that truth itself is any justification for a violation of either morals or art.

—What are the rights of temporal power,

and what those of the religious power, are the questions discussed by H. Thiercelin, in a book entitled *Du Mariage Civil et du Mariage Religieux*, which, however, can have but little significance in this country, where the law has long since settled the respective authorities of Church and State.

—A history of Madame de Maintenon is published by GUSTAVE HEQUET, which is the most complete account of the extraordinary life of that woman that has appeared. It has been undertaken by M. de Noailles, but of such enormous proportions, that no one can tell when it is likely to be finished. The recent work of M. Lavillée, too, is rather a history of the Royal House of St. Cyr, than of its celebrated founder. But M. Héquet devotes himself to a biography proper, and tells us in graceful language, and with full details, all that it is profitable to know of the career of Mam'selle d'Aubigné, from her early prison-house, through the marriage with Scarron, till she achieved the throne of France. His materials are drawn chiefly from her own correspondence, with such light as may be thrown upon that by contemporary memoirs. From these he extracts a more favorable view of her character than is ordinarily given, reliving it of a good many imputations which the scandal of the times had fixed upon it, and showing her, indeed, to have been, though a woman of ambition, selfishness and intrigue, without reproach in other respects.

—The French writers of the period of the Reformation have found a diligent student in M. SAXOUS, whose *Etudes littéraires sur les écrivains français de la reformation*, contain a multitude of interesting particulars in respect to Calvin, Farel, Viret, Theod. de Beza, Henri Etienne, Duplessis Mornay, &c. &c. The author, though somewhat of a polemic, brings to his task great sagacity, independence of judgment and a sincere love of the truth. He seems to have caught some of the fire and spirit of his illustrious subjects, and discourses of religious truth with all their mingled learning and enthusiasm. His work is a real contribution to theological literature.

—The *Athenæum Français* contains a criticism of Mr. Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, in which it says that his romance "has none of the charm of a story and all the monotony and tediousness of real life without its truth." The talent of this author, it goes on to say, "presents singular anomalies,—it is an assemblage of fatalism, socialism, and

magnetism, mingled with an excessive puerility in its material details, and an inconceivable negligence in the description of important situations and passionate sentiments. His action never advances; from time to time the author is obliged to introduce some unknown to whom he relates his facts, and during the while, his principal personages amuse themselves with disguises and travels, even in the midst of events the most important for them." The critic adds, however, in respect to the Blithedale Romance, that there are passages written with "incontestable talent, with energy and vigor, but always, without imagination." In short, the whole criticism is ludicrously absurd. The same periodical has a brief notice of *Queechy*, by Miss Wetherell, which it says has "not a single well-developed intrigue, nor one moving drama, but is a series of monotonous conversations." It grants, however, that the writer has an excellent spirit and a maternal heart. The poetry of the book is said to be superior to the prose.

—A scientific discovery of vast practical interest is reported in the last *Compte Rendu* of the Academy of Science at Paris. It is nothing less than the extraction of a metal Aluminum from common clay. Sir Humphrey Davy long since suggested that the clays might be made to yield metals, and now M. Wokler has shown the feasibility of his suggestion. He states that by treating clay with a chlourret of sodium, heating the compound to a red heat in a porcelain crucible, the chlourret of aluminum is disengaged, and there remains a mass of the pure metal of aluminum. This metal is as white as silver, is malleable and ductile, may be hardened by hammering like iron, does not change in damp or dry air, does not oxydize when cast, is not affected by either hot or cold water, and does not dissolve in ordinary acids. As it is widely dispersed throughout nature, is feasible and ductile, while it is also lighter than glass, a pure white metal, not blackening in the air, it must suggest, sooner or later, the most important applications in the arts. The discoverer is about to institute a series of experiments on all the argillaceous or clayey substances with a hope of obtaining other similar results.

—A notable specimen of conservative thinking is M. SAINT BONNER's book on the decay of human reason and the decline of Europe (*De l'affaiblissement de la raison et de la decadence en Europe*). It is divided into three parts, the first of

which treats of the prevailing spiritual and intellectual maladies which are hastening the dissolution of modern society,—the second points out their causes, and the third suggests the remedy. The great disease, as he considers it, is the want of religious faith, or rather in the supremacy every where allowed to the mere intelligence, which is essentially skeptical, over the reason, which is essentially religious. The causes of this disease are, first, the study of pagan authors, second, the natural sciences, and third, the German philosophy. While the cure for these aberrations must be the substitution of the Christian fathers for the ancient classics, as the grounds of education, regenerating literature thus as some propose to regenerate art, the conversion of the sciences from naturalism, and the entire exorcism of those Teutonic monsters, who are making all the world pantheists. What nonsense! As if the whole of modern literature, science, and philosophy, could be suppressed to make room for the fathers! M. Bonnet does not see, as he ought, that Christianity, though ever the same in its substance, is variable in its form; and these apparent heresies, of which he complains, these materializing sciences, and pantheistic philosophies, are only preparing the way for a grander manifestation of Christ's religion than the world has yet seen. The great truths of revelation, which have been evangelical at one time, political at another, and philosophical at a third, are yet to be scientific, and after that reconcile all views in a transcendent unity.

—Under the title of *Stories and Travels*, (*Contes et Voyages*), Mr. EDMOND TEXIER has collected three tales of different objects and lengths. The first is called *The Golden Fleece*, and relates the adventures of two Frenchmen who went to seek their fortunes in California; the second is *Mademoiselle d'Aulnay*, which describes the very sentimental love of a lady of quality, and the third is the *le Diable à Paris*, which gives a sad account of the discomfitures of a rich heir, who falls into the hands of a *lorette* at Paris. Great power is shown in the invention of characters, and in the charms of style.

—A history of Canada (*Histoire du Canada, depuis sa d'écouverte jusqu'à nos jours*) has been published by M. FRANÇOIS XAVIER GARNEAU. It is complete in its details, and written with animation and skill.

—The political alliance of England and France has had its effect on literature, for

we see that M. Francis Wey, in his book, called the English at home (*Les Anglais Chez eux*), treats them with much less severity than French writers have been accustomed.

GERMAN.—The Brothers GRIMM, among the most distinguished philologists of the world, have issued the first part of their great dictionary of the German language (*Deutsches Wörterbuch*), which promises to be an exceedingly valuable contribution to lexicography. After giving to Germany a historical grammar which established comparative philology on its true basis, they are now crowning their work with this important completion. It is needless to say that it exhibits throughout the profoundest erudition and excellent judgment.

—An able work is "The System of Christian Life" (*System des Christlichen Lebens*) by Dr. WILHELM BOEMER, a theological professor at the university of Breslau. It can hardly be called a treatise upon Ethics, because the author considers Christian principles as something superior to mere moral precepts, and yet he is careful to show the intrinsic agreement of his results with human reason. He discusses the modifications of Christianity introduced by the late speculative philosophers, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Feuerbach, as well as by the speculative theologians, Schleiermacher, Daub, Marheineke and De Wette, showing wherein he conceives them to be wrong, and deducing a more evangelical theory. Neander, in his history of the church speaks of Boemer as one of the soundest of the modern theologians.

—VIEHOFF, who is known as the author of a life of Goethe, is publishing a new edition of the poems of that great man, which are arranged under the heads 1st. of natural-poetry period, —2d. classical and artistic poetry, and 3d. the period of eclectic universalism. A full commentary accompanies each volume.

—An instructive account of Surinam (*Sechs Jahre in Surinam*) is put forth by A. KAPPLER, whose long residence in the island enables him to speak of its military and social condition with perfect understanding and completeness.

—A new periodical, under the title of the Protestant Church-Gazette for Evangelical Germany (*Protestantische Kirchenzeitung für das evangelische Deutschland*) is published in Berlin, under the editorship of Mr. KRAUSE. Its aim is to defend historic Christianity against all those tendencies, which seek to subvert

Religion and Church, and, on the other hand, to support liberal Protestant principles against the encroachments of sectarianism and ultramontanism.—One of its principal objects will be, to combat the attempts of modern times to confine the Protestant Church within the narrow limits of obsolete ecclesiastical formulas and ordinances—attempts, which, if successful, would inevitably destroy the independence and cramp the free development of Protestantism.

—The fifth edition of *Burmeister's Geschichte der Schöpfung* has just been published, a fact which proves the wide circulation of this important work.

—The first volume of a German translation of Rev. THEODORE PARKER's Writings has just been issued, containing the critical and miscellaneous essays. A second edition of a previous translation of his *Ten Sermons on religious subjects* is about to be printed. The doctrines of this theologian have found many admirers and adherents in Germany.

—The late M. E. GUNTHER, of Leipzig, is the author of an excellent translation of Horace into German, which may vie with the masterly translation of Homer by Voss. Like that famous work it combines a faithful version with a truly poetic diction, and is greatly distinguished from all similar attempts.

—A continuation of EHRENBERG's large Work on Infusoria of 1838, to be entitled *Microscopic Geology (Mikroskopische Geologie)* will be published in a few months. The first volume of the letter-press (95 sheets folio) will be published first; it treats of Australia, Asia, and South America. At the same time an Atlas containing the plates which belong to the whole work will be issued. This Atlas is to contain in forty engraved plates numerous, mostly colored, delineations of the results of the famous author's geological researches extending to all parts of the globe.

—The portraits of Johan and Margaret Luther, the parents of the great German Reformer, Martin Luther, copied from the originals of Louis Cranach, have just been engraved and published.

—The second part of a work that has made some stir, the *Free Thinkers in Religion (Die Freidanker in der religion, oder die representanten der religiösen aufklärung im England, Frankreich and Deutschland)*, has just made its appearance. It relates to the infidels, as they are called, of France, and in the next part those of Germany will be treated. The author is Dr. L. NOACK.

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NEBRASKA.

A GLIMPSE AT IT—A PEEP INTO ITS UNWRITTEN HISTORY—TOGETHER WITH A FEW FACTS FOR THE FUTURE HISTORIAN.

THE programme of the Age is Progress, and again a new star, perhaps several, is about to be added to our national ensign. Nebraska is no longer a myth: she claims her rights, and "manifest destiny" is about to allow them.

As yet the abode of traders and trappers, red men and buffalo—ere many days the restless tide of emigration will cross her borders, will overrun her prairies and plains, will float up her broad rivers and sparkling streams, and rest beneath the shade of her forests of ancient oak, lofty cotton-wood, and graceful willow. Not a spot that will be sacred to the researches and prying curiosity of the genius of the universal Yankee nation.

Already the squatter, afar off in his log-cabin "clearing" in Illinois and Missouri, is grinding his axe, fixing up his wagon, and making ready the "old woman" and "young ones" for a move. Away down in Maine they are thinking how the lumber out there can be turned to account, and rather guessing they'll take a look that way some of these days. The broken-down politician is getting ready his petitions and recommendations for office there, and is certain of a "judgeship" or something else—in fact whispers his friends that the very thing he wants has been promised him.

Let us leave the sage politicians at Washington squabbling as to what shall be its precise bounds, how many states or territories they shall make of it, whether they shall be free or slave, and discussing learnedly the Missouri compromise and other matters; and turn we to examine a little into this new member.

Get out your map, reader, school-boy

fashion, and let us see where this country lies and what it is.

Begin away down at the south-west corner of the state of Missouri, on the 37th parallel of north latitude, near the boundary line of Arkansas, trace thence on west to New Mexico, then up north with the boundary of New Mexico; continue on north along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and you have first Utah, and then Washington Territory, as the western boundary, until finally you reach the 49th parallel of latitude, when you turn east and follow along the southern boundary of Minnesota down the muddy waters of the "mad Missouri" to the point of beginning. This is what has been known under the general designation of "Nebraska," and is now about being offered for settlement under territorial organization, and to be divided into two or more territories—hereafter in due course of time to come into our union of States. And a nice little slice of territory it is, being somewhat larger than all the original thirteen States that achieved our Independence put together.

Here, with almost every variety of soil, climate, and production, our expansive genius will find "ample room and verge enough." Why, the Boston ice-merchant will be able to hew huge chunks of solid ice from the topmost peaks of the Rocky Mountains, for shipment to India, China, or elsewhere!

Having thus "located" the region which has been comprehended under this general designation, let us briefly glance now at its proposed subdivisions. It is proposed that all north of 40° parallel of north latitude shall be known and organized as

"Nebraska." All south of 40° as "Kansas." To settle up the region which will be known as Nebraska, except certain portions of it, will, we take it, be a work of time and circumstances. In a northern latitude, cold in climate, and with much sterile soil, whilst at the same time the range and habitation of some of the wildest and most savage of the nomadic tribes of Indians, but few at present look to it for immediate settlement. But, towards the rich and fertile region south of 40° squatters and speculators are alike looking with greedy eyes.

Listen to Fremont, describing (in 1842) a part of this region—that on the "little Blue" river.

"Our route lay in the valley, which, bordered by hills with graceful slopes, looked uncommonly green and beautiful. The stream was fringed with cotton-wood and willow, with frequent groves of oak, tenanted by flocks of wild-turkeys. Elk were seen on the hills, and now and then an antelope bounded across our path, or a deer broke from the groves."

Captain Emory, of the Topographical Corps, describing another portion—that between Fort Leavenworth and the Pawnee Fork—says:

"The country is high rolling prairie, traversed by many streams. Trees are seen only along the margin of the streams, and the general appearance of the country is that of vast rolling fields inclosed with colossal hedges. The growth along these streams as they approach the eastern part of the section under consideration consists of burr oak, black walnut, chestnut oak, black oak, long leaved willow, sycamore, buckeye, hackberry, and sumach; towards the west, as you approach the 99th meridian of longitude, the growth along the streams becomes almost exclusively cotton-wood. At meridian, 99 Greenwich, the country becomes almost entirely barren."

A tract of country extending 300 miles north and south along the state of Missouri, and about 40 miles wide, is set apart for the Indians under treaties heretofore entered into between them and the government. About twelve or fourteen thousand Indians occupy this whole section, but will soon be moved elsewhere by other treaties. The land thus occupied by them comprises some of the richest and most desirable portions of what is the proposed Kansas Territory.

When, during the session of 1853, leave was asked in the House of Representatives

to introduce a bill to organize "Nebraska," how few of us, comparatively, cared, or knew very definitely, what or where the proposed Territory was! True, we all had a vague sort of a notion that it lay somewhere away out west towards the Rocky Mountains, but it was then a matter that did not concern us very nearly. And now "Nebraska" has been echoed from the halls of Congress to the people, and from the people back to the halls of Congress. And more speeches have been made about it than could have been imagined six months ago. Nebraska has become of a sudden a great name in our history, like that of a field made famous by a great battle.

Well do we remember—it was in the spring of 1851—how the monotonous life of the inhabitants of the various Missouri River towns was broken in upon by the advent among them of a mysterious looking individual, who travelled with a carpet-sack slung across his shoulders, and who paid his way wherever he went by "phrenological" lectures and examinations. At each place where he was wont to stop he made known the object of his visit out West, stating it to be to get up a company of explorers and settlers for Nebraska. He claimed to belong to the "vote-yourself-a-farm" party, and held that the Indians had no right to keep such fine lands as Nebraska was represented to contain. Wherever he went he lectured in private on the rights of property, and in public on the science of phrenology. Whilst just as certainly wherever he appeared the boys always treated him to a little of that peculiar game known out West as "rotten-egging." Such was the state of public opinion in regard to the Nebraska movement just three years ago. At the end of some months' unsuccessful efforts he finally started from Fort Leavenworth to accomplish his mission, attended by two or three followers half-equipped. A few days journeying took him as far as the Iowa Mission, at the Nemahaw agency; here he was seized with a fever, and died among the good folks of the Mission. He was buried in Nebraska, and with him his scheme.

The mysterious individual* we have thus introduced to the reader was at one time of considerable notoriety; a native of New York, and one of the whilome Canadian "Patriots," tried some years ago for engaging in the project of annexing John Bull's little strip of the Canadas to Brother Jonathan's broad domain. So

* General Thomas Jefferson Southerland.

far as we are informed, he it was who was the first public advocate for, and overt actor in, the movement to organize and settle Nebraska. But the politicians have "stolen his thunder," whilst he in Nebraska sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

There is a vague suspicion that the chairman of the committee on territories had it in contemplation in 1844 to introduce a bill for its organization. A claim has been put in for a distinguished senator, who is said to have had it in view again in 1850. But there was no "overt act"—as the lawyers say—and there it rested where it began, in the minds of those who had conceived it. No one was safely delivered of the grand idea.

Just one year after this effort, as we have narrated it, some of the Indian agents and government attachés at the various trading posts, along with the traders, commenced agitating the subject of organization, held a meeting or so, and shortly organized primary meetings for the selection of a delegate to go on to Washington. The thing was now seriously started. Half a score or more entered the lists as candidates, and finally, after the usual amount of electioneering and "treating," a trader living happily among them was chosen to the honor of paying his own expenses on to Washington as Nebraska Delegate. This was in 1852. When the American Representatives met at Washington in "Congress assembled" the Nebraska Delegate was there among them to attend to the interests of his constituents.

On the 2d of February, 1853, unanimous leave of the House of Representatives was asked and granted to introduce a bill "to organize the Territory of Nebraska." On the 10th of February this bill passed by a large majority, but was not brought to the vote in the Senate. The Territory embraced in this bill extended only from 36° 30' parallel north latitude to the 43d parallel, and from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains; bearing only a small proportion to that which is now proposed for organization.

In 1853, a new Delegate was chosen—in fact two or more claimed the right to the post of honor—and, on the 4th of January, 1853, Douglass of Illinois introduced in the Senate his Nebraska bill; followed upon the 23d of the same month with certain other amendments, bounding and subdividing the Territory substantially, as we have herein endeavored to set forth.

To sum up: Thus we have, in the spring of 1851, just three years ago, an

ex-Canadian "Patriot" first publicly agitating the subject and getting "rotten-egged" for his pains. One year thereafter, the traders, agents, and missionaries, all told not over a hundred, electing a Delegate. Six months more, the first bill for organization passing the House of Representatives. In another six months, a new bill, substantially, passing the Senate, and perhaps ere this reaches the eye of the reader becoming the law of the land, or perhaps lying over to another Congress. Truly we live in a fast age!

Six months ago, on his return to Washington from Nebraska, where he had been looking into matters, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs declared that there were not three white men in the whole Territory, residents, other than Government attachés. It would be a matter of some curiosity could we lay before the reader a copy of the "poll books" used at the recent election for Delegate. There would be found on them some very euphonious and poetic names of half-breeds, and braves—in fact, perfect "jaw-breakers."

We would not startle our reader at all, but we are compelled to inform him, in vindication of the truth of history, that there is already a newspaper published semi-occasionally, bearing at its head in flourishing capitals "Nebraska City, Nebraska Ty." We are afraid, however, that he will be still more startled when we inform him that the city has its existence as yet only in imagination, and its only citizen a solitary army supernumerary in charge of the remnants of what once was old Fort Kearney. *Sub rosa*, we would whisper, that the thing isn't an impossibility at all. It is only "gotten up" and printed on the opposite side of the Missouri River, at a printing office in the State of Iowa, and there dated and purporting to be published in Nebraska. Possibly, at some future day it may become the official gazette, and receive some of the crumbs of patronage.

The peculiar physical formation and developments of the vast region we have been considering, have long excited the wonder, and engaged the study of men of science. Its celebrated *mauvais terres*—a sort of geographical sphinx among the scientific world—its vast plateaus of table land—the singular saline efflorescences of its low lands, and the crustaceous formations and shells along the margins of its streams; have all been regarded with much interest by the eye of science.

Its broad Platte River, or Nebraska,

sweeping eastwardly through its centre, and the romantic Kaw or Kansas skirting its southern border, each with innumerable tributary streams, fringed with valleys luxuriant with vegetation, and set off with huge conical sand hills thrown up at some remote period from the bed of the streams by the action of the wind, and rising like tall towers to the view; its vast plains stretching out east and west between these rivers, covered with tall prairie grass, rolling like the sea; its climate cold in certain latitudes almost as the polar regions, in others mild and genial, and in summer fanned by breezes fresh from the ice-ribbed mountains! All impel us to pronounce Nebraska an intensely interesting region, and its settlement a vast acquisition to the trade and commerce of the great Mississippi Valley.

Acquired by us originally by purchase

from a foreign Government, being one of the appendages to the celebrated "Louisiana purchase," our Government for the last half century has been unceasing in its efforts to acquire information concerning it. From the time when Lewis and Clarke were sent out on their memorable expedition, paddling their canoe up the mad Missouri, treating and trading with Indians on either side, we come down to the expeditions of Long, and of Bonneville, and still later to those of Fremont. Since the expeditions of the last, our information has been considerably added to, and the Government now has out, we believe, no less than four topographical parties, on as many different routes, collecting information, which, it is to be hoped, will be ready to be laid before the country previous to the adjournment of the present Congress.

THE ENCANTADAS, OR ENCHANTED ISLES.

BY SALVATOR R. TARNMOOR.

(Continued from page 555.)

SKETCH TENTH.

BERNARD'S ISLE AND THE HERMIT ORSLEITH.

"That darkness then they enter, where they find
That cursed man, now sitting on the ground,
Musing, for aye, in his silent solitude;
His groans, broken long groans and unbound,
Disordered hang about his shoulders round,
And bid his face, through which his hollow eyes
Look, heavily dull, and stared as around;
His jaw-bones, cheeks, through penuric and pine,
White stroke into the jawes, as he had never dine.
His caruncles brought but many ragged clouts,
With tresses together pind and paired reads,
For waken his naked sides he wraps about."

SOUTHEAST of Crossman's Isle lies Hood's Isle, or McCain's Beclouded Isle; and upon its south side is a vitreous cove with a wide strand of dark pounded black lava, called Black Beach, or Oberlus's Landing. It might fitly have been styled Charon's.

It received its name from a wild white creature who spent many years here; in the person of a European bringing into this savage region qualities more diabolical than are to be found among any of the surrounding cannibals.

About half a century ago, Oberlus deserted at the above-named island, then, as now, a solitude. He built himself a den of lava and clinkers, about a mile from the Landing, subsequently called after him, in a vale, or expanded gulch, containing here and there among the rocks about two acres of soil capable of rude cultivation; the only place on the isle not too blasted for that purpose. Here he succeeded in raising a sort of degenerate potatoes and pumpkins, which from time to time he exchanged with needy whalemén passing for spirits or dollars.

His appearance, from all accounts, was that of the victim of some malignant sorceress; he seemed to have drunk of Circe's cup; beast-like; rags insufficient to hide his nakedness; his befreckled skin blistered by continual exposure to the sun; nose flat; countenance contorted, heavy, earthy; hair and beard unshorn, profuse, and of a fiery red. He struck strangers much as if he were a volcanic creature thrown up by the same convulsion which exploded into sight the isle. All bepatched and coiled asleep in his lonely lava den among the mountains, he looked, they say, as a heaped drift of withered leaves.

torn from autumn trees, and so left in some hidden nook by the whirling halt for an instant of a fierce night-wind, which then ruthlessly sweeps on, somewhere else to repeat the capricious act. It is also reported to have been the strangest sight, this same Oberlus, of a sultry, cloudy morning, hidden under his shocking old black tarpaulin hat, hoeing potatoes among the lava. So warped and crooked was his strange nature, that the very handle of his hoe seemed gradually to have shrunk and twisted in his grasp, being a wretched bent stick, elbowed more like a savage's war-sickle than a civilized hoe-handle. It was his mysterious custom upon a first encounter with a stranger ever to present his back; possibly, because that was his better side, since it revealed the least. If the encounter chanced in his garden, as it sometimes did—the new-landed strangers going from the sea-side straight through the gorge, to hunt up the queer green-grocer reported doing business here—Oberlus for a time hoed on, unmindful of all greeting, jovial or bland; as the curious stranger would turn to face him, the recluse, hoe in hand, as diligently would avert himself; bowed over, and sullenly revolving round his Murphy hill. Thus far for hoeing. When planting, his whole aspect and all his gestures were so malevolently and uselessly sinister and secret, that he seemed rather in act of dropping poison into wells than potatoes into soil. But among his lesser and more harmless marvels was an idea he ever had, that his visitors came equally as well led by longings to behold the mighty hermit Oberlus in his royal state of solitude, as simply to obtain potatoes, or find whatever company might be upon a barren isle. It seems incredible that such a being should possess such vanity; a misanthrope be conceited; but he really had his notion; and upon the strength of it, often gave himself amusing airs to captains. But after all, this is somewhat of a piece with the well-known eccentricity of some convicts, proud of that very hatefulness which makes them notorious. At other times, another unaccountable whim would seize him, and he would long dodge advancing strangers round the clinkered corners of his hut; sometimes like a stealthy bear, he would sink through the withered thickets up the mountains, and refuse to see the human face.

Except his occasional visitors from the sea, for a long period, the only companions of Oberlus were the crawling tortoises; and he seemed more than degraded to their level, having no desires for a time

beyond theirs, unless it were for the stupor brought on by drunkenness. But sufficiently debased as he appeared, there yet lurked in him, only awaiting occasion for discovery, a still further proneness. Indeed the sole superiority of Oberlus over the tortoises was his possession of a larger capacity of degradation; and along with that, something like an intelligent will to it. Moreover, what is about to be revealed, perhaps will show, that selfish ambition, or the love of rule for its own sake, far from being the peculiar infirmity of noble minds, is shared by beings which have no mind at all. No creatures are so selfishly tyrannical as some brutes; as any one who has observed the tenants of the pasture must occasionally have observed.

"This island's mine by Sycorax my mother;" said Oberlus to himself, glaring round upon his haggard solitude. By some means, barter or theft—for in those days ships at intervals still kept touching at his Landing—he obtained an old musket, with a few charges of powder and ball. Possessed of arms, he was stimulated to enterprise, as a tiger that first feels the coming of its claws. The long habit of sole dominion over every object round him, his almost unbroken solitude, his never encountering humanity except on terms of misanthropic independence, or mercantile craftiness, and even such encounters being comparatively but rare; all this must have gradually nourished in him a vast idea of his own importance, together with a pure animal sort of scorn for all the rest of the universe.

The unfortunate Creole, who enjoyed his brief term of royalty at Charles's Isle was perhaps in some degree influenced by not unworthy motives; such as prompt other adventurous spirits to lead colonists into distant regions and assume political pre-eminence over them. His summary execution of many of his Peruvians is quite pardonable, considering the desperate characters he had to deal with; while his offering canine battle to the banded rebels seems under the circumstances altogether just. But for this King Oberlus and what shortly follows, no shade of palliation can be given. He acted out of mere delight in tyranny and cruelty, by virtue of a quality in him inherited from Sycorax his mother. Armed now with that shocking blunderbuss, strong in the thought of being master of that horrid isle, he panted for a chance to prove his potency upon the first specimen of humanity which should fall unbefriended into his hands.

Nor was he long without it. One day he spied a boat upon the beach, with one

man, a negro, standing by it. Some distance off was a ship, and Oberlus immediately knew how matters stood. The vessel had put in for wood, and the boat's crew had gone into the thickets for it. From a convenient spot he kept watch of the boat, till presently a straggling company appeared loaded with billets. Throwing these on the beach, they again went into the thickets, while the negro proceeded to load the boat.

Oberlus now makes all haste and accosts the negro, who aghast at seeing any living being inhabiting such a solitude, and especially so horrid a one, immediately falls into a panic, not at all lessened by the ursine suavity of Oberlus, who begs the favor of assisting him in his labors. The negro stands with several billets on his shoulder, in act of shouldering others; and Oberlus, with a short cord concealed in his bosom, kindly proceeds to lift those other billets to their place. In so doing he persists in keeping behind the negro, who rightly suspicious of this, in vain dodges about to gain the front of Oberlus; but Oberlus dodges also; till at last, weary of this bootless attempt at treachery, or fearful of being surprised by the remainder of the party, Oberlus runs off a little space to a bush, and fetching his blunderbuss, savagely demands the negro to desist work and follow him. He refuses. Whereupon, presenting his piece, Oberlus snaps at him. Luckily the blunderbuss misses fire; but by this time, frightened out of his wits, the negro, upon a second intrepid summons drops his billets, surrenders at discretion, and follows on. By a narrow defile familiar to him, Oberlus speedily removes out of sight of the water.

On their way up the mountains, he exultingly informs the negro, that henceforth he is to work for him, and be his slave, and that his treatment would entirely depend on his future conduct. But Oberlus, deceived by the first impulsive cowardice of the black, in an evil moment slackens his vigilance. Passing through a narrow way, and perceiving his leader quite off his guard, the negro, a powerful fellow, suddenly grasps him in his arms, throws him down, wrests his musketoon from him, ties his hands with the monster's own cord, shoulders him, and returns with him down to the boat. When the rest of the party arrive, Oberlus is carried on board the ship. This proved an Englishman, and a smuggler; a sort of craft not apt to be over-charitable. Oberlus is severely whipped, then handcuffed, taken ashore, and compelled to make known his

habitation and produce his property. His potatoes, pumpkins, and tortoises, with a pile of dollars he had hoarded from his mercantile operations were secured on the spot. But while the too vindictive smugglers were busy destroying his hut and garden, Oberlus makes his escape into the mountains, and conceals himself there in impenetrable recesses, only known to himself, till the ship sails, when he ventures back, and by means of an old file which he sticks into a tree, contrives to free himself from his handcuffs.

Brooding among the ruins of his hut, and the desolate clinkers and extinct volcanoes of this outcast isle, the insulted misanthrope now meditates a signal revenge upon humanity, but conceals his purposes. Vessels still touch the Landing at times; and by and by Oberlus is enabled to supply them with some vegetables.

Warned by his former failure in kidnapping strangers, he now pursues a quite different plan. When seamen come ashore, he makes up to them like a free-and-easy comrade, invites them to his hut, and with whatever affability his red-haired grimness may assume, entreats them to drink his liquor and be merry. But his guests need little pressing; and so, soon as rendered insensible, are tied hand and foot, and pitched among the clinkers, are there concealed till the ship departs, when finding themselves entirely dependent upon Oberlus, alarmed at his changed demeanor, his savage threats, and above all, that shocking blunderbuss, they willingly enlist under him, becoming his humble slaves, and Oberlus the most incredible of tyrants. So much so, that two or three perish beneath his initiating process. He sets the remainder—four of them—to breaking the caked soil; transporting upon their backs loads of loamy earth, scooped up in moist clefts among the mountains; keeps them on the roughest fare; presents his piece at the slightest hint of insurrection; and in all respects converts them into reptiles at his feet; plebeian garter-snakes to this Lord Anacanda.

At last, Oberlus contrives to stock his arsenal with four rusty cutlasses, and an added supply of powder and ball intended for his blunderbuss. Remitting in good part the labor of his slaves, he now approves himself a man, or rather devil, of great abilities in the way of cajoling or coercing others into acquiescence with his own ulterior designs, however at first abhorrent to them. But indeed, prepared for almost any eventual evil by their

previous lawless life, as a sort of ranging Cow-Boys of the sea, which had dissolved within them the whole moral man, so that they were ready to concrete in the first offered mould of baseness now; rotted down from manhood by their hopeless misery on the isle; wonted to cringe in all things to their lord, himself the worst of slaves; these wretches were now become wholly corrupted to his hands. He used them as creatures of an inferior race; in short, he gaffles his four animals, and makes murderers of them; out of cowards fitly manufacturing bravos.

Now, sword or dagger, human arms are but artificial claws and fangs, tied on like false spurs to the fighting cock. So, we repeat, Oberlus, czar of the isle, gaffles his four subjects; that is, with intent of glory, puts four rusty cutlasses into their hands. Like any other autocrat, he had a noble army now.

It might be thought a servile war would hereupon ensue. Arms in the hands of trodden slaves? how indiscreet of Emperors, Oberlus! Nay, they had but cutlasses—sad old scythes enough—he a blunderbuss, which by its blind scatterings of all sorts of boulders, clinkers and other scoria would annihilate all four mutineers, like four pigeons at one shot. Besides, at first he did not sleep in his accustomed hut; every lurid sunset, for a time, he might have been seen wending his way among the riven mountains, there to secret himself till dawn in some sulphurous pitfall, undiscoverable to his gang; but finding this at last too troublesome, he now each evening tied his slaves hand and foot, hid the cutlasses, and thrusting them into his barracks, shut to the door, and lying down before it, beneath a rude shed lately added, slept out the night, blunderbuss in hand.

It is supposed that not content with daily parading over a cindery solitude at the head of his fine army, Oberlus now meditated the most active mischief; his probable object being to surprise some passing ship touching at his dominions, massacre the crew, and run away with her to parts unknown. While these plans were simmering in his head, two ships touch in company at the isle, on the opposite side to his; when his designs undergo a sudden change.

The ships are in want of vegetables, which Oberlus promises in great abundance, provided they send their boats round to his landing, so that the crews may bring the vegetables from his garden; informing the two captains, at the same time, that his rascals—slaves and soldiers

—had become so abominably lazy and good-for-nothing of late, that he could not make them work by ordinary inducements, and did not have the heart to be severe with them.

The arrangement was agreed to, and the boats were sent and hauled upon the beach. The crews went to the lava hut; but to their surprise nobody was there. After waiting till their patience was exhausted, they returned to the shore, when lo, some stranger—not the Good Samaritan either—seems to have very recently passed that way. Three of the boats were broken in a thousand pieces, and the fourth was missing. By hard toil over the mountains and through the clinkers, some of the strangers succeeded in returning to that side of the isle where the ships lay, when fresh boats are sent to the relief of the rest of the hapless party.

However amazed at the treachery of Oberlus, the two captains afraid of new and still more mysterious atrocities,—and indeed, half imputing such strange events to the enchantments associated with these isles,—perceive no security but in instant flight; leaving Oberlus and his army in quiet possession of the stolen boat.

On the eve of sailing they put a letter in a keg, giving the Pacific Ocean intelligence of the affair, and moored the keg in the bay. Some time subsequent, the keg was opened by another captain chancing to anchor there, but not until after he had dispatched a boat round to Oberlus's Landing. As may be readily surmised, he felt no little inquietude till the boat's return; when another letter was handed him, giving Oberlus's version of the affair. This precious document had been found pinned half-mildewed to the clinker wall of the sulphurous and deserted hut. It ran as follows; showing that Oberlus was at least an accomplished writer, and no mere boor; and what is more, was capable of the most trifling eloquence.

"Sir: I am the most unfortunate ill-treated gentleman that lives. I am a patriot, exiled from country by the cruel hand of tyranny.

"Banished to these Enchanted Isles, I have again and again besought captains of ships to sell me a boat, but always have been refused, though I offered the handsomest prices in Mexican dollars. At length an opportunity presented of possessing myself of one, and I did not let it slip.

"I have been long endeavoring by hard labor and much solitary suffering to accumulate something to make myself comfortable in a virtuous though unhappy

old age; but at various times have been robbed and beaten by men professing to be Christians.

"To-day I sail from the Enchanted group in the good boat *Charity* bound to the Feejee Isles.

"FATHERLESS OBERLUS.

"P. S.—Behind the clinkers, nigh the oven, you will find the old fowl. Do not kill it; be patient; I leave it setting; if it shall have any chicks, I hereby bequeathe them to you, whoever you may be. But don't count your chicks before they are hatched."

The fowl proved a starveling rooster, reduced to a sitting posture by sheer debility.

Oberlus declares that he was bound to the Feejee Isles; but this was only to throw pursuers on a false scent. For after a long time he arrived, alone in his open boat, at Guayaquil. As his miscreants were never again beheld on Hood's Isle, it is supposed, either that they perished for want of water on the passage to Guayaquil, or, what is quite as probable, were thrown overboard by Oberlus, when he found the water growing scarce.

From Guayaquil Oberlus proceeded to Payta; and there, with that nameless witchery peculiar to some of the ugliest animals, wound himself into the affections of a tawny damsel; prevailing upon her to accompany him back to his Enchanted Isle; which doubtless he painted as a Paradise of flowers, not a Tartarus of clinkers.

But unfortunately for the colonization of Hood's Isle with a choice variety of animated nature, the extraordinary and devilish aspect of Oberlus made him to be regarded in Payta as a highly suspicious character. So that being found concealed one night, with matches in his pocket, under the hull of a small vessel just ready to be launched, he was seized and thrown into jail.

The jails in most South American towns are generally of the least wholesome sort. Built of huge cakes of sun-burnt brick, and containing but one room, without windows or yard, and but one door heavily grated with wooden bars, they present both within and without the grimmest aspect. As public edifices they conspicuously stand upon the hot and dusty Plaza, offering to view, through the gratings, their villainous and hopeless inmates, burrowing in all sorts of tragic squalor. And here, for a long time Oberlus was seen; the central figure of a mongrel and assassin band; a creature

whom it is religion to detest, since it is philanthropy to hate a misanthrope.

Note.—They who may be disposed to question the possibility of the character above depicted, are referred to the 2d vol. of Porter's *Voyage into the Pacific*, where they will recognize many sentences, for expedition's sake derived verbatim from thence, and incorporated here; the main difference—save a few passing reflections—between the two accounts being, that the present writer has added to Porter's facts accessory ones picked up in the Pacific from reliable sources; and where facts conflict, has naturally preferred his own authorities to Porter's. As, for instance, his authorities place Oberlus on Hood's Isle: Porter's, on Charles's Isle. The letter found in the hut is also somewhat different, for while at the *Encantadas* he was informed that not only did it evince a certain clerkliness, but was full of the strangest satiric effrontery which does not adequately appear in Porter's version. I accordingly altered it to suit the general character of its author.

SKETCH ELEVENTH.

EUNAWAYS, CASTAWAYS, SOLITARIES, GRATE-STONES, ETC.

"And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged knotty knees,
On which had many wretches hanged been."

SOME relics of the hut of Oberlus partially remain to this day at the head of the clinkered valley. Nor does the stranger wandering among other of the Enchanted Isles fail to stumble upon still other solitary abodes, long abandoned to the tortoise and the lizard. Probably few parts of earth have in modern times sheltered so many solitaires. The reason is, that these isles are situated in a distant sea, and the vessels which occasionally visit them are mostly all whalers, or ships bound on dreary and protracted voyages, exempting them in a good degree from both the oversight and the memory of human law. Such is the character of some commanders and some seamen, that under these untoward circumstances, it is quite impossible but that scenes of unpleasantness and discord should occur between them. A sullen hatred of the tyrannic ship will seize the sailor, and he gladly exchanges it for isles, which though blighted as by a continual sirocco and burning breeze, still offer him in their labyrinthine interior, a retreat beyond the possibility of capture. To flee the ship in any Peruvian or Chilian port, even the smallest and most rustic, is not untended with great risk of apprehension, not to speak of jaguars. A reward of five pesos sends fifty dastardly Spaniards into

the woods, who with long knives scour them day and night in eager hopes of securing their prey. Neither is it, in general, much easier to escape pursuit at the isles of Polynesia. Those of them which have felt a civilizing influence present the same difficulty to the runaway with the Peruvian ports. The advanced natives being quite as mercenary and keen of knife and scent, as the retrograde Spaniards; while, owing to the bad odor in which all Europeans lie in the minds of aboriginal savages who have chanced to hear aught of them, to desert the ship among primitive Polynesians, is, in most cases, a hope not unforlorn. Hence the Enchanted Isles become the voluntary tarrying places of all sorts of refugees; some of whom too sadly experience the fact that flight from tyranny does not of itself insure a safe asylum, far less a happy home.

Moreover, it has not seldom happened that hermits have been made upon the isles by the accidents incident to tortoise-hunting. The interior of most of them is tangled and difficult of passage beyond description; the air is sultry and stifling; an intolerable thirst is provoked, for which no running stream offers its kind relief. In a few hours, under an equatorial sun, reduced by these causes to entire exhaustion, woe betide the straggler at the Enchanted Isles! Their extent is such as to forbid an adequate search unless weeks are devoted to it. The impatient ship waits a day or two; when the missing man remaining undiscovered, up goes a stake on the beach, with a letter of regret, and a keg of crackers and another of water tied to it, and away sails the craft.

Nor have there been wanting instances where the inhumanity of some captains has led them to wreak a secure revenge upon seamen who have given their caprice or pride some singular offence. Thrust ashore upon the scorching marl, such mariners are abandoned to perish outright, unless by solitary labors they succeed in discovering some precious dribblets of moisture oozing from a rock or stagnant in a mountain pool.

I was well acquainted with a man, who, lost upon the Isle of Narborough, was brought to such extremes by thirst, that at last he only saved his life by taking that of another being. A large hair-seal came upon the beach. He rushed upon it, stabbed it in the neck, and then throwing himself upon the panting body quaffed at the living wound; the palpitations of the creature's dying heart injecting life into the drinker.

Another seaman thrust ashore in a boat upon an isle at which no ship ever touched, owing to its peculiar sterility and the shoals about it, and from which all other parts of the group were hidden; this man feeling that it was sure death to remain there, and that nothing worse than death menaced him in quitting it, killed two seals, and inflating their skins, made a float, upon which he transported himself to Charles's Island, and joined the republic there.

But men not endowed with courage equal to such desperate attempts, find their only resource in forthwith seeking for some watery place, however precarious or scanty; building a hut; catching tortoises and birds; and in all respects preparing for hermit life, till tide or time, or a passing ship arrives to float them off.

At the foot of precipices on many of the isles, small rude basins in the rocks are found, partly filled with rotted rubbish or vegetable decay, or overgrown with thickets, and sometimes a little moist; which, upon examination, reveal plain tokens of artificial instruments employed in hollowing them out, by some poor castaway or still more miserable runaway. These basins are made in places where it was supposed some scanty drops of dew might exude into them from the upper crevices.

The relics of hermitages and stone basins, are not the only signs of vanishing humanity to be found upon the isles. And curious to say, that spot which of all others in settled communities is most animated, at the Enchanted Isles presents the most dreary of aspects. And though it may seem very strange to talk of post-offices in this barren region, yet post-offices are occasionally to be found there. They consist of a stake and bottle. The letters being not only sealed, but corked. They are generally deposited by captains of Nantucketers for the benefit of passing fishermen; and contain statements as to what luck they had in whaling or tortoise-hunting. Frequently, however, long months and months, whole years glide by and no applicant appears. The stake rots and falls, presenting no very exhilarating object.

If now it be added that grave-stones, or rather grave-boards, are also discovered upon some of the isles, the picture will be complete.

Upon the beach of James's Isle for many years, was to be seen a rude finger-post pointing inland. And perhaps taking it for some signal of possible hospitality in this otherwise desolate spot—some good

hermit living there with his maple dish—the stranger would follow on in the path thus indicated, till at last he would come out in a noiseless nook, and find his only welcome, a dead man; his sole greeting the inscription over a grave. Here, in 1813, fell in a daybreak duel, a Lieutenant of the U.S. frigate *Essex*, aged twenty-one: attaining his majority in death.

It is but fit that like those old monastic institutions of Europe, whose inmates go not out of their own walls to be inurned, but are entombed there where they die; the *Encantadas* too should bury their own dead, even as the great general monastery of earth does hers.

It is known that burial in the ocean is a pure necessity of sea-faring life, and that it is only done when land is far astern, and not clearly visible from the bow.

Hence to vessels cruising in the vicinity of the Enchanted Isles, they afford a convenient Potter's Field. The interment over, some good-natured fore-castle poet and artist seizes his paint-brush, and inscribes a doggerel epitaph. When after a long lapse of time, other good-natured seamen chance to come upon the spot, they usually make a table of the mound, and quaff a friendly can to the poor soul's repose.

As a specimen of these epitaphs, take the following, found in a bleak gorge of Chatham Isle:—

"Oh Brother Jack, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
Just so game and just so gay,
But now, alack, they've stopped my pay.
No more I peep out of my blinkers,
Here I be—tacked in with clinkers!"

AN HOUR WITH LAMENNAIS.

ONE day, in Paris, a friend proposed that we should make a call upon the famous Abbé de Lamennais, whose recent death restores the incident to my memory. As I had been a reader of his books, and to some extent an admirer of them, and knew the extraordinary vicissitudes through which the distinguished author, the earnest soldier of liberty, had passed, I readily consented to the proposal.

While we were walking across the Tuileries garden and up Rue de Rivoli, towards the *Palais Royale*, where Lamennais lodged, I had time to gather out of the conversation of my friend and my own readings, a few particulars of his life. And what a strange, struggling, sorrowful, earnest life it was! At first the infidel, dazzled by the flashing witticism of Voltaire,—next the priest, almost bigoted in the defence of his order—then the Christian reformer thundering his anathemas against the abuses of his mother church,—next the republican and socialist, striving to guide the wild spirits of a revolution,—and, finally, the retired sage, saddened but not subdued by disappointment, and still uttering out of the shadows of the night that was fast approaching, such words of wisdom as had come to him in his long and weary seventy years of battle! There was surely enough in such a man to excite my curiosity to see him!

Lamennais was born at St. Malo, about the year 1782, of parents who were not wealthy, but who had accumulated sufficient property in trade, to put it in their power to give him a good education. His taste for reading was so precocious that his father, abandoning his original intention of making a merchant of him, designed him for the church. But, unfortunately for this project, the reading which was then in the ascendant, was that which originated with Voltaire and the other brilliant skeptics of the eighteenth century. Clear, witty, audacious, seductive, and with just enough of science in it to give consistency to its frothy but piquant sentiment, it was the very thing to captivate the admiration of the ardent but shallow young student of Bretagne. He was, therefore, quite carried away at first by its plausibilities, but being of a profoundly religious nature, at the same time, he soon began to feel the wants of the new literature. With all its smooth logic, and glowing sentiment, it did not, somehow or other, touch his heart. A deep void was there, which it did not fill up,—a yearning for something purer, nobler, higher, which it could not satisfy.

The truth was, that the word INFINITE was ringing through the chambers of Lamennais's heart,—as it does so often ring through the hearts of all men who

honestly think,—and he felt that he was not a mere creature of time and sense; that life was an awful and eternal reality; that above and beyond the interests and policies of to-day, there was a world of spiritual truths, more active and lasting than nature; and that, therefore, no philosophy which looked no higher than nature, and a merely natural God, could solve the problems which he had raised about existence. He discarded the bantering, mocking, specious philosophy of the new school,—but, alas! had nowhere to fly. He was tormented with perplexities and doubts. He studied, he inquired, he thought, he consulted, he tried to hope, but a disastrous darkness seemed to settle more and more over the intellectual world, and he was about to relinquish thought in despair.

In this condition of mind, he was accosted by the idea of the Christian Church, which, in the deeply-moved and almost feverish state of his sensibilities, was received by him as a glory from the skies. It was an ideal of life so beautiful, so grand, so full of peace and good will, that it kindled in his mind all the ardor of devotion. A vast brotherhood, devoted irreclaimably to the love of God, and the love of man, sanctioned by the holiest remembrances and names of Christian antiquity, possessing through its councils a perpetual inspiration, mighty in its organization, and spreading itself over the whole world, in order to fuse the separated members of humanity into a great living unity, holding the same faith, worshipping in the same temple, anticipating the same heaven of harmony and happiness, was a conception so magnificent and touching that he longed to consecrate himself to its service. He plunged, therefore, at once, neck and heels, as the children say, into the Church of Rome.

Accepting a professorship of mathematics in the college of St. Malo, he partook of his first communion there, and began to prepare himself for the priesthood. In the interval, he published his first work, a translation of the old ascetic book of Louis Le Blois, called the *Spiritual Guide*, and the next year (1808) an original work, entitled *Réflexions sur l'état de l'Eglise*; or reflections upon the state of the Church. The latter shows to what height he had carried his ecclesiastical theories, for he condemns the vassalage to which he conceived the Church to have been reduced under the reign of Napoleon, and boldly asserted the doctrine of its rightful supremacy over the State. As the viceroy of God upon earth, the

Church, he maintained, was an authority superior to any political body, which should never be made a mere political machine, and never subject itself to any civil laws, but on the contrary, give laws to the world. The vehemence, however, with which he assailed the despotism of the Emperor in behalf of the despotism of the clergy, caused his book to be suppressed by the government.

In the year 1811 he assumed the tonsure, but retained his place at the seminary, which was under the control of his brother, in conjunction with whom he wrote a book, on *La tradition de l'Eglise sur l'institution des évêques*, or the doctrine of the Church on the institution of bishops; displaying great learning and acuteness, and receiving the most unlimited applause from the ultramontane section of Catholics. It shows to what extent Lamennais had adopted the ancient theories, that he was earnestly in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons, and manifested his zeal so openly in their behalf, that when Napoleon returned, during the Hundred Days, he was compelled to fly to England, to escape the persecutions of the imperialists. There he lived in the greatest indigence and obscurity, for several months, earning a miserable pittance as an usher in a school kept for emigrants by the Abbé Rennes in London. It is related of him, that in the course of this exile he applied to the distinguished Lady Jerningham, a sister of Lord Stafford, for the place of tutor in her family, then vacant. He was small and thin in person; his face pale and emaciated, his look downcast and troubled, his gait awkward and shuffling, and his dress such as the dresses of those who have not a cent to get bread with, are apt to be. In other words, it was out at the elbows and seedy. The dignified lady gazed at him with surprise, not unmingled with contempt, and finally ejaculating that "he looked too much like a fool to become a successful teacher," sent him away. Poor Lamennais,—subsequently a power and glory in Paris, to be dismissed in this fashion by a fashionable lady!

On the second expulsion of Bonaparte he returned to his native land, and the year after (1816) was formally ordained a priest. He signalized the event by the publication of his *Essay on Religious Indifference* (*Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion*), which excited the most lively sensation on all sides, and gave him fame and position at once as a writer. Seven or eight editions were immediately called for, and innumerable reviews and

replies attempted. The impetuous boldness of the style, the precision and force of the reasoning, the rare beauty of the language, but above all, the warmth and enthusiasm, as well as the elevation of the sentiment, startled the sensual dreamers of France, while they won and captivated all who were aspiring to a purer existence. Never had the prevailing immorality been assailed in more vigorous terms, never had skepticism been more acutely probed and anatomized,—and never had the consistency and the glory of Christianity been presented in strains more winning and beautiful. It was a book in which a large, generous, and poetic mind poured out its lamentations over the discords and disorders of society, expressed its thorough disgust at the petty aims and low ambitions of the world, and proclaimed with the jubilant elastic joy of a soul emancipated from trammels and littleness, the exalted solace which it had found in the bosom of God. Awake, it said to France, so long immersed in the grossest incredulity,—while the fires of faith had almost burned out upon the altar,—“awake to hope, to charity, to the life of God in the soul, to a new career for our humanity on earth! Behold the Church, venerable with years, yet fresh as an infant,—the depository of all truth, the source of all life,—which the storms of the Past have not effected, and which in the Future is destined to an imperishable sway,—that Church opens her arms to receive you, and will bear you on to an immortal glory.”

The eloquence and sincerity of this appeal, won for the author the title of the modern Champion of the Church,—the new Bossuet, or as Pope Leo XII. himself expressed it, “the latest of the Fathers.” A cardinal’s hat even was offered to him, but he refused it, because he had his own purposes to prosecute, which could best be prosecuted out of office. He hoped under the government of the Restoration to bring about the enfranchisement of the Church, but it was evident that he knew little of the spirit of a tyrannical government. The chiefs of the monarchy were just as eager to use it as a tool as Napoleon had been, and when he again thundered a protest in his *Considerations on the relations of religion and the civil order (La Religion Considérée dans ses rapports avec l'ordre civil et politique)*, he was just as savagely fined and persecuted. His bold and burning sentences fell like so many flakes of snow upon the rocky breasts of Louis and his ministers. It was not for the like of them,—not at all—to relinquish any portion of

their power to any Church,—though immediately descended from Heaven. As a convenience, they were glad to keep on terms with the Church; as an auxiliary in forcing the submission of the people, it was really quite a divine and useful institution,—but when it undertook to set up for itself, and to dictate to the conscience of kings, it was carrying the matter altogether too far. Religion and morals were excellent things in themselves, but must remain subordinate to the transcendent virtues of state craft and policy.

Lamennais, it will be seen, did not take much by his motion with his friends the Bourbons. Indeed, nobody except their few male and female favorites ever did,—and so, when they were driven out a second time, in 1830, and he was once more allowed to speak, he turned to the Church itself with an appeal that it should forthwith declare its independence. In order to carry on the persuasion with more effect, he established a journal, called *L'Avenir*, or the Future, which he edited with characteristic zeal and energy, having the occasional assistance of Count Montalembert, the Abbé Gerdet, and the Abbé Lacordaire, since become so famous in Paris for his oratory. Their leading object was to arouse the Catholic Church to a feeling of the moral functions of which it was capable, and to impel it forward to a career of active beneficence and love; or, to use their own words, they hoped “to batter to the earth the empire of Force, and to supply its place by a reign of justice and charity, which should realize among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, that unity, in which each man, being a part of the life of all men, participates in the common good, under circumstances more favorable to the development of this common good,”—in short, to give free course to the Gospel of Christ, which is the great bond and cement of a glorious human fraternity. They spoke boldly to all classes, and especially to the Papacy and its friends, neither concealing, slurring, nor mitigating the truth. “Your power,” they exclaimed, “is fast passing away, and with it the holy faith! Would you save both? Unite them to the destinies of humanity. Nothing in this world, remember, is stationary. If your religion does not advance with mankind, if it does not keep time with the pulsations of the human heart, it must fall back and decay. You have reigned over kings, and now stretch forth your hands to the people; they will sustain you with their strong arms, and what is better, with their love!

Abandon your worldly wrecks, the remains of your ancient grandeur,—the sombre memories of the past,—the hope of reviving splendors that are utterly ruined,—spurn them all with your feet as unworthy of you,—and advance to your true dignity and power!"

Seconding his words by his deeds, Lamennais founded a society for the "Defence of Religious Liberty," which speedily numbered a multitude of adherents in all parts of France. Its principal objects were, to redress the grievances of ecclesiastics improperly restrained of their freedom; to establish primary, secondary, and superior schools among the people, independent of the state; to maintain the right of all men to assemble peacefully together, for educational, social, or religious purposes, and to promote a friendly intercourse among all the people, and particularly among the people of the different nations. The better to carry forward this last part of his scheme, he instituted a subscription for the starving Irish, which soon reached a large amount,—he preached in aid of the Polish refugees,—and he proclaimed the necessity of intervening in behalf of the Italian states who were the victims to Austrian despotism. Thus it will be seen that he was getting over unconsciously upon the most democratic grounds; yet he still clung to his Church, and was fond enough to believe that the Church, instituted as it had been for the good of all men, would yet come round to his side. Ah! he misconceived the Church, and we can fancy how some of the more knowing priests, as they watched the impotent efforts of his young enthusiasm, from their cosy retreats, laughed with an inextinguishable guffaw! Many miracles have been wrought in this world, but such a miracle as Lamennais hoped for,—the conversion of an old, wealthy, and comfortable ecclesiastical organization into a disciple of progress and humanity,—was out of the case. The attempt proves him to have been very sincere, but very green. Nor is he at all relieved of the imputation of verdancy, by the fact that he made a visit to Rome, to see Pope Gregory in person, and to explain to him the views he professed. For, unfortunately, the governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia had visited Rome before him, and had quietly told Gregory to clap an extinguisher upon his head. Any man who could proclaim the doctrine "that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," must be an innovating revolutionary rascal, and, priest or no priest, was wholly unfit for respectable society. Gregory,

therefore, would not see Lamennais,—would not read his memorial,—would not give him the slightest countenance,—in short, sent him away with a big flea in his ear. Poor fellow! we should rather say, with a stone at his heart. His dream was broken, the glory that had gathered about the brow of mother Church was faded,—the hopes of a regenerate future scattered like spray by the wind. Dejected and baffled, he was overtaken on his way back to Paris at Munich, by the Encyclical Letter of 1832, which gave him pretty clearly to understand what the red-caps of Rome thought of his notions,—which spoke of them as mere "rayings,"—which denounced liberty of conscience as "an absurd maxim,"—the liberty of the press, as "a fatal liberty, not to be thought of without horror," and which also declared every resistance to a legitimate prince to be "a crime." What a thunderbolt for the priestly reformer!

But the Church was not done with him yet! It was not enough for it to have denounced his offence, to have overturned all his plans, and to have exposed his failure to the mocking world. It must make Lamennais himself acknowledge that he had been an idiot and a goose, adding to the terrible mortification of defeat, the debasing humiliation of a penitential confession. How otherwise could it crush his soul? He suppressed his paper, he broke up his agency, he conformed externally to all requirements—was not that sufficient to appease the good Lady? No! He must also subscribe to every sentiment and letter of the encyclical condemnation! In vain he expostulated, in vain he entreated, in vain he begged for time, there was no wavering or relenting in the Infallible. At last, amid many qualms of conscience and overwhelming tortures of mind, Lamennais,—“to give his troubled spirit peace,” as he said,—signed his adherence to the Church. He was not yet able to sever the ties which bound him to the foster-mother of his spirit.

Peace! great God, what peace can there be in a compromise of truth, independence and sincere conviction! Instead of extinguishing the inward fires of the soul, by the concession, he had only kindled them anew; they raged and blazed with tenfold fury; they consumed his heart. Retiring to the solitudes of Brittany, to Chenaye, where twenty years before, full of zeal for the Church, he had written his first work on the Institution of Bishops, he communed with his thoughts, and meditated the course he ought to pursue.

half round, I remarked that they were exceedingly expressive,—full of benevolence and intellect, but very sad. It is possible that disease might have given this dejected and melancholy appearance to his noble face, but my impression was, that it was his habitual look. Men of genius who think much, and whose lives are a struggle for the good of men, nearly always acquire this plaintive and serious expression. The woes of mankind write themselves in their countenances.

Lamennais's voice was low and failing, but sympathetic to an unusual degree. His feelings seemed to tremble along the words, as they fell from his lips, like the waves of heat through the air. Old as he seemed to be from his gray hair, wrinkled face, and feeble body, his manner was as fresh and enthusiastic as that of a boy. He had lost none of his interest in the current events of the day, and spoke of contemporary individuals as well as things, with all the earnestness of one who had yet many years to live in the midst of the controversy. Any one who remembers the late Dr. Channing, as he looked and talked towards the close of his life, will have a pretty faithful image of Lamennais before him, with the exception that Lamennais was a far more impulsive and lively person than Dr. Channing.

He began his talk with us by expressing his general admiration of the United States, qualifying the sentiment, however, with the remark, that the American people were still in a youthful or infantile condition, and that they ought not to mistake the characteristics of a transitional period, for those of their maturity. Their sensitiveness to the criticism of foreigners was their weakest point, and was, as they would see, by reflecting on it, a contemptible want of self-respect. What could all the criticism of all the world do against a nation so grand in itself, and with such glorious promises. Ought the lion to care for the buzz of a gadfly, or the eagle heed the chidings of a wren? Besides, that criticism was most of it good, was intended for the good of the Americans, had already done them some good, and they ought, like true men, to be glad to be told of their faults. My friend rather coincided with this view, though I thought myself that the opinion of our sensitiveness was rather exaggerated in Europe, but said nothing, as I wished to get at other topics.

"What of the Revolution?" I asked, "and how is it affected by the *Coup d'Etat* of Louis Napoleon?" It was then some two months after the blow of De-

cember. "The Revolution," he replied, "can never be suppressed. The late reactions have been feeding it with fuel. How soon it may break out, no one knows—such things are not to be calculated—but when it does come, it will make sure work. It will not stop half-way, as in 1848; it will be sweeping and final. I have lived through three revolutions in France,—was a boy during the first, but remember it well; was a close observer in 1830, and an active worker in '48,—and my impression is, that the programme of the old revolution was the only wise one. The aristocracy must be put out of the way. Nothing is to be expected of them; they are thieves and murderers, and like other criminals, should be executed. I once thought otherwise; I thought that the ruling classes could be won over to justice and a gradual improvement of society, but I am now persuaded that they cannot. They are radically, entirely, at heart opposed to the people, will never yield, and must be set aside. Democracy and aristocracy cannot subsist together; one must conquer, and the other must die. When the revolution comes, then, there will be no temporizing, no compromises. The republic will be supreme or nothing."

"But do you not think," said one of us, "that this frank expression of extreme opinions,—this open proclamation of death to the aristocrats, is what frightens many timid men away from republicanism, which they confound with rabid socialism, and so go over to the other side?"

"It may," answered the Abbé, "but republicanism is socialism; it is the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves,—and whatever differences there may be in the modes of practically getting at the result, the principle is the same. No doubt there is a great deal of nonsense uttered in socialist books,—there is in all books,—but they who oppose the republic because they dread socialism are no friends to the republic. It is a mere excuse for their cowardice."

"But," I interrupted, "there is this distinction between republicans and socialists—the former would leave the people to accomplish their well-being, by voluntary efforts and combinations; the latter hope to do the same thing, through the government. The former, therefore, train the whole of society to self-dependence and control; while the latter still leave them children. Socialism, in this aspect, is only an inverted absolutism,—is power directed towards the good of the masses,

instead of the good of the monarch,—while republicanism is the denial of all power, save that which springs spontaneously out of the self-development of the people.”

Lamennais partly admitted the justice of this view, but defended himself on the ground, that in Europe society had been so long in the leading-strings of government, that it was an easier step to socialistic than to mere republican democracy, —a fallacy which runs through the theories of nearly all the Continental reformers, and which will vitiate every attempt that they shall make at a social reconstruction. Kossuth, however, is better informed, and fully perceives the necessity of local self-government to every construction of a state.

Lamennais, then, spoke of men,—was vehement, of course, against the bloody usurpation of Louis Napoleon, but had still a secret hope that he would by and by throw himself on the side of the people. He would at any rate gradually kill off all the leaders of legitimacy, and leave himself only to be disposed of, by the democrats. An enemy more to be dreaded than Napoleon was Cavaignac,—a hard, cruel, impassive soldier, who had ordered men, women, and children to be butchered in Algiers, and who defeated the revolution by turning the army against the movement in June. He was a traitor to the republic, and would betray to the end every noble and generous cause with which he was intrusted. As for Proudhon, he was an impracticable, a good fellow, sagacious, able, and not to be conquered, but an eccentricity,—incapable of acting and thinking with others,—and full of individual conceits. Emile de Girardin was somewhat slippery in his principles, but a man of prodigious acuteness and power. Victor Hugo was sound to the core, and Ledru Rollin was a reliable man; but Lamartine, you see what he is! Lamennais's sketches of character were graphic and amusing, and given at great length, but I only recall now the net result of what he said. He seemed to be personally embittered against Cavaignac, and scarcely did him justice.

“Is it possible to see George Sand?” I asked, when he replied, “She does not now live in Paris; but she has just been here, preparatory to going to Louis Napoleon to intercede for an old friend. You must have met her upon the stairs!” Ah! how mortified I was to find that I

had been so near to that most extraordinary woman of the age, without knowing it, and had missed the opportunity of a personal interview. Lamennais spoke of her with discrimination, but with great kindness.

We continued the conversation for some time, and when we rose to retire, the old man pressed our hands warmly, and said, “Adieu, gentlemen; we shall never meet again.” His words were prophetic, for he died on the 28th of February last. It is said, that in his will he disinherited all those relatives who had taken part in suppressing the insurrection of June, and that he ordered that his body should be taken directly from his house to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, without stopping at any church. He steadily refused any religious conferences up to the hour of his death, and was only accompanied to his last resting-place by Béranger, Garnier Pages, Barbet, and a few other of his old friends, surrounded by a guard of policemen and well-armed soldiers. “So perished,” says one of the English letter-writers, “this unreclaimed infidel.” Infidel! Oh! Bobus, where learned you that? He, whose whole life was a martyrdom for the truths of the Gospel, whose inmost heart was saturated with their spirit, will have another judgment in that world whither he has gone! He may not have thought, on all things, as you do, or as your clergyman does; but he was a sincere, true man, penetrated to the last fibre with the principles of Christ's religion, and, thank Heaven, will not be damned on your testimony.

Lamennais's writings, besides those we have already mentioned, were numerous;* that they were effective we know, because they always secured him the hostility of the governments, and sometimes a year in prison; but his fame will chiefly rest on the *Paroles d'un Croquant*, the *Livre du Peuple*, and the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie*. The former have a charm in the style, which will cause them to be read after the controversies to which they relate have subsided. Nor will their sentiments be soon forgotten, for they are allied with the noblest aspirations of the popular heart. Their glowing eloquence, with that deep undertone of sadness, will make them memorable for a long time. They sink into the emotional nature of every reader, like the wild plaintive strains of the windharp, and melt and subdue his

* His principal works are, besides those we have already mentioned, “Critical Discussions on Religion and Philosophy,” “Modern Slavery,” “Amschaspands and Darvands,” “The Past and Future of the People,” “Voluntary Servitude,” “A Voice from the Prison,” and “A New Translation of the Gospels, with Notes and Reflections.”

mind, though they may not carry him away, like more impulsive and trumpet blasts.

The latter book to which we have referred, the "Sketch of a Philosophy," is Lamennais's most ambitious attempt, but not in all respects his happiest. It is a comprehensive view of the universe, abounding in subtle distinctions, and rigor-

ous thoughts, but yet, like all the other universal systems that one reads, constrained, mechanical, and unsatisfactory. It evinces, however, profound learning on the part of the author,—a rare power of generalization, and the tenderest sensibility to whatever is poetical and grand in the aspects of life.

FIRESIDE TRAVELS.

(Concluded from page 386.)

CAMBRIDGE has long had its port, but the greater part of its maritime trade was, thirty years ago, intrusted to a single Argo, the sloop Harvard, which belonged to the college, and made annual voyages to that vague Orient, known as Down East, bringing back the wood that, in those days, gave to winter-life at Harvard a crackle and a cheerfulness, for the loss of which the greater warmth of anthracite hardly compensates. New England life, to be genuine, must have in it some sentiment of the sea,—it was this instinct that printed the device of the pine tree on the old money and the old flag, and these periodic ventures of the sloop Harvard made the old Viking fibre vibrate in the hearts of all the village boys. What a vista of mystery and adventure did her sailing open to us! With what pride did we hail her return! She was our scholiast upon Robinson Crusoe and the Mutiny of the Bounty. Her captain still lords it over our memories, the greatest sailor that ever sailed the seas, and we should not look at Sir John Franklin himself with such admiring interest as that with which we enhaled some larger boy who had made a voyage in her, and had come back without braces to his trowsers (*gallowses* we called them) and squirting ostentatiously the juice of that weed which still gave him little private returns of something very like seasickness. All our shingle vessels were shaped and rigged by her, who was our glass of naval fashion and our mould of aquatic form. We had a secret and wild delight in believing that she carried a gun, and imagined her sending grape and canister among the treacherous savages of Oldtown. Inspired by her were those first essays at navigation on the Winthrop

duck-pond, of the plucky boy who was afterward to serve two famous years before the mast.

The greater part of what is now Cambridgeport was then (in the native dialect) a *huckleberry pastur*. Woods were not wanting on its outskirts, of pine, and oak, and maple, and the rarer tupelo with downward limbs. Its veins did not draw their blood from the quiet old heart of the village, but it had a distinct being of its own, and was rather a great caravan-sary than a suburb. The chief feature of the place was its inns, of which there were five, with vast barns and courtyards, which the railroad was to make as silent and deserted as the palaces of Nimroud. Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusty bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bull-dog trotting silent underneath, or in midsummer panting on the lofty perch beside the driver (how elevated thither baffled conjecture), brought all the wares and products of the country to their mart and sea-port in Boston. Those filled the inn yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of their lusty drivers clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern, swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables, made a Rembrandt of the group of hostlers and horses below. There were, beside the taverns, some huge square stores where groceries were sold, some houses, by whom or why inhabited was to us boys a problem, and, on the edge of the marsh, a currier's shop, where, at high tide, on a floating platform, men were always beating skins in a way to remind one of Don Quixote's fulling-mills. Nor did these make all the port. As there is

always a Coming Man who never comes, so there is a man who always comes (it may be only a quarter of an hour) too early. This man, as far as the port is concerned, was Rufus Davenport. Looking at the marshy flats of Cambridge, and considering their nearness to Boston, he resolved that there should grow up a suburban Venice. Accordingly, the marshes were bought, canals were dug, ample for the commerce of both Indies, and four or five rows of brick houses were built to meet the first wants of the wading settlers who were expected to rush in—WHENCE? This singular question had never occurred to the enthusiastic projector. There are laws which govern human migrations quite beyond the control of the speculator, as many a man with desirable building-lots has discovered to his cost. Why mortal men will pay more for a chess-board square in that swamp than for an acre on the breezy upland close by, who shall say? And again, why, having shown such a passion for *your* swamp, they are so coy of *mine*, who shall say? Not certainly any one who, like Davenport, had got up too early for his generation. If we could only carry that slow, imperturbable old clock of Opportunity, that never strikes a second too soon or too late, in our fobs, and push the hands forward as we can those of our watches! With a foreseeing economy of space which now seems ludicrous, the roofs of this forlorn hope of houses were made flat that the swarming population might have where to dry their clothes. But A. U. C. 30 showed the same view as A. U. C. 1—only that the brick blocks looked as if they had been struck by a *malaria*. The dull weed upholstered the decaying wharves, and the only freight that heaped them was the kelp and eelgrass left by higher floods. Instead of a Venice, behold a Torzelo! The unfortunate projector took to the last refuge of the unhappy—bookmaking, and bored the reluctant public with what he called a Rightain Testament, prefaced by a recommendation from General Jackson, who perhaps, from its title, took it for some treatise on ball-practice.

But even Cambridgeport, my dear Storg, did not want associations poetic and venerable. The stranger who took the "Hourly" at Old Cambridge, if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might, perhaps, have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the port. So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel—but with a neatness that seemed

less the result of care and plan than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily,—that you would have at once classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. Were you ever emperor of that Barataria which under your peaceful sceptre would present, of course, a model of government, this remarkable person should be Duke of Bienséance and Master of Ceremonies. There are some men whom destiny has endowed with the faculty of external neatness, whose clothes are repellant of dust and mud, whose unwithering white neck-cloths persevere to the day's end, unappeasably seeing the sun go down upon their starch, and whose linen makes you fancy them heirs in the maternal line to the instincts of all the washerwomen from Eve downward. There are others whose inward natures possess this fatal cleanness, incapable of moral dirt-spot. You are not long in discovering that the stranger combines in himself both these properties. A *nimbus* of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of feature, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed only a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it. You, who are an adept in such matters, would have detected in the eyes that artist-look which seems to see pictures ever in the air, and which, if it fall on you, makes you feel as if all the world were a gallery, and yourself the rather indifferent Portrait of a Gentleman hung therein. As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity—a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, Mr. Allston.

"Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down at once in your diary every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let

your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner when he stumbled over your toes in getting out. Hitherto Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare. The country-gentleman, journeying up to London, inquires of Mistress Davenant at the Oxford inn the name of his pleasant companion of the night before. "Master Shakespeare, an't please your worship," and the Justice, not without a sense of unbending, says, "Truly, a merry and conceited gentleman!" It is lucky for the peace of great men that the world seldom finds out contemporaneously who its great men are, or, perhaps, that each man esteems himself the fortunate he who shall draw the lot of memory from the helmet of the future. Had the eyes of some Stratford burgess been achromatic telescopes capable of a perspective of two hundred years! But, even then, would not his record have been fuller of *says-Is* than of *says-hes*? Nevertheless it is curious to consider from what infinitely varied points of view we might form our estimate of a great man's character, when we remember that he had his points of contact with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker, as well as with the ingenious A, the sublime B, and the Right Honorable C. If it be true that no man ever clean forgets every thing, and that the act of drowning (as is asserted) forthwith brightens up all those o'er-rusted impressions, would it not be a curious experiment, if, after a remarkable person's death, the public, eager for minutest particulars, should gather together all who had ever been brought into relations with him, and, submerging them to the hair's-breadth hitherward of the drowning-point, subject them to strict cross-examination by the Humane Society, as soon as they became conscious between the resuscitating blankets? All of us probably have brushed against destiny in the street, have shaken hands with it, fallen asleep with it in railway carriages, and knocked heads with it in some one or other of its yet unrecognized incarnations.

Will it seem like presenting a tract to a *colporteur*, my dear Storg, if I say a word or two about an artist to you over there in Italy? Be patient, and leave your button in my grasp yet a little longer. A person whose opinion is worth having once said to me, that however one's opinions might be modified by going to Europe, one always came back with a higher esteem for Allston. Certainly he is thus far the greatest English painter

of historical subjects. And only consider how strong must have been the artistic bias in him to have made him a painter at all under the circumstances. There were no traditions of art, so necessary for guidance and inspiration. Blackburn, Smibert, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart,—it was, after all, but a Brentford sceptre which their heirs could aspire to, and theirs were not names to conjure with, like those through which Fame, as through a silver trumpet, had blown for three centuries. Copley and Stuart were both remarkable men, but the one painted like an inspired silk-mercator, and the other seems to have mixed his colors with the claret of which he and his generation were so fond. And what could a successful artist hope for at that time beyond the mere wages of his work? His pictures would hang in cramped back-parlors, between deadly cross-fires of lights, sure of the garret or the auction-room ere long, in a country where the nomade population carry no household gods with them but their five wits and their ten fingers. As a race, we care nothing about Art, but the Puritan and the Quaker are the only Anglo-Saxons who have had pluck enough to confess it. If it were surprising that Allston should have become a painter at all, how almost miraculous that he should have been a great and original one. We call him original deliberately, because, though his school is essentially Italian, it is of less consequence where a man buys his tools, than what use he makes of them. Enough English artists went to Italy and came back painting history in a very Anglo-Saxon manner, and creating a school as melodramatic as the French, without its perfection in technicalities. But Allston carried thither a nature open on the Southern side, and brought it back so steeped in rich Italian sunshine that the east winds (whether physical or intellectual) of Boston and the dusts of Cambridgeport assailed it in vain. To that bare wooden studio one might go to breathe Venetian air, and, better yet, the very spirit wherein the elder brothers of Art labored, etherialized by metaphysical speculation, and sublimed by religious fervor. The beautiful old man! Here was genius with no volcanic explosions (the mechanic result of vulgar gunpowder often), but lovely as a Lapland night; here was fame not sought after nor worn in any cheap French fashion as a ribbon at the buttonhole, but so gentle, so retiring, that it seemed no more than an assured and emboldened modesty; here was ambition, undebased by rivalry and

incapable of the downward look; and all these massed and harmonized together into a purity and depth of character, into a *tone*, which made the daily life of the man the greatest master-piece of the artist.

But let us go to the Old Town. Thirty years since the Muster and the Cornwallis allowed some vent to those natural instincts which Puritanism scotched, but not killed. The Cornwallis had entered upon the estates of the old Guy Fawkes procession, confiscated by the Revolution. It was a masquerade, in which that grave and suppressed humor, of which the Yankees are fuller than other people, burst through all restraints, and disported itself in all the wildest vagaries of fun. It is a curious commentary on the artificiality of our lives, that men must be disguised and masked before they will venture into the obscurer corners of their individuality, and display the true features of their nature. One remarked it in the Carnival, and one especially noted it here among a race naturally self-restrained; for Silas, and Ezra, and Jonas were not only disguised as Redcoats, Continentals, and Indians, but not unfrequently disguised in drink also. It is a question whether the Lyceum, where the public is obliged to comprehend all vagrom men, supplies the place of the old popular amusements. A hundred and fifty years ago, Cotton Mather bewails the carnal attractions of the tavern and the training field, and tells of an old Indian, who imperfectly understood the English tongue but desperately mastered enough of it (when under sentence of death) to express a desire for instant hemp rather than listen to any more ghostly consolations. Puritanism—I am perfectly aware how great a debt we owe it—tried over again the old experiment of driving out nature with a pitchfork, and had the usual success. It was like a ship inwardly on fire, whose hatches must be kept hermetically battened down, for the admittance of an ounce of heaven's own natural air would explode it utterly. Morals can never be safely embodied in the constable. Polished, cultivated, fascinating Mephistophiles! it is for the ungovernable breakings-away of the soul from unnatural compressions that thou waitest with a patient smile. Then it is that thou offerest thy gaily-armed arm to ungoverned youth for a pleasant stroll through the City of Destruction, and, as a special favor, introducest him to the bewitching Miss Circe, and to that model of the hospitable old English gentleman, Mr. Comus!

But the Muster and the Cornwallis

were not peculiar to Cambridge. Commencement Day was. Saint Pedagogus was a worthy whose feast could be celebrated by men who quarrelled with minced pies, and blasphemed custard through the nose. The holiday preserved all the features of an English fair. Stations were marked out beforehand by the town constables, and distinguished by numbered stakes. These were assigned to the different vendors of small wares, and exhibitors of rarities, whose canvas booths, beginning at the market-place, sometimes half encircled the common with their jovial embrace. Now, all the Jehoiada-boxes in town were forced to give up all their rattling deposits of specie, if not through the legitimate orifice, then to the brute force of the hammer. For hither were come all the wonders of the world, making the Arabian Nights seem possible, and which we beheld for half price, not without mingled emotions—pleasure at the economy, and shame at not paying the more manly fee. Here the mummy unveiled her withered charms, a more marvellous Ninon, still attractive in her three thousandth year. Here were the Siamese Twins—ah, if all such enforced and unnatural unions were made a show off! Here were the flying horses (their supernatural effect injured—like that of some poems—by the visibility of the man who turned the crank), on which, as we tilted at the ring, we felt our shoulders tingle with the *accolade*, and heard the clink of golden spurs at our heels. Are the realities of life ever worth half so much as its cheats? and are there any feasts half so filling at the price as those Barmecide ones spread for us by Imagination? Hither came the Canadian giant, surreptitiously seen, without price, as he alighted, in broad day (giants were always foolish), at the tavern. Hither came the great horse Columbus, with shoes two inches thick, and more wisely introduced by night. In the trough of the town-pump might be seen the mermaid, its poor monkey's head carefully sustained above water for fear of drowning. There were dwarfs, also, who danced and sang, and many a proprietor regretted the trans- audient properties of canvas, which allowed the frugal public to share in the melody without entering the booth. Is it a slander of J. H., who reports that he once saw a deacon, eminent for psalmody, lingering near one of these vocal tents, and, with an assumed air of abstraction, furtively drinking in, with unhabitual ears, a song, not secular merely, but with a dash of libertinism! The New England pro-

verb says, "All deacons are good, but—there's a difference in deacons." On these days Snow became super-terrestrial, and had a stand in the square, and Lewis temperately contended with the stronger fascinations of egg-pop. But space would fail me to make a catalogue of every thing. No doubt, Wisdom also, as usual, had her quiet booth at the corner of some street, without entrance fee, and, even at that rate, got never a customer the whole day long. For the bankrupt afternoon there were peep-shows, at a cent each.

But all these shows and their showers are as clean gone now as those of *Cæsar* and *Timour* and *Napoleon*, for which the world paid dearer. They are utterly gone out, not leaving so much as a snuff behind—as little thought of now as that *John Robins*, who was once so considerable a phenomenon as to be esteemed the last great Antichrist and son of perdition, by the entire sect of *Mugglestonians*. Were Commencement what it used to be, I should be tempted to take a booth myself, and try an experiment recommended by a satirist of some merit, whose works were long ago dead and (I fear) deeded to boot:

"Menenius, thou who fain would'st know how calmly men can pass
Those biting portraits of themselves, disguised as fox or ass,—
Go, borrow coin enough to buy a full-length psycheglass,
Engage a rather darkish room in some well-sought position,
And let the town break out with bills, so much per head admission—
GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY!! THE BIGGEST LIVING FOOL!!!
Arrange your mirror cleverly, before it set a stool,
Admit the public one by one, place each upon the seat,
Draw up the curtain, let him look his fill, and then retreat:
Smith mounts and takes a thorough view, then comes serenely down,
Goes home and tells his wife the thing is curiously like Brown,
Brown goes and stares, and tells his wife the wonder's core and pith
Is that 'tis just the counterpart of that conceited Smith:
Life calls us all to such a show; Menenius, trust in me,
While thou to see thy neighbor smil'st, he does the same for thee!"

My dear Storg, would you come to my show, and, instead of looking in my glass, insist on taking your money's worth in staring at the exhibitor?

Not least among the curiosities which the day brought together, were some of the graduates, posthumous men, as it were, disinterred from country parishes

and district schools, but perennial also, in whom freshly survived all the college jokes, and who had no intelligence later than their senior year. These had gathered to eat the college dinner, and to get the triennial catalogue (their *Libro d'oro*) referred to oftener than any volume but the *Concordance*. Aspiring men they were, certainly, but in a right, unworldly way; this scholastic festival opening a peaceful path to the ambition which might else have devastated mankind with *Prolusions* on the *Pentateuch*, or *Genealogies* of the *Dormouse Family*. For, since in the Academic processions the classes are ranked in the order of their graduation, and he has the best chance at the dinner who has the fewest teeth to eat it with, so, by degrees, there springs up a competition in longevity, the prize contended for being the oldest surviving graduateship. This is an office, it is true, without emolument, but having certain advantages, nevertheless. The incumbent, if he come to Commencement, is a prodigious lion, and commonly gets a paragraph in the newspapers once a year with the (fiftieth) last survivor of *Washington's Life Guard*. If a clergyman, he is expected to ask a blessing and return thanks at the dinner, a function which he performs with *centenarian* longanimity, as if he reckoned the ordinary life of man to be five score years, and that a grace must be long to reach so very far away as heaven. Accordingly, this silent race is watched, on the course of the catalogue, with an interest worthy of *Newmarket*; and, as star after star rises in that galaxy of death,* till one name is left alone, an oasis of life in the *Stellar desert*, it grows solemn. The natural feeling is reversed, and it is the solitary life that becomes sad and monitory, the *Stylites*, there, on the lonely top of his century-pillar, who has heard the passing-bell of youth, love, friendship, hope—of every thing but immitigable eld.

Dr. K. was President of the University then, a man of genius, but of genius that evaded utilization, a great water-power, but without rapids, and flowing with too smooth and gentle a current to be set turning wheels and whirling spindles. His was not that restless genius, of which the man seems to be merely the representative, and which wreaks itself in literature or politics, but of that milder sort, quite as genuine, and perhaps of more contemporaneous value, which is the man, permeating a whole life with placid force, and giving to word, look, and gesture a meaning only justifiable by our belief in a reserved power of latent rein-

forcement. The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim. Talent takes the existing moulds and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack and opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feel in its results which gives us a kindred thrill. *What* it will make we can only conjecture, contented always with knowing the infinite balance of possibility against which it can draw at pleasure. Have you ever seen a man, whose check would be honored for a million, pay his toll of one cent, and has not that bit of copper, no bigger than your own and piled with it by the careless toll-man, given you a tingling vision of what golden bridges *he* could pass, into what Elysian regions of taste, and enjoyment, and culture, barred to the rest of us? Something like it is the impression made by such characters as K.'s on those who come in contact with them.

There was that in the soft and rounded (I had almost said melting) outlines of his face which reminded one of Chaucer. The head had a placid yet dignified droop like his. He was an anachronism, fitter to have been Abbot of Fountains or Bishop Goliath, courtier and priest, humorist and lord spiritual, all in one, than for the mastership of a provincial college which combined with its purely scholastic functions those of accountant and chief of police. For keeping books he was incompetent (unless it were those he borrowed), and the only discipline he exercised was by the unobtrusive pressure of a gentlemanliness which rendered insubordination to *him* impossible. But the world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too) by his little faults which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime and to a single person, *May* in proportion as they are rarer, and as he is nobler, is shyer of letting their existence be known at all. He was one of those misplaced persons whose misfortune it is that their lives overlap two distinct eras, and are already so impregnated with one, that they can never be in healthy sympathy with the other. Born when the New England clergy were still an establishment and an aristocracy, and when office was almost always for life and often hereditary, he lived to be thrown upon a time, when avocations of all colors

might be shuffled together in the life of one man like a pack of cards, so that you could not prophesy that he who was ordained to-day might not accept a colonelcy of filibusters to-morrow. Such temperaments as his attach themselves like barnacles to what seems permanent, but presently the good ship Progress weighs anchor and whirls them away from drowsy tropic inlets to arctic waters of unnatural ice. To such crustaceous natures, created to cling upon the immemorial rock amid softest mosses, comes the bustling Nineteenth Century and says, "Come, come, bestir yourself to be practical: get out of that old shell of yours forthwith!" Alas, to get out of the shell is to die!

One of the old travellers in South America tells of fishes that built their nests in trees (*piscium et summa haesit genus ulmo*) and gives a print of the mother fish upon her nest, while her mate mounts perpendicularly to her without aid of legs or wings. Life shows plenty of such incongruities between a man's place and his nature (not so easily got over as by the traveller's undoubting engraver), and one cannot help fancying that K. was an instance in point. He never encountered, one would say, the attraction proper to draw out his native force. Certainly few men who impressed others so strongly, and of whom so many good things are remembered, left less behind them to justify contemporary estimates. He printed nothing, and was, perhaps, one of those the electric sparkles of whose brains, discharged naturally and healthily in conversation, refuse to pass through the nonconducting medium of the inkstand. His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and, having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes."

"Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and departed, saying nothing more, for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the "Harvard Washington" asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered them. "Certainly, young gentlemen," said the President, "but have you engaged any one to bring out your muskets?"

the college being responsible for these weapons, which belonged to the State. Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K. granted it at once and then added, "By the way, Mr. —, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health, have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the college limits,—the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness." This is told of Judge W., himself a wit, and capable of enjoying the humorous delicacy of the reproof.

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favorite word and call him a daemonic man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite oldfashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K.'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either, but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly but courteous familiarity with heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found, as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme. Under him flourished the Harvard Washington Corps, whose gyrating banner, inscribed *Tum Marti quam Mercurio (atqui magis Lyæo)* should have been added), on the evening of training-days, was an accurate dynamometer of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. It was they who, after being royally entertained by a maiden lady of the town, entered in their orderly book a vote that Miss Blank was a gentleman. I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision. Under him the Med. Facs. took their equal place among the learned societies of Europe, numbering among

their grateful honorary members, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, who (if college legends may be trusted) sent them, in return for their diploma, a gift of medals, confiscated by the authorities. Under him the college fire-engine was vigilant and active in suppressing any tendency to spontaneous combustion among the freshmen, or rushed wildly to imaginary conflagrations, generally in a direction where punch was to be had. All these useful conductors for the natural electricity of youth, dispersing it or turning it harmlessly into the earth, are taken away now, wisely or not, is questionable.

An academic town, in whose atmosphere there is always something antiseptic, seems naturally to draw to itself certain varieties and to preserve certain humors (in the Ben Jonsonian sense) of character,—men who come not to study so much as to be studied. At the head-quarters of Washington once, and now of the Muses, lived C—, but before the date of these recollections. Here for seven years (as the law was then) he made his house his castle, sunning himself in his elbow-chair at the front-door, on that seventh day, secure from every arrest but that of Death. Here long survived him his turbaned widow, studious only of Spinoza and refusing to molest the canker-worms that annually disleaved her elms, because we were all vermicular alike. She had been a famous beauty once, but the canker years had left her leafless too, and I used to wonder, as I saw her sitting always alone at her accustomed window, whether she were ever visited by the reproachful shade of him who (in spite of Rosalind) died broken-hearted for her in her radiant youth.

And this reminds me of J. F. who, also crossed in love, allowed no mortal eye to behold his face for many years. The eremitic instinct is not peculiar to the Thebais, as many a New England village can testify, and it is worthy of consideration that the Romish Church has not forgotten this among her other points of intimate contact with human nature. F. became purely vespertinal, never stirring abroad till after dark. He occupied two rooms, migrating from one to the other as the necessities of housewifery demanded, and when it was requisite that he should put his signature to any legal instrument (for he was an anchorite of ample means) he wrapped himself in a blanket, allowing nothing to be seen but the hand which acted as scribe. What impressed us boys more than any thing was the rumor that he had suffered his beard to grow, such

nominations as printed in his Daily Advertiser before he dropped his ballot in the box. In less ambitious moments it almost seems to me that I would rather have had that slow conscientious vote of P.'s alone, than have been chosen alderman of the ward!

If you had walked to what was then Sweet Auburn by the pleasant Old Road, on some June morning thirty years ago, you would, very likely, have met two other characteristic persons, both phantasmagoric now and belonging to the Past. Fifty years earlier, the scarlet-coated, rapiered figures of Vassall, Oliver, and Brattle, creaked up and down there on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-cornered hat and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box. They are all shadowy alike now, not one of your Etruscan Lucumos or Roman Consuls more so, my dear Storg. First is W., his *queue* slender and tapering like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally, by the high collar of his shepherd's-gray overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied at Leyden in his hot youth. The age of cheap clothes sees no more of those faithful old garments, as proper to their wearers, and as distinctive as the barks of trees, and by long use interpenetrated with their very nature. Nor do we see so many Humors (still in the old sense) now that every man's soul belongs to the Public, as when social distinctions were more marked, and men felt that their personalities were their castles, in which they could entrench themselves against the world. Nowadays men are shy of letting their true selves be seen, as if in some former life they had committed a crime, and were all the time afraid of discovery and arrest in this. Formerly they used to insist on your giving the wall to their peculiarities, and you may still find examples of it in the parson or the doctor of retired villages. One of W.'s oddities was touching. A little brook used to run across the street, and the sidewalk was carried over it by a broad stone. Of course, there is no brook now. What use did that little glimpse of ripple serve, where the children used to launch their chip fleets? W., in going over this stone, which gave a hollow resonance to the tread, used to strike upon it three times with his cane, and mutter Tom! Tom! Tom! I used to think he was only mimicking with his voice the sound of the blows, and possibly it was that sound which suggested his thought—for he was remembering a favorite nephew prematurely dead. Perhaps Tom

had sailed his boats there; perhaps the reverberation under the old man's foot hinted at the hollowness of life; perhaps the fleeting eddies of the water brought to mind the *fugaces annos*. W., like P., wore amazing spectacles, fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonid, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. The great collar disallowing any independent rotation of the head, I remember he used to turn his whole person in order to bring their *foci* to bear upon an object. One can fancy that terrified nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. Through them he had gazed fondly into the great mare's-nest of Junius, publishing his observations upon the eggs found therein in a tall octavo. It was he who introduced vaccination to this Western World. He used to stop and say good morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing schoolboy who now, with the fierce snow-storm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

Then, there was S. whose resounding "haw! haw! haw! by George!" positively enlarged the income of every dweller in Cambridge. In downright, honest good cheer and good neighborhood it was worth five hundred a year to every one of us. Its jovial thunders cleared the mental air of every sulky cloud. Perpetual childhood dwelt in him, the childhood of his native Southern France, and its fixed air was all the time bubbling up and sparkling and winking in his eyes. It seemed as if his placid old face were only a mask behind which a merry Cupid had ambushed himself, peeping out all the while, and ready to drop it when the play grew tiresome. Every word he uttered seemed to be hilarious, no matter what the occasion. If he were sick and you visited him, if he had met with a misfortune (and there are few men so wise that they can look even at the back of a retiring sorrow with composure), it was all one; his great laugh went off as if it were set like an alarm-clock, to run down, whether he would or no, at a certain nick. Even after an ordinary *good-morning!* (especially if, to an old pupil, and in French,) the wonderful *haw! haw! haw! by George!* would burst upon you unexpectedly like a salute of artillery on some holiday which you had forgotten. Every thing was a joke to him—that the oath of allegiance had been administered to him

by your grandfather,—that he had taught Prescott his first Spanish (of which he was proud)—no matter what. Every thing came to him marked by nature—*right side up, with care*, and he kept it so. The world to him, as to all of us, was like a medal, on the obverse of which is stamped the image of Joy, and on the reverse that of Care. S. never took the foolish pains to look at that other side, even if he knew its existence; much less would it have occurred to him to turn it into view and insist that his friends should look at it with him. Nor was this a mere outside good-humor; its source was deeper in a true Christian kindness and amenity. Once when he had been knocked down by a tipsily-driven sleigh, and was urged to prosecute the offenders—"No, no," he said, his wounds still fresh, "young blood! young blood! it must have its way; I was young myself." Was! few men come into life so young as S. went out. He landed in Boston (then the front-door of America) in '93, and, in honor of the ceremony, had his head powdered afresh, and put on a suit of court-mourning before he set foot on the wharf. My fancy always dressed him in that violet silk, and his soul certainly wore a full court-suit. What was there ever like his bow? It was as if you had received a decoration, and could write yourself gentleman from that day forth. His hat rose, regreeting your own, and having sailed through the stately curve of the old régime, sank gently back over that placid brain which harbored no

thought less white than the powder which covered it. I have sometimes imagined that there was a graduated arc over his head, invisible to other eyes than his, by which he meted out to each his rightful share of castorial consideration. I carry in my memory three exemplary bows. The first is that of an old beggar, who already carrying in his hand a white hat, the gift of benevolence, took off the black one from his head also, and profoundly saluted me with both at once, giving me, in return for my alms, a dual benediction, puzzling as a nod from Janus Bifrons. The second I received from an old Cardinal who was taking his walk just outside the Porta San Giovanni at Rome. I paid him the courtesy due to his age and rank. Forthwith rose—first *the Hat*; second, the hat of his confessor; third, that of another priest who attended him; fourth, the fringed cocked-hat of his coachman; fifth and sixth, the ditto, ditto, of his two footmen. Here was an investment, indeed; six hundred per cent. interest on a single bow! The third bow, worthy to be noted in one's almanac among the other *mirabilia*, was that of S. in which courtesy had mounted to the last round of her ladder,—and tried to draw it up after her.

But the genial veteran is gone even while I am writing this, and I will play Old Mortality no longer. Wandering among these recent graves, my dear friend, we may chance to —, but no, I will not end my sentence. I bid you heartily farewell!

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

I.

GOING TO SEA IN A SPANISH SHIP.

BARCA, the father of Hannibal—Barcino. Behold the origin of the name of the steamer which was destined to convey me to the Spains. Having duly obtained leave of the Marseilles police, the American consul, and his Worship, the Spanish consul, to take so grave a step, I engaged a berth in this good Spanish ship, rather than run the risk of offending the national pride of my Barcelona friends by arriving in a French one. Had there been an American vessel, by the by, running in opposition to the others, it would have

been still more imprudent to have given it the preference, for the difficulties between the governments of Spain and the United States, growing out of the Lopez buccaneering expedition against Cuba, were then unsettled. I had even been warned at Marseilles that in the exasperated state of the public mind beyond the Pyrenees, a Yankee might be welcomed there with hands which the next moment would be cold from the steel of the stiletto. However, naught alarmed by the advice of men whose minds were excited by the perils of a threatened insurrection at home—for it was just at the time of Napoleon's *coup d'état*—I paid down my hard Span-

ish dollars; and to all warnings gave for my only reply,

Carlos Stuardo sot,
Que siendo amor mi gula,
Al ciel de España vol,
Por ver mi estrella, María.

An explanatory word, at the outset, respecting the *cosas de España*. They are the *strange things of Spain*, which, being utterly incomprehensible by foreigners, are never even attempted to be explained to them by the natives. Should a stranger imprudently seek to pry into one of them, he would get in return merely a long string of polite circumlocutions and repetitions of words, the substance and end of which would be, that the matter in question was a *cosa de España*; and that was all which could be said about it.

Now the traveller cannot take the first step towards this land of whimsicalities without encountering a *cosa*. After I had paid for my passage on board the *Barcino*, I was informed that we should leave the next morning at daylight. At daylight! Now what, in the name of common sense, thought I, could be the reason for compelling the passengers to turn out on a December morning at an hour so uncomfortable—and that, in order to go on board a ship which showed by the number of the revolutions of her paddles per minute that she was not in the least possible hurry to reach the point of her destination—and that, moreover, in order to go to a country where, as the reader already knows or will hereafter be fully informed, time is of no sort of account whatever, and especially the time which is spent in journeying! I did not presume to ask for an explanation. But the one which occurred to me was, that the Spaniard having been accustomed from time immemorial to take the road at break of day, in order to save himself and his ass from the midday heats, he could not think of so far changing old established habit as to set out even by steamer at any other hour.

Knowing the thousand causes of delay incident to all Spanish expeditions, I had, in truth, not much faith to believe that we should get off before noon; but not wishing to run any risk of being left behind, I thought the best thing to be done was to go on board over night, and get such sleep in the narrow cabin as fortune should send me. I accordingly did so.

It is a strange sensation—that which comes over one while being rowed down the harbor of Marseilles at night. It was getting towards midnight as I stepped into the heavy barge which was to convey me

to the steamer at the bottom of the harbor. Four sailors in the red caps and brown jackets of Spain were at the oars; and a steersman, with a face dark as Charon's, sat muffled in his *capote* at the helm. Had I been going to cross the Styx, I could not have chosen a better hour or man. As I glided down the harbor, almost as narrow and well filled as a dock, no noise broke the stillness of the night, save that of the slowly dipping oars. The use of fire being prohibited within the port, not a single ship-light was seen burning from deck or cabin. Only the stars shone upon my pathway, and were reflected in long lines of light from the glassy surface of the sea. The big, black hulks, half buried in the darkness of the night, seemed to be sleeping on the silent waters. For once, a sense of desolateness, which will sometimes overtake the solitary traveller—a regret—a vague feeling of dread even, was rising in my breast, when all at once the similarity of the scene recalled to my recollection the pleasant summer nights spent years before on the lagoons of Venice. There was a resemblance, yet how great the contrast. For instead of the light gondola, and the song of the gay-throated Italian, I had now a cumbrous barge with a helmsman as silent and motionless as a spectre. Instead of gliding along between banks of palaces, with pillar and cornice, wall and window, urn and statue shining in the moonbeams, I was stealing away between a double row of black, half-defined masses which lay like monsters brooding on the deep. Instead of the passing and repassing of pleasure boats, freighted with frolic or with love, I was ploughing a solitary furrow through a silent sea, meeting no adventures, and looking forward to no greetings.

But the recalling of the more pleasing Venetian scene was soon interrupted by the arrival of the boat alongside the steamer. I aroused myself from my reverie just long enough to climb the ship's side—to give a thought to Saint Ferdinand—and to throw myself into my berth.

It was not until the *Barcino* had been several hours on her way that I made my appearance on deck the next day. And judge of my surprise on observing that we were then steaming directly past the entrance to the harbor of Marseilles. I rubbed my eyes; I rubbed my glass, but could make nothing else of it. Then, seeing the Captain standing near me, I went up to him, and asked what the deuce the *Barcino* had been about for the last three or four hours. To which, as it may have

seemed to him, very strange question, he quietly replied that we had been running down the coast to the port of—I forget the name—to get a bill of health. Going half the way to Italy, said I to myself, in order to procure a bill of health for a port in Spain! What can that mean? Luckily, an instant's reflection suggested to me that this was *cosa*, number two. So I spared myself the mortification, and the captain the indignity of another inquiry. Calmly turning away, I congratulated myself with the reflection that a bill of health was undoubtedly a good thing; and remembering that there was an extra charge of several francs on my passage-ticket for this same bill of health, I had also the satisfaction of knowing that I had got what was bargained for.

Excepting this voyage down the eastern coast of France, the day wore away without any sort of an adventure—and that, notwithstanding the ship's cabin doors were ornamented with pictures of the exploits of Don Quixote. On mine was painted the scene where the gallant knight attacked his host's pig-skins. In his shirt-tails, and the innkeeper's greasy nightcap, with his good blade in hand, and his eyes hurling daggers at the fancied giant Micomicon, he was ripping up the innocent winebags, which hung unsuspectingly on the walls of his bed-room. The red fluid, which, to the astonished eyes of Sancho Panza, was the blood of the giant, but which to those of the indignant host, was his own fruity, full-bodied and high-colored Valdepeñas, was gushing from the fatal gash, and streaming a copious current to the floor. Alas, what waste of courage—and what waste of wine! But even upon so sad a sight, it was some relief to look in the intervals of sea-sickness. And before leaving the ship, there had sprung up in my mind such a sympathy for the Don on my cabin door that, like travellers who go about pilfering chips from the tables of the illustrious dead, or stones and mortar from their tombs, I was more or less tempted to cut out the precious panel and pocket it. Had I had done so, what a capital coat of arms I should have had for my coach, in case I ever came to set up one!

Every thing, I repeat, went on aboard-ship as naturally and as reasonably as if instead of going to Spain, I had been bound to any other Christian country. I should therefore have retired at night poorly satisfied with my first day's adventures, but for the enjoyment all the day long of one pleasure, peculiarly Spanish. I refer to the smell of garlic.

This pervaded the whole ship, and must have perfumed the surrounding sea air for as many leagues as do the odoriferous gales which blow off the coast of Mozambique or Araby. The privilege of inhaling it was as free as the air it so strongly qualified; and was about the only *agrément* of the voyage which did not find a place in the steward's bills. At dinner, however, it operated as too much of a good thing. It was the drop of excess. Something I must have been forced into muttering to myself at table about the odoriferous bulb—something about every dish of the dinner being seasoned with it; for a Spanish gentleman sitting by my side, who by some extraordinary chance happened to speak English, very politely informed me in my own language that I was mistaken—that there was no garlic in any dish on the table, excepting the hare-stew—and that my error had arisen from the circumstance that the cook and waiters kept themselves constantly *rubbed* in it.

The night, indeed, had its little incident; for in the course of it, I scraped acquaintance with my first Spanish flea. The previous night, as the ship was lying in French waters, he was off duty, flirting no doubt with the *grisettes* of Marseilles, and did not therefore come across me. But he now seemed eager to embrace the earliest opportunity of flying into my arms, and making my personal acquaintance. I found him a very lively little person, as capering as a Frenchman, and not at all affecting the stately, measured movement of a full-blooded hidalgo. As he wore his face muffled by the cloak of night, I could not get a sight of his features, but have the impression that he must have had a decidedly hungry look. At any rate, he proceeded to attack the banquet I had spread out before him with an appetite such as his countrymen are always happy to bring to your entertainment, but which you rarely have an opportunity of displaying at theirs. But after he had enjoyed the satisfaction of drinking my health several times, I made some remark, accompanied by some movement, which he took in ill part; and, thereupon, very abruptly quit my company.

On going on deck next morning, I found the steamer off Mataro, and, running down one of the fairest coasts, washed by any sea or ocean. A range of low mountains stretched away to the South parallel with the shore, and so close upon it as to leave but a narrow fringe of level land between. At one extremity of this lip of shore stood Mataro; and on the other, just visible in the distance, the city

of Barcelona. Between them lay a large number of smaller towns, connected by what a year or two ago was the only railway in Spain. The brown mountain sides were terraced; and in summer, they are draped with a green scarf of vineyards. Less gay in winter, they nevertheless presented a cheerful appearance; for, besides the numerous towns lying at the foot of the mountains, I counted some dozens of villages, together with a great number of hamlets nestled in the higher valleys or perched on the lower hill-tops. These, looking all to the south and east, were lit up, when I saw them, by the rising morn, and shone on their back-ground of brown earth like gems on the purple of a queen. Beyond the mountains of the shore was to be seen the over-topping edge of more distant ranges, clad in snow—thus making a line of white to link the darker foreground of the earth with the beautiful azure of the unclouded sky. This scene, beheld from a sea, on whose polished surface lay reflected all the magnificence of both sky and shore, furnished my first view of the *ciel de España*—the 'heaven of the Spains.'

II.

THREE DAYS OF QUARANTINE.

In the noontide of a day, as sunny as if it had been summer, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Barcelona. Enchanted with the sight of shores so fair, I hurried my 'traps' together, and was going to call a boat alongside for the purpose of disembarking at the earliest possible moment, when the Captain, observing my intentions, called out, "*No corre prisa, Señor.*"

"There's no hurry—what do you mean?"

"I mean to say you can't go ashore, sir. Three days of quarantine."

"Three days of quarantine!!! But haven't we got a *clean bill of health*—a bill of health we went half the way to Italy after—a bill of health duly paid and receipted?"

"All very true, sir; and your bill of health takes off two days from the quarantine. Do you see that English coaler yonder? He's thirty days from Newcastle; and he has to ride out a quarantine of five notwithstanding."

"Bravo! Newcastle is in the enjoyment of the best of health; Marseilles never was in sounder condition; there is not a single infectious disease prevailing on the shores of the Mediterranean, or even the Atlantic Ocean; and yet the com-

merce of the whole civilized world is quarantined from three to five days at Barcelona! Only answer me this one question, *Why did we leave Marseilles at day-break?*"

But here was another *cosa*. Of course, I got no explanations. Nor could I afterwards get any—unless it was that the detention of vessels answered the purpose of increasing the port-charges; or furnished greater facilities for smuggling; or enabled the government at Madrid to cripple the commerce of the rival capital of Catalonia. However this may be, I did not then waste much time in reflecting upon the matter, but hastened down stairs; took to my berth; and there, by dint of frequent shifting from one side to the other, I reached the third day—day of grace and pardon for having presumed, being in full health of body, if not of mind, and having a bill of the same duly paid in my pocket, to enact such a stupid piece of knight-errantry, as to come to the dominions of her Most Catholic Majesty!

At an early hour of the third day—no plague nor pestilence having broken out among the ship's passengers, though strong signs of a famine had begun to show themselves in the steward's department, where little was left beyond an inexhaustible supply of garlic—our term of bondage was declared to be finished, and we were summoned on deck to pass through the formalities of manumission. After an hour or two of still further delay, the doctor's boat was at last spied slowly pulling off to the steamer. The doctor leisurely picking a late breakfast out of his teeth, lounged up the gangway; and having comfortably posted himself against the railing of the poop-deck, as well as braced himself up with his official walking-stick, gave orders that the whole posse of us should be made to pass in review before his Worship. He was dressed, I observed, in the rusty old clothes of Dr. Sangrado. But how many pulses he may have timed—how many tongues he may have ordered out—how many ribs he may have felt of—I know not. Being among the first to 'pass muster,' I can only say that he neither looked down my throat, nor felt of my teeth; but that giving me the benefit of a rather knowing squint out of his left eye, he at once pronounced me a fit subject for disembarkation. The examination was as good a farce as you may see in Spain even. In truth, how could a Spanish port-doctor, who had ever inspected his own person, or the persons of Spanish sailors, the greater part of

whom are black enough with dirt and sun to be sent to prison in South Carolina as free negroes? how could he cast out of the country as unclean any foreigner in the daily use of soap and water? The thing is a small absurdity. But before I could have time to make this or any other reflection, I was over the ship's side, into the boat, and had a ragged barbarian of the country pulling me ashore as for dear life—though in fact for the sum of four *pesetas*.

III.

THE LANDING, TOGETHER WITH A DRIVE IN A SPANISH COACH.

THE distance from ship to shore was considerable. I had, therefore, ample time to compose my mind, slightly ruffled as it was by the annoyances of the quarantine; and in the exercise of perfect good will towards all Spaniards, was about to take peaceable possession of the shore, when I was met at the water's edge by a hostile army drawn up for battle. It consisted of a small host of what in any other country would pass for ragamuffins, but who were here called porters. The moment my foot touched the shore, the enemy rushed upon me, together with a Frenchman whom chance made my ally for the moment, and completely surrounded us. Spirited as the French are in an attack, it is well known that they make a poor defence. My experience in this particular case confirmed the truth of the general impression respecting them. The fat travelling merchant, for such he was, did not stand his ground so well as even I did, and was absolutely borne off his feet in triumph by the enemy. But after their easy success against us, they immediately fell to loggerheads among themselves over their booty. While one of the scoundrels had succeeded in throwing my trunk, and another my bag over his shoulders, two others were tugging at each end of my umbrella, and other two were having a regular stand-up fight over my hat-box. Taking advantage of this contention, I escaped to a slight eminence, whence I could survey the fray below. In the midst of the crowd was the fat Frenchman struggling for dear life, and his still dearer parcels, of which he had a most embarrassing number. All told, boxes and packages, they might amount to well-nigh a dozen; and every one of them, besides life and limbs, was in imminent peril. There he was, poor fellow I cannot say, but fat fellow, his hat carried off among the spoils of war, and

himself jammed into the centre of as beggarly a platoon of rascals as ever got together under the nostrils of a gentleman. He vociferated, gesticulated, and I am afraid he swore. I certainly saw him seize one poor devil by the collar; and he was so over-excited, that he seemed to be in danger every moment of going off in a fit of apoplexy.

But at length the rage of battle subsided. The *commis-royageur* succeeded in making a treaty with the victors, agreeing to give on both his account and mine such a sum as on subdivision would yield to each beggar of them a small handful of reals. This amount paid, though some still clamored for more *gratificacioncita*, he eventually got a release; but came out of the crowd, a sight to behold, puffing and perspiring like a patient from the feather-beds of a water-cure.

Having at last ransomed ourselves and effects out of the hands of these Philistines, we were both piled up with bag and baggage in the interior of an omnibus. It was one of those which Noah had made use of in going into the ark, and still had more or less of the mud of the first flood about it. In this vehicle we had to run two lines of custom-houses before getting admittance to the city. The first was passed with tolerable success. By simply standing a little aloof, and keeping perfectly cool, I managed to have my trunk overlooked in the examination of the luggage; but my companion, whose nerves, never strong, had just before been unduly excited, got at once into a fluster, and was not let off until after all his wares had been most faithfully ransacked. On reaching the second line, we were driven into a courtyard where, as it next to never rains in this part of the world, was accumulated the dust of all the feet of all the sinners who had ever entered Barcelona. And the moment after our entrance a set of sweeps, well instructed, no doubt, in this part of their duty, began to raise such a dust in the four corners of the inclosure, that my travelling merchant, who, besides having a difficulty in his breathing, had a collection of patterns which would suffer more from exposure in such an atmosphere than even his mucous membrane, began immediately to curse and swear, and almost to wish himself back among the porters.

As he had voluntarily assumed the office of pay-master general until our arrival at the hotel, I resolved to let him take his own course, and see how he would get us out of this second scrape. This time he resorted to his pockets. He

fumbled long before getting hold of a five franc piece; but when he did, he thrust it into the sleeve of the official with force enough to send it half-way up to his shoulder. At the same instant, he shouted to the coachman to *crack his whip*; and in another, we cleared the gates at a bound.

Our driver turned out to be a veritable Jehu. He played his lash around the long ears of his animals with the adroitness of an expert. He shouted to his leaders, calling each by name:—"Go it, Gil—go it, Sancho." And all this while he was rattling us over a pavement which had been laid down by the Phenicians, and never mended since. The result was that the Frenchman, who had never embarked on such a sea of troubles before, was in less than five minutes *cascading* out of the window. At the same time his boxes, no less disturbed than their owner, were leaping about the carriage like so many frogs. At the end of some ten minutes, however, we pulled up, all standing, in front of the hotel. Before alighting, my fellow-traveller proceeded to examine his legs and the small of his back, to see if he were in a condition to move from his seat. But finding all his bones safe and sound, though his shirt-collar was badly broken down by the perspiration which flowed at every pore, he descended. I, who, in all things, let him take the lead, followed his example. On entering the house, however, I found that, like a true Frenchman, he had brought me to an inn kept by one of his own countrymen. But as I had not come to Spain to keep company with its mortal enemies, I at once decided to seek a lodging elsewhere. So after paying the half of all charges, I bade him good morning, and drove to a Fonda, where I could have my stews seasoned by a native-born Spaniard.

"*One hundred sous, Señor,*" said the 'bus-man, pushing away from his forehead a long red cap, which hung down his back nearly to his buttock. *One hundred sous*, said I to myself, for being driven to town by a fellow in a cap like that! A fellow in a sheepskin jacket, and an absolutely unmentionable pair of short-clothes! *One hundred sous* for the use and enjoyment of such a wretched piece of joinery as was the fellow's vehicle; for the service of mules in ropes, and spavined worse than ever was Rosinante; for the pleasure of being taken over a pavement utterly dislocated, and so nearly fatal to my spinal marrow! The demand seemed to me extortionate. Having been long accustomed to the two franc fees of the

Parisian cabmen, and considering that I had been paraded into town in a mere 'bus, I had made up my mind to forty sous—with ten more to be added for the circumstance of being in Spain. However, thinking that I would, at least, get some amusement out of the fellow before paying his fee, I resolved to try my Spanish on him. Accordingly I entered upon a semi-serious argument with my claimant of the hundred sous, and was apparently making out something of a case in my favor, when I very imprudently alluded to my experience in Paris, where for forty sous one may drive from one end of the city to the other in a cab and two. Now in arguing with a Spaniard, nothing is so ill advised as any comparison drawn between his country and France, to the advantage of the latter. Accordingly, no sooner had I got the words out of my mouth than my little man, drawing himself up as high as he could get—which was not more than five feet two—and cracking his cap like a whip-lash, immediately replied:—"Fifty sous may do for Paris, Señor; but they won't answer for Barcelona!"

Of course, after being so fairly floored in the argument, I had nothing to do but strike my flag. I did so most cheerfully—paid my money—and entered upon a new scene of adventure in entering my first Spanish Fonda.

IV.

THE FONDA—MY ROOMS.

THE Fonda del Grande Oriente, at Barcelona, was formerly a monastery. Little else, however, than its strong stone walls, inclosing a quadrangular court, and its low-arched corridors, running around the four inner sides of the building, and furnishing on each of the five stories a long and spacious promenade, now remains of the original edifice. Still the air of good cheer, which in earlier days must have reigned in its refectories, continues to linger in its halls. As of old, its cellars are well supplied with the liquid which is red in the cup; its larder is fat with good Spanish pork and poultry; and its inmates, from landlord to boot-cleaner, retain a good degree of the rubicund rotundity of the ancient priesthood. As, for the first time, I walked thoughtfully up the broad and well-worn stones of the stairway, so suited by its gentle ascent to the weary feet of the well-loaded mendicant, or the heavy footsteps of the short-winded father confessor, I said to myself: You have come to Spain just half a century too late.

The publicans have supplanted the priests; and instead of the old hospitality of monk and hermit, which was paid for in charities, you will now have to sit at meat with travellers and sinners, at a daily cost of thirty-five reals.

I was somewhat disappointed to perceive, as I did at a glance, that mine host of the Oriente was no Spaniard. Like most of the better landlords of this part of the country, he was a native of Italy. But though foreign born, both he and his household were in the country bred, and had taken so kindly and naturally to all good Spanish ways, that his *ollas* were the envy of all lovers of hare in Barcelona.

With many bows, I was ushered into the best rooms vacant; and in the face of so much politeness on the part of my host, I could not think of being so uncourteous as to turn up my nose at his accommodations. By a native, accustomed to travel with bed and board at his back, the apartments would have been thought princely; but to me, coming from a civilized country, they seemed but holes in the wall. But I politely limited my objections to the rooms to inquiring if there were any others at the moment unoccupied. The landlord's reply was, that he had others, but none so worthy of my acceptance. I therefore prudently made a virtue of necessity—besides a civil bow to my host, in return for a very large number of his own—and took possession.

The door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor, was without a latch. It had, however, a lock strong enough to resist a catapult. In case of an insurrection, then believed by many persons to be imminent, the lock and hinges of that good stout door, thought I, would be capable of doing me some service. I should have my barricade ready made at my hand. It had, besides, a certain monastic look, in harmony with the thick walls and low aisles of the once sacred edifice. At first sight, I felt a degree of respect for it; and have no doubt but what it will continue to swing on its rusty hinges as long as the Spanish world stands.

There was no bathing tub any where to be seen; but there was the possibility of ablution. For in one corner, concealed by a curtain, stood the slenderest of stands, supporting the narrowest of basins. I should be able, at least, to wash one eye open at once in it. But in a country so much better provided with wine than it is with water—and in a country where even the highest dames are said merely to rub their faces with a moist napkin instead of

laving them, what more could be expected? I should have been thought as crazy as he of La Mancha to have found fault with such arrangements.

As for the bed, it was clean—and that is saying a great deal in this country. The Spaniard is not accustomed to stretching himself on the soft pile of delights which is built up for his neighbor, the Frenchman. When he travels, he often has to content himself with the stone floors of *Ventas and Posadas*; nor is he always a great deal better off when he stays at home. His rugged country could ill supply the enormous sacks of down or feathers beneath which your German sleeps off the fumes of his beer, and seeks to sweat down the thick tallow of his kidneys. In Spain the traveller, accordingly, must be ready to curl himself up in straw with the same satisfaction with which, in his own country, he lies down to his repose in purple and fine linen. If even in the large towns he finds his mattress thin, he should nevertheless return thanks that it is not a board. My bed, therefore, escaped without too close an inspection. I had only one fear in entering it; and that, I am bound in justice to the country to say, turned out to be utterly groundless.

The floor was laid in tiles; but it was tolerably well covered by a carpet. Yet not the purple rug which is spread in Turkish bed-chambers; nor the soft, velvety tapestry of English boudoirs; but a mat woven of the canes of Spain. A similar one hung rolled up above the windows on the external wall of the house. This served to shield the room from the hot rays of summer; while, within, a simple white muslin curtain sufficed to keep out the cold of winter. There were, indeed, windows and shutters besides; but so ill contrived, so full of original and acquired defects, that they afforded not a great deal more protection than the open muslin.

But among so many cracks and air-holes, there was not that one, the presence of which would have counterbalanced all the others. There was no fire-place! There was none in any of the rooms. There was none short of the kitchen. And what is more, there was but one, as I afterwards learned, in the whole town of Barcelona. That had been set up by an Englishman, of course. Still, there are two methods for warming apartments in this part of the world. One is by sun-light, and the other by a pan of coals. The former is the more agreeable and the more conducive to health. But the latter must be

resorted to in cases of extremity and days of darkness. In the morning, I used to see several pans being prepared by the servants in the court. They are filled with a superior kind of charcoal, which is fanned and stirred until the coals are so completely ignited as to cease giving off smoke. After having stood long enough to cover themselves with a white film of ashes, they are brought in, and set in the middle of the room. There the pan stands without being disturbed all the morning. At dinner time, it is stirred up, so as to bring the bottom coals to the surface. Then it will continue to give off a moderate degree of heat until late in the evening. These fires are never allowed to remain through the night in sleeping rooms, but are not thought injurious to health during the day. Still, I observed that they would soon give a foreigner the headache; and were it not for the cracks and crannies of their apartments, must long since have killed off all the natives. Whoever then goes to Barcelona in winter, must make up his mind to sit sometimes over the pan of coals. As his feather-bed has not more than a couple of inches of thickness, he cannot, like poor Goldsmith, crawl into that to get warm; nor, however romantic it may be to sit out an evening in the chimney-corner of a country *renta*, will he find himself exactly at his ease among the flesh-pots and stew-pans of a city kitchen.

V.

MY BALCONY.

BUT if there was no fire-place in my rooms, there was a balcony. A balcony in Spain! What a charm in those words. With them are associated what tales of Andalusian love—what secret whisperings in the silent night between enamored souls—what sighing of soft, blue-ribboned guitars, and voices which melt with tenderness or rave with jealousy! Let the traveller by all means put off his first visit to his balcony until evening. Then when the stars are shining in the sky, or the new moon reflects from her silver horn a light not strong enough to discountenance love, let him step out upon that spot of enchantment. The flowers ranged around the railing, while they half conceal his person, wrap his senses in delicious odors. Thence he sees the muffled lover watching beneath some neighboring window. He hears the tinkling of a near guitar. He thinks he hears an opening shutter. He imagines he has caught a glimpse of a white mantilla. Again he listens. Voices float by on the

softly breathing zephyrs of the night—now like to the trembling accents of a first affection—now resembling the deep-toned notes of impatient passion. There is a witchery in the air. His own heart gradually catches contagion from the universal love. And, at last, his head completely turned, he can resist no longer. Mastered by a passion like that which sent the hero of *La Mancha* out upon his expeditions of knight-errantry, he rushes to his bed—abstracts the cord—ties a ladder—and swinging himself from balcony to balcony, goes in quest of a Dulcinea over half the town!

I unfortunately could not so far restrain my impatience as to wait for the evening. The moment I had finished my toilette, I went to the balcony. It was the hour of the promenade; and the street upon which my windows opened was the famous *Rambla*. This resembles the *Unter den Linden* of Berlin; and, like that, has a spacious foot-walk in the centre, flanked on either side by carriage ways. Rows of shade-trees intermingled with shrubbery perpetually green, and even in mid-winter in full flower, separate the central from the side avenues. These last are bounded by two lines, nearly a mile in length, of palaces, colleges, theatres, public offices, monasteries now converted into hotels, and private mansion-houses. All are either bright with marble, or gay with frescoes. Running through the centre of the city from gate to gate, this broad avenue is ever filled with entertainment for the observer of men and manners. At one extremity of it he will meet the gay throng of pleasure's votaries; while at the other, he will find himself among beggars and laborers standing idle in the market place. Here, may be seen groups of merchants "on 'change" well wrapped in cloaks of broadcloth; there, collections of gipsy horse-jockeys clad in sheepskins. On this side, are markets for the sale of fruits, the golden orange and the purple fig; on the other, are stalls where pretty *payesas* are busy weaving the gayest of winter bouquets. It is a world in miniature—with the representatives of every grade of life, of all ages, and of different nations. And as work in this country has very much the appearance of idleness in others—at least those of the north—the costumes of business are more picturesque than the adornments of pleasure elsewhere. The whole scene wears an air of festivity and gala. At least, so it seemed to me as I stood in my balcony looking down upon it for the first time. It was an entertainment for the eye more attractive

than the shows of state or stage; and what it was the first day I saw it, it continued to be every day of my residence in Barcelona. It was my play-house, to which I resorted by daylight. For actors I had the plumed officer and the cowed priest, the white-gloved coxcomb and the veiled belle, beggar-boys who might have been transferred to the canvas of Murillo as they sat, and hidalgos standing with cloaks over their shoulders after the fashion of the Aristides in the museum at Naples. It was my opera even; for every day at twelve o'clock, a battalion of guards came dashing down the avenue, with banners waving, and music filling the air with pleasant revelry. Yet sometimes they came with slower step, beating on muffled drums the march of the dead, and bearing a comrade to the sepulchre. Or a company of white-robed nuns and sisters of charity went by, chanting the sweet hymns of the church; or a procession of priests in inky cloak, and faces veiled in black, bearing with solemn song the sacramental wafer to dying lips. Half an hour before, the cheerful chimes were calling the city to thanksgiving and praise; now they are tolling the slow knell of some poor soul going to its long home. So full of life, and of its contrasts is this Barcelonense Rambla.

VI.

MY TABLE.

FASCINATING as may be sight-seeing from a Spanish balcony, it does not necessarily prevent one's hearing the dinner bell. In the midst of my waking reverie, this summons at once brought me to my senses. I obeyed its voice, and descended to the dining-hall. It was rather a small one, with painted walls, and a floor of stone partially covered with a mat. But what particularly attracted my attention was a modern improvement which had recently been introduced into it. This consisted not in a stove, but a stove-pipe. It was the only thing I noticed in the room which had not apparently come down from an earlier age. True, its calibre was of the very smallest; but as it passed up through the floor to the ceiling on its way from the kitchen to the roof of the house, it took off the chill of the stone walls, and rendered the room much more comfortable than the larger dining-hall used in summer. The company assembled amounted to some five and twenty gentlemen and ladies, the majority of whom were Spaniards.

Table d'hôte dinners are nearly the same thing in all the civilized parts of the continent. South of the Pyrenees, they

are more remarkable for the number of the dishes than for their quality. In his lean country, the Spaniard can rarely get enough to eat. His pig-skin is generally tolerably well filled; but his larder is too often empty. The lower classes never taste meat—living exclusively on vegetables, fruits and wine. Therefore your host goes generally for the main chance; and thinks that if he can only give you a plentiful dinner, you will be sure to think it a good one. As it is a mark of a poor man to eat vegetable food, he shows his respect for a rich one by serving him almost entirely with animal. Besides soup and fish, you are treated to beef boiled and beef roasted, to legs of mutton and joints of pork, to kid and wild boar, to hare and rabbit, to chickens and turkeys, to grouse and snipe. Not that all these dishes make their appearance at every dinner; but the number of courses is always great enough to render the entertainment gross and wearisome. As in all southern countries, the meats are of inferior quality—excepting always the nut-fed pork. This surpasses even the flesh of the wild boar. If there be any truth in the Italian saying that no man is fit to die until he has seen the bay of Naples, perhaps what the Spaniard says is no less true, that he ought first to taste a ham of the Alpujarras. But with this exception, I know of no other kind of meat in the country for the sake of which one would at all care to defer his final hour. The poultry, though not bad, will not compare with that of France; and the beef would pass in England for indifferently shoe-leather. The dried fruits are abundant rather than good. Yet the oranges from Malaga are well-flavored; and the grapes of the country, which in some sheltered vineyards near Barcelona are allowed to hang upon the vines until February, are truly delicious.

A Spanish dinner, then, is decidedly a heavy affair. Luckily the stranger is rarely asked to dine out. The natives seem to be aware that the dinner is their weak point. They are sensitive about exhibiting the leanness of their larders. The closeness with which a Caballero picks his bones, and the frequency with which, even as in the days of Don Quixote, he is obliged to content himself with greens and garlic, are matters not to be made known out of the family. And then his desire, whenever he does go to the expense of buying flesh or fowl, to smother it in onions, stands directly in the way of the entertaining of strangers. For he knows very well that all foreigners have

looked upon his national dish with a certain degree of suspicion ever since the day when Gil Blas supped on a cat. On no account, therefore, could he venture to set a stew under any nostril not native.

In short, the culinary art is not well understood south of the Pyrenees. In half of the larger hotels, your cook will turn out to be a French or Italian refugee, a poor devil who has run his country, and who, having had at home more to do with politics than with pastry, has brought with him only a very imperfect knowledge of his art as practised in the kitchens of France and Italy. The greater number of his dishes will be bad imitations of what you have eaten at Paris or Naples. As when you go into the street, you see the French hat beginning to supplant the mantilla, and the French paletot the cloak; or when you visit the theatre, you find the house, the music and the dancing no longer Spanish, so at the dinner-table you observe that the national taste is fast coming under the dominion of foreign masters in the culinary art. The *Fondas* are getting already to be ashamed of the *olla*; and half a century hence the traveller will be obliged to descend to the *ventorillo* to get a taste of it.

A word of advice to travellers respecting garlic. As Spanish cookery is nothing, if not a stew, and a stew is nothing, if not chiefly garlic, let the foreigner make up his mind at once to like it. Let him eat it—if he can—without making up wry faces. For do what he will, this bulb will be thrust down his throat by every cook in the country—peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must. Every sauce-pan in the Peninsula smacks of it; and no conceivable amount of scouring would suffice to take it out. Therefore make a virtue of necessity. Daily practice in the swallowing of the delicacy will finally make one perfect in it. At least, all travellers who do not object to frogs, cabbage, or tobacco, ought surely to be capable of learning to digest garlic.

Set down, then, the *olla podrida* as a good thing. And there is one other in Spain. It is the chocolate. This is made with either water or milk; and always so thick that a spoon will almost stand up in it. The great secret of making this beverage, however, consists in knowing how to drink it. Taken after dinner, it would be an abomination—with the breakfast *à la fourchette*, it would be no better. It is a meal by itself—the smallest cup of it. Accepting it as such, setting apart a particular hour in the day for it, and giving

it the honors of a regular and separate entertainment, you find this drink to be truly *una de las delicias Españolas*. It is worthy of the fair lips which so dearly love and laud it. Hot, and foamy, and purple, it solaces the whole inner man. It satisfies at the same time the longings of the stomach and of the soul. But the early morning is the hour for this cup of consolation. When you have gotten your feet into your slippers, and have girded your dressing-gown around you, and have arranged the morning's toilette—then while the pleasant sun streams in at the open windows, and the morning air comes in to refresh your temples and regale your senses with the perfumes of the balcony—then as you throw yourself into the embrace of the capacious arm-chair, and open book or newspaper—then let your Hebe bring in the cup. A Spaniard will often have it handed to him by an old duenna while he is still in the sheets. Many a one cannot get out of bed without help of it. He cannot muster the courage, the force of will to raise his head from the pillow, until he feels in his vitals the working of his accustomed stimulus. But the other arrangement is much to be preferred. You gain thereby the great advantage of being served by the younger and prettier hands of one of Spain's dark maidens—the morning dew still sparkling on the rose leaves in her hair. For my part, I always thought it gave a better flavor to the chocolate, though it might have been mere fancy.

The only thing which may be taken with chocolate is a very delicate biscuit—a mere nothing. Any thing else is a profanation, and spoils the entertainment. If a man is hungry, let him wait for his breakfast—or, in troth, let him eat it. But at that hour he ought not to be under the dominion of a rabid appetite. He should have a season of tranquil thoughtfulness after rising from his couch. He should give a few fleeting moments to the quiet enjoyment of the golden light and fragrant air of the Spanish morning. The duties, the amusements of the day are to be calmly forecasted. Perhaps the follies of a night are to be repented of. He has some theme to meditate—some scribbling—letters—business. Let him drink his chocolate, and put off breakfasting till mid-day.

Twelve o'clock is the latest hour for breakfasting *à la fourchette*. For all good Spaniards are early up; and they dine at five or thereabouts. I speak of the higher classes. But as no travelled

man can breakfast any where satisfactorily out of Paris, it would not be of any use to describe the Spanish performance. It is but a poor, second-handed affair. For it is an imitation of the tedious, many-coursed *déjeuners* of the south of France and the north of Italy. If you prefer to breakfast by yourself, as of course you do, you may order what you like—though you will not get it. The whole blessed day might be spent in calling for butter; and the *mozo* would bring you oil. You might beg for cheese; and he would give you a Dutch stone. You might order the hen-coop up, to watch with your own eyes the laying; but the eggs would be stale by the time the cook had boiled them. Tell him to serve you an omelette; and unless you give him *pesetas* as well as eggs to make it with, it will prove to be a great deal whiter than the linen of either the *cocinero* who stirred, or of the *mozo* who served it. The yolks will have been all left out to make the dinner's custards, and you will breakfast on mere albumen. You decide to have beef-steaks—you have been accustomed to them at home. Good. An hour afterwards—should you live so long—you proceed to draw your boots on, and find one of them stript of the under-leather. Then you awake to the conviction that you have breakfasted on your own heel-taps—you have eaten your own sole!

Still, I will give you, male reader, a secret piece of advice about these matters. First, supposing that you have adopted the plan of seeing the *chef de cuisine* one morning, and threatening to take his life if he do not serve you better the next—then I say to you, order your beef-steaks to be *done in onions*. That is the way the natives manage. They *smother* them until the leathery taste is completely taken out, and they have no idea at all of what they are eating. Serve your mutton-chops the same way—only have them buried in mushrooms instead of onions. And if you insist on having an omelette for breakfast, and nothing will go right the whole day without it—why, then, there is only one absolutely certain course that can be pursued. What a man does himself in any country, he may know to be well done. Therefore, not to beat the eggs and slice in the truffles with your own hands, see it done at least with your own eyes. Unless you actually stand over the *cocinero* with both eyes fixed upon him, he will be sure to whip the yolks out of the eggs, and to substitute *gutta percha* for truffles. And unless you dog the waiter's heels from the kitchen to the parlor, he will

certainly contrive on the way to exchange his precious charge for an omelette *réchauffée*, left over from the day before. But, if you will take these precautions—and it might not be absolutely impossible to have the thing managed by your own private servant—you may safely defy the cooks of all Christendom to produce any better omelettes than those made from Spanish eggs—and *pesetas*.

The ordinary wine of Spain is bad. Whoever goes to San Luca to drink the delicate Manzanilla, or to Xerez to taste in the *bodega* of Pedro Domecq, the genuine Amontillado, will certainly get good Sherris-sack. But I very much fear that he will find it nowhere else in the country. The *vino ordinario*, when new, is too sweet; when old, it is too rough. This is true of all the wines of Spain in common use. Of course, I except the sweet Muscadel and Malvoisies, the *las lagrimas* of Malaga, which, though not fit to be used as a beverage, are delicious as cordials. This general defect arises probably not so much from the quality of the grapes, as from lack of pains in the manufacture of the juice. Wines, which might be made almost as good as those which are exported, are drank new, because there is not sufficient enterprise or wealth to store and keep them. The sherris which are drank in England and America are next to never seen in Spain. The natives cannot afford to pay the prices of them.

As in his meat, so in his drink, the Spaniard, provided he can get enough in quantity, is not very particular about the quality. Your muleteer, when on his journeys he comes to a stream of water, will lie down on his belly, and outdrink his beast; so, when at night-fall he reaches his inn, he wishes to sit down to an entire pig-skin. His countrymen all have the same disposition. They are afflicted with thirst as with a fever; and they drink off their well-brimmed cups without stopping to criticise too closely their flavor. The Catalanian manages to swallow his wine without even tasting it. He raises his leathern bottle with both hands—throws back his head—opens his mouth—and catches the "vinous parabola," which, issuing from an orifice about as large as the hole of a pipe-stem, passes directly from the neck of the bottle to that of the drinker. He is very expert at this trick of the *porron*; for, while a foreigner would be sure to inundate his nose and neckcloth, he never wastes a drop of the precious liquid. The boy just weaned will do almost as well, and seems to go from the breast to the

bottle by a natural instinct. The Catalonian draught is necessarily a long one. Having once had the curiosity to time it, I found in the case of a very old foggy that it occupied two minutes. Even then he appeared to stop drinking, not because his gullet was full, but because his arms were weary.

But although the Spaniard loves to squeeze his *porron*, he does not drink to intoxication. This is a vice of the North, not of wine-growing countries. On the first day of Lent, the Barcelonese—men,

women and children—all go out to the neighboring village of Gracia to “bury the carnival.” This means to eat and drink enough to last them through the whole fast season. Yet, whoever at night-fall should take up his position at the *Puerta del Angel* to witness the returning thousands, would probably fail of detecting one single instance of gross and manifest intoxication. The Barcelonese is proud of his sobriety, and looks upon drunkenness as a disgrace.

HENRY CLAY AS AN ORATOR.

IT was our good fortune, often to hear Mr. Clay speak in the Senate, in the United States Supreme Court, and in the open air, and although we have listened to the chief speakers of the day at home, and have been very lucky in opportunities of hearing world-renowned debaters abroad, he always seemed to us, the greatest *natural* orator, of the whole army of eloquent men. Two occasions especially, upon which he put forth quite distinct styles of speech and manner, are vividly impressed on our mind, and may properly introduce a more particular description of his oratory.

The first of these occasions, was on the day when it was announced to Congress that Mr. Calhoun was dead. It had been known to the city, the day before, which was Sunday, and the next day a great crowd had gathered in the galleries and on the floor. A solemn expectation evidently pervaded all, of hearing the most impressive funeral eloquence, from the most celebrated compeers of the great man who was dead. The whole scene was awe-inspiring. Benton was in his place—an iron-looking man—and it was whispered that in the new-made grave, animosities would sink, and that his voice even would rise in the chorus of eulogium. At a short distance from him was a single senator's chair, the only spot unoccupied in that thronged hall. On the other side of the main aisle, sat Webster, dressed in the deepest mourning, his massive features set like stone, with a monumental look; seeming far gloomier and more sepulchral than they looked, when no very long time after, in full Senatorial costume, his own dead form lay out beneath the mighty

branches of his patriarchal elm. Near him was Mr. Clay. When the formal announcement was made, there was a profound stillness. No one seemed willing to rise first, to give voice to the sorrow of the Senate. At length Mr. Webster turned his head toward Mr. Clay, as if he would say, that his longer Congressional career entitled him peculiarly to open the great cadence of lamentation. Slowly and quietly he rose. He began very gently in instinctive harmony with the universal feeling. His rare voice, beautiful though subdued, and as it were muffled, rose gradually as he pictured the younger scenes of his association with his friend. And as he drew a rapid view of his domestic relations, and descanted on the virtues and agreeable excellences of the wife who had cheered the long campaign of the political soldier, grateful recollections thickened on his mind; the life-blood began to push its way into dulled memories, and his eye began to shine, and his whole form to sway about gently and gracefully, while the tones waxed louder, though not at all vehement, but rather more and more pathetic and affecting. Never shall our ears forget the touching melody with which he pronounced this closing period of a sorrowing climax, “he was my junior in years,—in nothing else;” and then he rested in the gentle tide of his words, he turned his eyes on the empty chair—a moment of silence intervened—then his accumulated weight of feeling gushed forth in one brief moving question, as he gestured toward the chair,—“When shall that great vacancy be filled?” *For ever* shall those swelling words, “that great vacancy” sound and resound in our ears.

Their tone was the tone of a dirge, and of a panegyric, and a prophecy combined.

The other occasion of which we wish now to speak was one which displayed quite a different order of talent in the speaker. It was in the days of the compromise discussions of 1850, and that famous Adjustment Bill was under debate. On the day previous, a variety of dilatory and opposing motions had been made in the Senate, and a plentiful second crop had been promised further, by Mr. Benton, the active leader of the adverse forces. Mr. Clay had been laboring during the intervening night to conceive some plan which, at the same time that it should be "in order," should head off this kind of opposition. He thought he had hit upon it, and at the first opportunity he rose in his place to present it. With a sweet voice and tranquil manner he set it forth, and concluded by moving its adoption. Then he paused—all were still. He looked across the Senate chamber, he fixed his eye on the hostile leader, who sat on the other extreme of the semicircle, with all the Bentonian thunder lowering on his resolute brow. As their eyes met, Clay's expression changed—"Glory and triumph o'er his aspect burst, like an East Indian sunrise on the main." He lifted his arm, he shook it menacingly at the rival chief—"and now let us see," said he, in a voice of thunder, "whether the pacification of this country is longer to be hindered." And then with eyes perfectly in a blaze, his long arms swinging around him, his gray hair flurrying on his brow, and his tall form swaying about and sometimes bending almost double with his impassioned vehemence, he dashed into a brilliant picture of the prospect which he thought the Compromise opened for America. Soon, however, he seemed to be admonished that his physical vigor was no longer capable of the sustained and prolonged flights, in which he had once indulged; his swelling voice sunk a little, and in a tone of inexpressible richness—"Ah," said he, "I left a sick-room this morning, at the call of my country;" for a few broken sentences he drooped, then once more he awoke and sprang into full life; once more he grew menacing and triumphant; his form expanded, his presence grew loftier, and his tones were trumpeted forth with an exulting confidence, as if a sort of sibylline inspiration possessed him; he was all himself again, and we felt that we indeed were looking on the famous orator, in his appropriate scene.

And now if turning from these spec-

tacles of his eloquence, we consider *what it did*, we shall see how worthy it is of careful study. Surely we may well study that eloquence which infused his own electric spirit into this whole nation, making itself felt equally on the floor of lukewarm State legislatures and on the deck of the Constitution frigate, as she cleared for action, in the immortal sea-fight: an eloquence which shivered the dynasty of Jackson in the person of his successor, and over several administrations exercised the influence of a modern "Mayor of the Palace;" which almost alone sustained what was termed, *The American System of Politics*; and above all, an eloquence which through many changing years, grappled to his own heart as with hooks of steel, a million of other hearts; forcing a great party, overflowing with genius, to keep the broad ensign of "Harry of the West" nailed at their mast-head, through a series of political campaigns, every one of them as ruinous to the ambition and the avarice of his followers, as those which left the Great Frederick deserted in the Palace at Potsdam, to drink the poison alone, after his fatal fields;—this eloquence surely will well repay our study.

Henry Clay was an orator by nature. He had not the eloquence of the schools. The scholastic precepts of Cicero in the treatise on oratory, he knew nothing about. No concealed and flowing rhythm gave the undefinable charm of composition to his words; they trooped forth spontaneously, gushing, glowing, conquering. He had the eloquence of *character*, of *wisdom*, and of *action*. Those were the three pillars of his grand power. He had a character magnanimous, chivalric, warm-hearted, reminding us rather of some Homeric hero, than a Yankee politician; a sagacious wisdom, broad, comprehensive, fore-casting, ready, and intuitive; and lastly, an action, wholly unstudied, based upon extraordinary native gifts, developed and trained up by exercise, without rule.

The simple story of his birth, and growth, and glory is well known to every American. How he was born in Virginia, the nursery of great men, and was brought up by a poor but proud mother, with a very elementary and meagre education; how he never went to college, but carried the meal bags to and from the mill, and was called "the mill-boy of the Slashes," and when old enough studied text-books a little, and crossed the borders to Kentucky to practise law, having as the goal of his expectation, as he afterwards said, a practice of three hundred dollars a year;

and the tale of that first trembling and stammering appearance before a debating society, in which three times he vainly undertook to open a speech with the inappropriate prefix "Gentlemen of the Jury;" and finally, how his genius, all untutored as it was, broke forth with invincible splendor upon Kentucky, and swept him onward from glory to glory, by popular suffrage, till by universal acclamation he stood confessed, Chief of the Senate and Tribune of the People;—all this outline of his life is universally familiar, and we explore in vain therefore the sources of his eloquence in any learned training, or all-accomplished art. The fountains of that Nile spring elsewhere. But he appears to have been born with a character built on a large scale, and the circumstances of his youth and his early manhood, although not very favorable to intellectual growth, were peculiarly calculated to ennoble and to expand this, his grand gift of character; for *there*, in this character, thus developed, was hidden the main spring of his eloquence.

When he stepped out into life, he found himself in the midst of a new and almost pioneer society, ardent and passionate, bold and brave; untrammelled by conventionalities, and wild and free as nature around them, invaded only, as yet, not destroyed. Among such associations the native elements of a man's character would develop spontaneously, irregularly but freely; like the luxuriant growths of their own forests. A large and liberal way of looking at things, a bold and dashing manner of talking about them, very different from the cramped and stilted phraseology of books; a courage undaunted and kindred to that of the immediate predecessors of the men around him, the explorers of forests and slayers of beasts; a vigorous and vehement energy in carrying out every enterprise, whether of study or of action, very different from the namby-pamby ardor of a mere book-worm, weak and literary; and a habit of acting from desultory but strong and passionate impulses;—these were the traits of character, which lying originally in Clay, were fostered by Kentuckian life. But the freedom and expansiveness of a new and unconfined society formed by no means the only moral atmosphere of his development. The Revolution was just over. His youth saw what was still the heroic age of the Republic. The heroes who had sworn before God, that "sink or swim" they gave their lives and sacred honor to their country, were still walking among the people; lingering a little as if

to give their farewell benediction to the nation whose infancy they had baptized with blood. Still the golden age of the sentiments of the people continued, still the brazen age of the commerce of the people had not opened. They had gone to war with a terrible nation for an opinion; they had kept up the war and kept up their own hearts by the interchange of sentiments, such as had been uttered in all time, by the most noble men of our race—by Roman and Athenian lovers of liberty, by Christian martyrs, by the Lovers of Democracies, who had died victims of tyrants. Multitudes still lived who had heard these sentiments echoing round the land. Multitudes of memories and traditions of the great deeds done to back them, were still current. The whole heart of the nation was warm, the whole mind of the nation was lifted up. In this national atmosphere of noble souls, the high heart of Clay swelled with congenial fires.

But hardly had he assumed the position of one of the leaders in Congress when he was summoned to play a part which still more fully developed all the grandeur of his qualities. Our new nation was recognized as existing *de facto* and *de jure*, in fact and in law, but it had no social position in the family of nations. The new flag seemed to float timidly among the battle-stained banners of the ancient countries of immemorial renown. Messages from the new state remonstrant against the violations of her rights were indifferently listened to by princes and potentates. Upon the whole, the eagle of the Republic had no thunderbolt in its talons. The eye of Henry Clay saw this, and his great heart felt it keenly and sadly, and when the presumption of Great Britain reached its climax, by the closing of the ports of the Continent to our struggling commerce, and invading the sanctity of our ships, then his voice rose like a trumpet, bidding his countrymen gird on the sword once more; then he flung out the famous motto of our second war, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights;" then he declared that the sailor on the deck of a Yankee ship was on sacred ground; that the flag should float like a protecting *Aegis* over him. His inspiring and just sentiments, the echoes of the Revolution, rung like clarion voices through the land. He wrested from Madison the declaration of war, and took at once the leadership of the people. His eloquence was then like the pillar of flame, marshalling them to their proper place among nations. The close of that war, by its moral influence, it is admitted,

gave us the rank of a first class power upon the earth, and all the time the seat and fountain of that splendid struggle of national pride, was in the bosom of Henry Clay. He chiefly stirred the people up to it. He, most of all the political leaders, supported it, in all its shifting phases, with undrooping spirit and lion-hearted daring. He cheered on the political columns, and upon his Atlantean shoulders chiefly the contest rested.

The conduct of this vast crisis in our national destinies, from the hour when, as some say on his knees, he wrung from President Madison a reluctant assent to the first declared breach with England, on through the fluctuating vicissitudes of the struggle, to the closing and crowning victory of New Orleans, taxed and tried his noblest qualities;—his love of country, the "charity of native land," as Senator Seward, eulogizing him, said, his courage, the grandeur of his fortitude and his indomitable resolution, all were quickened into new life. In that day it was that his *character*, which was, as we have said, the mainspring of his eloquence, took its last development. Then the seal was set upon it. And that completed character proved to be one as high-toned in its honor and enterprise as the Cavalier of Virginia in his chivalry, as religious in its patriotism as the Puritan of New England in his piety; a Bayard he was, in his courage and gallantry, and hardly behind Washington in his love of our country. We have heard his earlier contemporaries say that up to this time, that is, the time of the war, his eloquence was milder, more deprecatory and persuasive, as became a young man, but ever afterwards it was bolder, mightier, more confident, and terrible. In this respect his career somewhat resembled the course of Edmund Burke; who in the earlier half of his life, that devoted mainly to literature, was much more amiable and winning than storming and commanding; but whose qualities, rarefied in the lighter air of letters, seemed to condense and darken into thick clouds of passion, in the heavier and more murky atmosphere of political strife. Originally the sunny, genial nature of Clay was uppermost, but afterwards when contest, and sorrow, and growth gave him his full development, he had the volcano as well as the sunshine in his composition.

It is necessary to revive these reminiscences of the opening career and early education of Clay, rightly to estimate his peculiar eloquence, and to get a clear idea of its sources. There are many kinds of

orators. There is the magisterial orator of intellect, imposing and *Websterian*; there is the gaudy and polished utterance of the rhetorician, captivating with meretricious ornament; and there is the orator of character and manner, swaying masses like a commander. To this last order Mr. Clay primarily belonged. Though we see also in him the action of an intellect free and large, and this, as we shall presently notice more particularly, came materially to the aid of his effect.

While of the arts and graces of the rhetorician, the set orator of the schools, the ornament rather than the ruler of public bodies, he had nothing. Of narrow education, not bred in very polished scenes, and never much given to reading books, his culture was always chiefly gathered from the society of men, with whom he came in contact, and the enterprises in which he was engaged. We shall look in vain in his reported speeches for scholastic beauties or literary gems. In vain shall we seek to trace a learned fancy in an affluent imagery. Nothing like the polished periods of Edward Everett will greet our sense of the harmony of numbers; nothing like that phantom pageantry conjured up by the impassioned fancy of Rufus Choate, will stalk in grand procession before our mind's eye, as on some mimic stage. No, his eloquence was fed from other fountains. He had the words which he had picked up from a few books and from many men; some of them good, some bad, like the variety of human nature which he had fallen in with. He shook hands with the hunters of the West, and the scholars of the East, with wagon-boys from Ohio, and presidents from Virginia, and from them all he had gathered and garnered up his common but copious vocabulary. He had the trite figures of speech and turns of illustration taken from translations of the classics, and the crude speeches of half-formed rhetoricians, and both words and images he used off-hand. He never could put his mind into the harness of prepared paragraphs. Set sentences got up like Sheridan's, or even premeditated like Grattan's, never rushed with prearranged fervor from his lips. Nor in any way did he indulge in epideictic oratory, or what we may call show-off speeches. He spoke as the battle of debate demanded, instant, fervid, to the very point of the moment. He had not time for preparation of speeches, for choice diction, for culled periods. Indeed the warmth and movement of his powers when in action was such, that he could never get along very

satisfactorily even with an apt or elegant quotation. A little anecdote is told of him forcibly illustrating this. Anticipating a speech on one occasion, he laughingly asked a representative from Boston, Mr. Winthrop, to give him the quotation about a rose by any other name smelling as sweet. This he wrote out on a little slip of paper, and when in the march of his speech he arrived at its point of introduction, he began to fumble among his papers, still talking on though, for his poetry. Alas! he could not find it; but as unfortunately, with too precipitate a confidence, he had started in the quotation, and had already got off the words "A rose," it was absolutely necessary to finish it somehow; something at all events must be done with the "Rose." So after a momentary balk and a prodigious pinch of snuff, he abruptly wound up his attempted rhetorical bravura, by saying, to the astonishment of ears polite, and very much we may imagine to the enforcement of his argument, "A rose where'er you find it, still is sweet." A great and scholarly orator of New England we have heard say, that during his brief term in the Senate, he has more than once seen the moment, in listening to Clay, when he would have given moneys numbered for the privilege of thrusting a quotation in his lips. Not at all then in the style of thought, the composition, or the diction of Mr. Clay's speeches shall we find any marvels of eloquent power. That power was hidden in his lofty and Roman-like character, and in his fervent sensibility. He always appealed with electric fervor to the nobler thoughts and the loftier passions of men. Some speakers make their onslaught on the prejudices and the more vulgar passions of their hearers; some to the higher and more hallowed impulses—the nobilities of human nature. In short, some appeal to men's greatness, some to their littleness. And those who are themselves great always prefer the former. It was once said of another orator, that "the man seemed always greater than his word." And so as men looked on Clay's chivalrous and dauntless front, they felt that there was something behind the sentences, far greater than the sentences. There are men whose speeches seem to us richer and grander than they seem themselves, and they continually surprise us. In studying such orators we must analyze their compositions and their culture carefully, if we want to find them out. But with the school of speakers, in the van of whose ranks Clay stood, we must study the *men*, not the speeches;

we must look at *character*, rather than culture.

The intellect of Mr. Clay was large. He had strong, wise, wide views, the product of his understanding and his judgment combined. We once heard a senator say of his eloquence, that its predominant element after all was wisdom. And we can still see apparent, through even the newspaper reports of his speeches, a large, broad, capacious comprehension of public affairs. His mind on three capital occasions, was expanded and energized to its utmost capacity. These were the critical times of the war of 1812, the Missouri Compromise, and the Tariff Compromise of 1832. To have led his country in three such *hours* as these; to have spread his mind over the whole field of her multitudinous and jarring interests, and grasped them all, and provided for them all, was a most severe discipline of all the intellectual powers. Thus his mind may be said to have had three great periods of stretching and strengthening. Now this widening and enlarging of mind combined powerfully with his fire and elevation of character, to give his oratory its commanding impressiveness; a sort of attribute of general grandeur. Men felt as they sat before him, that no smooth-lipped Belial was speaking, whose "tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason," but one who seemed for dignity composed, and from whose lips flowed princely counsel.

We said in the beginning of this paper, that the eloquence we are trying to describe, was that of character, of wisdom, and of action. And in this last term, "action," we include the whole management and display of the *body* of the speaker. The body is the machine through which all the soul and intellect are made palpable to us, in voice, gesture, and in one comprehensive word—action. More important even than sagacious thought, or sublime sentiment, is the *action* by which it is expressed and made visible. So at least *he* said, whom all are agreed to call the foremost speaker of all this world. And this action was in Mr. Clay admirable, rising often to a dramatic intensity and beauty. To see Edmund Kean act, it was said, was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning; to hear Henry Clay utter the sentiment of America, was like hearing the Sibyl announce the oracles of the Republic. You felt, as it were, all the pulse-beats of a young continent.

How shall we picture that magical manner? How describe that magnetism

which radiated from his soul, round and round among his hearers, through their very life-blood? No canvas can body forth the great orator in action. Healey's painting of Webster replying to Hayne, whatever it may be as a work of art, gives no notion at all of the Demosthenic "action." As well might you try to paint lightning as to paint the flash which for an instant, from the true orator's eyes, blazes into your very soul; or to catch the terrible inflections of the few momentary tones, which storm the very citadel of your mind and senses. The actor, Booth, whom, alas! we shall never see again, in the play of Pescara, when the heroine asks her father who shall prevent her nuptials with her lover, used to utter the single monosyllable "I" in such a manner that it struck like a dagger to the heart of every one who heard him. A manner though, of course, utterly incapable of being described. While, then, we do not undertake to give any thing like a daguerreotype of Mr. Clay's action, we may by words, which, according to Edmund Burke's theory in the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, are far superior, for painting, to colors and canvas—by words we may present a faint likeness of that wizard-like manner. Conspicuous among his physical attributes was his ardent temperament. His blood was warm, and as easily set flowing as if it had been distilled in tropical airs; quick and strong were his pulse-beats. In the iciest days of winter, he said he could always keep himself physically warm by the exercise of speaking. This heat of temperament is indispensable to the orator, to enable him quickly and vigorously to bring into play all his intellectual resources. A fine engine with a bad furnace would be a pretty poor working machine. A lethargic man, even if endowed with bright wits and generous sentiment, can only summon them to action on high occasions. But the genuine orator must kindle always at the word of command. This liveliness of physical sensibility, moreover, enables the outer world to act with much more power on all the moral and impulsive sensibilities of one's nature. A man whose system is all in a glow feels all that is going on around him, and all the thoughts and sentiments thereby suggested much more vividly than if calm or half asleep. Indeed, we have seen a celebrated temperance lecturer hold an audience by the hour together, when there was neither strength in his thought nor beauty in his words, solely by the sympathetic fervors of physical animation, which

his screaming energy awoke within them. In his case he had nothing to go upon but temperament. It was merely, if we may be allowed the phrase—the eloquence of blood. When Clay spoke he was often in a physical fever; as he went on, some great thought would strike athwart his mind, or some great vision flash upon his fancy of the possible programme of American destiny, and then—heavens! how the blood mounted glistening in his broad, bright face, and gushing on his burning brain. Then that homely physiognomy would be in an instant illuminated with a sort of oratorical sunshine; the spirit of a commanding grace would descend upon him, almost it would seem as if a halo hovered round his head, and with an apostolic beauty it were absolutely transfigured.

In all the leading bodily essentials of the orator, his *personelle*, Nature had been prodigal to him of the means of producing effects. His figure was tall and lithe, and from its spareness looked even taller than it really was. It was apparently easily put together, so as to swing about in gesture plainly, and with marked but dignified grace; although considered by itself when not in action, it would by no means be thought a symmetrically proportioned form. But when thus moving and swaying, its angles and lengths disappeared, and the high-towering body, and long-sweeping arms became most efficient contributors to the grand result. His face was large, and rendered very striking by the ample and lofty brow which surmounted it; fit temple to crown that gallant mind which, one look assured you, it enshrined. Cicero's mouth and ears were remarkably large, and strange to tell, some critics have set these down as *points* in a true-born orator's make; marks as infallible as the points of blood in "a thorough-bred." If, indeed, these are unmistakable tests—ear marks of a native orator—then was Mr. Clay vastly the debtor of Nature. For his mouth was—we had almost said—gigantic. Certainly it was *huge*. It always reminded us of the stone mouth of *Cheops*. It looked as if Nature had forgotten to give him any aperture there, on his first being turned off from her mould, and afterwards let some journeyman mend him, by splitting an opening with his broad-axe. In his old days, when the men crowded round him for a shake of his hand, and the ladies beset him for a kiss of his patriarchal lips, it was remarked that his capacity of gratifying this latter demand was unlimited; for the ample

dimensions of his kissing apparatus enabled him completely to *rest* one side of it while the other side was doing active duty. But there have been times when we have seen that broad and uncouth mouth hurl forth words so sharp and hard-hitting, they were worthy of the orator of old who was said "to eat swords and iron," while again we have seen it radiant with good-humor, looking absolutely handsome, and pouring forth tones which called right up before you the very sunny-side of life. His eyes were powerful. They were not deep set. They did not lower upon his enemy from cavernous depths like Webster's, but they sparkled and blazed upon the adversary, as if set in the very front rank of the battle. They were of a grayish blue, and in his excitements they seemed to take all hues of that color, from the light and sparkling to the deep sea-blue; now shining like "the glittering eye" of the ancient mariner, and again growing intense, and "darkly, deeply blue." His whole head taken together was large and rather imposing from its breadth, and its height in proportion to its breadth. Phrenologists used to estimate it at over seven inches in diameter, while its height gave him something of that impressive majesty of mien, which history has attributed to the whole family of the first Greek Orator-Statesman, Pericles. The complexion, in which often so much of the impressiveness of physiognomy secretly resides, was not in his case peculiar, or marked. Care had not withered it into the bloodless parchment-hue of Calhoun's lineaments, nor deepened it into a smoky swarthinness. It was natural and healthy. Years wrote their lines about the face well-defined and square, but not deep-furrowed. His temperament was rather of the sanguine than the bilious order, though he had enough of the latter for hard work.

But take him for all in all, "as he stood in his boots," as the backwoodsmen say, his presence was magisterial. And sometimes as that high form was dilated and lifted up in some grand accent of command, he looked more than the magistrate; he looked like a more than mortal lawgiver; and he presented a living and speaking example of the truth of the inspiring declaration, man is born "a little lower than the angels."

But after all, his quick, glowing, tropical temperament, his lofty form and swaying arms, his glittering eye and flurrying hair, and his gallant bearing, taken all together, were not a more efficient arm of oratoric battle, than one other grand

element of his power, which in its effectiveness equalled all the rest of his physical qualifications; and that was his wonderful voice. No orator's voice superior to his in quality, in compass and in management, has ever, we venture to say, been raised upon this continent. It touched every note in the whole gamut of human susceptibilities; it was sweet and soft, and lulling as a mother's to her babe. It could be made to float into the chambers of the ear, as gently as descending snow-flakes on the sea; and again, it shook the Senate, stormy, brain-shaking, filling the air with its absolute thunders. That severe trial of any speaker, to speak in the open air, he never shrank from. Musical yet mighty, that marvellous organ ranged over all levels, from the diapason organ-tone to the alto shriek; from the fine delicacies of pathetic inflections, to the drum-beat rolls of denunciatory intonations. And all the time it flowed harmoniously. Its "quality," as elocutionists would say, was delicious, and its modulations proved that the human voice is indeed the finest and most impressive instrument of music in the world; more inspiring than the clamorous chimings of Jullien bands, more touching than the gentle blowings of mellow flutes. This, his great possession, the unequalled voice, as well as all the other eminent particulars of his unrivalled physique, he had cultivated with assiduous care, from his youth up. "Think not," he told the students of the Ballston Law School, a few years before his death, "think not, that any great excellence of advocacy can be attained without great labor." And then, in his most happy narrative manner, he went on to tell them how he always *practised* speaking in his youth, "and often," said he, "I made the hills resound in my walks, and many a herd of quietly-grazing cows has been the astonished audience of my outpourings." The old story of the great Athenian shutting himself in his cave, for five years, by patient discipline to learn to wield the orator's whole thunder, is indeed paralleled in a greater or less degree, in the career of all the orators. It was this uncommon scope and flexibility of his voice, at once strong and delicate, which in conjunction with his other physical endowments, gave him the ability of satisfying in some measure in his delivery, that ideal of Cicero, where he enumerates in the epistle to Brutus, on "the Orator," three distinct kinds of speaking; the neat, the moderate, the mighty. And for all three there is need, each in their appropriate place; the conversational, the

strong but not passionate, and the headlong torrent-like rush, which the Greeks called *agonizing* upon the Forum.

Now, having thus seen what were Mr. Clay's native gifts, let us see, with some particularity, how he put them into play: his manner of speaking. His manner in delivery was eminently *natural*. There was nothing artificial about it; nothing which at first rather shocked you, but which, when you got used to it, pleased you; as was the case with Mr. Pinckney's studied and splendid harangues before the Supreme Court. It was natural, easy, graceful, and dignified. He never seemed, as some ranters do, to be *blowing* himself up. He never seemed to be *trying* to do any thing. It was all as if he couldn't help it. He was so natural and appropriate in delivery, that, in his wildest outbursts, nobody would ever think of crying out to him, as the boy in the crowd bawled to the fuming spouter on the stage, "Sir, your face is so red, it makes me hot." No; if Clay was furious, you felt that he ought to be furious, and you would as soon find fault with a caged panther, for howling, as condemn him for his outbursts. His usual delivery was quite deliberate; every word golden and clean-cut. His hands played all ways naturally; there was no gesture which looked as if he had thought of it over night. His figure inclined pliantly and with a dignified and courtly emphasis; though, in the moments of vast passion, it would bend almost double, and for an instant play up and down like the walking-beam of a North River steambot. His eye usually smiled with an expression of inviting good-humor; alternating, however, with an expression, at times, like a jet of flame. He frequently took snuff, and would walk some distance, while speaking, to take a pinch from some friendly senator's box. Sometimes he held in his hand a great red handkerchief (a product of some Kentucky loom, we should think), and, often forgetting to put it in his pocket, in his rising raptures, that red bandanna would flourish about, with a sort of jubilant triumph of motion, breathing, by the spirit of its movement, as much confidence into his followers as the white plume of Henry of Navarre inspired in his soldiers; and suggesting, by the success which always followed the aroused ardors, of which its waving was the evidence, no violent imagination of the very "crimson wing of conquest" itself. And as he warmed, his words came faster and faster, yet still articulated harmoniously; his awkward arms began to sweep gracefully in wider

and wider sweeps; the prophetic expression of his feelings darted across his features in the advance of his words; single words would be *blazed out*, yet still the general level of the utterance was low and sweet; his uncomely face beamed with animation, and his homely mouth seemed to shrink and curve in his passion, almost to a Grecian chiselling.

His general level of speech was conversational, like animated talk, something like what the great Irish orator, Grattan, in one of his youthful letters, described Lord Chatham's to have been. But even while upon this level, so silver-tongued were his tones, so easy and gliding their flow, and so varied and delicate their inflections, that he held his auditors' attention, fascinated and unflagging. When, then, he rose above that subdued level, the effect was correspondingly powerful; and in every pitch of the scale, that glorious voice was unbroken: he had never injured it by bad usage, he had never roared it into gruffness, nor growled it into hardness and an edgy coarseness, but always he was golden-mouthed—a modern Chrysostom, in that point at least. There are many distinguished speakers who are never extremely interesting, except when making a point, or making a vehement burst, but all really great speakers can command attention, and exhibit charms on their *general level*; and in the highest degree Clay's average level was grateful to the hearer. He did not like some quite popular declaimers indulge in violent contrasts of pitch, running along, for instance, for ten sentences on one level, and then abruptly changing to another and remote level, but maintained always this melodious general level of spirited conversation, from which, easily and gracefully, and by gradations, he rose and fell. Single words and tones, however, he would sometimes give with great variety of modulation; for his voice was not only full and wide-ranging, but it was under the most exact command; from his low and sweet level of tone, he would sometimes strike instantly a tone like an alarum-bell. We remember once hearing him *throw off* the simple words "railroad speed" in such a manner that, in an instant, he made the whole express train, under lightning headway, dash across our mind. He had, too, a faculty of crowding, as by some hydrostatic pressure of oratory, an amazing weight of expression on to the backbone of a single word. Sometimes mounting from his easy level, on one word alone, he would go through a whole pantomime of action; his form rises, his eye burns, his look

strikes awe, while the final ejaculation of that much-anticipated word would burn it into the very fibre of the brain, for an everlasting memory. In boyhood, we heard him thus utter the word "crevasse;" we didn't even know then what a "crevasse" was, but it was struck, as by some tremendous die, into our mind, and has been there ever since, the type and synonyme of every thing appalling and to be dreaded.

Although, as we have said, he spoke in the open air, his style was there also much the same as with chamber audiences. The sustained tumultuous frenzy of the Irish school of eloquence he was never urged on to, even by the shoutings of the thousands in the open air. Even there, beneath the blue sky, and before the million, it was as unlike as possible to the rough hill-side stormings, with which we may imagine O'Connell used to meet and grapple with his monster-gatherings. In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his oratory, he could beget the Shakespearian *temperance* which could give it smoothness and beauty.

His management of his body was very manly, dignified, and graceful; whether flinging his arms about in the storm of passion, or pausing in his course to take the pinch of snuff, so indispensable, his movement was fit to be seen by a theatrical audience. His bye-play, as he went along in his speech, was capital; and, indeed, his whole expression, by face, form, fingers, and arms, added so prodigiously to the effect of what he was saying, that the reporters would often fling down their pens in despair, declaring, "He's a great actor, and that's the whole of it." That, however, was not the whole of it, by a good deal; for a vast, moral, and intellectual steam-power was behind all this physical machinery; and when, at one moment, it was all brought into full play, the effect was wondrous; then, when his mind was full of broad thoughts—when his soul was all aglow with burning sentiments, when his bodily sensibilities were all up, and reacting on all his faculties, the rapid throb of his pulse, beating a reveillé to all his powers—then, indeed, for one moment, you might fancy that Cicero's splendid dream was realized; that in the senate-house, Roscius was, indeed, in action; that the all-perfect combination of the statesman and the actor was standing right before you. In those moments, the genius of Clay—Harry Clay, as those who loved him fondly called him—wielded an imperial supremacy over the subdued spirit of others; then, like

Andrew Jackson, his sole rival in the single point of powerful character, he could say, with defiant front, "By the Eternal, *it shall be so!*" and no man dared gainsay him.

There are many anecdotes told of the wonderful ascendancy of his character, when expressed in eloquence, which indicate its practical effect—instantaneous, lightning-like. One anecdote may be related of circumstances which took place many years since, when he was in the full flush of his as yet unbroken hope: "Hope elevating and joy brightening his crest." As it took place in secret session of the Senate, it has never been generally known. It happened thus: A democratic President had nominated a Virginia democrat as Minister near the Court of St. James. In the political complexion of the Senate, it was necessary, in order to secure his confirmation, for at least one whig vote to be thrown for him. For reasons best known to himself, a very leading whig senator had been induced to intimate that he would fill that otherwise fatal chasm. Mr. Clay heard of this bargain, or tacit understanding, on the very morning upon which the question was to come up for decision. It didn't take him long to make ready for that debate. Indeed, his oratorical forces were always a sort of flying-artillery. Just as the question was about to be put to the senate, he towered up on the whig side of the hall, to the infinite anxiety of the democratic managers, and the deadly heart-shaking of the single recusant, the lone-star whig. Quite contrary to his usual custom, he launched forth at once into a tornado of denunciation on the proposed ambassador. He made not the faintest allusion to the understood bargain; but he reviewed his whole political career, bringing out into the boldest relief the steadfast animosity to the whig party which that career had consistently displayed. Every act of thorough-paced anti-whiggism he dragged forth, and painted in the most glowing colors. When he thought he had laid a foundation impregnable, then, and not till then, the whirlwind broke upon the head of the hitherto unsuspected victim. Fiercely he glared round on the rows of senators. "And now," he almost screamed out, "and now, what *whig* would vote for this man? What whig would *promise* to vote for this man? What whig, having promised, would *dare* to keep that promise?"

As the fierce hawk in the heavens surveys from the sky his quarry far below, and sweeps towards the victim, in broad

wheeling, narrowing momentarily till with one fatal plunge, he strikes the death-blow,—so here the orator, in this fierce assault, seemed in these three tremendous interrogations to approach his victim with three narrowing sweeps of his great arm, and with more and more certain indications of his appalling manner, till, as he came to the final—the most accusing and defying question,—he turned full on the object of his wrath.

The oratorical cannonade was too tremendous to be endured, and the senator, leaving his chair, walked round behind the Vice-President's desk, where the Corinthian pillars and ample curtains, hiding him from that brandishing arm, and accusatorial eye, shrouded him as in some tranquil heaven, from the terrors of the tempest. It is needless to add that no "whig" voted that day for that man. The nomination was rejected, and it was further whispered about at the time, that a long and violent fever supervened to the nominee, upon that disappointment and the invective.

As we said at the outset, Mr. Clay seems to us the greatest *natural* orator whom we have ever heard. And we think him moreover the first orator, upon the whole, for native powers, that our country has yet produced, at any stage of our history. We shall doubtless be told, as John Adams indignantly wrote to Mr. Wirt—when his *Life of Patrick Henry* came out, "multi heroes ante Agamemnona,"—there were many heroes before Agamemnon. Per-

haps there were, but we don't believe it. What Patrick Henry really was, we cannot tell. Our age sees him only through the dazzling haze, which the sympathetic genius of Wirt himself—with a great reputation for rhetorical prowess to maintain—threw around his subject. Wirt was then a young man, but an old orator; and for an orator to write about a departed orator, and not apotheosize him—the muse of eloquence would have walked him right out of her train. As for James Otis, he is a sort of bright myth. To be sure, as he argued the famous "Writs of Assistance" in the old State-house in Boston, Adams felt that "that day the child Independence was born," but with what agonies of eloquence the parturition was achieved, we really know as little accurately, as we know how Otis himself felt, when the lightning struck him dead, as he walked, on that fatal summer's day.

Indeed, therefore, we must place Henry Clay first on the American Forum. And if a Ciceronian culture had fallen to his lot, we think that here among us, the scenes of Athens and of Pericles might possibly have been repeated, and the "Lost Art" of Oratory might have rolled back upon us, like recollected music. Would it had been so! For even now, we might be placing in our Pantheon of the forgotten men of the Republic, a statue worthy to stand by the side of the great twin brethren of eloquence—the pride of the Grecian Bema, and the ornament of the Roman Forum.

THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

EVERY summer a series of military manoeuvres is executed in Russia, which as nearly as possible resembles actual warfare. The Czar takes command of an army of twenty thousand men, and the Grand Duke Alexander of another army of equal size. They fight mimic battles—the losing party (which is always the Grand Duke's!) retreats—is pursued to its quarters—the camp is stormed, and the war terminates amid the roar of cannon, the explosion of mines, and the blaze of bonfires.

This extraordinary but characteristic pastime of the Emperor's occupies about ten days, and attracts many visitors from England and the Continent. If they are

military men, whatever be their nation, they are entertained at the Czar's expense, furnished with horses and servants, and have every facility afforded them to behold and admire the discipline of the troops and the tactics of the generals.

It was at one of these manoeuvres that I first saw the Czar. The army was on the march, and we had taken horses at Sarskaskelo to follow it. We first overtook bands of peasants with carts laden with wood and provisions for the troops; long lines of baggage and ammunition wagons guarded by detachments of infantry, carriages containing dozing officers inside, their chargers, snorting and prancing, led behind. We next came up with the rear

guard, pontoon trains, heavy dragoons with helmets and cuirasses of polished steel, gaily dressed hussars, rumbling artillery, rank and file of foot soldiers plodding along, tired and dusty.

There was a halt at a cross road to wait for orders. Many soldiers, and horses too, threw themselves upon the ground to rest; a scouting party of Don Cossacks were shoeing their horses at a travelling forge,—tall, fierce-looking men, dressed in plain blue, with wild, rough steeds. As we kept on our course we heard a loud shout of "Gossudar! Gossudar!" (The Lord! the Lord!) our postillion turned the carriage aside; the troops halted. An orderly dashed past at full speed, and close behind, a carriage was whirled along by four galloping horses. It contained two persons, and we were at no loss to distinguish the "Gossudar," the despotic lord of so many millions of subjects. Tall and well made, with no superfluous flesh about him, with a high forehead, piercing gray eyes, and an intellectual face marked with crow's feet, his appearance would draw attention any where; though he has lost that youthful beauty, which gave him the name of the handsomest man in Europe. He was plainly dressed, with a cloak and military cap, looked fixedly at our party and gave the military salute, by raising his hand to his head, in answer to our uplifted hats. He was on his way to dine at a nobleman's residence near by, and was travelling at his usual rapid rate. Long after we lost sight of the dancing plumes in the outrider's cap, when the course of the carriage was marked only by a cloud of dust, we could hear the shout of "Gossudar! Gossudar!" caught up by file after file of the soldiery.

There was nothing save this to show the stranger that this was the Emperor; no pomp, no parade; a single attendant and a plain travelling carriage drawn by four posterns. The personal supervision of the troops, the fatigues of the march and the camp constitute his summer pastime. His mode of living is always simple; his dress, on ordinary occasions, a plain military uniform, his equipage when in town a one horse drosky. He is accessible to his subjects and constantly appears in public unattended. His delight is, like the fabled Haroun Alraschid, to visit his subjects in disguise and learn their sentiments and feelings. When omnibuses were first introduced in St. Petersburg, they were voted vulgar and were left to mujiks (serfs). To check this feeling, the Czar rode in one himself

and they at once became the rage. It is said that one night in returning from the opera he took a hack drosky and drove to the public entrance of the Winter Palace. He told the driver to wait and he would send him down the fare by a servant. "That won't do," said the fellow, "that's what all the officers tell me, and I may wait all night and lose my money." "Can you point out any that have served you thus?" said the Emperor. "To be sure I can," was the reply. Nicholas threw him his cloak in pledge, and the servant that brought the money ordered him to appear before the Czar the next day. The trembling serf obeyed, and those whom he pointed out were severely punished for their dishonesty.

On another occasion an *istvostchik* (hack drosky driver) told him he thanked God he did not belong to the Emperor, for in the part of the country he came from, a murrain had destroyed the cattle, and the crown serfs in the neighborhood had suffered great hardships in consequence; but *his* master had sent to a distance, purchased new herds, and supplied all his own serfs. Nicolai (for that is the name which we translate into Nicholas) asked his owner's name, and that night the nobleman was aroused from his bed and summoned before the Emperor. "Alas, Sire," cried he, "what have I done to merit your displeasure?" To his astonishment, he was told he had been sent for to assume one of the chief offices of the empire, that of manager of the crown lands. The Czar told him the account he had heard, and saying, "Treat my serfs as you have treated your own," dismissed him to the enjoyment of his new dignity.

The Emperor is worshipped by the middle and lower classes and dreaded by the nobility. If one will study for a moment the condition of Russia, he cannot but admire the tact and wisdom of the man that controls that vast empire. A French author calls the Russian form of government "a despotism tempered by assassination." Her ruler is surrounded by fierce and haughty nobles, feudal princes, that never have hesitated nor would hesitate to use poison or the knife, when it might further their ambitious aims. The people are corrupt from top to bottom. Bribery is open even in the courts of justice. All, from the highest noble, who receives costly presents to wink at fraud, to the lowest policeman, who opens his palms and shuts his eyes, when the thief thrusts a few kopecks into his hand, are dishonest. Are not the Czar's predilec-

tions for absolute monarchy not alone sincere, but correct, when applied to a people like his? Are such men fit to govern themselves?

The past of Russia is but a day in the History of Europe. It is less than two centuries since Peter the Great ascended the throne. "He made the Russians Europeans, as Philip made the Macedonians Greeks." His success was due, not to his extension of the Russian dominions, but to his concentration of the powers of government. He reduced the overgrown power of the Boiars; he disbanded the Strelitzes, those Janissaries of Europe. He founded St. Petersburg, he built ships and armed and equipped a powerful navy, making Russia for the first time a maritime country; he raised an effective standing army; and more than all, he encouraged science, and introduced the mechanic arts among an almost barbarous people. In 1721, he was crowned Emperor, and was the first who bore the imposing title of "Emperor of all the Russias."

The next great instrument of Russian civilization was Catharine the Great. Both learned and warlike, she drew savans to her court, used every effort to advance the diffusion of knowledge in her dominions, and improved the machinery of government; while she quelled insurrections, and by conquest added 210,000 square miles of fertile land to her territory. Now, Nicholas is pursuing the course that Peter the Great marked out. He has been as vigorous in government as he was anxious to civilize his people.

We condemn his oppression of the Poles, and his interference in the Hungarian war. But while the true-hearted American sees with grief these two great nations reduced to slavery, must he not own that if he occupied the Emperor's position he must have taken the same course? The law of self-preservation is the highest human law. In obedience to its dictates the Poles and Hungarians sought their liberty, and in obedience to the same law Nicholas crushed the spirit of democracy.

It would be impossible for the most far-seeing politician to divine the future of Russia. Her fate must depend upon her rulers. Iron may be welded to iron, but when wood and iron are joined, their connection lasts only with the rivet that holds them together. No one is mad enough to suppose that all the Russias, extending from the North Pole to Persia, and from the Baltic to our own frontier, comprising one seventh of the globe, with a population of 87,000,000, could be

blended together into one great *republic*. Catharine once called together a congress of her subjects at Moscow to devise general laws for her people. It represented *twenty-seven* different nations, speaking as many different languages, and after a few vain attempts at organization broke up in confusion. Imagine the stolid Esthonian fraternizing at the polls with the fiery Don Cossack, or the rude fisherman of Finland, or still ruder Kamtschatkan glorifying the double-headed eagle in a political speech to the Moslems of the Caucasus!

But let us turn from the frozen seas and dreary steppes of the Czar's domain; let us cross the frontier to the "land of the olive and myrtle," the golden East.

It was on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, that we stepped from the quay of Tophana into a light caique and darted across the sparkling waters of the Golden Horn into the rapid tide of the Bosphorus. It was a day of idleness for all good Mussulmen. Thousands were thronging to the mosques; the water was alive with caiques conveying the inhabitants of Pera or Stamboul to the "sweet waters of Asia," to the heights of Burguloo, or the "Sweet waters of Europe." Suddenly a flash of light from the Asiatic shore, followed by the dull roar of a cannon, proclaims that the Sublime Porte has left his palace to visit the mosque. A large caique darts from beneath the arches of the serai and cuts the water into foam as it heads across the Bosphorus. It is followed by another and another. The echo of the first cannon has hardly died away before a hundred brazen throats reply. The huge Turkish men-of-war that tower above the waters like castles, which, but an instant since, seemed deserted and solitary, now swarm with men. Every spar, from deck to mast-head, bears a living load. The sailors cling to the rigging like bees, and line the bulwarks. The caiques rapidly approach. They are high-prowed boats, painted in white and gold, each propelled at great speed by sixteen stout rowers. Astern, is a crimson canopy, under which recline the Sultan and the officers of state. The train sweeps by, and the roar of cannon is not silenced till the Sultan has landed and entered the mosque.

Thus, on each Mohammedan sabbath through the year, the descendant of the Caliphs and head of the church, visits a different mosque. The prayers lasted about an hour, and, in the mean time, we landed and secured a good position to see Abdul Megid, on his departure. There

was a crowd assembled, a detachment of soldiers was under arms, and five horses saddled and bridled, with housings thickly studded with diamonds, were led up and down to await the choice of their Imperial master. The troops wore dark blue European frock coats, and trowsers, and red fez caps, and had a slouching gait, and awkward look, in their ill-fitting and foreign habiliments.

At last the doors flew open and a crowd of the high officers of state, all in the same plain dress, poured out. When the Sultan came, they surrounded him and gave him the Eastern salutation by touching the hand first to the breast, and then to the cap, and bowing low, a substitute for the ancient custom of prostration. With assistance, the Commander of the Faithful mounted a white steed, who was led quietly to the serai or palace, followed by the officers and the guards, and a band of music. The Sultan is a man of middle height, dressed something after the European fashion, with a pale, melancholy, but fine face. His head drooped on his breast, and his dark eyes gazed vacantly before him, it not being etiquette for him to look at, or show the least recognition of those about him. A man came forward with a paper, some petition, which was taken by an officer, and the cortège passed on. It reminded one of the ancient Egyptian worship of bulls. The animals were deified, their passions gratified, and the priests governed for them. The Sultan is consigned to the pleasures of the harem, and is but a puppet that seems to act and speak what really emanates from his ministers behind the scenes.

As the feeble Abdul Megid, surrounded by pashas and soldiers, attended by bands of music and cringing favorites, riding a steed whose trappings glitter with precious stones, too proud to recognize, even by a glance, the bowing multitude, passes by,

and we remember the vigorous Omar, the second of the Caliphs, who entered Jerusalem, as a victor, seated upon a camel, laden with a bag of fruit, and another of corn, his only provisions, whose only furniture was a wooden platter, his couch the earth, and his canopy a horse-hair tent, we see how nearly pomp is allied with weakness, and simplicity with strength.

The sun of the Ottoman empire rose in splendor, when, in 1300, the robber Emir Osman ravaged Asia Minor, and proclaimed himself Sultan; reached its meridian, when, in 1453 Mohammed the Second crossed the Bosphorus and established his capital in Stamboul; and now when Abdul Megid turns piteously for aid against the Russian invader to the Sovereign of a distant isle in the Northern Ocean, it seems about to sink below the horizon.

Whatever may be our sympathies with the Sultan who sheltered the flying Hungarians, we cannot forget that the Turks have been for centuries the bitterest enemies of Christendom, that the Greeks long groaned under a rule far more galling than Austrian tyranny, that the Mussulman who embraces Christianity is doomed to death, and that this very Sultan is even now the oppressor of millions of Christian subjects.

The Frank who has had stones cast at him in the streets, and tongues thrust out at him in derision as the "Christian dog," who has seen the worse than anarchy of the Turkish Empire, who has been driven with contempt, as an infidel, from the mosque of St. Sophia, once a temple of the true faith, will never regret to see the sceptre torn from the hands of the descendant of the Caliphs, and the last of the Ottomans driven from the territory wrested from Europeans by ruthless conquest, and forced to seek refuge in the desert plains of his Turkoman ancestors.

STAGE-COACH STORIES.

(Continued from page 219.)

"FRANK, the year before, had had so much difficulty in persuading me to leave Naples, and my regrets at parting with my young friend Rosetta had been so violent, that he, the wisehead, alarmed at my soft-heartedness, had forced me to agree to, and with him in manner and form following; that is to say: If either of

us should thereafter chance to fall in love with any individual of the fair sex, during the remainder of the time of our travels, the other should, by virtue of the compact, have full permission to consider him as *quasi* insane, and to use all proper means for the purpose of rescuing the affected party from any and all entanglements in

which he might become involved by reason of his passion. It was supposed, to be sure, at the time of making this arrangement, that I alone would be likely to receive the benefit of its operation. But as I was slowly undressing for bed, I recalled to mind the terms of the agreement. I determined to avail myself of the rights which it conferred upon me. So I sat down upon a chair, constituted myself a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, came speedily to a decision that Frank Eliot was not in his right mind, formed an inflexible resolution to save him from the fate of a marriage with the widow, blew out my light and got into bed.

"I proposed to myself a hundred plans as I tossed from side to side, but failed to suggest one that satisfied me—'At all events, Master Frank,' thought I, as I made a final turn over in bed, and seriously addressed myself to slumber, 'Madame La Vigne shall never cut out the Other One, if I can help it. When you marry, your wife shall be a Yankee girl'—and so she was—no less than—but I won't anticipate.

"The next morning I went to the American Legation and got my friend Kane, the attaché, to go down with me to call upon Jack Cathcart, a former college mate of Eliot's and mine, who was, as his parents had every reason to believe by his letters, diligently employed in making himself a scientific physician and surgeon, but, in point of fact, walking the hospitals but semi-occasionally, and seeing Life in Paris very constantly; especially that part of it which is to be seen by gas or lamplight. We found the medical student at his lodgings, sitting at a table in the middle of a very disorderly apartment, making believe eat a late breakfast, and really imbibing soda-water with an exceedingly disconsolate air."

Here the narrator paused, and taking out his watch, looked at it by the moonlight. "I fear, gentlemen," said he, returning it to his pocket, "that a full repetition of the story which I told Judge Walker and Mr. Cranston would consume too much time. Instead, therefore, of relating to you as I did to them the conversation which took place in the council of Eliot's friends, at the lodgings of Mr. Cathcart, I shall content myself with stating merely the conclusion at which that deliberative body ultimately arrived; viz.: that I, being thereto assisted by the potential influence of Mr. Kane, should endeavor to supplant my friend Eliot in the widow's good graces, or, in other words, should try to cut him out. The

few objections to this plan which I at first feebly interposed were speedily overruled. 'It is good faith,' said Mr. Kane 'to act with reference to your compact. The end will justify the means.'

This notable scheme was completely successful, and, in the mean time, so well were affairs managed by the attaché, whose diplomatic tact was truly wonderful, that not until Frank had thrown himself at Madame La Vigne's feet, and his offer of heart and hand had been rejected by her, did he begin to suspect that I was the rival who stood in his way. Even then it happened by the merest chance that my interference in the affair was discovered by him. At first he was frantic with rage and jealousy. He reviled me, accused me of treachery, and finally he sent to my lodgings (for we had separated) a hostile message. At this juncture, however, Mr. Kane undertook the office of mediation, and explained to Frank that my conduct in the matter had been in strict accordance with the advice of what he chose to call a numerous council of friends. He even hinted that the highest officer of the American Legation had been consulted with, and finally, he argued at great length, and with infinite fluency and acuteness, that my intervention in the matter was fully justified, and, in fact, had been required by the terms of the treaty of Naples, and was therefore by no means a *casus belli*. Eliot was at length induced to withdraw his challenge, and before he left Paris, called one evening with Mr. Kane at my lodgings. He had just got a letter from home, he said. His father was ill, and he hardly expected to find him alive. It was evident that the shock of this heavy news had served to dissipate, to a great degree, the mist of enchantment in which he had been bewildered. Once or twice during the interview I thought, from his manner, that he was about to say something which would have healed the breach between us. But he was too proud, I suppose; maybe Kane's presence restrained him; or, perhaps, his disappointment had left his heart too sore. When he rose to go, we shook hands, rather coldly, for I was the one that made the first venture, and he at first hesitated so much that it chilled me. He asked me to call and see him if ever I came to Guildford, and whether I had any letters to send home, bade me 'good bye,' and went away without saying a word about cousin Helen. The next week he sailed from Havre, and two months later found me on board the old Independence, running down St. George's

Channel, and bothering Captain Nye with questions as to how long the trip would probably be.

But, gentlemen, though I refrain from narrating to you at length and in detail the incidents attending my endeavor to save my friend from matrimony, I was less reserved during my ride to Guildford. Upon that occasion I described with great minuteness every scene and recited every conversation. Where the plain truth lacked brilliancy, I was at the trouble to varnish it, and once or twice, indeed, my story was indebted for its piquancy to my imagination. The young ladies on the back seat of the coach, although at times they affected inattention, were nevertheless deeply interested, as I, who closely watched them, did not fail to observe.

"And have you never seen Eliot since?" asked the Judge, when I had concluded.

"Never," I replied.

"Nor cousin Helen?" inquired Crans-ton.

"Ah! the worst remains to be told," said I. "About a year after my return home, my mother, one evening, as was her custom whenever she discovered in the newspapers a notice of the death or marriage of anybody she had ever seen or heard of, read aloud to me the announcement that, on such a date, at Guildford, Francis Eliot, Esq. was married to Miss Helen Eliot, both of Guildford. The editor, I think, acknowledged the receipt of cake and wine. I must own that for a moment my heart thumped violently, and I felt a queer choking sensation in my throat, for the sweet face of cousin Helen had never been forgotten. I was suddenly deprived of any available materials for building one of the most charming castles in the air that was ever constructed. My mother handed me the paper but though I pretended to read, there was a blur before my eyes, and I returned it with a slight remark, without having seen the paragraph. At the next Commencement at New Haven, some of the fellows told me that it was no mistake. Frank had indeed married his cousin Helen, an orphan who had been brought up at his father's house. She had a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, though, orphan as she was. What became of the Other One I never learned. I suppose Sophie La Vigne cured him of his first love, and then he married cousin Helen to spite me. Behold the reward of faithful friendship!"

"And now is that all?" asked Crans-ton, maliciously, as I again concluded.

"Why, sir?" I asked.

"Because, if there's another supple-

ment," said he, "you'll have to hurry. I see the steeples of Guildford yonder."

"That's all, then, sir," I replied, a good deal nettled.

"May I ask," inquired the artist, "what become of Madame La Vigne?"

"I am unable to inform you, sir," was my curt reply; for I saw the cheeks of the ladies dimpling with constrained smiles.

CHAPTER IV.

GUILDFORD.

BEFORE I had fully recovered from the confusion into which I had been plunged by the inopportune queries that followed the conclusion of my narrative, the coach had entered the long village street of Guildford. The Colonel gave a cheering whoop to his horses, and we drove swiftly along the shaded avenue, until, at the end of half a mile, we arrived at the Green, or Public Square. This place was the centre of the town of Guildford; the training ground, the site of the old block-house of the early settlers; and ever since, as now, the grand centre of Guildford county. Stores, shops, and houses in tolerably close neighborhood formed, the four sides of the square, in the middle of which a white-painted post-and-rail fence inclosed a greenswarded area of some two or three acres, crossed in all directions by foot-paths, and thickly shaded by several lofty elms and an undergrowth of maples and horse-chestnuts. Upon this green stood the greater number of the public buildings of Guildford; that is to say,—the Presbyterian Meeting-House, the Court-House, the Academy, the Liberty Pole and the Whipping-Post. The meeting-house was one of the old-fashioned sort, full of small-paned windows, in double rows, with great double-leafed doors in each clapboarded broadside, and on each side of the tower, which stood out from the front gable-end of the structure, and was surmounted by a lofty, tapering spire, shingled from the airy, open belfry to within a few inches of the oversized vane,—a gilded comet, with an immensely long tail. The court-house was an ancient-looking, two-story building, which had been, in its early days, an edifice of no mean architectural pretensions. It stood on the corner of the green nearest the hotel. A broad flight of steps reached from the well-trodden space in front to the wide front door, around which was gathered a little group of idle men, who having, probably, been summoned to attend at the term of court as witnesses or jurors, seemed to consider

it their duty to stay within call of the court-house, from the moment of their arrival at the county-seat.

On one side of the square was a large country store, with a piazza in front, in which were placed for exhibition and sale,—it being the haying season,—bundles of rakes and scythe-snaths, stacks of pitchforks, and a rack full of keen-looking scythes and cradle-blades. Two or three men in shirt-sleeves, blue-mixed cotton trousers, and palm-leaf hats, with the brims turned up behind, were standing about the stoop, handling and examining these tools and chaffering with the clerk, who stood in the door bareheaded, his pen stuck behind his ear, the sleeves of his soiled linen sack turned up, and his hands besmeared with molasses and rum. A few lumber-box wagons encumbered the street in front of the store, the horses standing with drooping heads, thinking over the day's hard work in the hay field, or gnawing and cribbing at the hitching-posts, already half devoured. Three or four village dogs were prowling about, around and under the wagons, apparently asking the news from the rural districts of the farmers' curs, whose minds appeared to be distracted between a desire to be civil and sociable, and a sense of duty with respect to watching the runlets, jugs, codfish, and other contents of the wagons belonging to their respective masters.

This store was also the village post-office, and we paused here a few minutes, while the driver threw off the mail, and dismounted from the stage to carry in a heavy box of whetstones, which had kept company all the way from the city with the artist's tripod on the top of the coach. He tarried but a moment in the store, and as he came out, the fair lady-passenger beckoned to him. "Closer, Colonel;" I heard her say, and I came well nigh conceiving a mortal aversion to that gallant officer when he, putting his foot on the hub of the hind wheel, leant over the rim of it, pitched up the brim of his white hat, and approached his russet cheek so near the red lips of the fair lady, that he must have felt every expiration of her balmy breath, as she rapidly whispered something in his ear. "Hum—hey?—yes—ha—ho—well—'sho—you don't, though—what?—oh, yes—sartinly—jes so—of course—I see—" muttered the Colonel, at short intervals as he listened, the expression of his face meanwhile changing from a look of puzzled wonderment to one of pleased intelligence. "All right," he continued with an emphatic nod, leaning

off the wheel and brushing the dust of the contact from his coat. He then proceeded to roll down the back curtains. "I may as well hev 'em down now, and then they'll be down," said he, "unless you've some objections, ladies." He gave a sly look at the forward seat as he passed the side of the coach on his way to remount his box. The stage started off, and in a minute more we dashed up at a mad gallop in front of the piazza of the tavern, which stood upon another side of the square. The hostler started to open the coach door, but was somewhat rudely repulsed by the Colonel, who had hastily alighted and let down the steps. "Here you are, gentlemen," said the Colonel; "you all stop here, I expect."

The Judge bade the ladies "Good night," and got out first, followed by Cranston, who, intent on catching a last look at the brunette, as he paid his parting salutations, tripped on the steps and fell into the brawny arms of the negro hostler. The daguerreotype man succeeded Cranston, and forthwith concerned himself about the safety of his tripod and other apparatus. It was now my turn, and I prepared to make my exit. But, should I leave without once saying a word to the ladies? It couldn't be thought of. "Ahem," said I, therefore, as I rose and prepared to descend the steps. "Good night, ladies; so you do not stop here?" "No, sir," replied the brunette. "I trust we may meet again," said I, looking at the fair lady whose voice I wished to hear addressing me. "Thank you, sir," responded the brunette promptly. "Good night, madam." "Good night, sir." "Good night, madam," I said again, bowing directly and pointedly at the fair lady, who then slightly bowed in return without speaking. "Good night, Lovel," said Cranston; "for I see you don't intend to stop here." I fancied I heard the brunette titter behind her veil. The Colonel, who stood by holding the door, grinned vehemently. I again said "Good night," and descended the steps; I fear, very sheepishly. The Colonel remounted his box and away went the stage, and its two veiled passengers, at a rattling pace down the street, over the brow of a little hill and out of sight.

At the time of the arrival of the stage the landlord was engaged in the bar-room, administering a glass of spiritual consolation to a ragged colored gentleman of thirsty habits, but hearing the clatter of our coming, and espying through the window the exodus of Judge Walker himself from the stage, he cut his cus-

tomter short in an extremely tough and long-winded story, with respect to the number of serpents destroyed at one massacre by the colored gentleman himself, in the neighborhood of his shanty, delightfully situated on the margin of Rattlesnake Swamp, and exhorted him to drink his liquor speedily, and stand out of the way.

"Come, walk in gentlemen," cried the landlord, appearing on the stoop at last, and bowing to us all, but with especial courtesy to the Judge and Cranston; "walk in; supper will be ready right away."

We found the tavern crowded with country lawyers, jurymen, suitors and witnesses, assembled to attend the term of court which was to commence on the first day of the next week. The supper bell rung soon after we had completed our ablutions and brushings, and the motley throng poured into the long dining-room, pushing and struggling, each one striving to be foremost, as if his soul's salvation depended on getting a seat at the table before the others. The Judge, lawyers, and jurymen were, however, happily exempted from mingling in this hazardous rush, having been previously escorted through a side door and directed to seats at the upper end of a long table, and when the doors were opened to admit the multitude, there we sat, in dignity and silence, like the grave and stately Roman patricians, when Brennus and his hordes made their irruption into the Senate Chamber.

Heavens! what a famished people the Guildford county men seemed to be. Beef steaks, pork steaks, veal cutlets, and mutton chops; platters-full of ham and eggs; little mountains of smoking potatoes; huge piles of sliced bread, and cheese, and dried beef; and cold ham, and cold corned beef, stacks of doughnuts, and great heaps of blocks of ginger-bread, dried apple pies and green apple pies, rhubarb, huckleberry, blackberry, currant, and mince pies; all, all vanished, as if by magic, at the touch of the glittering knives and forks so fiercely brandished by the long double row of hungry men that lined the sides of the table. There were a half score of hot, perspiring, distracted-looking young men and maidens, hurrying and scurrying about in all directions, running afoul of each other and against the elbows of the guests, carrying off empty cups and saucers to a side table, where the fat landlord was sweating dreadfully behind two great urns of tea and coffee and then

starting back with cups full freighted and brimming, spilling part of the liquid contents by the way, and half the remainder as they set them hastily down and darted off to answer a new demand upon their services, deaf to entreaties for cream and sugar.

But where there is such great expedition used, much labor is performed in a brief space of time. Fifteen minutes after the ringing of the supper bell, the long table was deserted, except by the Judge and a few members of the bar, and half a dozen of country gentlemen, who had got seats near the head of the table, and lingered to hear the conversation of the lawyers, the anecdotes, and bantering, which style seemed to them the very soul of wit and humor.

After supper, we lighted our cigars, and the Judge, Cranston and myself, strolled out to the coolest end of the long front piazza, where it was shaded by a big button-wood and a grove of thorn locusts, in the garden near by, seated ourselves, and began to describe the events of the day.

"I wonder who those ladies could be?" said Cranston.

"The dark-eyed one particularly, I suppose," remarked the Judge; "and I suppose Lovel would give his ears to know the name and residence of the lady with blue eyes."

"Don't you know them, then, Judge?" said I. "According to Cranston, if they're Guildford girls, you should be extremely intimate?"

"Never saw them before, that I know of," replied the Judge.

"I tried to catch a sight of the corners of their pocket-handkerchiefs all the afternoon," said Cranston; "but it was of no use. However, there were the initials 'M. S.' on the end of one of the trunks in the boot."

"I say, Deacon," cried the Judge, addressing the landlord, who stood at a little distance, talking with the driver, "come here a moment. My young friends here are anxious to find out who those ladies were in the stage this afternoon; perhaps you can tell them."

"Gals in the stage, eh? Was they gals or winnmen?" inquired the Deacon.

"Young women-girls," replied the Judge.

"Well, raly, Judge," said the landlord, wiping his bald head with a red bandanna, "when the stage driv up I was in the bar-room, a tendin' on a pesky nigger, as a'wards cleared out without payin'. I wouldn't ha' cared ef the lazy skunk had ony turned tu, and helped us about ker-

partially overheard through the window our conversation on the stoop.

"No, sir," said I, somewhat stiffly, for the landlord came in while the artist was speaking, with a pitcher of punch and two glasses on a tray.

"Evenin' agin, gentlemen;" said the worthy Deacon. "I thought I'd bring the punch myself, to see whether I'd made it to suit."

"Try some of it," I suggested.

"I declare it is good," said he. "I raly wish, Squire, that I could find out for you who them gals is. It kind o' worries me, myself, that's a fact. I hate amazingly to hev any thing happen that I can't see intu; and there's suthin so mysterious about this, that I can't see intu't a speck."

"Oh, never mind; it's of no consequence," said I, affecting indifference, the while noticing that the artist stealthily regarded me with a look, the precise expression of which I was at a loss to comprehend.

"Les see," said the Deacon, heedless of my disclaimer; "the Kurnel said, you know, that he left 'em down at the foot o' the hill, as we call it, though 'tan't no great fer a hill neither—yes—well—the first house is Captain Bill Smith's, jest at the right hand as you go down. I've been a talkin' with my wife, Miss Curtiss, about it; fer, as I said, it kep' in my mind and sort o' worried me, who the Kurnel should leave here in the village, and not know suthin about 'em. 'Who on airth can it be?' says I to her. 'I dunno,' says Miss Curtiss, says she; 'but you say that the Kurnel left 'em down the hill, and I expect it must be Mary Smith'—that's Captain Bill's daughter you see, Squire—for she was expected hum about to-day,' so Miss Curtiss said, and mab-by'd bring a cousin hum with her from the city where she'd been a visitin'."

"Very likely Mrs. Curtiss was right, then," said I.

"Like enough," said the Deacon; "but what on airth, and that's what I said to Miss Curtiss, what on airth did the Kurnel act so pesky clus and private about it, ef 'twas Mary Smith?—Why,' says Miss Curtiss, says she, 'you know, Deacon Curtiss, that the Kurnel is one of the most allurin' creturs that ever drew breath'—and Miss Curtiss is right there too, for when that feller does get a kink, he's up to all sorts of hoaxes and burleskews that ever a livin' cretur was in the world. But what on airth he wanted to be so dreadful secret for, when he knows Mary Smith as well as he does his own daughter"

—and here the Deacon, whose curiosity was evidently in a state of intense excitement, paused and had recourse once more to the broad-brimmed hat.

I had, of course, become pretty well convinced in my own mind that one of these ladies, the fair one, I felt sure, was, must be, Miss Mary Smith. I called to mind her whispered conversation with the driver, the evident desire of both ladies to keep veiled—I remembered that one of the trunks was marked M. S. "Egad!" thought I, "they saw us young fellows staring at them; detected and baffled Cranston's endeavors to see the marking on their handkerchiefs. Miss Smith probably felt a little miffed at what Cranston said of the bright lookout that Guildford girls kept for beaux, and cautioned the driver against telling her name; made him roll down the curtains so as not to be recognized by the idlers on the stoop, and caused her cousin to say 'good bye' for both, so that none but a strange voice should be heard by the hostler, or whoever else might be standing near."

"Then, agin," remarked the Deacon after a pause, "it's a good deal like one of Mary Smith's tricks; she allus was full of the white hoss and—" here the Deacon suddenly checked himself in full career, and nodding towards the artist, exclaimed emphatically, "Why! what a dumb fool!"

"Sir!" cried the artist, reddening, and evidently appropriating the compliment to himself.

"I be," added the Deacon, eking out his sentence. "I've a right to say so, I suppose, and it's a fact. Why, Mr. Fitzhoward! ef 'twas Mary Smith, you must ha' known her, speakin' of her tricks put me in mind, you know—"

"Yes, yes," cried the artist hurriedly, "but I never saw her."

"Sho! no you didn't, come to think on't; though I never did exactly understand how that was managed, only they du say—"

"Who says?" asked the artist, interrupting.

"Why, the Kurnel, and Bob Williston and them; I've heerd 'em laugh about it, and say—"

"There'll be laughing on the other side of their mouths, I guess, before the week is out," cried the artist in a spiteful tone.

"Well, well, I thinks likely," said the Deacon soothingly, and winking facetiously at me; "let them laugh that wins,' is a first-rate motto, and ef you win all you claim, you'll hev a good right to laugh like a hoss."

"Yes, sir-ee!" cried the artist emphatically, whose irritation seemed greatly mollified by the landlord's last remark.

The Deacon again winked at me, and seemed hugely tickled; but the humor was entirely lost on me.

"I'm sure, though, 'it must ha' been her," said the Deacon, picking the wick of the lamp with the blade of his jack-knife, and then wiping it on his hair.

"Is she a blonde or a brunette?" asked the artist after a while.

"A what?" said the Deacon.

"Is she fair—light?" said I, by way of explanation.

"Oh—oh yes," replied the Deacon, "I'm a little hard o' hearin'—well, yes, purty fair, purty fair; more'n middlin'; and as fer heft, say a hundred and fifteen or twenty; gals aint so heavy as they look, allus."

At this moment the pretty chamber-maid opened the parlor door, and called the Deacon.

The artist having grown tedious, I wished him good night, and went up to my room, and began to look over my brief in the cause I was to try on the morrow. I must own, however, that in spite of the efforts which I put forth for the purpose of fixing my attention on matters and things pertinent to the issue of *Peck vs. Harris*, the image of the fair Miss Mary Smith would often obtrude itself, in the most bewildering manner, between my eyes and the pages of manuscript, that, but two short weeks before, had, in the solitude of my office, at home, completely absorbed my attention for several days. Finally I gathered up my papers, put them into the drawer of my toilet-stand, and dismissed the case of *Peck vs. Harris* from further consideration at that time.

"I believe I'm in love," said I, as I threw myself into a rocking-chair by the window; and then, to test the matter, I tried to fancy myself departing from Guildford, after a sixty hours' sojourn, without having seen Miss Smith; and leaving Cranston behind, with the prospect dawning on his horizon, of speedily forming an acquaintanceship with that lady, and with abundant opportunities and full purpose of improving the same indefinitely during the term of court. These reflections I found to be exceedingly distasteful; whereupon I reversed the picture, sent Cranston away in the stage with the Colonel, and, being presented to Miss Smith at a party the same evening, became very intimate with her in a most indecorous and marvellously short space

of time, rode out with her the next morning, made a long call on her the evening thereafter, and, before I knew it, I was in imagination, kneeling at her feet, and listening with throbbing heart and eager delighted ears, to a half-audible responsive admission of undying affection—whereupon I drew this inference; that I certainly was in love; and instead of being dismayed at this discovery, I recollect snapping my fingers in a sort of ecstasy, and on looking out of the window and seeing Cranston promenading alone on the piazza below, smoking a cigar, and humming an opera tune between his teeth, and his paroxysms of expectoration, I experienced a compassion for him, until I remembered that he was not going off the next Tuesday, my dreams to the contrary notwithstanding; but that he was to stay at Guildford during the whole term, whereas, in fact, it was I that had intended to leave that morning; that I had announced this intention, and had no reasonable excuse for any delay beyond that time.

"I'll be hanged if I do go, though," thought I, bringing my fist down with violence on the window-sill—Cranston looked up.

"Have you found her out yet?" he asked, coming beneath the window, and speaking in a whisper.

I made no reply.

"Hey?" said he.

"I didn't say any thing," said I.

"Well," resumed Cranston, "I'm posted up. I'll tell you all about it in the morning—I'm walking out here and composing a sonnet to her dark eyes."

Just at this moment there came a modest knock at my chamber door, and on going to open it I found the landlord, his face beaming with oily perspiration, and a mysterious expression.

"I beg your pardon, Squire," said he, "but I see a light in your room, and I thought I'd come up a minute and tell ye."

"Come in then," said I, a little annoyed.

"It's her, there aint a doubt; Miss Curtiss says," whispered the Deacon, coming in on tiptoe.

"Is it?" said I, with an indifferent air; but it must be remembered that I had come to the same conclusion an hour before.

"Then tu think of that are Fitzhoward's ridin' down all the way from the city with her! Creation! I should a thought she'd a split."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Oh! because she's the masterest hand for fun and carryin' on that ever ye see, I expect; and she must a known him, though it seems he didn't know her, sartin. Ye see, he was here and staid six weeks or two months last summer, takin' picters, and he undertook to shin up to Miss Jemima Smith, Cap'n Bill's sister, a reglar old maid as ever ye see, and they du say, the old cretur actilly agreed to marry him; but it was all kep secret as a hen stealin' a nest, from the Cap'n, until Mary got home from the Springs and about, where she'd been all summer a travellin' round with the Eliots; but jist as soon as she got home, she larnt all about it, and the upshot was that the same night, or the next night, I dunno which, but Miss Curtiss knows and can tell ye all about it, the feller was round serenadin', or suthin', and Cap'n Bill sot his dog on him and gin him Aleck, and the feller turned round and brought a breach of promise suit agin the hull family, the Kurnel says, dog and all, and it's to be tried this tarm, and that's what he's here for now."

Of course the last cloud of doubt exhaled in the light of the deacon's explanation, and the identity of the fair lady passenger and Miss Mary Smith was clearly manifested.

"But it's the queerest thing on airth," continued the deacon, "why the Kurnel kep so clus about tellin'."

I didn't think so. On the contrary, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that Mary Smith should wish to let Mr. Fitzhoward remain in ignorance of the fact that he had ridden with her in the stage from the city. "That accounts for the fun the girls had to themselves," thought I, "and, by Jove! after we get better acquainted will have a laugh in which I can join."

"The dumbdest queerest thing," muttered the deacon, rubbing his head.

"So Miss Smith is rather given to high spirits, is she?" said I, affecting a yawn, by way of a hint; for I was getting a little weary of the deacon, who, stupid

fellow, had fallen into a brown study on the subject of the Colonel's most transparent motives for secrecy.

"The beatinest cretur for carryin' on that ever ye see," replied the deacon, waking up. "The Kurnel says she's a hull team and a hoss to let, besides a big dog under the waggin. I heerd him say so myself, last spring, when she driv Squire Eliot's Morgan colt through the streets, the first time he was ever in harness, to go out of the yard at any rate. She got Simon Adams, the squire's hired man, to put him into the buggy, and what does she do, before he knows it, but takes the lines right out of his hand, and gets in and drives right up the hill, and round the square, and back agin, and the way she handled that are colt was surprisin'. The sowin' circle didn't talk of nothin' else for a fortnit, so Miss Curtiss said, and she orter tu know, for she allus goes, no matter ef the house is full o' company and runnin' over; though I often tell her, that though I'm in favor of the heathen, I don't believe they'll suffer, in them warm climits, ef they go without woollen jackets and yarn stockings and mittins a day or two, while she's tendin tu company tu hum. But she says it's a dooty, and she can't in conscience neglect it, and so she goes all weathers. Yes, I tell *you*, squire, Mary Smith's one on 'em now. She bosses Cap'n Bill, and that's a pretty considerable of a chore when he's rampin."

"I expect I've been a keepin' ye up, squire."

So, bidding good night again, as he softly turned the handle of the door, audibly wondering "what on airth could make the Kurnel so dumb?" the deacon departed.

"Just to think of that lovely creature breaking a colt," thought I, as I bolted the door and again sat down in the rocking chair.

"But she had fire in that dark blue eye of hers," said I, aloud, unlacing my patent leathers—"And such eyes," I added, untying my cravat.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WE HAVE TO DO WITH THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A DISTINGUISHED editor, who is also a general, in certain letters from London addressed to his readers, takes it for granted that the Americans are all on the side of England and France, in the great European controversy now raging, and urges them to give some visible expression of their sympathies. Now it is quite natural that one who eats the mutation of British ministers, and lives in the focus of a warlike excitement, should speak and urge in this wise; but we, who are away from the field of action, who are not permitted to see how lovingly the dapper guards of the saloon take the huge paws of the street-sweepers, and press them with all the fervor of a common enthusiasm, may consider the matter with more coolness, and, like the mouse in the fable, suggest modestly whether there may not be a cat in the meal tub.

It is, no doubt, of considerable importance to England that America should think well of her present movements; we believe, too, that any little contribution of ours in the way of sympathy or active assistance, will be thankfully received by Lord Clarendon, Louis Napoleon, and a good many others, yet we are not so clear in the conviction that it would be quite so well for America to take up their cudgels. We cannot discover, either in the motives of the original dispute, avowed or concealed, or in the characters of the chief parties to it, or in the objects of the powerful Alliance which has taken the quarrel upon itself, any causes that ought to move us to so much as even a sympathetic participation in the *melée*. Remote as we are from the theatre of trouble, disdaining as we do, the selfish, petty, and malignant policy of the foreign dynasties, holding in equal contempt and abhorrence the principles of despotism, whether the machinery be controlled by a Czar, a Sultan, a usurping Emperor, an hereditary aristocracy, or a corrupt mass of bureaucrats,—we are at liberty to treat their squabbles with the utmost indifference, or to mingle in them only so far as it may advance our own solid interests, or our own distinctive principles, or give an impulse to the civilization of the world.

The ostensible grounds of dispute between Russia and Turkey at the outset were,—the demands of the former, for a more efficient protection by the latter, of a few lazy and dirty Greek priests in the

Holy Land,—of a guaranty for the security of the Russo-Greek church in Turkey,—and for the expulsion of political refugees harbored at Constantinople and other places. As the Porte had already guaranteed to France, in behalf of the Latin Church, the restoration of the key to the principal gate at Bethlehem; and had replaced, at the same instance, a certain silver star in the grotto of the Nativity, with a Latin inscription (which had been displaced in 1847); and had consented that the cupola over the Sacred Sepulchre should be constructed in the ancient and not in the Byzantine order of architecture;—and as, moreover, the Porte had granted to Austria, consequent upon the Montenegrin insurrection of which she complained—the harbor of Kleeck and the Sutorian ports, with a control of the Bosnian Catholics, and a few commercial facilities,—while at the same time the Sultan was getting more and more thick, as the schoolboys say, with the clever English ambassador,—Russia supposed it a good opportunity for asserting some of her own old claims of a similar character. She accordingly sent Prince Menchikoff to Constantinople, to make a parade of the following points: “Look you! oh Sultan Medul Abjid, illustrious Padisha of all the Mohammedan faithful,—my august master Nicholas, the transparent protector of all the true believers of Græco-Christendom, not wishing that France or England should take the wind out of his sails, demands these things: 1st, a common possession with the Latin believers of the key of the gate at Bethlehem, of the silver star on the subterranean altar, and of the rites of worship, with a supremacy over all interlopers; 2d, the immediate repair of the cupola of the sepulchre, which lets the rain in on the bare heads of the devout, and the walling up or destruction of certain harems which overlook that sepulchre, sometimes to the scandal of the monks and pilgrims; and 3dly, and finally, a Sened or convention for the guaranty of the privileges of all the Catholic Greek worshippers and their priests and their sanctuaries, both in Turkey and in the East.” “But,” added the good Menchikoff, “since you have been considerably remiss in this part of your duties hitherto, my august master proposes to take most of the trouble off your hands and see to it himself!” To which the Padisha, the mighty and the illustrious! through his

chief Vizier for Foreign Affairs—may he always be blessed! replied, "that there was nobody in the world for whom he, the Father of the Faithful, had an intenser admiration and respect than for his amiable friend, the most Pious Autocrat, Guardian and Protector of all the Russians, but that he could hardly consent to his demands. As for the Holy Shrines and Holy Places, he had attended to them as well as he could, considering the several classes of vagabonds, lay and clerical, with whom he had to deal, and, as to the Christians, he had always taken the best care of them, even to cutting their heads off when they were refractory, and he always meant to, being very much obliged meanwhile to his illustrious Brother, for his kind intentions and offers of assistance,—but he had rather not, if it were all the same to him. Besides, the internal affairs of Turkey were in his keeping, and he would thank his illustrious Brother, with the profoundest deference, if he would just mind his own business." Menchikoff, then, in the blandest way, requested precisely the same things, only in different terms, and the Sultan made precisely the same answer, only in different terms. Menchikoff got huffy, and threatened to go home,—the ambassador of Austria thought he had better not: Count Nesselrode wrote a plaintive yet furious dispatch to all the foreign governments, calling the Sultan names, and threatening to trounce him if he did not come to reason in eight days: France replied spunkily that there were two who could play at trouncing, and that the good Sultan was his friend: England remarked; "Gentlemen, do not let us tread upon each other, there is enough of Turkey for all of us, and let us have an amicable talk over the whole matter." They accordingly went to work at Vienna and talked,—and then they talked again,—talked for a whole year,—and first Abdul Mejid wouldn't, and then Nicholas wouldn't,—and, finally, neither of them would,—and so they all ordered out their gunboats for a free and general fight. France and England, that had never before done any thing but void their superfluous rheum in each other's faces, shook hands like brothers, fell upon each other's necks, swore a lasting friendship—swore that they would never more allude to Waterloo or to *Perfidie Albion*, and sent their fleets into the Baltic and Black Seas, where we will leave them for the present.

These are the ostensible grounds, we say, of the controversy, as they strike an independent observer, who simply

reads the documents and the journals; but it is to be confessed, at the same time, that, as in so many other disputes, the outward pretenses are only guises or coverings for a real and serious secret hostility. Every body who has read the history of the last fifty years, is aware, that the "Eastern Question" is not a question of recent date. It is as old as the century at least, and, in various shapes, now breaking out as a question of maritime jurisdiction in the Black Sea, now as a question concerning the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and now again as to the respective rights of the worthless and do-nothing churches of Jerusalem,—involves a complicated theory of politics, and a profound antagonism of interests and principles. Standing between Europe and Asia,—as an oriental European power,—with a government borrowed from the Caliphs and a religion borrowed from Mohammed,—Turkey forms the barrier to the eastward progress of Christian commerce and civilization. It is, therefore, the seat of battle and intrigue to all those western powers, whose simulated zeal for religion, and real zeal for "proviand," leads them to covet that mysterious and dazzling abstraction called The East, which, from the earliest time, has had a strange power in captivating the imaginations and bewildering the judgments of rulers. No Crockford's or Pat Hearn's was ever a more desperate scene of play than Constantinople has been. The ambassadors of every power gather there, as the sporting-gentlemen and *legs* gather in the betting-houses of London, or round a sweat-cloth at a race-course. Every one is loud in professing his attachment to the Porte, and every one alternately uses the Porte as the cat's-paw of his own rapacious designs. Ready at all times, too, for any reckless foray, any scheme of warlike aggression, while they are too proud and foolish to discover their own abasement, the Osmanlis have been just the tools to be used. Now, France would inflame their resentment against the Muscovite, and then the Muscovite would stir them up against France. England would impel them one way, to check the advances of Russia, and Russia threaten them another, to embarrass the commerce of England. But the uniform and remarkable result of every movement, of every battle, whether instigated by others, or undertaken of their own savage ferocity, has been a loss of some part of their territory. Conquerors or conquered, these infatuated noodles always managed to make a cession of lands to the enemy. They fought

Peter the Great, and gave him Transylvania; they fought Venice, and gave her the Morea; they fought Poland and restored Podolia and the Ukraine; they fought Austria and surrendered Belgrade and a part of Wallachia, and Servia; they fought the Empress Catharine and yielded the free navigation of the Turkish seas and the passage of the Dardanelles; they fought Mehemet Ali and left him Egypt; they fought Alexander and presented him the mouth of the Danube;—and they fought Nicholas, and handed over to him the fortresses of Asia; in short, the Turks, with every struggle, vigorous as it may have been, and brilliant as the warlike qualities which they displayed, shook off some portion of their own dominions and found themselves weaker from the effort. Yet, all their treaties with foreign powers have guaranteed the integrity of their empire. "The Integrity of the Ottoman Empire" has been the shibboleth, from the beginning, of every one of their allies. A more sounding yet hollow pretence was never urged: for while every European nation agreed to it, as a check upon every other nation, and a cloak for its own designs,—every nation was the more busily plotting in consequence of it, for a slice of the common spoil!

This famous "eastern question," then, is a long-continued scuffle between the great powers for an extension of Empire. Russia especially, from the acquisition of Azof by Peter the Great, has had no other ambition in her thousand and one interferences with Turkey. Her recent scruples in regard to the Holy Shrines and the protection of the Greek Christians, have been the veriest rignmarole conceivable—the most transparent duplicity. And now that the battle is about to be joined with England and France, and it is found necessary to defend her course, she openly confesses that religious zeal was only one of her motives. An official article in the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, replying to Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons, declares that it was the impression of the Czar long since, and before Menchikoff negotiated, that Turkey had been harassed to death and that it was time for him and the other sovereigns to look out for the pieces. "Let England," he says, in his magnanimity, "take a wing, and France a leg, and the smaller powers some of the feathers, while, as for me, I shall be satisfied with the other leg, the other wing, both sidebones, and a piece of the breast." Illustrations, Char! It would have been more

manly, we think, to announce this prospective division, at the outset of the game—to enter openly upon the negotiation as Catharine and Joseph did when they met on the Wolga, eighty years ago—but honesty, as we have seen, is not the prevailing weakness of those who conduct the "Eastern Question."

Is it not obvious now, from this view of the origin and progress of the existing war, that the American people can have no sympathy with any of its motives or objects? But can they have any more with the characters of either of the principal combatants? An effort, we know, is made by the English press, and by some of our own journals,—who too often, alas! merely reflect the sentiments,—or if not the sentiments, the one-sided information, of that press,—to enlist our feelings in behalf of the Turks. But who are the Turks? A race of lazy, corrupt, truculent and semi-barbarous Mohammedans, who cherish a rooted aversion to all the arts of civilized life, and an inveterate hatred of Christianity. Since their first appearance on the plains of Europe, their whole career has been marked, first by brutal conquests, and secondly, by a rotting and sensual indolence. Lamartine said truly, that "the Turks for four centuries had been merely encamped in Europe," for their stay there has not been one of residence but of military possession. Appropriating to themselves by violence, one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of the globe,—a region whose soil is as productive as that of the United States, and whose climate is as genial as that of Italy,—surrounded by seas, intersected by rivers,—rolling up from the richest valleys into fine wood-crested mountains,—abounding in mines of copper, silver, iron and salt,—yielding to the first touch of the rudest plough, plentiful harvests of the cereals, of cotton, of tobacco, and of fruits which range from the olive and pomegranate of the South, to the apple and cherry of the North,—furnished to luxuriance with aromatic shrubs and useful plants,—and supporting by its luscious pastures the best breeds of cattle in Europe.—what use have the Turks made of it all to justify their stewardship? What has the Mussulman returned for the ten talents Providence committed to his care? What new culture has he introduced; what arts has he discovered or improved, what inroads has he made upon the unfriendly influences of nature; what wilderness has he reclaimed, what marsh redeemed, what hostile sea disarmed; what distant regions

has he connected by roads, what desert coasts planted with commerce, what naked backs supplied with new products of manufacture? None! His ceaseless and entire activity has been that of war. He has hated and despised industry with a perfect hatred. He has not only remained without improvement, but he has retrograded. The arts and manufactures,—the edifices and public works,—“precious donations of former Christian generations,”—which he found at the conquest of the Eastern Empire, he has neglected or destroyed,—the jets of trade, which from time to time have sprung up, under the attraction of foreign example or the pressure of local and domestic want,—he has suppressed, and none but the most desultory, precarious, and rude species of industry have been suffered to live under his hands. His government, a fierce and unmitigated military despotism,—his religion, a fanatical and brutal fatalism, disdaining every impulse of tolerance and every weapon of propagation but the sword,—he has degenerated, under a mingled tyranny and self-corruption until he has become the poorest, the least vital, and the most unpromising race in Europe. Struggling all his life to introduce a baneful superstition into the West, resisting with determined bigotry all the better influences of the West, there is surely nothing in his history or character to conciliate our good will or maintain our respect. We do not deny, that he has the virtues of a semi-barbarous people; we do not forget that his hospitality was nobly extended to the exiled Hungarians; but we cannot find in his rare and single instances of greatness,—an apology for his long-protracted career of carnage and oppression. We strive to recall the good that he may have done to the world, but, in the midst of the effort, and before we are aware, images rise before us, of bloody cimeters flashing terror through the darkness of unhappy Greece, and of armed horsemen scouring the plains of Egypt like a hot wind from the desert. Turkey may have suffered wrong at the hands of Russia,—and God forbid us from wishing her evil on account of her past transgressions,—but do not, ‘an’ you love us,’ do not call upon us for any special admiration of the Turks. Let them fight their own battles, if they will—but ask no Christian man to lend them a finger of help! No! the wails of Scio still ring in our ears, and the manes of Bozzaris are yet unappeased!

You will, perhaps, reply that Turks are as good as the Russians any day, as wise,

as pure, as tolerant, as industrious, and as agreeable to their fellow-men; but, we rejoin emphatically that they are not. The government of Russia is an abominable absolutism, we admit,—atrociously inhuman in its principles and its effects; and the people of Russia are very much imbruted and shrivelled by the practical workings of that absolutism; yet, as a race, the Russians are alive, vigorous, hearty, progressive. Next to the Americans they are the most “go-ahead” nation on the face of the earth. They are growing faster in population, in commerce, in manufactures and art, in all the elements of civilization, despite the obstacles raised by tyranny, than any other people on the continent. While other nations are retrograding, or remain stationary, or increase only by imperceptible degrees, the Russian race discovers a vitality like that of the old Norman or Anglo-Saxon races. It is perpetually doing something for itself or for others; it does not rot in its hole; but it is pushing forward innumerable works of internal or self-amelioration, and for the external redemption of warlike tribes. A vast, almost chaotic mass of savages, one century since,—unheard of in the politics of Europe,—contending against a niggardly soil, a rigorous climate, anarchical government and enemies on all sides,—the Muscovites have made themselves, not only a most formidable military power, but what is better, they have worked out a gigantic and growing civilization. They have built cities, founded fleets, developed agriculture, fostered manufactures, introduced the sciences, the fine arts and *belles-lettres*.—and, in short, appropriated to themselves, in large measures, whatever was good and great in the civil and social life of Europe. It is true, that they have done much of this by means of an imperious domination; that, in their march to the goal they have set themselves, they have rudely trampled on many a noble and generous, many a gentle spirit; that they have crushed to the earth the Tartars, the Poles, and the Georgians who stood in their way; that they have peopled the distant frozen zones of Siberia with the victims of their statecraft and policy,—our hearts loathe them utterly for it,—but our reason tells us, at the same time, that this trenchant crushing despotism is but an incident in their course—an ugly and venomous but necessary feature of their transitional development, out of Oriental wildness into European culture; and that they will themselves, sooner or later, throw it off, and then stand before

mankind as a regenerated and grand people, prepared to take part in the great work of redeeming and infusing new life into the stagnant, filthy, and debased realms of Asia and Europe.

This last suggestion, however, is aside, and we mean simply to say, that so far as the interests of other nations are concerned, of ourselves among the rest, we ought to look with favor rather upon the progress of Russia, than upon the corrupting immobility and decay of Turkey. A huge hullabaloo is raised by the unenterprising and drowsy nations of Europe,—laggards and drones who are willing to see the earth revert to primitive rocks and barren sands,—about the territorial aggressions of Russia. They represent her as the very demon of devouring conquest. They point to Crim-Tartary, to Finland, to Poland, to Sweden, to Persia, to Bessarabia, to the Crimea, to the Baltic provinces, in proof of her omnivorous ambition, and they shout "Beware of the tremendous beast which is swallowing up the globe." But we Americans know something of this subject of aggression: we have been roundly abused for it the world over ourselves; and we are not easily frightened, in consequence, by the cry of "wolf." We are willing that other nations should acquire as much land as they please; we are willing that they should absorb as many weak and half-formed neighbors as they please; but we will tell them that they do not make themselves any stronger thereby. They bloat themselves, they make a great show in statistics and on paper: they get a terrible name among smaller states; but in reality, they only multiply their embarrassments and sow the seeds of a speedier and more disastrous dissolution. Russia, for instance, when we reckon the number of acres, and count over the multitudes of people over which she exercises a sway, strikes us as a Colossus, a monster, *horrendum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*; but when we reflect upon the utter want of homogeneity among her people—their extreme diversity of interests—their bitter traditional animosities—the radical impossibility of holding them together when the mass once begins to crumble, we see that the alleged encroachments of Russia have been the sources of her weaknesses, while the secret of her strength, the reason why she is terrible if at all in power, is to be found in her incessant and availing efforts to build up her internal resources, to develop her industry, fertilize her fields, enrich her towns, connect her distant provinces by canals and

railroads, and secure the services of science and art. Her stupendous military organization, originated at a time when the fervor of war had eaten into all brains, has been for the most part a burden and curse, whilst the same energy which it has cost for its support, devoted to peaceful pursuits, would have lifted her to an altitude, in power as well as dignity, vastly superior to what she has yet attained. No; the Americans are not frightened by the military advances of Russia, which consternate parts of Europe; they know precisely what they are worth; yet they have a genuine respect for the vigor and persistency displayed in other directions. Their radical antipathy to Russian principles must ever prevent them from entering into any close alliances with Russia—such opposites could not work together—but, if they are forced to take sides, as between Russia and certain contemptible nations by which she is surrounded, they will not hesitate in the choice. A living lion, arbitrary and carnivorous as he might be, is much more respectable, either as a friend or an enemy, than a dying or half-putrid jackass. The earth is a much better earth, too, in the hands of an active, though a despotic ruler, than in the hands of a lazy and corrupt, and equally despotic people. Have not the Black Sea, and the Marmora, been useless for centuries in the hands of Turks—useless save as imaginary barriers to this power and that, whilst it is probable that in the hands of Russia, by whom they were first forced open, they could contribute something to the life-giving circulation of the world's commerce? Having, therefore, no great admiration or love for Russia, detesting indeed her scheme of government, let us, Americans, not be blinded by the jealousies and fears of Europe, to the true bearing and the probable issue of events. The idea that Russia could overrun and subject the whole continent is too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

There is nothing in the origin of the existing disputes, as we have seen, and nothing in the character of the chief parties to it, to extort any strong likings from us; and now let us add, that there is nothing in the objects of the Turkish allies to excite our sympathies. As the offshoot mainly of England, speaking the same language, and intimately connected by trade,—and as the ancient debtor of France, for timely revolutionary assistance,—it is natural that we should be drawn into the same channel of movement with them—

selves. They are our nearest neighbors, they are our largest customers, they share with us the glories of the most advanced civilization, they pretend to act in the name of humanity and religion—all ties calculated to grapple us to them with "hooks of steel." And if we could be persuaded that the *people* of England and France were profoundly interested in the movement, we should be irresistibly led to cast in our lot with theirs; but the present European movement is not a popular movement. It has grown out of no respect to popular rights; it looks to no popular emancipations; it is purely and simply a squabble of rival dynasties for power. All the combatants unite in the declaration that their object is only the *status quo*. They all want to bring back the condition of 1850, when the despots were universally contented. Louis Napoleon announces, in so many words, that the allies are pledged to suppress every symptom of revolt in Italy, Hungary, Spain, Greece, or Germany. Their troops are ready booted and spurred to ride to any part of the refractory continent. The infamous *surveillance* at Rome is still enforced—the noble leaders of Hungary are still discountenanced—the same watchful eye is kept on Spain—the slightest movings of Greece are put down—a numerous army patrols the provinces of Austria, and every breath of revolutionary agitation is allowed to cool itself in prison. Is it not then ridiculous to talk of popular feeling in connection with this war? There is an excitement about it in the newspapers, in the vicinity of dockyards, on the Bourse, along the quays where ships lie idle,—but the great mass of Englishmen and Frenchmen, if they reflect at all, can have no other feeling but one of extreme aversion to the course their leaders have pursued. They must know that their brutal passions, their false vanity, their John Bullism and their sensitiveness to "*la gloire*," have been inflamed, by wily conspirators, for no great national objects, but out of a dynastic jealousy of Russia, and for the sake of a wretched political swindle called "the Balance of Power." The Balance of Power? Aye, for the balance of Despotism! for the right of a few potentates to control two hundred millions of subjects; the right of a close corporation of officeholders to extinguish free speech, the press, and all association of the people for trade or any other purpose, and to

grant monopolies of trade to their favorites, and to extort luxurious fortunes by arbitrary taxes. It is for these paltry ends that France and England are banded together, but to these ends they will never attract the sympathies of the American people. Our hearts are knit to the cause of the people in Europe, and not to the cause of their oppressors.

As to Louis Napoleon, we should as soon think of joining hands with a footpad as with him, and how the British nation, so lately apprehensive of an invasion from that quarter, can put the least faith in a fellow who violated the most solemn oath before it was cold upon his lips, and imbrued his hands in the blood of his innocent countrymen, is one of the marvels of the age. And though England is our mother-country, deserving our veneration, through her literature and laws, and justly winning our affections by the manly characteristics of her hard-working people, her restless eagerness to interfere in the affairs of mankind is a trait that we ought not to admire; which, on the contrary, we ought to rebuke on every offered occasion. An exquisite essayist* humorously describes John Bull as "a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbors' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind, without getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. Couched in his little domain, with filaments (of finely spun rights and dignities) stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den." There is as much truth as humor in this sketch of a peculiarity which Brother Jonathan, we trust, will never imitate.

Least of all, should we be misled by it at this time, when the very grounds on which the allies propose to resist Russia are grounds that could be used, with equal effect, against the United States. What is the cry against the Czar? Why are armies and fleets mustered, and prejudices aroused, and the "God of Battles"

* Irving.

solemnly invoked? Nicholas meditates the subversion of Turkey! That is, he would build a great maritime capital at Constantinople; he would cover the shores of the Mediterranean, now given over to devastation and the Crescent, with thriving villages and an active people; he would convert the forests of Bosnia into ships, and open new and immense marts for trading and manufacture in the provinces of the Baltic. Well; this might interfere with the access of England to her East Indian possessions,—it might put a naval power on the Mediterranean capable of holding the French Navy in check,—it might increase vastly the wealth and splendor of the Muscovites,—but we do not see that the United States are especially concerned in helping England and France, in either emergency. We do see, on the other hand, that they are directly concerned in the speediest and largest development of civilization and trade, whether it be done by Mongol or Caucasian; and we do see, that the ambition of Russia, to acquire an outlet for her immense territories to the South, is a natural ambition, while the efforts to defeat it are justified by precisely the same considerations which might be and are used to thwart *our* inevitable extension over Cuba and Mexico. If we suppose England and France to succeed in arresting the march of the Emperor,—which they likely will do for a time,—what is to prevent their interposition in Central America and the Antilles? The Republic here is quite as much to be dreaded, by the Balance-of-Power nations, as the Despotism yonder; it has quite as much territory,—half as many people,—far more commerce and more wealth,—an equal ambition, and more decided progressive tendencies. Is it not therefore just as dangerous and formidable to the allies as Russia? Will it not be soon considered just as necessary to snub its growing prosperity? Shall we not be taken in hand when Russia shall have been disciplined? May not the policies of the Old World be transplanted to the New? Perhaps those who are so eager to involve us in the Anglo-French alliance can answer these questions! Our answer to them would be a recommendation against any over-hasty commitments in hostility to Russia.

These solemn warnings against Russian aggression, moreover, these indignant and

objugatory denunciations of Russian encroachment, come in the worst grace from England, which, as Mr. Cobden has shown by the statistics, has, "during the last hundred years, for every square league of territory annexed to Russia, by force, violence or fraud, appropriated to herself three square leagues, and by the same reprehensible means!"* Only downright effrontery, only the most brazen arrogance and egotism, as the same authority observes, could induce one nation to bring an accusation against another nation, which recoils with threefold criminality upon itself. It is the greatest rogue of the pack crying out "Stop thief!" It is Captain Macheath assuming a virtuous repugnance towards a brother,—it is Robert Macaire belaboring the shoulders of poor Jacques Strop! And what gives the hypocrisy a more magnificent coolness is the remarkable fact, that, whatever may have been the rapacity of Russia, during the last half-century, when her most unblushing enormities are alleged to have been committed, she has been, directly or indirectly sustained, in nearly all of them, by the cabinets of Great Britain. When Russia demanded the removal of the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1806, England despatched a fleet to the Dardanelles to menace the Sultan into compliance; when the treaty of Bucharest in 1812 ceded the mouths of the Danube to the Czar, it was England that forced the bitter pill down the throat of the Turk; during the infamous conspiracies of the sovereigns at Vienna in 1815, Lord Castlereagh was the obsequious tool of Alexander, approving the sacrifice of Poland, and the forced subjection of Norway to Sweden, and suggesting open violations of the treaty for the protection of the King of Naples, and of the treaty with Napoleon at Fontainebleau, while Alexander, less perfidious, rejected both plans as dishonorable; England joined the cause of the dynasties throughout, as we know, against that of Napoleon when Napoleon was still "the soldier of democracy;" in 1848-49, when she might have saved Hungary by a word, her connivance, tergiversation and duplicity made an easy path for the invading hosts of the Emperor, while all the more recent troubles about Turkey, could have been prevented by a determined course at the outset.† With what face, then, does England raise her hands to

* See "Russia and the Eastern Question," a pamphlet published by Robert Cobden in 1886.

† An ancient writer describes a class of men, who are "inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam Panica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus deum metus, nullus iurandum, nulla religio," and the London Examiner applies the sentence to Nicholas. But a more happy application of it might have been made to the diplomacy of Palmerston, in relation to the affairs of Hungary.

God, and with ejaculations of holy horror, imprecate His vengeance upon her old accomplice? Can she suppose that the world is to be deluded by such transparent humbuggery?

Besides, the success of the allies, according to their own confessions, will be as complete a subversion of Turkey, as any conquest contemplated by the Czar—for when pressed by the objection that they are going to war for the Crescent and against the Cross, they announce it as one of their chief ends, to meliorate the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. But how can they meliorate the condition of these Christians, except by placing them upon a level with the Mussulmans? Must they not establish both religions on a footing of equal privileges and rights? Must they not separate Church and State, or in other words, take the control of ecclesiastical affairs out of the hands of the Sultan and his politicians, and give it into the hands of each independent denomination? Yet, if they do this, and nothing short of this can be satisfactory, they will revolutionize radically the entire nation! Turkey would not be Turkey—would not be a Mohammedan State, unless the Koran remained the supreme law, and unless the Sultan continued the irresponsible head of both Church and State. Destroy the supremacy of the Koran, substitute a just and equal civil code for the arbitrary rule of the Sultan, and you inflict the *coup de grace* upon the Ottoman Empire. Whether, then, it is better for Russia, or for England and France to apply this finishing stroke, is not a subject about which Americans need cherish any intense solicitude. As impartial onlookers, however, they will probably observe, that the Greek Catholics themselves are more likely to prefer receiving favors from the Russians, who are of the same religion, than from France, which is Romanist, or England, which is Protestant.

We conclude, then, from every view of the case, that the duty of this country is to maintain a strict neutrality—a strict, but not a negative one; because, keep aloof as we may from active participation, we shall yet be indirectly drawn into some controversy by our widely extended commerce. It is impossible for Europe to go to war, without sending a shiver of it to the ends of the earth, or in other words, without raising questions of international law, for the civilized world to settle. During the extraordinary foray of Napoleon, as we all remember, and the counter motions of his adversaries, remote

America was speedily sucked into the vortex of agitation. Her rights as a neutral were invaded, on all sides, compelling her to protest and menace with a perpetual vigilance, and ever-renewed vigor. It was then, too, that she asserted for herself and for all nations, great principles of justice, which she cannot now desert. Proclaiming the freedom of the seas, the inviolability of flags, against the enormous and haughty pretensions of belligerents, at a time when her navy was little more than a cipher, and her government just begun, she cannot abandon the stand, when her fleets have become famous and her government a power. Her own vital interests, as well as the interests of civilization and humanity, and the progress of that melioration which is gradually working out a more Christian system of international relations, demand no less than this at her hands. Let the trespasser beware! * Privateering, that wholesale species of freebooting, she will not sanction, even in cases where treaty stipulations have not provided against it; nor will she, on the other hand, suffer her commerce to be run down and harried by those pretended "rights of search" and those "paper-blockades" which find their only warrant in an old and inhuman code, drawn from the usages of the most barbarous times! It is allowable for belligerents to molest each other as much as they please, for they are the judges of their own duties in that respect; but they must not be permitted to inflict wide, useless, lasting, often irreparable evils upon their innocent neighbors. No divine nor human law justifies them in making mankind parties to their quarrels; and, if we understand the temper of the people of the United States, they will rebuke with prompt and telling resentment, every attempt to revive, at their expense, the odious "continental system," as it was called; when mere spurts of the imperial pen transfixed the navigation of the world with paralysis—and retaliating "orders in council," banished even Neptune from his ocean. The day for such brutal interference is past. It was a system, whose audacity was only equalled by its cruelty, which converted the politicians of France and England into so many Popes dealing excommunications and interdicts around the earth, and causing nations every where to tremble at their frowns. Let them tremble no more,—let the charter for such excesses be blotted from the books, or if they should be resorted to again, let the young Republic, which thus far in its intercourse with nations has set an exam-

ple of large-minded and generous policy, be prepared to resist it to the death. The United States seeks no war—the breath of her nostrils is peace—that peace which in another score of years will place her

first among the nations,—but she cannot in consistency or honor submit to any offensive revival of those ancient and exploded theories.

PESCHIERA.

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost ?
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

The Tricolor, a trampled rag,
Lies, dirt and dust ; the lines I track,
By sentry-boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts ;
The Eagle with his black wing flouts
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain
O ! men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said, " Since so it is, good-bye
Sweet life, high hope ; but whatso'er
May be or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, ' The Lombard feared to die. ' "

You said, (there shall be answer fit,)
" And if our children must obey
They must, but thinking on this day
' Twill less debase them to submit."

You said, (O ! not in vain you said,)
" Haste, brothers, haste while yet we may ;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah ! not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of your cause,
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the strangers stand, 'tis true
By force and fortune's right he stands ;
By fortune which is in God's hands,
And strength which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

THE ZAY-NIS OF YANK-Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE OF TAY-KIN.

THE eminent Chinese philosopher and traveller Tay-Kin has recently returned to his native country from a long journey through the remote and unknown regions of Central Tartary, and notwithstanding the revolution which is now ravaging China, has succeeded in publishing the results of his observations. They are so graphically and forcibly expressed that the volumes have had an unprecedented circulation; and the most enlightened critics of Peking and Shanghai do not hesitate to call the work, which, in the original flowery Chinese, is entitled *Light from Dark Places*, the undoubted Uncle Tom of Chinese literature. This praise, we presume, is awarded to the book on account of its prodigious sale, rather than from any essential resemblance to the celebrated American romance, for, although we have carefully perused the odd volume which has fallen into our hands, we do not find, —except possibly in the title—any reason for comparing it with Mrs. Stowe's novel.

The immense popularity and interest of the work may be inferred from the fact that the Emperor of China has, according to the most credible rumors, frequently suspended operations against the rebels when he came to an absorbing passage; and, on one occasion, in the eagerness of perusal, he was known to have burned the imperial mouth by omitting to cool the tea, which he sipped as he read. The history of the means by which the odd volume has fallen into our hands shows how the book has bewitched the nation, for it fell into a chest of superior Gunpowder from the trembling hands of a laborer who was engaged in packing the tea, and endeavoring at the same time surreptitiously to devour the *Light from Dark Places*. He immediately buried it in the tea-leaves that it might not be discovered by the lynx eyes of the overseer, who would not have refrained from ordering the extreme punishment allotted to such neglect of duty. "Whoever," says the first section of the first statute of the Code of Confucius concerning the packing of tea, "shall fall asleep while at work, he shall be immediately awakened. But whosoever shall be detected in the reading of novels or any other exciting books, excepting always the prolusions of the priests, he shall incontinently lose his cue." To this wholesome fear of the loss of the cue, therefore, we are indebted for our know-

ledge of the present volume, from which we propose to lay extracts before our readers.

It has long been conceded that there are no more interesting works than those which treat of the life and customs of foreign lands. The Arabian Nights have an exhaustless charm for every generation; "for man," in the words of Confucius, "is always man." These tales deal with a fairy and impossible realm. Their scenery and figures have sufficient resemblance to the world with which we are familiar to arouse our sympathy and profoundest interest, yet without ever rising into a consciousness of absolute reality. In this sole respect the great work of Tay-Kin may be called superior to the *Thousand and One Nights*. For, although he describes the customs of countries far beyond the influence of Christianity, and into which the bowie-knife has not yet cut a way for civilization, yet he tells his story so simply and naturally that the reader could almost fancy the whole thing to be within a day's journey upon the railway. At the same time, for enlightened readers like ourselves, who live in the midst of humane and noble institutions, in a land where social prejudices never compel to crime, and where public opinion respects true manliness of character so wisely as to know that it cannot be affected by passionate slander,—in a country where it is universally conceded by the practical men, that the good name earned by an upright life cannot be tarnished by a single word spoken in anger by an enemy; for readers so fortunate in all this as we are, the extracts which we have selected from the Chinese work will have all the charm of an incredible romance.

A deeply seated interest in China, dating from the time when we are first conscious of having eaten meat, and long and profound study of the willow-pattern plates which illustrate its history, have qualified us, we flatter ourselves, to present a translation so accurate and so often couched in the familiar English idiom, that we are induced to hope the reader, as his eye passes along the page, may gradually forget that he is reading of regions so remote and of a race so barbarous, and confess with a throb of approval or condemnation the power of Tay-Kin.

We must premise that our traveller

had been absent more than a twelvemonth from China travelling toward Yan-Ky, a district of whose people and customs only the vaguest rumors were current in the polished circles of Peking. We commence our extracts with the opening of the thirteenth volume,—for to each month of his journey the philosopher allotted a volume.

I, Tay-Kin, was now turning southward from Thibet, and at sunset of the tenth day, Whang, my faithful interpreter and guide, pointed toward an irregular ridge of dark mountains that glistened in the fading light, and said sententiously:

"The Bif-Tek Mountains in Yan-Ky!"

Is that truly Yan-Ky? I asked myself musingly, abandoned to that pleasing melancholy which the first sight of famous places is sure to occasion. Do I really behold Yan-Ky?

As I strained my eyes pensively toward that illustrious land, I recalled the words of my friend the mandarin and philosopher Tom-mo, who sat upon the top of the great wall of China dangling his heels, as I passed out of the northern gate toward Thibet, and shouted after me, as he waved his cue freely, like a banner, over the landscape:

"Hi! hi! so you are going to travel! Give my love to the Grand Lama! Going to Yan-Ky! Hi! hi! In Yan-Ky a well developed woman is an indecorum! Mind your cue!"

And so the lingering winds blew me Tom-mo's paternal counsel until distance drank his voice.

As we entered the land of Yan-Ky I opened my eyes and my ears and proceeded to absorb knowledge. When night fell we encamped outside the chief city of the country, and the next morning passed through the gates. As we were slowly advancing along the street to the great Khan for strangers, I observed a man of lofty mien who stood by the wayside curling a heroic moustache. I was so struck by his warlike aspect that I summoned Whang, and pointing out to him the man of lofty mien inquired his name and position. "He is, probably, the lord of Yan-Ky," I said to Whang.

"That," replied Whang deferentially, "is Zay-ni, which, being interpreted into Chinese, signifies the Soul of Honor."

He had scarcely done speaking when a smaller man, whom a vivid fancy might have mistaken for an off-shoot of the Soul of Honor, a sucker,* approached me, and, bowing courteously, said:

"Zay-ni requests me to invite you to name time and place, and weapons."

"What is this?" demanded I, in perplexity, of the faithful Whang.

"Zay-ni," explained my interpreter, "or the Soul of Honor, conceives that the character of your glance toward him demands the arbitration of the duello."

"I do not understand," I responded plaintively, upon which the Twig, or Sucker, snuffed the air impatiently, and said:

"You are no Mandarin!"

"You are perfectly correct in your remark," answered I, "I am only Tay-Kin, the Philosopher, travelling upon a tour of observation."

The Twig withdrew toward the Soul of Honor, whose moustache glowed along his lip like a permanent declaration of war; and I rode quietly on with Whang toward the Khan for strangers, much meditating.

At length I said to him:

"I shudder, my dear Whang, with vague apprehension. What may not be true of a land of which Tom-mo's parting remark was descriptive? Have we not fairly penetrated the outer regions of civilization, or, should not a philosopher say, the very heart of barbarism? Was ever such welcome before offered to innocent philosopher? O Whang! is not Yan-Ky the Barbary of which we read?"

"My friend," returned Whang, fumbling in his crimson silk tobacco-purse, "before lighting the pipe of discussion let us smoke that of narration." So saying, he piled upon the Gozeh* the weed of Tumbak from Persia, and we sat silently inhaling and expiring that aromatic smoke. Then I ventured to ask my friend and guide:

"What is that duello to which the Twig referred?"

Whang smoked for some time without replying; at length he said:

"It is a venerable and honored institution of Yan-Ky, condemned by the public opinion, and cherished by the private opinion of the Yan-Kyse. They who invoke its arbitration upon slight cause, like our friend Zay-ni, are held in contempt, being supposed privately to eat fire. They who, being grave and honorable men, of long and unsullied lives, invoke its aid to settle the passionate difference of a moment, are held in universal veneration, and receive services of gold and silver, or the equivalent admiration of all Yan-Ky."

"Truly?" asked I.

"Remember that you are in a remote and savage land," replied Whang, "nor be surprised when you hear the priests of

* Vernacular Yan-Ky.

* Eastern pipe.

Yan-Ky preaching the doctrine of the circular square. Perpend! It is an institution holding neither by logic, humanity, nor common sense, but by the mystery of honor, of which words can give no account. Honor belongs not to *men*, like nobility, justice, truth, &c., but to *gentlemen*—one of the inexplicable institutions of Yan-Ky. With the gentleman, the nose is the most sacred part of the person," continued Whang complacently.

"How?" interrupted I, fearful that I was losing my senses, and shuddering as I remembered that I was distant many months' journey from the most distant prospect of the Great Wall.

"The gentleman and the soul of honor," resumed Whang, "are held to be synonymous in Yan-Ky. If I render the word *gentleman* in pure Chinese, you have, *he who respects his nose*. It is the man who always carries that member before him, like the imperial banner of the Celestial Emperor, and defies the world to criticise or touch it. The Yan-Ky doctrine of the nose is subtle, and not easily explained. It presents strange illustrations. It often appears by proxy. Sometimes, for instance, it may be represented by a remark. We will suppose that I declare the day to be pleasant. Into that remark I am held figuratively to put my nose. You, O Tay-Kin, instantly shout offensively, that I am wilfully misstating the fact of the weather; that, in truth, it is an unpleasant day. Now, figuratively, you are held to have put your hand into your remark, which, as it conflicts with mine, is—clearly enough—your hand, by proxy, pulling my nose, or sacred member, by proxy. At this point, the question of fact drops out of the discussion, and without reference to the state of the weather, we each proceed to show that we were each in the right; or, in other words, we go out to defend our honor, which is the figure of speech used to express the nose upon such occasions. If I succeed in destroying you, I demonstrate by the *argumentum ad hominem*, as Confucius says, that the day is pleasant."

"But if I shoot you?" I replied.

"Ah! in that case the day is not so clear," rejoined Whang, emitting a heavy cloud of smoke.

"But observe," he continued, "if we only shoot, whether damage be done or not, honor is held to be satisfied; the nose is put in its right place again. I agree in the most gracious manner, that I intended to remark that the day was un-

pleasant. You insist that the first syllable of your adjective was superfluous. We pay profound homage to each other's noses, and Yan-Ky, with loud acclaim, receives us as twin souls of honor. This case involves the principle of the duello. It is an appeal which may be as decently invoked in the small aspersion, as in the large defamation, since, as the Souls of Honor justly declare, a lie given impeaches honor, whether a mill or a million be involved in the question of fact. In truth, the original fact has nothing to do with the decision. It is a matter of the nose. My dear Tay-Kin," said Whang, "the history of the father of Zay-ni, which I shall now relate, is the best illustration of the subtle doctrine of the nose, or of a life regulated by what is called in Yan-Ky, the Code of Honor, which is the practical contradiction and denial of the Law of Confucius, and of the Eternal Order of Things."

Whang refilled the Gozeh, and, after smoking quietly for a few moments, during which my memory recurred regretfully to China and Civilization, he thus commenced:

"The family of Zay-ni, which is one of the largest and the most respected in Yan-Ky, is descended from a king of some emerald island far beyond the Lost Atlantis, of whom it is recorded that, from time to time, he requested the leading men of his kingdom to tread upon the tail of his coat,—an expression of which there is no equivalent in Chinese. From extreme youth, he was carefully instructed in the orthodox doctrine of the nose; and, if any companion ridiculed its shape or color, he instantly vindicated it from reproach."

"In what manner?" I asked.

"By transforming his companion by means of a few magical strokes, into a wine-butt, and then decanting claret from his nose,"* rejoined the serious Whang, while I fell into more intolerable perplexity with every word he uttered.

"And what proved him to be the Soul of Honor?" I asked faintly.

Whang did not condescend to reply.

"As the youth grew, he disclosed a new way of proving the propriety of his name. If any man brushed him roughly in passing, or looked at any lady of Yan-Ky, or trod upon his foot instead of his coat-tail, in passing, Zay-ni instantly called him to account; and if prompt reparation was not made, demonstrated that he was the Soul of Honor."

"By —?" inquired I, doubtfully.

* The translator here introduces English colloquial phrases, corresponding to the Yan-Ky vernacular.

"By shooting him dead," replied Whang sententiously, and, I believe, according to the strict idiom of Yan-Ky.

"But the wife and children of the dead?"

"O Tay-Kin," responded Whang, "whoever undertakes to live in Yan-Ky, where the nose is held sacred, must not entangle himself with domestic alliances, for he can never tell when, where, nor in what shape, the injured nose may present itself, and demand satisfaction. The principles of the nose, or, as they are generally called, the Code of Honor, declare, that the fact that wife and children depend upon the tongue of a man, is a profound reason for his holding it fast, and not suffering it to wag against his neighbors."

"True," I answered; "but if your tongue wags against me, thereby exposing your wife and children, it may be well enough that you and your family suffer. But why should I and my family suffer, who are entirely innocent, and are wagged against? or why should the decision be left to a chance which may punish the offended, and let the offender free?"

"O Tay-Kin," replied Whang, "you do not understand the sublime mystery of the nose. Rather be silent, therefore, and listen. Long after Zay-ni was a full-grown man, which in Yan-Ky is upon the completion of the sixteenth year, he was one evening assisting at the frequently-recurring fête of Hele-an-to, the great god of the Yan-Ky nobility. In the midst of his devotions to that deity, while he was performing the priestly function with a solemnity and religious sadness beyond all praise, another of the absorbed devotees encountered him suddenly, and for a moment they both tottered, but fortunately neither fell. Now during the performance of the solemn rites of Hele-an-to, the entire person of the devotee partakes of the sacred inviolability of the nose, and violently to touch the body, is an aggravated assault upon that member. Zay-ni, therefore, having concluded the customary genuflexion to his partner, who, in these Hele-an-to ceremonies, is always of the other sex, slipped smilingly into an adjoining apartment, and there met the young Spoonski. He requested Spoonski to inform Klumski, who had encountered him, that he demanded an apology for his awkwardness. Klumski, whom every body in Yan-Ky respected and loved, and who had recently married a young wife, who, with her infant, was

fondly attached to him, said to Spoonski, that he was sorry if he had harmed Zay-ni, and regretted the encounter, but that he considered Zay-ni to be a very foolish fellow to demean himself so like an emperor; adding, that he feared Zay-ni was in the habit of eating fire, and cherished too exclusive a regard for his nose; and that, for his part, he should as soon consider a man who eat fire as much beside himself, as he who only drank it; and precisely as much to be avoided, and treated as a dangerous neighbor.

"When Spoonski repeated this message to Zay-ni, his wrath was unbounded.

"He piles insult upon insult," said Zay-ni. He then departed to find his friends, while his nose, angrily flaming, led the way like a burning torch.

"He bumps me: he says he is sorry in an insulting manner; and my outraged nose is ready to drop," cried Zay-ni, fiercely. "By acknowledging his regret in such a manner, he makes his offence a deliberate insult, which, if I endured, I should ill deserve to be called the Soul of Honor."

"Perhaps you were hasty," said one.

"He is a coward!" said Zay-ni, in the large Yan-Ky manner.

"But his wife and child?" said another.

"But my nose!" shrieked Zay-ni, while that sacred member kindled and flamed with ardor.

"In vain the thoughtful of his friends quoted the sayings of the wise men, and the commands of Confucius. Zay-ni snuffed the air, and said:

"Oh, yes; that's all very well: but we understand that kind of thing, you know. Do you suppose I am a woman?"

"Your sex seems to be a little uncertain," said the oldest friend. "You say that you are not a woman, but is this the conduct of a man?"

"So said a few of the thoughtful and the best. But Yan-Ky at large said that it was a pity Klumski should have criticised the conduct of Zay-ni. No man should make remarks concerning his townsmen which he is not willing to stand by.* Klumski, on the other hand, said that he had made no remark that he was not willing to stand by; and begged to repeat, that he considered Zay-ni to be a very foolish fellow. Upon which repetition, Zay-ni sent Spoonski, summoning Klumski to the duello.

"It is a great pity!" said Yan-Ky; "but really, what can a man do? My

* Vernacular Yan-Ky.

dear (addressing its wife), it is most time for the temple-service: you had better get ready.*

"And thereupon Yan-Ky decorously went to the temple, and heard the priests read the laws of Confucius, and expound the behest of the Eternal Order of Things; and coming out of the temple, said, each man to the other,

"I am very much opposed to the duello. You know we have laws against it. But in this case, what can a man do?"

"Klumski, however, smiled, and returned this answer to Zay-ni, that he had considered him a foolish fellow, and had therefore called him so when occasion arose; but that now he had taken such pains to prove it to all the world, that he trusted there would be no longer any difference of opinion.

"Because you are a fool," said he, sternly, "I shall not be one; not even if all Yan-Ky, obeying its old, stupid superstition, undertakes to be foolish, and to condemn me. Their tacit opinion justifies your conduct, thereby giving the measure of the worth of their opinion. I prefer to be right with myself, and with Confucius, and with the wise and brave, who perceive the Eternal Order of Things, rather than with those who support Zay-ni in his theory of the nose."

"Alas! my honored Whang," interrupted I, "I seem to be listening to stories of animals, and not of men. Who would have dreamed, that upon the same globe with our placid and discreet China, there could have existed a nation of such moral savages, the law of whose religion, and whose statute-book, was set aside by a dull, unreasonable, and inexplicable superstition? Wonderful is travel! But pray, proceed with the story of Zay-ni, the Soul of Honor."

Whang continued:

"Zay-ni determined that he would take subtle revenge upon Klumski. He reasoned thus:

"Klumski has put a mortal slight upon me, by bumping me in the solemn service of Hele-an-to; apologizing with an insult; and then refusing to abide by the duello. I may have been hasty, but he has been impertinent beyond account. If I suffer this offence to pass unheeded, all Yan-Ky will doubt my honor, and every fool will feel at liberty to criticise my nose. I must assert my honor. I must prove the strict inviolability of my nose. How shall it be done?"

"Here he paused. It was clear that

but one way remained. Zay-ni must undertake to obtain, by personal chastisement, the reparation to his nose which Klumski declined to give with the instruments of the duello. Now, like other Souls of Honor, although the nose of Zay-ni had a self-asserting and audacious air, a kind of just-come-and-pull-me-if-you-dare look, derived undoubtedly from the please-tread-on-my-coat-tail trait of their common emerald ancestor, yet he was not a brave man, but was extremely accomplished in the use of the instruments of the duello. He liked an encounter in which he enjoyed all the advantage. Therefore, as the project of personally attacking Klumski was not promising for his own ease and security, he resolved upon a more exquisite revenge.

"Zay-ni was rich. He had no profession, and had nothing to do but to devote life to cherishing his nose.

"Klumski laughs at the duello," said Zay-ni, with a sneering smile. "Now, no man can live in Yan-Ky without the good opinion of the Yan-Kyse. I will therefore force him to propose the duello to me, himself."

"In the gay circles of Yan-Ky, the elegant Zay-ni was more polished than ever. The beautiful belles of Yan-Ky agreed, that of all loves of men hitherto encountered, he was the most lovely.

"So handsome!" they said,—because his cheeks were red, and his hair was black.

"So well-dressed!" they said,—because his clothes fitted him like a glove, and he seemed to have been dropped into them like the French Count d'Artois into his trousers.

"So gentlemanly!" they said,—because he said nothing in a low tone, without laughing, and with a semi-glance of well-bred contempt at all men who had emotions.

"Such a small foot!" they said,—because a small foot is more readily comprehended than a large head.

"Such eyes!" they said,—because the eyes had said to each one of those belles, *I love you best.*

"So fascinating!" said they all,—because he treated each as if she were the sole charmer.

"And such a sacred respect for his nose!" chimed in the tenor chorus of the beaux of Yan-Ky, whose noses were generally small.

"Among those belles Klumski had a sister, young and tender as the summer

dawn when it smiles over the mountains of Bif-Tek, which guard Yan-Ky. All the poets sang her praises. It was said, O Tay-Kin, that the sound of those praises had even been heard in the streets of Peking, and that aged mandarins had sighed as they listened, remembering the days when they were poets, and sang of beauty. She had the auburn hair which the sun smiles upon, and makes golden. She had the eyes, soft, humid, lustrous, which the Hindu poets call lotus eyes. The tint of her cheeks was the soft creamy hue of sea-shells. Like a sapling upon the mountain, her figure was lithe, and round, and alluring. It was a flowery face, a flowery form, a flowery grace, and there was no one who did not love her, and agree that Fior was the flower of Yan-Ky."

Whang's voice sank into silence, and we both sat for some time, silently smoking.

"Confucius says," he resumed at length, "that the Eternal Order of Things suffers strange events to occur. But he adds, that the Order of Things will certainly justify itself; if not here, then elsewhere. Yet what an Order of Things does not that seem to be, which planted the pure Fior among the people who hold the nose in a morbid sanctity! Which of our poets is it, O Tay-Kin, who says, that the Genius of Evil is surest to discover and harm whatever falls into his path out of the Kingdom of Light. Others pass by not knowing it, but the instinct of repulsion reveals it to him."

Whang smoked placidly, and I abandoned myself to the consideration of the strange chances of travel. How little had I dreamed, O male readers with long cues! and O female readers with small feet! that my utmost wanderings would ever have brought me into a country of habits so inexplicable as these. To climb to the top of the Great Wall, is a stretch of travel forbidden to all but the happy few. The philosopher and mandarin Tommo, sits there at ease, and surveys the world, seeing things clearly in the rare air of that height. But to descend upon the outer side, and wander beyond its shadow—that is a temerity hardly to be justified in sane men, except, like my unworthy self, Tay-Kin, they are mere philosophers, bent upon doing good, and travel to accumulate warnings, and relate wonders. It is no story of gnomes that I am telling, but of lands, whose people complacently suppose themselves to be the head of civilization, because they eat meat for dinner every day! Read and reflect! and thank the Eternal Order of Things, that placed you behind the Great

Wall of China, whose name be praised, and whose top be covered with broken bottles for ever, to keep out the Yan-Kyse.

Whang continued:

"Zay-ni soon resolved what his revenge should be. He was young, handsome, graceful. Was he not the Soul of Honor? Therefore, upon all occasions, whether in public or in private, he sought to win the favor of Fior. He smiled upon Klumski, as upon a man whom he had forgiven. But Klumski never asked him to return with him to his mutton; nor, in the affectionate *tutoying* phrase of Yan Ky, to take pot-luck with him. Klumski treated Zay-ni as men treat small dogs.

"One day, Fior was surprised by a visit from the aunt of the Soul of Honor. A man, says Confucius, is not responsible for his aunts. They are pre-existent facts, quite beyond his discretion. But if he be ingenious, he can make them serviceable to his purposes. Under the shadow of an aunt's propriety, says the same authority, how are not the sweet improprieties of affection indulged, even as in my youth I kissed the daughter of the mandarin Dul-dul, in the shade of the great temple of Peking. The aunt came to bid Fior to tea. A few friends, after the manner of Yan-Ky, were to come the next evening to drink her tea, instead of staying at home, and drinking their own:—tea, and a few gentlemen in the evening.

"From extreme youth, Fior had been disciplined to these social sacrifices. Aunts, like Zay-ni's, are distributed in this world to make a few gentlemen in the evening recognize, by contrast, the loveliness of youth and the eternal youth of amiability. When Fior arrived, the aunt commenced by stabbing all her friends with sharp little innuendoes. Facts, of which no one should have betrayed the knowledge, she detailed with care. The small gossip of malicious observation and criticism,—the meanness of aspersion,—the wily whisper,—the loud abuse,—they were all deployed by the aunt. It was to the gentle Fior as if she were steeped in the fumes of a hot kitchen. The air was gross with gossip. The aunt treated men and women as if they had been bats and lizards; and her feline eyes glittered close to the delicate Fior, who shrank and shuddered."

"Are there such lands—such people?" I asked of Whang, with a sad sinking of the heart.

"You are in and among them," he replied sententiously, whiffing volumes of smoke.

"May the Eternal Order of Things get me safely back again over the Great Chinese Wall," I mentally ejaculated, while Whang resumed:

"Zay-ni knew his aunt, and he knew Fior. Therefore, when he entered the bower, he saw in a moment the state of things. He knew that Fior was shocked and sad. Her mind was full of hateful images, and unwelcome fancies, conjured by his aunt. She was like a flower choked in fetid air, and longing for the sunlight. He was young, and handsome, and graceful. Was he not the Soul of Honor? So he sat by her side, and he looked so gallant, and fresh, and fair, that his mere aspect was a consolation to the gentle girl. When he began to speak, his voice was so low and sweet, that the sharp tones of the shrill aunt were lost like noise in music. What could such a voice whisper that would not seem noble to a mind so prepared? And when a shrewd sense, called, in Yan-Ky, knowledge of men and women, directed the whisperings of that voice, could not the blindest hawker of rat's tails and bird's nests, perceive that half the fight was won? The aunt had poisoned every character of which she spoke; but Zay-ni praised so cunningly, that he seemed not only the handsomest, most musical-voiced, and most winning, but the most generous of men. He spoke so tenderly of Klumski, himself,—not too broadly flattering, for Zay-ni understood that Fior might have noticed that her brother was not lavish of commendation nor of attention to the Soul of Honor. Zay-ni was a wise man, even as snakes are wise. The boys and girls read of the serpent charming the bird, and look under the bushes and upon the boughs of trees to find them. But the serpents and birds are not out of doors. Confucius says, that in their youth they sit in parlors, and talk sentiment.

"They sat together, talking, all the pleasant evening. Zay-ni spoke gently of good things, and warmly of righteous ones, and professed principles of which the Eternal Order of Things might have been proud. Fior listened, and wondered she had never so much liked the fascinating Soul of Honor. Nobler thoughts, more generous judgments, she had not heard from Klumski himself. What a pity that he was so prejudiced against this gallant youth! At intervals, Zay-ni beckoned to his aunt to come over and help him. She came, and her voice pierced Fior's ear, and her venom stung Fior's

heart; and when she went away again, the music of the other voice was sweeter for the contrast, like the bells of the tower of Peking in the pauses of the roaring Monsoon.

"Ah! Tay-Kin, my illustrious philosopher and master, even in Yan-Ky, women are women,—and, sadder truth, men are men! The heart of Fior clung to the Soul of Honor. In vain the thoughtful Klumski grew grave and sorrowful, and warned his gentle sister. She wept at his words, and threw her arms around his neck, but only to whisper in his ear that she loved Zay-ni. Then there was a look sadder than sorrow in his eyes, and he told her how much more she was to be pitied than blamed; and described to her, in terrible detail, the character and life of the Soul of Honor. She listened with the fond incredulity of love. Her passion was like the south wind, melting every thing upon which it blew. Ah! Tay-Kin, my master, in Yan-Ky, as in China, love is the eternal tyrant, who knows no reason and no law.

"Zay-ni pursued the preparation of his sweet revenge. The snake had charmed the dove, which fluttered—and fluttered—and fell!

"The Soul of Honor was perfect in the duello. He could use the pistol or the sword* with equal ease and certainty. Wo to him upon whom fell the wrath of Zay-ni! His nose reigned unquestioned and serene in admiring Yan-Ky.

"But the dove fluttered—and fluttered—and fell!

"That fall broke the heart of Klumski. A sternness, such as had never been seen in his eyes, now took the place of the sadness which had recently filled them. All Yan-Ky foresaw that some terrible event was near. It was so cruel an outrage! they said: and since the laws of Yan-Ky cannot touch the case——"

"How?" cried I. "Am I in a land where the law does not touch a case so fearful? Will the law protect a man's purse, and not his honor? Oh, that I might once more behold the Great Wall of China!"

Whang little heeded my interruption.

"How can law protect honor?" said he, as contemptuously as comported with propriety. "Honor is the nose. It is the private privilege of every man to keep it unpulled. The law cannot touch it. How can the law tell whether the bird fell willingly, or was nefariously entrapped? But all Yan-Ky felt that a

* Names of the weapons of the duello.

tragedy impended. Klumski did not weep over his sister's fall; but Zay-ni smiled to think that, by dealing the deadliest blow, he had forced his foe to propose the duello. 'The law gives him no aid,' said he; 'and if he does nothing, he will be accounted a coward.'

"But, Whang," I asked, "what says Confucius about doing good to those who despitely use you, and about forgiving your enemies?"

"O Tay-Kin!" cried Whang, with undisguised want of respect; "have you yet to learn, that the doctrines of Confucius are for the priests to expound upon the holy days, in the holy places, and are not to be mingled with life, except so far as they are pleasant? They belong to the abstract: the concrete is quite another thing. When Confucius says, Let the servant obey the brother of the sun and moon, who is set over him, all Yan-Ky cries decorously, *Amen*, and quotes Confucius against the disorganizers. But when he says, Happy is he who tells the truth in business, and he who believes that honesty is better than policy, all Yan-Ky smiles, and disbelieves, and declares that Confucius was a wag, and an impractical and impracticable person. Yan-Ky says, that men must be taken as they are. But if you ask, Did not the Eternal Order of Things take men as they are, when it sent Confucius to preach to them? Yan-Ky, if it is in the temple, says, 'Ah, yes! certainly,' and chastises its children for telling lies. But if you ask the question of Yan-Ky in the mart, it smiles patronizingly, winking its left eye, and says, 'Good sir, you must take facts. You don't quite understand the world. There is a public opinion, which a man cannot withstand. On the whole, do you not see our whole life proclaiming this doctrine, against that of the Eternal Order of Things—happy is he who lies without exposure, for he shall accumulate stock, and live in fine houses, and have the front seat in the temple of Confucius, and be esteemed of the less successful, and elected director in the society for sending missionaries to disseminate the opposition doctrine of the Order of Things, in swamps beyond geography.' Every day and every hour, all Yan-Ky repeats and practices this gospel.

"Klumski's friends came to him, and asked him what he intended to do.

"What do you advise?" asked he.

"There is but one course," said they.

"Indeed!" said he.

"Yes," said they. "We are very sor-

ry, and are very much opposed to the practice; but really, in this case, you cannot avoid the duello." And Yan-Ky looked heroic and wise, and jingled its keys in its breeches*-pocket.

"But observe a moment," said Klumski; 'Zay-ni has mortally injured me. Now, according to Confucius, I ought to forgive him. Just in the degree of the greatness of the offence, is the virtue of forgiveness, says Confucius.'

"Yan-Ky took snuff, shrugged its shoulders, and spoke of white feathers, contemptuously.

"Confucius is right," resumed Klumski; 'but nevertheless, I do not forgive Zay-ni, and I shall not play that I do. He has mortally injured me, and I must have satisfaction.'

"All Yan-Ky patted its nose with pride and pleasure.

"If you please," he continued, 'there is no question of honor here. The fact cries aloud, that Zay-ni is innocent of the lowest idea of honor. He is meaner than a thief,—worse than a murderer. If Grabski, the house-breaker, had broken into your house, and stolen your watch, would you have felt obliged to resort to the duello?'

"No," cried Yan-Ky, 'because the law protects us.'

"When, then, Zay-ni does worse than a burglar, and the law does not protect me, shall I allow him the opportunity of adding to his crime, and crowning the ruin of my sister with the broken heart of my wife, and the destitution of my children? If the burglar ought to be destroyed, without the chance of choking the man who executes the will of Yan-Ky, ought not a greater than the burglar share the same ignominious fate?'

"Perhaps. But that would be murder," pleaded Yan-Ky.

"It would be no more murder when it proceeded from the hand of one man, whom he had mortally injured, than when it comes from the hand of a mortally injured society. Besides, if you permit this, do you not see that the abandoned Zay-nis, surnamed the Souls of Honor, will perfect themselves in the use of the duello-weapons, and so enjoy an immunity of social crime—crime beyond the law? It is not the want of religion, nor of decency, in your rule, that I complain of; it is its want of common sense. It is the frightful abuse of this thing that you call honor in Yan-Ky, which appals me. Yan-Ky says, that a man will think twice be-

* The nether integuments of Yan-Ky.

fore he insults his fellow, if he knows that he is to answer for it at the mouth of the pistol. Exactly; but the bully knows the influence of that fear quite as well as any body, and therefore makes sure of his skilful use of the weapons, before he does the deed, and then laughs at your outraged nose, as his well-practised pistol sends death into your bosom. Yan-Ky has a bully's and a coward's theory of this matter!" cried Klumski, with energy.

"But what are we to do when our wives and daughters are insulted?" demanded Yan-Ky, in a panic.

"I am going to show you what to do," responded Klumski, so gravely, that Yan-Ky shuddered. "A man who does what Zay-ni has done, is a wild beast in society. Do you hold his nose sacred? Do you call him, in the old vernacular, a *gentleman*? He has proved that he is a villain, and by the instinctive moral law he is a criminal. But for such offenders you provide no punishment. Therefore, I have provided it. Don't talk to me of honor," he continued, fustiously. "Whoever will suffer such an offender to have the chance of killing him has not the faintest conception of the dear and sacred word."

"All Yan-Ky listened in amazement.

"For what is the significance of the duello? It is the leaving the decision of the right to chance. It never was any thing more. It originated with our remotest ancestors, in what they called the Tournament. It is the ancient doctrine of might making right."

"Excuse us," said Yan-Ky; "it is the giving an equal chance to both. It equalizes might, for the weak man stands fairly with the strong."

"But, in the name of Confucius, why should both have an equal chance?" cried Klumski. "To give both an equal chance, is to imply that there is an equality of guilt or responsibility. Is that so in this case? But if it be the decision of chance, then the verdict of chance must be considered final. If any one of you declare that I am not a Yan-Kian, but a liar, and I call him to the duello, what do I mean to do? I mean to summon the duello to decide whether I am a liar. But if my pistol chances only to flash, and you hit me, it follows inevitably that I am a liar."

"Not at all," said Yan-Ky; "the fact of your going out to stand before a pistol, shows that you have the heroism which makes it impossible that you should be a

liar; and that fact is demonstrated, whether you are hit or not."

"Not at all," returned Klumski; "it merely proves that I have the hardihood to stand before a pistol; and history shows that a coward will do that as well as a hero. Besides, if a Yan-Kian gives me the lie, and we go out to fight, what is the logic of the thing? It is this: I go to defend my honor, assaulted by his remark, and he goes to sustain his honor involved in the same remark. I expose my life to show that I am not a liar; he exposes his, to show that he means what he says. There can be no result. For, whatever the issue, each has equally shown, by the same display of courage, that he is right."

"But let us understand you," said the people of Yan-Ky solemnly. "Do you mean that if your nose were pulled (a thrill of horror shuddered along the veins of the valiant people of Yan-Ky), you would not resort to the duello?"

"Ye men of Yan-Ky," thundered Klumski, "listen to my words. If a man insults my sacred member by pulling* it, he means to express that I am a contemptible man and a coward. What is the obvious and natural way of showing him and all the world that he is mistaken? What is the honorable, manly, and instinctive way? It is to take him then and there, while the hot blood is roused, and when, speaking after the manner of men, and not of Confucius, that hot blood justifies the act; and by severe personal chastisement, disproving his words and exposing him before the world as one in whom there is no truth."

"Yes, but if he be stronger and chastise you?"

"Well then, clearly," replied Klumski, "if I am a weaker man, and valiantly attack him, the whole world will hold me justified. For you will remember that even your Code of Honor does not require that the offended person shall always be successful. If I fall dead before the fire of my adversary who has insulted me, I am yet held to be a man of honor; and equally so, if I am overthrown by the man whom I personally attack."

"My dear Klumski," now said the most respectable of the Yan-Kians, "you wander from the point. This matter of honor is not to be reduced to strict verbal discussion. It is an affair of instinct and feeling. We do not say that it is essentially right, nor just, and certainly we allow that it is against the law of Confucius."

* In the vernacular Yan-Ky, *tweaking*.

us, but the whole thing is here: Society requires that no man shall submit to an imputation upon his veracity, and has decreed by immemorial custom that he shall wipe off the aspersion by the duello. If he fails to do so, the man enjoys no social consideration afterwards. We all regret it, we are all very much opposed to shedding blood, and we take care in our laws to denounce and punish the custom which we all cherish with the utmost force of our private opinion and conduct. I repeat that it is not a matter to be deliberately reasoned about. It must be felt, and, Klumski, you must obey or suffer. It is, perhaps, a cruel necessity, but it is no harder upon you than upon the rest of us.'

Klumski laughed gently and said:

"You allow that the custom is unreasonable, beyond logic or argument, and against the law of Confucius, the order of nature, and the well-being of society. You grant that its whole force lies in the consent of society, and yet it is you, respectable Yan-Kians, whose sympathy imparts that force to it, and if you simply said, it shall not be so any longer, it would immediately cease to be. You, and you alone, are responsible for all the woe it occasions; for it is your opinion which makes the opinion of that society, of which you so vaguely speak. The custom does not exist by the support of blacklegs and bullies, but by your sympathy. You assume a state of things, and by that assumption creating it, proceed to argue from it.'

"Stop!" said the most respectable of the Yan-Kyse. 'Ten years ago the chief city of Yan-Ky sent Bullski to the great Pow-wow of the land. He was a man of assured character, of the clearest integrity, worthy, generous, good; the whole city knew Bullski and honored him. Now to the same Pow-wow came Bearski from the other great city of Yan-Ky, a man equally loved and honored by the Bears-kians, his friends. The old grudge between the cities was never more venomously asserted than at that time. There were high debates, hot words, choking rage and wrath, all watched by the Bulls-kians at home with eager interest. 'Those Bears-kians are always pulling our noses, said the Bulls-kians, 'and we are always tamely submitting and emboldening them.' 'Those Bulls-kians are dough,' said the Bears-kians contemptuously. Suddenly Bearski insulted Bullski—in open Pow-wow insulted him, saying that Bullski was not a veracious person. It was a premeditated insult.* But Bullski, who

knew that Bearski would easily destroy him in the duello, and who, because he was a man of long settled integrity, detested the duello, returned to his native city without fighting.'

"Well?" said Klumski.

"Well," said the most respectable Yan-Kian, 'he was instantly dropped, lost all influence, all social respect, and was never heard of more.'

"Then the wrathful word of an enemy questioning his veracity availed more with the friends of Bullski than the long-proved character of years. It is a pleasant premium you place upon that character to which you exhort all your young men to attain, when a single word, uttered angrily or maliciously, is sufficient to destroy it," replied Klumski contemptuously.

"I don't know about that," returned the spokesman of Yan-Ky, 'but such is the fact, and no man can resist this demand.'

"As for that," returned Klumski, 'I am astonished that Bullski's instinctive rage did not drive him upon Bearski to punish his insult personally and directly. For myself, whatever I had done, if I found that my character availed nothing with my friends, and was not powerful enough to crush such an imputation utterly, I certainly should not have valued their opinion enough to purchase it by a craven compliance with a foolish custom. For clearly, the good opinion of those who will not esteem a man of long-tried probity if he refuse to expose himself to be shot by any man who questions it, when they confess that their requirement is senseless and not founded in religion, decency, or law,—such a good opinion is not so valuable as the approval of Confucius and a man's esteem for himself.'

"Yan-Ky smiled.

"Your words are brave," said the respectable Yan-Kyse, 'but you would find it unpleasant to be shunned and dropped from intercourse.'

"Undoubtedly it would be far from pleasant," returned Klumski, 'yet I know that the noble and thoughtful every where would be on my side. Those whose opinion is truly commendation would not desert me. Of course I should value yours less, because I should know all the time that it was mere obedience to a dull superstition of which you were afraid, and which you do not dare to investigate. But you know, just as well as I, that the deep sense of right would be with me.'

"What!" cried Yan-Ky, 'if you took no notice of an insult?'

* Strict Yan-Ky idiom.

"That is a very different thing," said Klumski, "I have already said that the hot blood of an insulted man may drive him to personal chastisement of the offender."

"Yes," said Yan-Ky, "but that leads to broils, and street-shootings, and all kinds of inconveniences. If a man knew that when he gave the lie he was liable to personal assault he would carry weapons to defend himself, and society would fall back into anarchy."

"But how is it more anarchical for you and me to shoot each other in hot blood than in cold blood?" demanded Klumski. "It is much more natural and reasonable. And of this you may be well assured, if a man knew that another would call him to account at the moment of the insult, he would be much more wary of his words than when he knew that there was infinite chance of arrangement and negotiation, and, at worst, the chance of the duello against his adversary."

"Every man," said Yan-Ky impatiently, "must have an equal chance."

"Fools!" cried Klumski, "why should there be an equal chance? Why, because a man insults me, should he therefore have the chance of killing me? Besides, if you say that the man offended may be weaker than the offender, and therefore not have a fair chance in a personal fight, so I say that unless you can prove that both men are of equal nerve, and equal skill, and equal practice in the use of the duello instruments, and are sure of an equally favorable position, the chances are just as unfair. To draw up two men in battle array is no more to give them an equal chance than to let them settle it, naturally, with their natural weapons. It is to put the chances altogether against the insulted nose. Nor can I well understand how you call it murder when an offender is shot for his offence, and not murder, but justice, when the offended is shot for being offended. The chances of the duello never can be even approximately equal until you place each party upon a keg of gunpowder and touch them off, and then what kind of justice is it? For one was peaceable and the other a bully."

"The men of Yan-Ky felt their noses gravely, and pondered the words of Klumski."

"Listen," said he: "My great-grandmother's cousin was sent ambassador to Crim-Tartary, where the duello also prevails, from China, where my family originated. Upon his arrival there was a

stately banquet in honor of the birth of a daughter to the Cham. As the new ambassador was a stranger he provoked observation and remark, and as he was not pleasant to the minds of the Crim Tartar mandarins by reason of his well-known opinions relative to the shortening of the imperial cue, they sought occasion to annoy him. Therefore the chief mandarin of the large family of Dul-dul, said loudly to the nuncio of the Grand Lama of Tibet, "Behold the wife of the ambassador of China, (my great-grandmother's cousin's wife), she resembles a slave." Which, when my great-grandmother's cousin heard, he said to Dul-dul, "I prithee step this way." Thereupon they went into the pleasant garden of the palace, among the groves of tea, then in full blossom, and my relative said to the mandarin, "My nose is in my wife, and your hand was in your insulting remark. I know that you are expert in the duello, according to the customs of your country. You know that I am not expert, or you would not have said that word. Even had I been so, however, I would not have allowed you the chance of proving your word, or gratifying your malice, by slaying me. I shall proceed to punish you that you may perceive how careful a mandarin ought to be of his tongue."

"He immediately fell upon the mandarin, who was the larger and stouter man, but the sense of injury gave moral power to my great-grandmother's cousin, and he, although receiving many and direful blows, did effectually punish his adversary. At length the mandarin by a hard blow levelled my relative, who remained senseless, and the battle ended. But when he recovered, he said to Dul-dul: "Because your insult was verbal only, the punishment has been of this kind. Had it been more serious I should have shot you as I would shoot a mad bull."

"The consequence was, men of Yan-Ky, that, although severely drubbed* in the contest, my great-grandmother's cousin was never held to be a coward, and was no more insulted, for every mandarin knew that if he insulted that ambassador, he would not be allowed the surety of his skill in the duello to add murder to his insult, but would be destroyed as men destroy serpents."

"After a pause Klumski added:

"I am his lineal descendant. The injury done me is not that of a word nor a taunt. It is a bitter woe, a crime that nothing can undo—a crime of which your

* Idiom.

laws take no account, and which must therefore be punished or left unpunished, according to the desire of the injured. I have sufficiently explained to you why I do not allow Zay-ni the chance of the duello.'

"As Klumski spoke, he saw Zay-ni advancing. All Yan-Ky paused in horror. With a sneering smile Zay-ni drew near, confident that Klumski must at last invite him to the combat which he had before declined, and which would now be fatal to him, for Zay-ni was accomplished in the duello. As he stopped near Klumski, that man looked at him with indignation and said:

"Zay-ni, you have done more basely than words can describe. You have shown that you are without honor, that you are not a gentleman, that you are not fit to dwell among men. The law lets you pass. But my heart revenges my sister's dishonor.'

"As he spoke he thrust his hand into his bosom, and there was a sudden flash, a report—a smoke, and Zay-ni fell dead before Klumski.

"There was a pause, a rush, a murmur, a confusion.

"It is murder!" cried Yan-Ky with one voice.

"O men of Yan-Ky!" said Klumski scornfully, "if, besides destroying my sister's honor he had destroyed my life, ye would have said: 'What a pity! but it was unavoidable,' and settling yourselves comfortably into that conviction, you would have gone and slept quietly in the Temple while the priests read from Confucius 'Forgive our debts as we forgive.' Ye hug a superstition which your sense condemns, and which exists only by your allowance. For myself I prefer the society of savages and beasts. Yet if every brave man among you, choosing to renounce the law of Confucius, compels every man to pay the penalty of his insult by immediate personal responsibility, you will cease to have your nose pulled, and wine dashed in your faces.'

"So saying Klumski turned away, doubly desolated by Zay-ni's crime and its punishment. Neither of which desolations he would have known except for the insane custom of the duello, which directly fosters the growth of Zay-nis and leads straight to their conduct.

"Yan-Ky shook its respectable head, and said that it would be murder not to give every man a chance.

"Stop, stop!" cried I here to Whang.

"Men are hard-hearted, and dull-headed, but the women of Yan-Ky, why did they not pour balm into the broken heart of Fior, and refuse to know the assassin of her peace?"

Whang smiled, and, smoking, replied: "The women of Yan-Ky, when a sister falls, trample her under foot until she loses her human likeness altogether.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky caress the man who has had an *affair*,* decree that he is irresistible, and in all public places and upon all occasions bestow their sweetest smiles upon him.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky, imitating the words of their elders, say—'it is very bad, perhaps, but the duello keeps bullies in awe, and teaches men whom the law cannot touch, that there is something to restrain them.' As if the duello were not the especial institution of the bully, always flourishing in most vigor in a community of such.

"Also the women of Yan-Ky say, 'We know it may be bad, but what are you going to do about the nose?'

Whang paused, and I remained lost in amazement and perplexity. I feared to move lest I should fall into some danger, and unwittingly touch somebody's nose. Visions of my native country arose in my remembrance; a land where men are instantly held to account for their insults by the hot-headed, and where insults are destroyed in the force of character by the high-hearted,—a land of peace and willow-pattern plates—of tranquil cares and endless gardens of tea—a land of Nankeen trousers and small feet—of Shanghais and rice-paper—of bird's nests and Confucius. May I safely pass your wall, O China, my country! I mentally ejaculated, and never will I seek Barbarian lands again. "O Whang!" cried I, aloud, "I will travel no more; my heart aches for China. I remember the words of Tom-mo the Mandarin and Philosopher, in his chapter upon Yan-ky, 'All is not nose; also there is another country.' Tell me, Whang, before we leave this absurd land, can nothing be done to show the Yan-Kyse the true character of their theory of the nose?"

Whang smoked scornfully.

"Tay-Kin," replied he, "neither piety, decency, law, wit, nor sense will prevent suffocation in bad air,—nor will that air be purified so long as they who die in breathing it believe that very badness to be the secret of health, and regard the healthy and the sound as invalids."

* Yan-Ky idiom.

"Order the fleetest pack-horses for the morning," cried I, "and let us try to be on the side of Confucius."

"To hear is to obey," said Whang, as the last whiff of smoke curled away.

To enlightened readers who dwell in Christendom and obey the ten commandments, the chapter which we have translated from this singular work will naturally seem an impossible tale. Yet even to those, who do not, perhaps, think with the good philosopher Tay-Kin that to live within the great wall of China is the extreme of human felicity, but who so sedulously aim to throw down all walls that separate man from man, and to build an honorable and manly State worthy of man and of his present development,—to us whose standard of public character is so lofty, and who so sternly reprobate mean-

ness and deceit in private intercourse; whose public men by the dignity and simplicity and purity of their lives worthily represent the humanity of the national idea, and always propose the measure which is surest to secure the happiness and freedom of man,—even to us for whom the whole world was made, and who are the greatest, best, truest, most polished, most heroic, and most pious of people, that any Tay-Kin ever saw outside the Great Wall of China,—to us who call ourselves Christians and gentlemen, and who are constantly proving it by Christian and honorable conduct, always obeying the best opinion of the best men, and never following the worst whim of the worst, it may serve to give us even a greater admiration of ourselves to laugh, for a moment, at the solemn follies of Yan-Ky.

NEW ENGLAND SPRING FLOWERS.

DOWN in the lowlands which border the long stretches of forest and on the banks of every brook in New England, may be found, before March has done blustering and roaring, one of the most curious flowers in the northern States. It is the first child of spring, and is commonly known by the unlovely name of SKUNK CABBAGE. (*Symplocarpus foetidus*, *Salis.*)—You may smile, gentle reader!—but I can assure you that even this despised plant can exhibit a blossom, far more beautiful than many of your choice greenhouse pets. The skunk-cabbage sends up with the first disappearance of frost its singular, large, purple hoods. Clustering close at the top of the soaking ground, they would scarcely be taken for blossoms. But let us cut one off deep down at the root and examine it. The stem is short, and entirely hidden in the sheaths of the young and old leaves. At the top is the half closed hood with ear-shaped margins, curving obliquely at the apex. It varies from a dark, blackish purple, to a light green with purple spots; and these colors with their intermediate shades are very beautiful. On dividing the hood horizontally, the real flowers are exposed, and we must acknowledge that it emits a compounded odor of garlic and the effusia of the animal whose name it, very appropriately, bears. It will, certainly, never be plucked for its fragrance.

But you hang up at your windows, and stand in your parlors the "toad cactus" (*Stapelia punctata*), which gives forth an odor far more intolerable. So let us endure its flavor for a while to examine its pretty blossoms.

This little yellow ball, studded with still yellower points, is a compact mass of perfect flowers, which touch each other on all sides, forming a natural, mosaic globe. Each little flower has four concave sepals flattened on the top, in front of which stand the stamens, lighting their yellow anthers above the level surface of the flowers in a regular series of bristling points. The style is perfectly square, tipped with a minute stigma. The ball of flowers we call a *spadix*, and the hood, a *spathe*. By and by, the spathe will wither and decay, leaving exposed the spadix, which ripens its seeds underneath the persistent flowers, immersed in the green, pulpy receptacle upon which they stand. The leaves will soon begin to emerge from the ground and grow rapidly to a large size, ornamenting with their shining green the meadows and water-courses.

The plant belongs to an extensive family, best represented in the hottest regions of the globe. The beautiful white calla in our greenhouses is near kindred to the vulgar skunk-cabbage. That is the high-bred, aristocratic lady; and this the

homely country cousin. They belong to the same order, called by botanists ARACEÆ, and wear the same heraldic crest.

If you are curious to see the minute structure of this unsavory herb, and can manage a microscope, you will find the flower stalk to be a fine example of the peculiar characteristics which distinguish the great division of plants to which it belongs;—the inside growers, or in technical terms, the endogens. A cross section will exhibit the open mouths of the very large juicy cells, in the midst of which are grouped, in clusters, the close, firm bundles of woody fibre. A longitudinal division will show these elongated bundles lying continuous for some length, while the soft, spongy mass between them is made up of short, fragile, juicy cells. And you may see in this little, despised stem, the counterpart of the mighty palms which rise to a lofty height in burning climes, and yield the rich fruits that are prized as luxuries in every corner of the globe.

Almost contemporary with this well-known plant, may be found in the bare, brown woods a beautiful little flower whose fragrance is as sweet as the other is nauseous. It is the MAY FLOWER, TRAILING ARBUTUS, GROUND LAUREL, for it is known under all these names. (*Epigæa repens*, L.) Amid the death and desolation around, it stands alone in its beauty the herald of the approaching army of blossoms. Its stem creeps along under the rustling leaves which winter has strown in the woods, sending up from time to time a slender branch, bearing on its summit a cluster of fragrant flowers. The leaves, which are about an inch and a half long, oval, and heart-shaped at base, spring alternately from the ends of the branches. They are sparsely clothed with rough hairs on both sides. The stalks are thickly covered with a reddish, bristly down which extends over the whole branch, and even covers the floral leaves that surround the flower cup. The flower is about half an inch long, tubular, divided at the top into five lobes, which diverge in a star-like manner. The throat of the tube is lined with white down concealing the stamens within. The color varies from white to rose pink. It exhales a delightful odor, for the sake of

which it is eagerly sought for in the spring time.

One of the first intimations of vernal life to the city folks, comes in the welcome form of the MAY FLOWER. They are sent as choice presents from country friends, and they are sold in considerable quantities in the stores. Fathers carry home a sprig of the first growth of spring to their children, and the sweetest gift of the season from the lover to his mistress is a nosegay of their delicate, fragrant blossoms.* Many other flowers of superior beauty and richer fragrance may be found among the countless forms of the ripe season, but none are more prized than this humble little plant; for it comes when there are no others to vie with its sweetness, when we are longing for the bright summer. Who does not welcome the lovely courier that she sends before her!

It belongs to the Natural Order EACACEÆ.

There is a large and strongly marked family of plants, blossoming very early in the year, with whose peculiar mode of inflorescence few beside botanists are familiar. They who are tempted forth into the woods by the young April sun, may very likely notice the long, worm-like tassels which hang from the bare branches of certain bushes and trees. Some are yellow, some brown and some green, and they hang drooping from the trees, swaying in the wind that sweeps through their leafless boughs. These are the amentaceous plants; thus named because the tassels are termed aments by botanists. They comprise a large portion of the forests over the whole northern country. The alders, birches, bayberries, hornbeams, poplars, willows, hazels and oaks are all members of this extensive race. Some few are low and bushy, but the greater number is composed of fine, large, graceful trees.

Before the leaves are expanded, and, in some instances, before they have even thrown off the shelly covering which has protected them through the winter, these tassels, formed during the preceding summer and remaining through the winter, begin to elongate rapidly. The male or sterile flowers are very similar throughout them all. They are composed of a central stem upon which are arranged,

* Emerson refers very pleasantly to its name, in his admirable work on the Woody Plants of Massachusetts. He says: "Often from beneath the edge of a snow-bank, are seen rising the fragrant, pearly, white or rose colored, crowded flowers of this earliest harbinger of spring. It abounds in the edges of woods about Plymouth, as elsewhere, and must have been the first flower to salute the storm-beaten crew of the May-flower, on the conclusion of their first terrible winter. Their descendants have thence plausibly derived its name, although its bloom is often passed before the coming in of the month of May."

generally in an imbricated manner, a great number of little scales. These are either entirely naked, as in the alder, or covered with long, silken hairs, as in the willow. At first, the aments are rigid and inflexible, but a week of warm weather will cause them to lengthen. Then may be seen, peeping from under each scale, a cluster of stamens springing often from second thinner scales, and protected from the cold by the stout shield of the outer one. When thus expanded, the ament is loose and flexible, obeying the slightest impulse of the wind. At this time the anthers give out their pollen and some species presents a most beautiful appearance.

Although the different genera differ widely in their female or fertile aments, the sterile ones so closely resemble each other as to be easily confounded by an unpractised eye. The alders, birches, hazels and hornbeams are thus closely allied. But the fertile flowers and the fruit are wholly unlike, and as on account of these differences they are placed in distinct orders, we will briefly recount the peculiarities of each. An extended notice of their minute botanical differences will be quite needless here, as these differences are such as will interest the professed botanical student alone. Their varied uses might furnish a subject for volumes. Those who desire a close acquaintance with this vast race of stately plants, will obtain the best of assistance from Emerson's Report, previously mentioned, and the "North American Sylva" of Michaux.

The alders and the birches are put together in one order, called BETULACEÆ. The principal difference between them is that the birches lose their catkins entirely at the end of the season, while the alders continue to bear them through the winter.

The BLACK ALDER (*Alnus serrulata*, Willd.), is one of the most common bushes in the country. It may be found in almost every patch of wet woods, and along the banks of every brook. Very early in the year its long, brown, sterile aments, which we have before mentioned, shed their pollen, and then may be seen a cluster of much smaller, upright catkins, about half an inch long, standing branch-like above the pendent ones. A close examination will detect a great number of red, bristly threads covering their dark brown surface. These are the stigmas which issue from a series of hard, fleshy scales compactly laid one upon the other. Each scale covers two flowers, which

consist simply of the ovaries surmounted by two slender stigmas. After the pollen has fallen upon these delicate organs, the aments gradually increase in size as the season advances, taking an oval shape and becoming green. They remain thus until maturity, when the scales become hard and woody, shrinking apart and allowing the flat nutlets to escape between them. They remain upon the bush, dry and black, all winter long, and rear their unsightly forms amid the golden bloom of the ensuing spring. They are liable to a peculiar growth which frequently takes place in the flowers and fruit of many plants. The scales of the cones have a tendency to become leaves, and the dead catkins are often surrounded with thick, black tufts of leaf-like excrescences which remain as long as the cones themselves. The leaves, which do not appear until after the bloom is over, are green on both sides, rounded and widest at the apex, three or four inches long, with the edges cut into small and irregular teeth.

The other species, the SPECKLED ALDER (*Alnus incana*, Willd.), is much like the first in general characteristics. It may be distinguished, however, by the leaves and aments. The former are more pointed, more strongly toothed, and more downy underneath than the common alder. The female aments are dependent, at the time of flowering, instead of being erect. There is still a variety of this (*Alnus glauca*, Mx.) which has leaves smooth and of a bluish green color beneath.

None are better acquainted with the habits of the alders than the disciples of old Izaak Walton. If they cannot all tell the story of aments and stamens and stigmas, they can often relate most piteously the tale of their mishaps in an alder thicket. Many a village angler has cut an alder pole and crept quietly into the shade of overhanging boughs to lure the wary trout; and many a patience has been sorely tried as the lengthened line, catching in the once friendly branches, has thrown back the speckled prey into its native stream.

The birches of this part of the country are mostly trees. There are two species found west and north of us and on the tops of mountains, one of which (*Betula pumila*, L.) is a low shrub, and the other (*Betula nana*, L.) is a mountain plant, reaching only a foot or two in height. Those which we meet in our northern woods are all graceful, ornamental trees. There are five species more or less common with us. These are the white,

canoe, red, yellow, and black birches. Common as these are around our houses, it will perhaps repay us to briefly enumerate the characters of each.

The WHITE BIRCH (*Betula populifolia*, Ait.) is the slenderest and most graceful of all. The snowy whiteness of its bark, the numerous slender branches and tremulous leaves distinguish it from all its brethren of the forest. Early in May, the sterile tassels which, closely wrapped up in their firm scales, have been awaiting all winter long the vernal warmth, elongate and set free the well guarded stamens. They are three or four inches long and hanging, like streamers in the wind, from the ends of the slender branchlets. The fertile aments come forth with the leaves. They are short and somewhat rigid, resembling the young alder aments in proportions, though larger. They are slim and cylindrical when young, covered with the minute stigmas, which are barely perceptible as they peep out from the closely set scales. As they ripen, they increase in rotundity as befits a hearty parent, until they become an inch or more long and a quarter of an inch thick. The scales, which are cut into three distinct lobes like all the birches, are not thick and bony when ripe; but are thin and shelly, falling away from the central stem which supports them, with the nutlets. These are flat, compressed and surrounded with a membranous border. The leaves are extremely beautiful. They are triangular in outline, tapering to a long, attenuated point. The margins are strongly toothed and serrated, the larger teeth alternating with smaller ones. They have long, slender leaf stalks, which, obeying the slightest breeze, suffer the graceful foliage to flutter and sparkle in the sun's rays. Their resemblance to the leaves of the common poplar, has given rise to its botanical name of *populifolia*.

The White Birch flourishes in the poorest soil. It is found in extensive patches, giving a light and airy character to the scene. In the spring, before it puts on its summer garb, it possesses a beauty peculiar to itself. The white trunks gradually lose themselves in a thick cluster of slender, upright branches of a mottled brown, which have a remarkably soft and plumose appearance when viewed from afar. The bark is of a peculiar structure; but as the next species possesses this peculiarity in a greater degree, we will describe them together.

The PAPER OF CANOE BIRCH (*Betula papyracea*, Ait.) is not so common south

of Maine as the White Birch. Clumps are frequently found, however, on the borders of woods. When young, it resembles the other very much, and an unpractised eye might confound them. It is a larger, bolder, more massive tree, with larger, thicker, and less attenuated leaves, which are dark green above and paler beneath. Another difference is seen in the bark, which is thin and of a dead, chalky white in the white birch, while that of the canoe birch is thick, glossy and pliant. The sterile catkins are larger and thicker than those of its ally, with a rougher, coarse appearance. The fertile catkins are also longer and larger.

This is the kind of birch which furnishes the northern Indians with the bark for their baskets, boxes, and trinkets of all kinds, which they ornament with beads and colored straws. It is this bark also which served their progenitors for the much more important structure of canoes. This tree grew here in great abundance years ago, and shaded the streams over which the aborigines of this country skimmed in the light fabrics made of its bark; but it is mostly destroyed hereabouts, although it still grows in vast quantities farther north, and is sent to Boston in the shape of "eastern wood."

The bark, which has been so useful to the race of men before us, and which is still used to a great extent in the north and west, is peculiarly constructed. The inner and thicker portion is composed of straight vertical fibres, running in the direction of the trunk and similar to the inner bark of deciduous trees in general. The outer layer, is made up of tough, flexible, horizontal fibres running at right angles with the inner bark, and encircling it. Its pliancy and strength are such as to allow of its being bent, shaped and sewed together like a thick cloth. Taken whole from the tree, it can be spread open, fashioned into a graceful shape, and lined with wooden ribs. In this way the slight canoes are made which float lightly on the water, and can be impelled, by experienced paddles, with astonishing rapidity. Modern improvement has superseded the use of these frail barks, and the race which employed them, and them only, on our waters, is disappearing before the tread of Saxon energy. But for the use of the red man in the chase or in war, for lightness and convenience in his long journeys on the still waters of the wilderness, no modern invention has surpassed them. They are still used wherever the Indian yet finds an abiding-place.

The RED BIRCH (*Betula nigra*, Ait.) is by no means so common as the other species. Emerson states that it is found "growing abundantly on Spicket River and the neighboring swamps in Methuen." Farther south it may be found in abundance. The common name expresses the characteristics of the tree better than the botanical one. The outer bark is formed like that of the canoe birch, but the color distinguishes it, and it lacks toughness and cohesion. It cracks away from the trunk in shelly pieces, which curve sufficiently to expose the inner surface. This is of a reddish tint, which gives a marked distinction to the tree when viewed from below. The female aments differ from those of the white and canoe birch, in being erect, upon short footstalks. The bracts are cut into three narrow, woolly lobes, which give a soft downy appearance to the catkin. The leaves are somewhat triangular, smooth above and pale beneath, with downy ribs and footstalks. Their margins have large, regular teeth, which are finely serrated. This species is not found in woods like the others, but grows along the banks of streams.

The YELLOW BIRCH (*Betula excelsa*, Ait.) is more frequently met with than the last. It is a large and graceful tree, with a stately trunk, which subdivides into an ample spread of dark, bronzed branches. The outer bark is of a dingy, silvery hue, without the toughness and cohesion of the canoe birch. It breaks away in patches, and curls up around the trunk in soft, loose, ragged fringes. The inner bark has a spicy flavor, like that of the black birch, though not so strong. The sterile catkins are large and shorter in proportion to their size than any others. The scales are of a rich chestnut color, contrasting finely with the golden yellow of the stamens. The fertile catkins are erect upon very short stalks, and thick in proportion to the length, attaining an oval form at maturity. The bracts are three toothed and somewhat downy. The leaves are from two to three inches long, oval, with an abrupt point, and sharply and irregularly serrate. They are smooth above and pale beneath, issuing in pairs from the sides of the reddish brown branchlets. The wood is extensively used as fuel as well as for many different fabrics.

The last of the birches which we are to describe is perhaps the most beautiful and the most useful of all; the BLACK BIRCH (*Betula lenta*, L.). It is also called the sweet and the cherry birch. In its leaves, fructification and habit, it re-

sembles the yellow birch, but the sterile catkins are longer and browner, and the dark colored bark is destitute of the soft and curling fringes of the latter. When it first opens its sterile catkins in the spring, they resemble those of the alder so much as to be easily confounded. The fertile aments, when mature, are small, round, oval, and thicker in proportion to their length than any others, and smaller. Like those of the red and yellow, they are erect upon short stalks. The leaves spring in pairs from the scaly buds of the last year. They are two or three inches long, acuminate, downy when young, becoming smooth when old, with prominent, parallel veins, and sharp, double serratures. But what distinguishes this birch from any other is the character of its bark. The outer cuticle has the same horizontal arrangement of the fibres, but it is very thin and fragile, of a dark brown color, and dotted with white spots like the wild cherry bark, which gives it the name of cherry birch. It never flakes off like the others, except when quite old, and then in hard, woody pieces. In addition to this difference, the inner bark has a rich, aromatic flavor and odor, resembling very strongly the flavor of the Partridge Berry (*Gaultheria repens*). When used for a perfume, which is quite common, it is difficult to tell them apart. Like the whole genus to which it belongs, the black birch is a most graceful and ornamental tree. It is one of the first to put forth leaves, and is, at every season, one of the noblest of the forest children.

Before we leave the birches, we must mention one thing which has made nearly all of us familiar with some of their uses. They have from time immemorial yielded a pungent oil, which has been freely and extensively used wherever the rising generation has gathered together in the temples of learning. The "Oil of Birch" is an article of a bitter and irritating nature. Many an unlucky urchin has undergone its forced application who could scarcely explain the texture of that cuticle which was both bark and bite to his own. However, his medical knowledge may have undoubtedly increased, for he could have eloquently explained the effect of its application to the human skin.

One of the earliest of the amentaceous plants is the HOP HORNBEAM (*Ostrya Virginica*, Willd.), which is common everywhere. It is a small tree of slow growth, and from its remarkably tough and hard wood is sometimes called "lever wood," and "iron wood." The bark of

the trunk is broken into close ridges like that of the white ash, while the branches resemble, in color and markings, those of the black birch. The sterile aments stand in diverging clusters on the ends of the last year's shoots, appearing, before they expand, quite rigid and hard. They are an inch or more long, of a light chestnut color, straight and smooth. When the increasing warmth has brought forth the pistillate flowers, the very closely-set scales separate, the aments become flaccid and the stamens emit their pollen. The fertile ament appears with the leaves on the end of the young shoot. It might easily be taken for the yet unexpanded leaves, as it is small and hidden in the leaf-like bracts. The flowers are arranged loosely in a short ament half an inch long, with two kinds of bracts or scales. The outer ones, which are long and hairy, fall off early, leaving the inner smaller ones to protect the peculiar bladdery covering of the nutlet. This covering is at first a simple tube, open at the top, from which project two stigmas. They grow in twos from the same point and gradually elongate and inflate with age. At the time of maturity the ament is an inch or two long, composed of an imbricated cluster of these bladdery sacs, bristly at the base, resembling somewhat the fruit of the hop vine, whence the common name of the tree. The nutlet is small, light brown in color, of an ovate, compressed form, and situated at the bottom of the sac. The leaves are ovate with a tapering point, resembling those of the yellow birch, but the serratures are larger, more elongated and spreading. The tree is common all over the country, but is not of great utility or beauty.

There is another small tree very common at the South and extending some hundreds of miles north of us, which is closely related to the last, and bears the same common name of HORNBEE (*Carpinus Americana*, Mx.). It has the same compact toughness of fibre, the same slow growth, and it frequents the same situations. The sterile catkins are small, appearing before the leaves. The fertile ones are unlike those of the Hop Hornbeam in appearance. They spring from the ends of the young leafy shoots, at first insignificant, but finally hanging in numerous drooping clusters all over the tree. The flowers, which are very small, consisting merely of the ovary with its stigmas, appear in the axils of the terminal leaves. These leaves, which in most amentaceous plants take the form of scales or cones, in this plant retain their leafy

character, although they differ in shape from the true leaves. They are of a triangular form with two large hastate lobes at the base, and an elongated terminal point which is cut into several large teeth at the sides. The ripe nutlets grow in pairs from the same point. They are naked at the base of the leaves, not truly in their axils, but seated at the juncture of the leaf-stalk and the leaf. They are an eighth of an inch long, compressed, with several prominent ribs on each side, and of a dark brown color. The true leaves of the tree resemble those of the other Hornbeam, though somewhat thinner. They are two inches or more long, half as wide, doubly and very sharply serrate.

This tree may be recognized at any season of the year, by the trunk alone. The bark is of a gray, ashen color, smooth and obscurely spotted. The mode of growth is what distinguishes it, however, from any other tree. Instead of being round, or equally distributed around a common centre, it grows in strong and salient ridges, looking sometimes as if a powerful hand had twisted it into an angular form. The ridges commence at the juncture of a branch with the main stem. There is a doubt existing among those who have sought to discover the origin of its name whether "hornbeam" arose from the resemblance of these ridges to those on the horns of some animals, or whether it merely implied a hard, horny wood.

The tree is not productive of much benefit to man, but is at all seasons an ornament to our woods with its profuse bloom and rich autumn coloring. Both of the Hornbeams belong to the order CUPULIFERÆ.

We have many other amentaceous trees to describe, which flower at the same time; but perhaps it will be interesting to turn for awhile from this extensive race and examine some of the humbler but more beautiful flowers that bloom at their feet. The hazels, poplars, willows, pines, oaks and bayberries shall come in their turn.

Underneath the nodding tassels of the alders by the brook-side, and thickly spread over the wet meadows, grows, early in the year, one of the most brilliant of our wild flowers, the MARSH MARIGOLD, or, as it is commonly called, COWSLIP (*Caltha palustris*, L.). It spreads extensively in the low grounds, covering large patches with its bright golden blossoms. At a little distance a hasty glance might think it was a large buttercup. The radical leaves, which in

the low overflowed woods are among the first evidences of green life, are rounded in outline with a serrated edge of small, blunt teeth. They are on footstalks sometimes more than a foot long. The stems are of about the same length, grooved on the outside and hollow in the middle. They fork at the top two or three times, giving forth a leaf with each branch, and finally presenting a rounded top of large, showy flowers. The stem leaves are sometimes quite sessile, and sometimes with stalks an inch long. They are round, heart-shaped, with such ample blades that they lie in folds, the margins sometimes clasping the stem. The flowers are of a fine bright yellow, an inch broad, composed of from four to ten ovate or obovate sepals, numerous stamens, and an irregular number of pistils.

When we say that these gay blossoms have no corolla, perhaps some will inquire what those yellow leaves can be that so much resemble one. They are the colored sepals, which are the separate parts of the calyx, as the petals are the divisions of the corolla. Many plants have this change in the coloration and texture of their parts. It is peculiar to whole families, and sometimes to whole orders. The corolla in such cases is generally absent, though sometimes it is present, but so like the calyx as to be only distinguished by its position on the stem. In the lily, for example, there are three sepals and three petals, both colored alike and of the same shape, but it will be seen that one set slightly overlaps the other at the base. The outer set is the calyx, the inner one the corolla. Their position in respect to the stamens also distinguishes them. The cowslip therefore has no petals, the yellow veiny parts being termed petaloid from their resemblance to petals. Colored sepals are generally destitute of fragrance, not possessing that peculiar organization which in the true corolla so often secretes a volatile oil. The fruit consists of a cluster of flat, pointed carpels, which diverge as they ripen and open upon the inner side, exposing numerous winged seeds.

It is used very commonly in the country as a pot herb, being among the earliest "spring greens" of the season. It is a very respectable substitute for spinach, though rarely met with in our city markets. The name of COWSLIP, commonly given to this plant here, is wrongly applied; as that name belongs to a kind of primrose, common in Europe, and so christened centuries ago. MARSH MARI-GOLD is a more appropriate title. The

different names given to the same plants in different places cause much confusion in identifying them. Scientific men themselves, are often vexed with the quadruple baptism which the same natural object has received, and is acknowledged by, in different localities. Very frequently the same name is given to plants of a widely dissimilar character, as in this case. "Dogwood" is a name given to the early Cornel tree (*Cornus florida*, L.) and also to the poisonous sumach (*Rhus venenata*, D. C.), two entirely distinct plants with no resemblance whatever.

Belonging to the same natural order, *RANUNCULACEÆ*, and flowering earlier than the last, is one of the most delicate flowers of the whole season, the *HEPATICA*, LIVERLEAF, LIVERWORT, EARLY ANEMONE, under which name it is in different places known (*Hepatica triloba*, Chaiæ). In warm situations, where the snow first melts away from the woods in the spring sun, this elegant little flower may be found sending up its blue blossoms in abundance, above the dead leaves around it. The young leaves, before expanding, are clothed with a dense, white, silky down, which gives to them a plumose appearance. As they gradually unfold, they lose this covering and become nearly smooth. They are all radical, about two inches or more wide, one and a half inches long, and cut into three rounded lobes. They are on footstalks four or five inches long, and remain after the flowers have perished, growing thick and coriaceous, enduring the winter's snow unchanged, and only perishing when the next year's growth pushes them aside. The flowers are solitary, on the top of downy scapes four or five inches long, several of which spring from the same root. Like the caltha they have no petals, but the six or eight ovate sepals are of delicate texture, and tinted with a beautiful blue, which varies in the deepness of its color. Beneath them, at so short a distance as to appear like a calyx, is an involucre of three ovate, hairy leaves, somewhat shorter than the sepals. The stamens are numerous, as are also the pistils, which are small and downy in a close cluster. When ripe, they become short, hairy, pointed carpels, inclosing each a single seed.

There is a variety of this plant which De Candolle has raised into a species (*Hepatica acutiloba*, De. C.) in which the lobes of the radical leaves as well as those of the involucre are pointed. This seems to be the only real difference be-

tween the species, and intermediate forms occur.

The *HEPATICA* derives both its botanical and its common names from a remote resemblance which it bears to the liver, and, from some strange fancy in olden times, it was thought for that reason to be a specific remedy for the diseases of the organ. It is even now extensively used as a popular medicine, though possessed of no very active properties. The plant is easily cultivated, and forms one of the most beautiful of the garden blooms in early spring.

Vying in beauty with this last, and of yet greater purity, is the *Blood Root* (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*, L.), which is common over the whole country. It is often found growing with the *Hepatica*, contrasting its snowy blossoms with the cerulean blue of its neighbor. The root of this plant deserves our first attention, as both its common and scientific names are derived from its peculiarity. We should say, however, more properly, the *rootstock*, as this plant furnishes an example of the difference between the true roots and the subterranean stem (*rhizoma*). Just beneath the surface of the ground this stem grows onward, never rising to the light itself, but sending up from its sides and apex, the leaves and flowers of each succeeding spring. The true roots are the irregular fibres which, springing mostly from the under side, serve to keep this stem firm in its bed, and also to supply it with nutriment. This rootstock is rough, with irregular ridges, of a dull red color, ending abruptly at one point and bearing the growing bud at the other. It is tough, fleshy, and gorged with a copious orange-red juice, which gives it the name of *Blood Root*. This rootstock literally travels through the ground. Growing from one end only, it moves onward in that direction and dies at the other. The side buds which it gives out, grow in a similar manner until they have become separate plants, perishing at their birth-place. In the young bud at the apex, lie folded together the leaf and flower soon to burst forth. They throw off the embraces of several long, sheathing scales, and grow up rapidly together. The bud is protected from the lingering frost by the tender embraces of the enfolding leaf, which rises with its ample lobes wrapped closely around the unexpanded blossom. They grow thus together until the genial warmth bids the leaf relax its care, and the bud, taking a more rapid growth, shoots beyond its protective bed and expands its snow-

white, starry beauty to the light of day. The two obtuse concave sepals open, and almost immediately drop away. The petals are from eight to twelve in number, ovate, with a lengthened base, measuring an inch or more across when expanded. They are very fugacious, falling with the lightest touch, soon after they have opened. The stamens are numerous, surrounding the two-celled ovary, with its bilobed stigma. The leaves are heart-shaped, and cut into from five to nine lobes. Into these lobes the strongly marked ribs diverge from the apex of the leaf-stalk, which, at the time of flowering, is three or four inches long. The leaves continue to grow during the summer until they become three or four inches long and wide. Like those of the *hepatica*, they are highly ornamental after the bloom which they at first protected has passed away. They fabricate in their thick green blades the copious sanguinary juice which is stored in the underground stem, and which furnishes food for the rapid growth of the young leaf and flower of the following spring.

The *Blood Root* belongs to an order of plants—*Papaveraceæ*—which furnishes one of the most useful and most pernicious substances used by man,—opium. The colored or milky juice is common to them all. That which is found in the stems of the common *Celandine*, introduced into this country from Europe (*Chelidonium majus*, L.) has long enjoyed an extensive reputation among boys as a specific cure for warts. The juice of the *blood root* has been used as a dye. Taken internally it is a powerful emetic.

One of the earliest and prettiest of the vernal flowers is the *MAY WEED* or *EARLY SAXIFRAGE* (*Saxifrage Virginensis*, Mx.). As soon as the snow melts from the low hill-tops, and the frost has set free the thin soil beneath, it begins to show signs of activity. Close to the ground, in the midst of the starved grass, its little rosettes of downy leaves are found in great abundance. They are an inch long, of an oval form, cut into rounded teeth above, and tapering at the base into broad stalks half as long as the blade. In the centre of this little circlet lie the clustering flower buds, insignificant at first, but soon rising from their leafy bed. They are borne upon the summit of a naked pubescent stalk, which grows with great rapidity to a height of from six to twelve inches. This stalk gives forth branches as it rises, each one accompanied by a narrow, threadlike, downy leaf, until the plant takes a panicu-

late form, sometimes thin and loose, and oftener close and crowded. The flowers are small but pretty, arranged in clusters on the ends of the branches. The calyx is cut into five oval lobes, which are sometimes tinged with purple, and stand somewhat erect. The white, oblong, spreading petals are twice the length of the calyx lobes, and alternate with them. The stamens are ten in number, and the two styles ripen into a pair of diverging pods, united at the base, inclosing numerous seeds.

This species with one other later (*Pennsylvanica*) are our only eastern representatives of a vast genus, many species of which belong to the north and north-western part of this continent, and which is extensively diffused over Europe. The delicate blossoms of many small species adorn the mountain-tops with their simple elegance as high up as vegetation is found. Mr. Oakes found one small species, the *S. rivularis*, on the top of Mt. Washington; but it is very rare. Others are cultivated in our gardens for their beauty. They belong to and typify the order SAXIFRAGACEÆ.

The summer rambles of our city children begin with the flowering of the MAY WEED, and groups of sturdy little fellows, to whom the riches of green-houses and gardens are denied, may be seen returning from their holiday strolls with handfuls of its drooping blossoms.

Another of the equally common and beautiful flowers is the WIND FLOWER or WOOD ANEMONE (*Anemone nemorosa*, L.). It grows in profusion by the roadsides and in the open woods, spangling the ground with its pure starry blossoms in early spring. No one is better known or better beloved by the young botanists who go "a Maying;" and should "winter, lingering, chill the lap of May," it is not sure to be found at that season.

The underground stem is long and wormlike, giving forth scattered rootlets, and sending upwards from its apex a smooth, slender stem, four or five inches long. From its summit spring forth, in a circle, three or five compound leaves which diverge horizontally and equally around the stem. They are on stalks nearly half an inch long, and are composed of three smooth, wedge-shaped leaflets, which are cut into large teeth, and are sometimes three-lobed at the apex. From the centre of these leaves rises a single flower on a naked downy peduncle, more than an inch long. The bud droops gracefully before opening, but gradually rises in bloom, expanding its snow-white leaves, from four

to eight in number, in a starlike form. These leaves or sepals, for the flower is only a petaloid calyx, are of an ovate form, delicately veined and frequently of a purple color on the exterior, which makes the young bud extremely pretty. The stamens are numerous, surrounding a cluster of fifteen or twenty pistils. The seed-vessels are of an oblong form, tipped with a hooked beak.

There is a delicacy and a purity in this little flower, which commends it to the affections of every body. Its common occurrence has never purchased for it that contempt which is often given to natural beauties that have become familiar. Its simplicity and unobtrusiveness make friends of every one. It derives its name, both scientific and popular, from an ancient and idle notion that it only blossoms while the wind is blowing. It belongs to the order *RANUNCULACEÆ*, and to a large genus of plants which has given to florists some of the choicest ornaments of their gardens. Many of the foreign species are richly colored. Later in the year, three other native species flower with us: the *Cylindrica*, *Virginiana*, and *Pennsylvanica*. The last is found only towards the West. These are all less beautiful than the one we have described, and much larger.

The first tree which unfolds a perfect blossom is the RED MAPLE, or as it is sometimes called in different localities the SWAMP, WHITE, AND SCARLET MAPLE (*Acer rubrum*, L.). It is one of the most common trees in the country, ornamenting the swamps and low woods at all seasons of the year. The scaly buds, which stud the branches in profusion, swell with the first warmth of spring. A few days of uninterrupted mildness in April will cause them to expand. Each bud discloses four or five small red flowers which spring on short pedicels from the same point. The calyx and corolla are similarly colored, though the petals are of a more delicate texture. The number of divisions is not always the same, ranging from four to six. The stamens are equal in number to the calyx lobes, and stand before them. They are two or three times as long as the flower, giving a bristly appearance to the clusters. The flowers are not all perfect, in fact not commonly so. Some have stamens only; some pistils only, and seldom both. Some trees bear only the staminate, some the pistillate flowers, and others both of them. They are termed polygamous in botanical language. The fertile flowers have two long downy styles which curve outwards.

When the stamens are present also, they are shorter than in sterile flowers.

Both kinds of flowers are of a beautiful scarlet hue, and as they spring in great numbers around the bare branches, they give to the whole tree a brilliant coloring. None of the forest trees present so fine a view as the red maple at this period. It blooms long before any verdure has appeared, and rears its flaming head over the sleeping life around, so bright and beautiful as to distinguish it at a great distance. But not in bloom only is it remarkable for its elegance. When the flowers have fallen away, the peduncles begin to elongate rapidly, bearing on their apex the swelling germs, crowned with the outcurving stigmas. At first they are of an inversed triangular form; but as they grow larger two wings are developed at the outer angles which grow very rapidly, diverging as they increase, until they attain a curved, spatulate form, thickened at the outer edge, which gives rise to forking veins that curve inwards. They bear considerable resemblance to the wings of some insects. At this time the tree presents again a most beautiful appearance. The keys or samaras, as they are termed, hang pendent on peduncles which grow from an inch and a half to two inches long, clothing the tree with a rich crimson tasseling, even more ornamental than its early bloom. The seed vessels themselves are small and compressed, growing in pairs, and bearing the wings on their outer edge. They contain one seed each.

The leaves, which appear subsequently, are on long petioles, rounded or heart-shaped at base, and cut into three or five toothed lobes, which are separated by a sharply indented sinus. They vary much in outline, though always preserving their general character. Early in the autumn, before the warm weather has quite departed, they begin to assume the gay coloring which has given a name to the tree. This rich scarlet is first seen in a few leaves, then in a few branches, and finally whole trees are clothed in its gorgeous magnificence, when the foliage of other trees still retain the fresh green of midsummer.

The cause of this change in the color of foliage at autumn, has given rise to much speculation. It has been generally ascribed to the action of frost, inasmuch as the change takes place at the time when frost generally appears. But modern research and observation have proved this to be a fallacy. This tree, in particular, is adduced as a proof that frost or

even cold is not necessary to produce the change, as it is often found clothed with its autumn dress before the first sign of frost. Leaves may be found at all seasons of the year, which have changed color from premature decay. The best explanation yet given, is, that the cellular structure of the leaf becomes gorged with an internal deposit, in the same manner as the stony portion of fruits is formed, and that a subsequent chemical action upon the green chlorophyll produces the alteration. The leaf is, in fact, ripe. The skins of many fruits retain their green hue until ripe, and then assume a bright color, which does not depend on cold, but on maturity. The texture of this fruit skin does not materially differ from the skin of a leaf blade. The maturity of a fruit is its incipient decay. It no longer grows, but decomposes. Those fruits which, like apples, may be kept for a long while, only resist longest the action of decomposing agents: they are not living, but slowly decaying, to make food for the seeds they contain. The chemical action which the vitality of the leaf opposed, begins to take place at once on its death. Therefore we believe that the forest leaves ripen and perish in their season, and that their bright beauty is the result of their death. The cold breath of winter may kill them, but it is not that cold itself which paints them with purple and gold.

One other early species of maple which is found in the western part of the State, is the WHITE or SILVER-LEAVED MAPLE (*Acer dasycarpum*, Ehrhart). It grows more loosely than the red maple, and is easily distinguished from many peculiarities. The flowers appear before the leaves, and are of a greenish yellow. The samaras are always green, downy when young, but smoother when mature, with two large, thick, diverging wings, on pedicels an inch long. The leaves are more deeply cut, and whitened beneath with a silvery down, which glistens in the sunlight when the wind agitates its branches. Like the red maple, it has been extensively used as an ornamental shade-tree; and though destitute of the gay colors of the former, its foliage and mode of growth are more graceful.

The maples typify the order ACERACEÆ, and are its only representatives in the North. At the South is found the ASH-LEAVED MAPLE, or BOX ELDER (*Negundo Aceroides*, Mench.), which was classed with the acers, by Linnaeus, and differs in its pinnate leaves, and constantly diœcious flowers. No single genus of trees is of more varied importance to man. They

furnish one of the most useful woods for a great variety of purposes; one species (*A. saccharinum*) yields a delicious sugar, and all are highly ornamental in cultivation.

To go from the lofty to the lowly, let us notice a charming little flower which appears very early upon the dry hills—the FIVE FINGER, or CINQUE-FOIL (*Potentilla Canadensis*, L.). From each root spring several creeping stems, which run over the ground, giving forth leaves and flowers at intervals, which become longer as the plant gains strength. The leaves are on long petioles, and are cut into five obovate, wedge-shaped, distinct leaflets, which are sharply toothed at the top, and covered on both sides with a silky down. They are accompanied by two downy stipules, which are both cut into three sharp, lanceolate lobes. The flower is on a long slender peduncle, springing from the axils of the leaves. The calyx is cut into five lobes, alternating with five bracts, which are so much like the calyx as to make it seem ten-lobed. The five petals are rounded and obovate, longer than the calyx, and of a bright golden yellow. They are lightly attached at the base, and soon fall away. A second bloom appears at the end of the summer. The numerous short stamens surround a cluster of pistils, which become, on ripening, a close, flattened head of small pointed seed-vessels. The whole plant is covered with a soft, silken pubescence.

We have described only one variety of this species of *Potentilla*. Modern botanists have placed under the name of *Canadensis*, given by Linnaeus, two distinct varieties. The one under consideration is the *sarmentosa* of Muhlenberg. It is early, never erect, always in dry soils, and of a slender, starved growth. The other, *P. simplex* of Michaux, appears later, is twice as large in every part, greener and ranker, standing erect, or leaning upon the tall grass, and growing in damp soils. The difference between them is such as might be caused by the difference of situation; yet intermediate forms do not so often occur as might be expected. When plants of any extended region are examined together, many nominal species are found to run gradually into each other, which would be considered certainly distinct in an isolated locality.

We will close this chapter of our desultory descriptions, with an account of a flower, universally known and esteemed as one of our sweetest spring beauties—the WILD COLUMBINE or HONEYSUCKLE

(*Aquilegia Canadensis*, L.). It grows in dry places from the crevices of rocks, sometimes covering a loose, crumbling declivity, for a considerable distance, with its brilliant blossoms. The stem is smooth, a foot or more high, branching widely at the top, and bearing on its ultimate divisions the large solitary flowers. The lower leaves are twice triply divided, the first divisions being long, and the second ones short stalked. The leaflets are variously cut and lobed at the apex. The stem leaves are gradually reduced to three simple lobes, or even a plain ovate form. They are all smooth, except where the petiole embraces the accompanying branch; the sheathing, stipular portion is there pubescent. The flowers are of a brilliant scarlet on the outside, and a rich yellow within. The five ovate sepals are petaloid in texture and color; they curve outward at the base, and become nearly erect, overlapping and exceeding in length the yellow petals. These are peculiarly formed. The rim of each would give the outline of any common form of leaf, with an apex, two sides, and a base; but the blade is drawn downwards into a long, hollow, tubular spur, which gradually diminishes in diameter, and is thickened at the point. These were termed nectaries by the older botanists. Under this name they classed every honey-producing apparatus of the flower, and even the strange or uncommon appendages which produced no honey. Modern writers do not now classify these parts under a general name. They no longer recognize the nectary as a separate and integral portion of the flower. The parts so named are considered to be merely peculiar developments of the organs on which they occur. The stamens of the columbine are numerous, gathered together in a conical bundle in the centre of the flower. From the centre of these spring five long, thread-like styles. The flower hangs drooping from the apex of the nodding stalk, so that the spurs are upright, and the stigmas pendent. But when the flower falls away, the stem resumes its upright position, bearing five separable carpels, erect, and tipped with the persistent styles. They open inwards like a dry pod, exposing numerous seeds.

All the May-day ramblers eagerly seek for wild columbines, as they are only found in warm, sunny situations, so early in the year. It flowers profusely a week or two later. Its brilliant colors and elegant foliage, make it highly prized by the young herborists of the season. Nor is it less welcome to those of older growth, to whom, more than to children, it is signifi-

cant of the coming season of beauty; to whom its grace and loveliness are an epitome of that perfect harmony which reigns in the whole natural world.

The columbine is another representative of the order *RANUNCULACEÆ*, which furnishes so many of our early flowering plants. The European species, *A. vulgaris*, is very common in our gardens, and is an instance of that tendency to procure foreign plants, with an idea that they must be more beautiful than our own. Our species is more elegant in every re-

spect than the European one, and better deserves cultivation.

We have by no means described all the early spring blossoms. There are others, less familiar, but equally worthy of our examination. There is som thing greatly attractive in the first signs of summer life, and we feel peculiar gratification at the discovery of the first specimens of favorite flowers. If our readers are willing to again look over our shoulder to notice the plants we cull, we will at once proceed to collect another bouquet.

THE CRUISE OF THE STEAM YACHT NORTH STAR.

The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star; a Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, etc. By the Rev. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D. D., Author of the "History of Missions," "Young Americans Abroad," etc. Boston, Gould & Lincoln, 1854.

NEVER, since the day when Noah took his sons and his sons' wives on board the Ark, has there been so large a family party afloat as that which embarked with the patriarch Vanderbilt, on his pleasure trip to Europe. It was altogether a most memorable and remarkable excursion, and better worth being commemorated than many voyages of greater pretensions. When the North Star appeared in the British waters, the London journals while chronicling the event and expressing their admiration of the yacht, and the splendid liberality of its patriarchal owner, consoled themselves with the reflection that there were plenty of self-made millionaires on the London Exchange, who were rich enough in pocket, but too poor in spirit, to indulge in such ostentatious pleasures.

The London News said, "Those who ought to be the Vanderbilts of England, would shrink from employing their wealth in the magnificent manner adopted by their American friend. They would dread the effect of making any unusual display which would surely subject them to the reproach of being millionaires and parvenues." Poor creatures! Our Cosmo Vanderbilts are rather proud of being parvenues and the creators of their own fortunes, and would rather than not be accounted millionaires. "Here is the great difference between the two countries," continues the News. "In England a man is too apt to be ashamed of having

made his own fortune, unless he has done so in one of the few roads which the aristocracy condescend to travel by—the bar, the church, or the army."

Think of getting rich by the church! That which should disgrace a Christian is, it appears, one of the three paths to honor in England. God be praised that we were born on this side of the Atlantic! "And if he is vulgar enough not to feel ashamed of himself," continues the candid News, "his wife and children make amends by sedulously avoiding every thing which can put other people in mind of their origin. It was thought something superhumanly heroic in Sir Robert Peel to confess he was the son of a cotton spinner, though every body knew it." Well then might John Bull open wide his eyes at the apparition of the North Star steaming into Southampton water!

The North Star was a steamship of the first class, which was built expressly for her owner to make a pleasure voyage to Europe in; and, of course, combined all the requisites to insure comfort and safety which money could procure. She left New-York last May, having on board Commodore Vanderbilt, his wife and eighteen of his sons and sons-in-law and daughters and daughters-in-law; in addition there were Doctor Linsly, the family physician, and his wife, and the Rev. John Overton Choules, D. D. and his wife.

A happier party, or one better satisfied with their prospects, according to Dr. Choules, never crossed the Atlantic.

His went the steam, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad.

Doctor Choules was to officiate as chaplain and historiographer of the excursion

and, if ever we go a yachting to Europe, most fortunate shall we esteem ourselves if we can engage so jovial and sunny-minded a D. D. to act in a similar capacity. We fear there are but few such chaplains, and we know that there have never been many such good-natured chroniclers of voyages. If there were any disagreeables attending the excursion, our author, for one, did not see them. He saw nothing but a nimbus of lambent glory surrounding the ship in which he sailed, and encircling every object that he encountered. His glasses were tinged with rose-color, all odors were agreeable that saluted his wide nostrils, and none but the sweetest and gentlest sounds ever reached his ears. His presence must have been perpetual sunshine in the saloons, and on the deck of the *North Star*. He heard, we have not a doubt,

"— a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."

For he naively remarks at the close of his volume that, although one of the passengers "reckoned up sixteen days of bad weather," "he did not remember one he should call a regular storm." So uniform is the chaplain's amiable temper, and so resolutely was he bent on looking only upon the silver linings of black clouds, that he has even a good word for the Emperor Nicholas, an unhappy man, whom all the rest of the world unites in execrating. Dr. Choules says, he has "heard anecdotes in plenty respecting the Czar, and all of them reflect great honor upon the qualities of his head and heart," and he left Russia "with exalted opinions of the wisdom and patriotism of the Emperor."

The incipient state of great events is always a subject of interest to the world, and Dr. Choules records the time and the place when Mr. Vanderbilt first revealed to him the project of his pleasure voyage, and made its future historian acquainted with the happiness which was in store for him.

"Early in the spring of the present year," says our author, "the attention of the country was directed to an item in the daily papers of New York, containing information that Mr. Vanderbilt was constructing a steam-ship of large dimensions, which he intended as a yacht for the accommodation of his family and some invited friends in a voyage to the principal sea-ports in Europe. The announcement of this project excited a deep interest in the public mind, and the excursion became a prominent subject of conversation.

"Mr. Vanderbilt was known to his countrymen as a thoroughly practical man, whose energy and perseverance, combined with strong intellect and high com-

mercial integrity, had given him immense wealth; all his undertakings had been crowned with signal success, and his great enterprise in opening a communication with the Pacific by the Nicaragua route had made him a reputation in Europe; and a general expectation existed that he would carry out his plan in a manner that would redound to the honor of the country. Various opinions were entertained as to his ultimate designs. Many imagined that Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to effect some great mercantile operation,—he was to sell his ship to this monarch, or that government,—or, he was to take contracts for the supply of war steamers; all sorts of speculations were entertained by that generally misinformed character,—the public. In February I was sitting with Mr. Vanderbilt in his library, when he gave me the first information I had received of his intentions, and he kindly invited me and my wife to accompany him to Europe in the month of May. The ship was then on the stocks, but he named the very day on which he should sail, and gave me the details of his proposed route, and from which few deviations were afterwards made. Mr. V. expressly informed me that his sole object was to gratify his family and afford himself an opportunity to see the coast of Europe, which he could do in no other way; and he observed that, after more than thirty years' devotion to business, in all which period he had known no rest from labor, he felt that he had a right to a complete holiday."

The style of Doctor Choules is equal to his subject, being free, flowing, and easy, and though here and there a sentence occurs to which a severe or pedantic critic might object, it is very readable, amiable and pleasant. It would be impossible for the most ill-natured of the whole tribe of critics not to relent and grow tenderly good-humored while accompanying the pleasant author on his rose-tinted excursion. There is one sentence in the preface of the Doctor's book which we must confess, rather startled us before we got entirely through with it. "This world is full of beauty," says Doctor Choules, "and it teems with wonders; and I never see a fresh portion of God's earth, but I feel some respect for the old gentleman's opinion,"—the remainder of the sentence leaves us room to imagine what the good Doctor means, but as the oddness of its phrasing did not at the first glance permit us to discover it, we were rather startled until we did—"who, on going from Maine to Albany for the first time that he had left his native State, declared, on his return, that the world was more extensive than he had supposed."

It will be perceived that the two D.'s which the reverend historian wears at the end of his name are no hindrance to his enjoyment of a small joke. There are several like it in the volume.

It was a remarkably fine moonlight night as the *North Star* steamed past "one of the sweetest islands of the world," where the venerable mother of Mr. Vanderbilt resided, in whose honor "rockets

were let off and a gun fired;" and when the pilot left the yacht outside Sandy Hook, he was presented with a "purse of gold, which was intended to show that no blame was attached to him by Mr. Vanderbilt," for an accident which had delayed the steamer the day before. "Soon after leaving Sandy Hook," says Dr. Choules, "Mr. Vanderbilt requested me to conduct family worship on board the ship throughout the voyage, and to appoint such an hour as I thought most suitable. It was accordingly agreed that prayers should be attended every evening at nine o'clock, and that grace should be said at all the meals on board ship." The voyage commenced most auspiciously, and Dr. Choules remarks, on the very first day out, "it seemed a happiness to exist," and, as he immediately after says, "our table was equal to that of any hotel in America, and the desserts rivalled in richness any thing that I have witnessed in the Astor, Metropolitan and St. Nicholas;" we have no doubt that the seeming was a reality. Not only were the desserts rich, but the music was delightful. "One gentleman of the party possessed a fine taste in Italian music—the ladies were always in voice—the sailors, too, were decidedly fond of negro melody. One of them who answered to the euphonious name of Pogue, was thought to be quite equal to the Christy Minstrels." The first sermon preached by the Doctor, he informs us, was on the 22d of May, "the text selected for the occasion, Proverbs xvi. 32; 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' The singing was fine, and the accompaniment of the piano very acceptable." Doctor Choules had a very natural admiration for his generous patron. "Often," says he, "did I wish that more than the members of our privileged company could have seen him day by day kind and attentive to his officers, polite and liberal to his guests. Mr. Vanderbilt I had long known to be possessed of great qualities, a mighty grasp of intellect, and capabilities of the highest order. Yet till I entered upon this voyage I did not adequately appreciate his knowledge of men, his fine tact, his intuitive perception of the fitting, and his dignified self-control; and I felt glad that such a man, self-made as he is, should be seen by the accidental sons of nobility and fortune in the Old World."

The amenities and splendors of the voyage across the Atlantic came to an end on the 1st of June, and, quite as a matter

of course, "it was one of England's most joyous, brilliant mornings," when the doctor and his companions woke up in Southampton water, "and gazed out upon as richly cultivated a landscape as the southern coast of England can present." Here the party "found several fine hotels;" but we are sorry to learn that one, called the New York Hotel, which had the star-spangled banner displayed, did not favorably impress "some of our gentlemen who repaired to it for a lunch." This was about the only unfavorable impression which seems to have been made upon the party during this brilliant excursion, but the Doctor adds that "Radley's Hotel near the railroad, and, I think, the Dolphin, are well-kept houses." The unfavorable impression caused by the unfortunate lunch which had a star-spangled banner to recommend it, probably soon wore off, for the Doctor immediately grows amiable again. But a poor lunch was not a thing to be passed over by so exemplary a chaplain, and so voracious a historian. It was one of the few dark spots in the bright picture he has given us of this memorable excursion. Every thing is beautiful, fine, glorious and charming, excepting that unfortunate lunch. They see some soldiers, and the Doctor remarks "they looked like fine fellows." He calls upon the Rev. Thomas Adkins in Southampton, whom he had known many years ago. "I told the ladies," says the Doctor, "that Mr. Adkins used to be regarded as one of the noblest looking men in England—and our ladies thought him one of the most splendid men they had ever seen." The next day they were off for London, and in Winchester "partook of the hospitalities of Mr. Alderman Andrews, whose name is so endeared to Americans." The Doctor was anxious to "get in" at his "old favorite house, the Golden-Cross, nearly opposite to Northumberland House, but Mr. Gardiner was unable to take even half our number." How natural that he should desire to get in at the Golden-Cross, so fitting an emblem of that cross which he bore about. The Doctor informs us with much satisfaction that the house where they at last "found good accommodations," was the St. James' Hotel, in Gernyn-street. "Two or three noblemen reside in this hotel, and one, Lord Blayney, has made it his city residence for many years." The day of their arrival in London happened to be a "drawing-room." "Every street was thronged with carriages (*we imagine this is not to be taken literally*) waiting for their

turn to take up the company at the palace. The coachmen and footmen all had immense bouquets in their bosoms, and the splendid liveries, and powdered heads, and white wigs of the drivers were novelties to most of the North Star party." The Doctor was anxious to know "what would be the first object of curiosity to the ladies, and was not a little surprised to find that the Thames Tunnel was voted for as the primary visit." Doctor Choules is a great lover of rural scenery, and, while the other members of the party were seeing the lions in London he took a run down to his native Bristol to refresh himself with views of the scenery of the Avon. In the ecstasy of again beholding the scenes of his boyhood he exclaims, "I really believe that either from the impressions which I received in childhood in this glorious region, or from some peculiar organization (*we rather imagine it is the organization*), I have felt so much delight in rambling abroad among scenes of beauty, sublimity, and historical interest. O, the happy hours of my boyhood that I have passed in this village, on the Avon's banks! And, what tea-drinkings have I had in these cottages, and in the arbors which surround them!" The child is father to the man beyond a cavil. Returned to London, the excursionists went to hear "the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, brother to the Earl of Gainsborough," preach. The Rev. gentleman "has a fine figure," and, "we were much gratified with the prayer offered." The next day "Mr. Peabody proffered Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and ladies the use of his boxes that evening at the Opera, and as long as they remained in town." Whether Doctor Choules visited the opera or not we are not informed, but we are sorry to learn from "a notice of the opera furnished by one of the gentlemen of the party who was present," that the splendor of the scene was not quite up to their expectations. Like the lunch at Southampton the opera was a failure. "It was the height of the season; a large and fashionable assemblage filled the house; England's favorite Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were there; and many of the fairest and noblest of the land, *yet we were disappointed*. The spectacle was not so gorgeous and brilliant as we had expected on a court night,—neither in the first *coup d'œil*, the beauty of the ladies, nor the elegance of the toilet." This is not Dr. Choules; he would not have been disappointed, neither in the first, nor the second *coup d'œil*. "The Queen" we are informed, by this disap-

pointed gentleman, "wore a rich white dress, exceedingly *decollé*, covered with point lace, and an ornament of great value,—a magnificent pearl—on the stomacher. Prince Albert is a tall, stout-looking man, light-haired, and partially bald. His appearance was any thing but aristocratic, *notwithstanding he exhibited a large star on his left breast, and a wide crimson silk ribbon over a white waistcoat. We searched scrutinizingly among the noble circles to discover something in form or feature marking the stamp of hereditary nobility; but in vain.*" "Four of the party dined with Mr. Peabody at Richmond to meet Senator Douglas. The dinner was an elegant repast." In the evening they went to a levee at Mr. Ingersoll's, our Minister, where "the display of diamonds was very brilliant." On the 8th of June they attended a soiree at the Lord Mayor's; "the Lord Mayor was the Right Honorable Thomas Challis, a wealthy merchant in Hides." Diamonds and dinners did not absorb all the attention of our chronicler, he "was especially delighted with the glorious collection of old books at Mr. Toovey's, 42 Picadilly. On one occasion he met with three distinguished biblioplists at this shop—Lord Hastings, Sir David Dundas, and Mr. Henry Foss."

The party were greatly favored atmospherically during their stay in London. The Doctor sagaciously remarks, that "the state of the weather is in England a never failing subject of conversation among her population. This arises from its frequent changes. During our visit in London of ten or twelve days, we had no reason to complain, it was charming." We are informed that "the ladies experienced much enjoyment in a visit to Madame Tussaud's great museum of notables in wax." On their return to Southampton the party had the gratification of hearing a sermon from the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, a Scotch Baptist, and "we all felt the force of the preacher's subject;—*The Dignity of Man*. But when he described man's apostacy and ruin, no one could fail to experience the emotions of Isaiah, who exclaimed, 'I abhor myself in dust and ashes.'

But the Doctor soon recovered from his state of self-aborrence, for, on the next page he is again on the best of terms with himself, and goes off in a most glowing and appetizing account of the great banquet given by the Mayor and merchants of Southampton to the owner of the North Star.

"On our arrival at Southampton, we found the

streets placarded with notices of a public entertainment at the Victoria Rooms; and a very superbly-engraved card, in gilt letters, with a fine likeness of the *North Star* in the centre, surrounded by gilt flags and the arms of Southampton, was addressed to each member of the party. As a memorial of the voyage, I annex the card of invitation which I received on the occasion:

THE MAYOR,

MERCHANTS AND TRADEES AT SOUTHAMPTON,
Request the pleasure of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs.
CHOULES' company at a DEJEUNER, on MONDAY,
13 June, 1853, at the Royal Victoria
Assembly Rooms, in honor
of the visit of

COMMODORE VANDERBILT,

In his splendid Steam Yacht *North Star*.

At 8 o'clock.

"Monday, the 13th of June, was a most delightful day; and when we came on deck we found the flags of the shipping in dock all gayly waving to the breeze, and noticed banners from the hotels and public buildings, while the church-bells were ringing merry peals of cheer and gladness. Every thing denoted mirth and holiday, and our feelings were somewhat peculiar when we felt that all this was a matter in which we were personally concerned, and was intended for the honor of our ship, her owner, and our country."

The account of the festivities at this place occupies some forty pages of the Doctor's book. From Southampton they go to Copenhagen, Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, and even in the cold Baltic Sea there is sunshiny splendor to greet the *North Star*. At Southampton, at Bristol, at London, and at Rome, it was the loveliest spot, but in Peterhoff, says good Dr. Choules, the trees, the flowers, the greensward, &c. "transcend all that I have known of the beauty of country life in any part of the world." At the hotel, "the provisions were excellent, and, as we found every where in Russia, entirely in the style of the French cuisine." Going to St. Petersburg they went to the Hotel des Princes, but it was too full to receive so large a company, and they were treated to a splendid lunch,—"the waiters spread a table and placed on it bread, butter, anchovies, caviare, claret, sherry, brandy, ice and cakes in variety. This excellent lunch was very seasonable, as it was now twelve o'clock, and the day intensely hot." On calling for the bill the host refused to accept of any pay! The Doctor was ravished, charmed, enchanted, by the splendors of the imperial residences, and particularly by the wonders of the hermitage of Catharine the Second. "The room containing the diamonds and regalia excited the interest of all in our party; and on no consideration would we have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing this unrivalled collec-

tion of treasures. Rubies, diamonds, emeralds and pearls—why, the room was full of them. The imperial crown pleased us better than any diadem I have seen in the regalia of other kingdoms."—"O! prophet Isaiah! The Doctor is refreshed by the recollection that this was the palace of "the Great Catharine," who certainly was great in a way immortalized by Lord Byron—and in presence of its three thousand pictures, says, "I confess that the Dutch school is my passion!" Pictures of game, and fruits and flowers are more to the taste of the chaplain of the *North Star*, than saints, Magdalens and Ecce Homos; the picture which seems to have interested him most was "the Interior of a Stable," by Wouvermans. His rapid enumeration of the riches of the Imperial palaces, the gold, silver and diamonds in the churches is really dazzling, and they seem to have made an indelible impression upon his imagination. In describing the Isaac Church, he says: "No man can fail to be impressed with this wonderful pile. The exquisite proportions of this church seem to diminish its apparent size. I have only to say that here are monoliths, of Finland marble, sixty feet high, forming peristyles of unsurpassed beauty; and, in the interior are columns of malachite fifty feet high, which adorn the altars. Malachite, lapis-lazuli, porphyry and gold, all seem to vie with each other for pre-eminence in this glorious pile."

Dr. Choules is not one of those ascetics who refuse to do in Rome what the Romans do. "On the Sabbath which we spent in St. Petersburg, we found a wedding feast celebrated at our hotel; and, in going to our dining-room at supper time, the waiters took us through the room where the festivities were going on. Excellent music and spirited dancing seemed to have put the party into high spirits." Lunches appear to make an indelible impression upon his mind. "At Mr. Wilkins' hospitable abode Captain Eldridge, his lady, and a few of us, partook of an elegant lunch which we shall often think of with pleasure. Such sweetmeats I never tasted," &c. But, what were the lunches, the churches, the diamonds, the pictures, the sweetmeats, the caviare, the brandy, the claret and the cakes of St. Petersburg, without the good genius who presides over all—the Czar? Not seeing him was omitting the Prince of Denmark from the tragedy of Hamlet. "Our great regret at leaving Russia," says Dr. Choules, "is not having seen the great, and, I believe, good man,

the emperor, who has done so much to elevate the condition of the masses in his extensive dominions, and to improve the entire country. I leave Russia with exalted opinions of the wisdom and patriotism of the emperor, and doubt not that, if his life be spared, Russia will continue to advance in all that makes a country great and powerful and happy. I have heard anecdotes in plenty respecting the Czar, and all of them reflect great honor upon the qualities of his head and heart; but I do not feel that I am at liberty to state them in this public manner, as they were related to me in the social circle, by men who are favorably situated to know their truth. Some of our party saw the emperor at the church of the palace, at Peterhoff; but I spent that Sabbath in the city. Had we remained a day or two longer, we should have seen the emperor on board; but his time and thoughts had all been engrossed with the pressing affairs of the great vexed question between Russia and Turkey."

The good chaplain cannot write long at a time without introducing something good to eat or drink, and occasionally creature comforts come in very whimsical juxtaposition with passages of sentiment or piety. The yacht had reached Copenhagen when they were called upon to part with one of their members. The event is thus touchingly mentioned: "Here we parted from our young friend Allen, who was to proceed from this city, by way of Kiel and Hamburg, to Leipzig, and resume his studies. We found a fine supply of strawberries," &c. &c. From Copenhagen the yacht went to Havre, and the excursionists spent three delightful weeks in Paris; from Havre to the Mediterranean, and they entered the "charming bay of Malaga on Sunday, July 31st." They were put in quarantine; but what of that? "with such a sky, such a temperature, and such a prospect," says the Doctor, "I never could be better off. And there came a boat full of good things, vegetables of all sorts, but, best of all, of grapes; the grapes of Frontenac, Muscat, and Sweetwater." The good things were none the less welcome for being brought off on Sunday.

We should be most happy to transfer to our pages some of the purple tints of Malaga with which the chronicler of the cruise of the *North Star* has illuminated his narrative; but we have already dipped more freely into his volume than we intended doing. From Malaga they pursue their course to Leghorn, passing Gorgona, "so famous for its anchovies;" at Leghorn

they find "an excellent table," and go to the Opera. "The Sabbath-day, Aug. 7, was a delightful day. At our breakfast we had a fine supply of figs and peaches." In Leghorn the Doctor had the pleasure of preaching the gospel.

"It is pleasant to know that pure evangelical truth is here proclaimed, even amid the black darkness of Popery; and I was glad of an opportunity to preach the gospel in Italy, and there to join in prayer with God's people, that He would soon overturn the Man of Sin, who, impiously placing himself in the seat of the Almighty, lays claim to infallibility. But God declares that he will not give his glory to another; and Popery, by this fatal assumption of a divine attribute, has tied around her neck the apocalyptic millstone, which is at last to sink her to the bottomless abyss. Mr. Henderson is a Scotch gentleman, who has long resided here; he is an eminent merchant and banker, and has a mercantile house in Liverpool and Canada. He sent the first export of marble to New York, and a small quantity overstocked the market."

From Leghorn the party visited Florence, where the Patriarch of the excursion sat to Powers for his bust, and Mrs. Vanderbilt to our countryman Hart. Naples, Valetta and Constantinople were next visited, but the excursionists were denied a sight of Rome, much to the regret of Dr. Choules and the ladies' maids. On their return to Gibraltar they had delightful picnics in the cork woods, and rambles and scrambles about the rock; and, says our chaplain—

"On Thursday evening, Mr. Clark, Major Labau and I, accepted an invitation to dine with the officers of the 44th at their quarters upon the Rock. At six o'clock we repaired to the Club-house, where we were to meet our kind friends, who would take charge of us. At sundown we had the pleasure to listen to the noble band which plays every evening in the square, and never did music sound more sweetly than that calm night. Having ordered our boatmen to meet us at the Ragged Staff, as the town gates would be closed on our return, we at a little past seven got into the carriage and ascended the rock, which is a slow process, but every winding turn showing us new beauties, and at eight we reached the comfortable quarters of the regimental mess. A more superb look-out was never seen than this building affords.

"The accommodations are very fine, and all that gentlemen can desire. At a little past eight we were summoned to the dining-room, and a more magnificent one is not easily found. It was a company night, of which there are two every week. There were twenty-two or twenty-four officers at table, all in uniform. The table was loaded with massive plate, belonging to the regiment, which is distinguished for the elegance of its equipage.

"Our dinner was one of the best I ever met out of Paris; indeed, it was thoroughly Parisian, as the arrangements of the mess are under the supervision of an artist from the French capital. The *epergnes* were very large, and bear the name of the regiment; and the immense candelabra and other adornments rendered it a brilliant scene.

"I can quite see that the kind opinions of the generous, high-minded officers of the 68th, and their friends of other regiments, will not be unappreciated by each of their American guests. I shall never see the Bank of Gibraltar spoken of without thinking of the 68th regiment, and our friends Rivers, Brough, Leetong, Turberville, and others whose names I can recall much easier than their names."

From Gibraltar the yacht proceeded to Funchal, Madeira, and here they encountered a most remarkable man in the person of a physician.

"We all dined on shore at Mr. Yates' hotel, and found an admirable man, with the best of education."

"Mr. Yates was formerly a sergeant in the British army, and resides here in reward of his health, which is much improved by the climate. On conversing with our host, I was surprised to find him possessed of so much intelligence; and in reply to my inquiries on many subjects, I at once discovered that he was a man of considerable reading. Mr. Yates invited me into his study, and I was conducted into a very charming retreat, where I met with a far finer library of the best books than can usually be met

with in a doctor's study in New England. The rest of the proprietor's mind was evidently in favor of theology and metaphysics, and not often do I fall in with a better selection of the best authors. Mr. Yates is a most student, a close thinker; and, although at least fifty, he is diligently employed in the acquisition of the Latin language. I was delighted with my visit to this charming study, which commands a view of the coast and the unrivalled beauty of the island mountain range."

On Friday, the 22d of September, the yacht re-entered the bay of New York, and we fully coincide in the opinion expressed by the reverend chronicler of this remarkable and happy excursion, that "such a cruise was never attempted before;" but, if Dr. Choules' good-natured and lively volume should be extensively read, we have no doubt that some other of our generous millionaires will be tempted to emulate the splendid liberality of the fortunate owner of the *North Star*; but we can hardly hope ever again to read such a volume as his chaplain has presented us.

SHAKESPEARE v. PERKINS.

[In the *North American Review*.]

THE CONCLUDING ARGUMENT.

LET every reader who, when he takes up *Hamlet*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, does not care whether he reads Perkins or Shakespeare, pass by this brief paper; it concerns him not,—is not addressed to him. But let him who does prefer Shakespeare to Perkins, once more, "hear us for our cause," and once for all.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts, made in an humble but earnest spirit, to preserve the text of Shakespeare from ruthless mutilation, have done much to accomplish their object, both at home and abroad. This evidence of the success of our labors is not confined to direct assurances from Shakespearean scholars in both England and America, but to the efforts which are made to do away the influence of our argument against the authority of the emendations in the Perkins folio. It would be strange indeed if Mr. Collier had no adherents, and the publishers of his Shakespeare no partisans. We were not surprised, therefore, at the appearance of two elaborate papers, one in the *North British Review*, the other in the *North American*

Review for April, 1854, devoted to the defence of Mr. Collier's position. The former of these is of little consequence; it does more to injure Mr. Collier, than to help him. The latter, however, being often sound, generally ingenious, and, with one exception, always fair and courteous, and being chiefly devoted to the consideration of our argument, merits respectful attention; especially as it is the ablest support which Mr. Collier's folio has received, far abler than that given by the veteran Shakespearean scholar himself. Our brief supplementary notice of the folio in the number of March last, which had evidently not been seen by the writer of the article in the *North American Review*, before the preparation of his paper, renders it unnecessary to meet all the positions which he takes.

We must first point out the single instance of unfairness and discourtesy on the part of the *North American Review*. The writer betrays by it a consciousness of the feebleness of his cause, and a feverish desire to make out a case. He charges, that those who have opposed the adoption of the majority of the changes in the

Perkins folio—nobody has opposed them all—have done so, because they are editors of Shakespeare, and if these changes be received, "their editions will become valueless." What is the truth? Only one of the opponents of Mr. Collier is in a position to have this impeachment of motives applied to him—Mr. Knight. Mr. Singer's edition of 1826 has for many years been out of print; and he, as well as Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Dyce, were, at the time of the publication of Mr. Collier's *Notes and Emendations*, and are still, editors of editions to be published, and therefore in a position to derive all possible benefit from Mr. Collier's discovery.* The pretence, that "Mr. Collier possesses the copyright in England of his newly discovered emendations," is preposterous. There has not an edition of Shakespeare appeared in England for the last century and a half, the editor of which has not availed himself at pleasure of all the original labors of his predecessors, giving credit for them; and the excellent little Lansdowne edition recently published, is, by the publisher's advertisement, "based on that of Mr. Collier." Mr. Knight's editorial labors and Mr. Dyce's comments being also used. The objection is equally futile in itself, and degrading to the cause in which it is made. It impotently attacks motives, for the sake of disparaging arguments, and seems to justify the suspicion, that it is made rather to bolster up an edition, than to arrive at the truth in one of the gravest and most interesting literary questions ever broached. Especially does this appear, when the critic seeks to throw discredit upon the articles which have appeared in this Magazine, by the same impeachment of the motives of the writer. He insinuates that our opposition is that of one who is "also an editor of Shakespeare." This is not the case; but suppose it to be so, and suppose, what is impossible, that Mr. Collier has the copyright of the Perkins Emendations in England; does that copyright extend to America? How foolish and how pitiful this objection is! And now, once for all, be it understood, that, as we remarked in our first paper upon this subject, we consider that "the discovery of this corrected folio will be of material service to the text of Shakespeare," and that, should we prepare an edition of his works for the use of the readers of Putnam's Mag-

azine, we should esteem the prior discovery of this Perkins folio a very fortunate circumstance of our position, and should be indebted to it for more emendations of the text than to any editor, except Nicholas Rowe; and also, that were all of the changes which Mr. Collier has introduced into that abomination which he calls "The Plays of Shakespeare," in spite of his own confession that many of them are indefensible, and that the corrector sometimes seems "to have been directed by his own, often erroneous, sense of fitness and expediency,"†—were all these changes as plausible as the large majority of them are tasteless and wanton, the previous field for editorial labor would not be materially diminished; because it is remarkable, that the acceptable emendations peculiar to this folio are all comparatively insignificant, and that it leaves all the more important of the obscure passages either untouched, or changed in such a way as to transfer the obscurity from one line to another, or to diffuse it through many. Let us hear no more of this ungenerous and unfounded objection. The case is simply this:—Mr. Collier himself admits that there are many readings in his recent edition which are entirely indefensible: no one denies, that there are some which unquestionably restore the genuine text: finally and conclusively, there is no let or hindrance to the adoption of them all by any editor in America, with the added advantage, if he possess it, of being able to correct the more important passages which the corrector or correctors of the Perkins folio left in utter confusion. It is in no captious mood that we have treated this important subject. The reviewer, in stating that Mr. Collier's discovery was not welcomed by the editors and critics of Shakespeare, misrepresents the fact—unconsciously, we believe. We, with all lovers of Shakespeare, hailed Mr. Collier's announcement with delight—a delight which was changed to chagrin, when we found out what it was that he had so announced. Mr. Collier is not censured by any one, as he seems to think, on account of his "accidental discovery of the corrected folio, 1632,"‡ but because he indorses changes in it which conflict with Shakespeare's own design and language, to say nothing of common sense; and above all, because

* Mr. Halliwell's edition, it should be remembered, consists of only one hundred and fifty copies, which were all taken up before the appearance of Mr. Collier's *Notes and Emendations*. Mr. H. has nothing to gain or lose with regard to his edition, for after one hundred and fifty copies are struck off, his plates are broken up.

† *Notes and Emendations*, &c., second edition, p. vii.

‡ *Notes and Emendations*, &c., second edition, p. ix.

he boldly incorporated these into the text of a popular edition in one volume, when he acknowledges that a part of them, at least, have no business there. Of his opponents, Mr. Singer alone has been ungracious and ungenerous enough to impeach his motives; and our disapprobation of such a course was decidedly expressed in our first paper.*

The *North American Review* makes a specious but unfair comparison of the condition of the text of the New Testament with that of Shakespeare, in order to show how much the latter is in need of emendation. In the first place, there are at least five times as many words in the latter as in the former; next, the former is received as the word of God; and the most obscure part of it, the Apocalypse, closes with a curse upon the man who adds to or takes from that book, which must have stayed the hand of many an ambitious manuscript corrector; and last, the number of passages in Shakespeare about which there is any reasonable dispute, is not one tithe of that which the Reviewer states—one hundred in each play. Commentators have proposed changes in as many: and there is neither human law nor divine curse to prevent them from saying that light is darkness; but because they do so, we are not obliged to admit a doubt upon the subject. So any man, if he choose, may declare that Shakespeare made *Prospero* say that his brother was a sinner "to untruth," by telling *Antony* and *Hamlet*, that he lacked "gall to make *Concession* bitter;" but we are not therefore constrained to take such nonsense into serious consideration.

The Reviewer concludes from the ascertained history of the Perkins folio, the appearance of the chirography, the nature of the erased passages, and the [assumed] fact that the emendations were made by a player, the London theatres being closed from 1612 to 1608, that these emendations were completed before 1664.

But, first, the ascertained history of the volume is, merely that, in Mr. Collier's own words, "it is probable" that it came from Upton Court, the seat of a distinguished Roman Catholic family named Perkins, towards the end of the last century; that the volume has "Thomas Per-

kins, his Booke," written upon its cover, (which cover, be it remarked, is not that in which it was first bound in 1632; and that there was an actor of some distinction, named Richard Perkins, in the reign of Charles I. This only proves, as any one can see, merely that it is possible, but not even that it is probable, that there is some connection between the actor and the Thomas Perkins, who was possibly of Upton Court, whence "it is probable" that the volume came, about 1780 or 1790. Thus far, then, the volume is as much without a "story" as Canning's *Knife Grinder*.

Second, the appearance of the chirography, we must set down at once as of little worth in determining the date of the emendations, for all valuable purposes. The form of the long *s*, the turn of the bow of the *e* to the left, and the prolongation of the second stroke of the *h* below the line, cannot be relied on as determining the date within fifty years. The present writer has in his own possession a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, with the fourth title-page, 1669, in which there is a manuscript annotation which bears all these marks. He also once owned an old and very dilapidated copy of the first folio of Ben Jonson's Plays, which had evidently belonged to a farmer, or the steward of some great household; for there were on all the blank spaces, memorandums of the purchase or sale of beeves and muttons, and tuns of ale, &c., none of which were dated earlier than 1662; and in all of them the *e*, *s*, and *h* were formed in this peculiar way. More: the same gentleman has in his possession a fac-simile of a MS. by Thos. Dekker, signed by him, and dated Sept. 12, 1616, in which the *h* is never brought below the line, and the long *s* is made in the modern form. The handwriting of the emendations in this Perkins folio, if upon a volume without date, would therefore fix its date with certainty only at some time between 1600 and 1675; and in this case it is worth nothing against internal evidence, which fixes the date after 1662.†

Third, the nature of the erased passages. The Reviewer's statement of this point assumes so much, that we must

* 1841.

† The unanswerable argument against the date of the MS. corrector's stage direction in *Love's Labor's Lost*, which he writes that *Biron* "gild him in a tree," and speaks "in the tree," that there was no practice of gilding in English theatres until after 1662, the Reviewer attempts to set aside in this most astounding fashion. "Why not argue also," he says, "that the whole first Scene of the *Tempest* is spurious, because it is impossible to take place on board a ship? or that many scenes in *As You Like It* ought to be rejected, because they take place in a wood or forest of trees? It is evident that *Biron* is directed to speak 'in a tree,' just as *Julius* and *Antony* 'in the chamber.'

But the Reviewer does not see the difference between the *Scene*, (i. e., the place of action), and *action*. It is one thing to suppose an action to take place on board a ship, and another to direct one of the actors to run up the shrouds of a ship; any dramatist may make a forest the locality of his play,

quote it in full. "All passages of an indecent, or needlessly licentious character, are carefully struck out, evincing, says Mr. Collier, 'the advance of a better or purer taste about the time when the emendator went over the volume.'" [Rev. p. 397.] But Mr. Collier does not say so. He says: "Some expressions and lines of an irreligious or indelicate character are also struck out, evincing, perhaps, the advance of a better or purer taste," &c.* This is very far short of the Reviewer's statement; and well may Mr. Collier shelter his supposition behind a contingency; for his own *Notes and Emendations* shows that the corrector left untouched very many more profane and indecorous expressions than he struck out; and also that he did strike out perfectly unexceptionable passages, too brief to add appreciably to the length of the performance; plainly proving that he was governed only by his own caprice in this regard. The Reviewer most strangely concludes, that these erasures of a few indelicate passages, forbid the conclusion that these marginalia were written after the Restoration, and shows that they were made rather "in Charles the First's time, when * * * the diffusion of Puritanism compelled the editors of the first folio to strike out the profane ejaculations of Falstaff, and some minor indecencies which had been tolerated in the publication of the earlier quartos." But surely, a writer who undertook to handle this subject, should have known, that those omissions in the first folio were only made in compliance with an express statute which was passed in the first of James I., 1604!—eight years before Shakespeare ceased to write!—twelve years before he died!—nineteen years before the publication of the first folio, and twenty-eight years before the publication of the volume upon which these emendations are made! The "diffusion of Puritanism" enforced no other erasures upon the editors of the folios of either 1623 or 1632; neither did it forbid the publication of equally indelicate passages by Davenant, in twelve plays issued between 1634 and 1660, nor the issue of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher in folio 1637, containing, or

rather consisting entirely, of plays so indelicate in their very structure as well as language, that Shakespeare's compared to them seem "whiter than new snow on a raven's back." The Reviewer has undertaken to prove too much, and has thus succeeded in proving nothing at all.

Fourth, the assumed fact, that the emendations were made by a player, does not help to give them any authority, or even any consequence, except as auxiliaries to the text of the original folio:—that is, to make them valuable as early reminiscences or conjectures, aided, perhaps, by copies of actors' parts, and to be received when the text of the original is incomprehensible or inconsistent, and when they, by probable corrections, make it clear and congruous. And here, for the sake of the argument, let us grant that these changes were made by Richard Perkins, an actor in the time of Charles I., between the years 1642 and 1658, and that he had copies of actors' parts and prompt books of his time to assist him. What "authority" do his labors derive from those facts, which can give them a feather's weight against the text of Shakespeare's fellow actors and business partners, who had "scarce received from him a blot in his papers,"—when that text is comprehensible? It contains many defects, the results of carelessness; and those, Mr. Richard Perkins, or Mr. John Jenkins, may correct if he can; and the probabilities are in favor of the former, perhaps because he came nearer to Shakespeare. But when, in a passage not obscure, we have to decide between Richard or Thomas Perkins, his Booke, and John Heminge and Henrie Condell, their Booke, is there a question which must go to the wall? The judgment, the memory, the very copied part of an actor, even as to a play in which he performed, is not to be trusted thirty years after its production, against such testimony as we have in favor of the copy from which the first folio was printed. It would not be trusted even in this century; much less two hundred years ago, when, as we know, the lines of the dramatist were wantonly and mercilessly mutilated, both by managers and actors.

but to make one of his actors climb a tree, he must have the tree for him to climb. Should a copy of the *Tempest* appear, with MS. directions for a sailor to run up the shrouds, it would prove positively that those directions were written after 1662. But the Reviewer constructed this argument with a want of knowledge singular in an author of such an able paper; for in the original edition of the *Tempest* (the first folio), there is not the slightest indication, by way of stage direction, that the first scene passes on shipboard; in the first edition of *As You Like It* (first folio), there is no mention of a forest or a single act in the stage directions; and in neither the first folio nor the early quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, is there the slightest hint that Juliet makes love in a balcony. All these stage directions are deductions from the text, added in modern days. Did the Reviewer never read, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense of Poesy*, the well-known passage alluding to the appointments of the stage for which Shakespeare wrote: "What child is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is *Thebes*?"

* *Notes and Emendations*, Second Edition, p. xviii.

It is important, too, as affecting the value of emendations derived from actors' parts, to notice that Shakespeare's plays were acted by other companies than that which owned the right in them, and possessed the old stage copies. For, by an entry in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, who was Master of the Revels in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and which will be found in Mr. Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. II. p. 7, we know that he was paid £5 by Heminge, on the 11th of April, 1627, "to forbid the playing of Shakespeare's plays to the Red Bull Company." Now this Red Bull Company, or any other which would pirate Shakespeare's plays, would not scruple to mutilate his works, after the fashion of literary pirates, and adapt them to the capacities of their histrionic force and the taste of their audiences, just as, we know, the corrector of this Perkins folio did. The parts of such mutilated plays would be copied out for the actors, and what would such actors' parts or prompt books be worth against the authority of the first folio? Indeed, it is more than probable that this Perkins folio was submitted to the treatment which it has experienced, for the double purpose of a new edition for readers and to supply the wants of the companies which were sure to be formed after Davenant's re-establishment of theatrical entertainments,—the rights of Shakespeare's company having determined during the Protectorate.

But the Reviewer seeks to elevate the authority of these emendations, by dragging down that of the first folio. He says, that "all the twenty plays which were first printed in the folio, had existed in manuscript, without being seen by their author, for at least eleven years;" that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* had "existed only in written copies for thirty-two years;" that "the Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, and it is more than probable that all of Shakespeare's original manuscripts, which had survived to that period, were then destroyed." [this, in spite of Heminge and Condell's direct testimony, that they had his papers,] and that "the written copies were multiplied by careless transcribers." Let us again, for the sake of the argument, grant all this;—how does it build up the authority of the

Perkins folio? The Reviewer goes on very reasonably to say, "*alterations and omissions were made from time to time, to adapt the performance to the varying exigencies of the theatre, or the altered taste of the times.*" This is very likely to be true; but if it invalidate the authority of the manuscript copy from which the first folio was printed, with what doubled and trebled force does it crush the pretensions of those used by a player in 1642, which had been subject to *nineteen years more of alteration and omission, to suit the exigencies of the theatre, and the taste of the times!*

Again, the Reviewer, attempting to grapple with the overpowering argument, against both the authority and the intelligence of the MS. corrector, that so many of his readings are inadmissible, and could not possibly have formed a part of the text, thinks that he has conquered it by fastening the same defect upon the first folio. He says: "We admit it, [the inadmissibility of the readings,] but we must remind the objectors, that precisely the same thing is true of the first folio." To a superficial glance, this seems to be 'a crusher;' but, in truth, it is too weak to stand alone. For we know that the first folio was authorized; and *its errors are corruptions, the results of accident and carelessness*, of which they are themselves the best evidence; while the absurd, inconsistent, prosaic and ridiculous readings of the MS. corrector are *deliberately formed,—the fruits of painful effort* to correct those accidental errors in some cases, and to better the text in others. The errors of the first folio are casualties; the stupidities of the Perkins folio are perpetrated with malice aforethought. The former prove only the absence of care; the latter exist only in consequence of care, and therefore prove the absence of authority.

The number of cases in which we are assumed to have admitted the success of the MS. corrector, are brought up as evidence in favor of his "authority." There are 173 of his acceptable corrections which have been made by others, and 117 which are peculiar to him, and which, in our own words, "seem to be admissible corrections of passages which need correction,"*—making 290 in all, [including,

* The Reviewer says that this is "grudging language, showing rather the unwillingness of the concession, than any doubt as to its justice and propriety." Not so. We conceded only, that these changes were probably (i. e. they seemed to be) admissible, and that the passages in which they occurred seemed to need correction; or, as we remarked again of them in the same paper, they are changes "from which future editors may carefully select emendations." To change the text of Shakespeare, is, in our estimation, no light matter; and it is not to be attempted upon the first seeming acceptability of a proposed alteration. That Mr. Collier has acted on other grounds, is the gravamen of the charge against him. Further investigation has discovered to us, that many of these 117 seemingly acceptable changes are not peculiar to the MS. corrector, and also convinced us, that only about seventy-five of them have claims to a place in the text.

however, the numerous restorations from the first folio, and the early quartos.] What one editor, critic, or commentator, exclaims the Reviewer, can claim the original suggestion of an equal number of *conjectural* emendations, which are admitted to be sound or plausible? We answer, without hesitation.—Nicholas Rowe; and he only forestalled the others in making them, because he came first. The most of these corrections are of typographical errors, such as no intelligent proof-reader would fail to detect and rectify. Rowe and Theobald made nearly all of them; and Rowe would have almost certainly made them all, had he worked with half the plodding care of the corrector of the Perkins folio. As it was, he made many which his predecessor should have made. We turn to the *Notes and Emendations*, and notice the first of the coincidences, in the *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2:

"A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature [*creatures*]
in her."

Next in the same Scene,

"Where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt [*boat*], not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had [*have*] quit it."

What boy in his 'teens, having these passages given him to copy, would not make such corrections instinctively? These are fair specimens of a majority of his [assumed] two hundred and ninety admissible corrections; so does the first folio swarm with typographical errors. But there are other corrections which seem to show that he sometimes conjectured successfully, or remembered correctly, or had a book or MS. which helped him to the right word. We think that it is more than probable that he was indebted to all these means. Certainly he was indebted both to conjecture and the early quartos,—his restoration of the readings in the latter being nothing in his favor, as they existed in his time in far greater numbers than when the editors of the last century used them, just as he did.

Assuming that the MS. corrector was a player, "who had lived in an age (the first half of the seventeenth century) when conjectural emendation of an English author was an art as yet unheard of, and when the writings of our great dramatist were so little known or prized, that four rude and uncritical editions of them sufficed for a century;" and concluding that it is impossible "that the

whole eight [entire lines] should have been invented, or made up by mere conjecture, by a poor player in the earlier part of the seventeenth century," the Reviewer considers it established, that the corrector could not have conjectured, but must have had authority. But even granting that these emendations were made "between 1642 and 1664," it is a well-known fact, that at least a dozen corrected folios of the second, third, and fourth editions exist at present, one of them, Mr. Dent's, being not only, like the others, corrected "in an ancient hand," but its numerous emendations being "curious and important, consisting of stage directions, alterations in the punctuation, &c." Did conjectural emendation spring up at once, armed at all points, immediately after the publication of the third folio? But whether it did or not, the man who made some of the corrections in the Perkins folio did conjecture; and has left irrefragable evidence that he did. Fac-similes, now before us, of a passage near the end of the last Scene of *Hamlet*, and of another in *Othello*, Act. IV. Sc. 1, as they appear in this Perkins folio, show this undeniably. In the first, two lines are printed thus:

"Good night, sweet Prieence,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

The corrector at first rectified the misprint by striking out the *e* in "Prieence;" but, afterwards, concluding to make the line rhyme with the next, he struck out "sweet Prieence" and substituted *be blest*. In the passage in *Othello*, when the Moor, just before he falls in a trance, says "Nature herself would not invest herself in such a shadowing passion, without some Instruction," the corrector first changes "shadowing" to *shuddering*, and strikes out the comma after "passion;" but, concluding to do without the sentence, draws his pen remorselessly through it. And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Sc. 1, the folio of 1632 has,

"Therefore the poet did feign
That Orpheus drew tears, stones, floods," &c.

Here "tears" is a misprint for *trees*, which appears in the first folio, and in the two early quartos; but the MS. corrector deceived by the likeness of *tears* to *beasts* substituted the latter word at first; after referring to the other editions, however, he restores the right word, *tears*. If this be not conjecture, Nahum Tate wrote *King Lear*. Conjecture helped or hindered this corrector as it did those of the dozen or more copies of the other "rude and un-

critical editions" which "sufficed for a century." But neither the number—four—of these editions, nor their careless printing, shows that Shakespeare's works were "little known or prized;" for half that number of editions sufficed for every other dramatist of that century; and all, except those of careful Ben Jonson, were vilely printed.

Thus it will be seen that we do not, as the Reviewer asserts, by a gross *petitio principii* "take for granted the two chief points at issue, namely, that the first folio, * * * does contain the text of Shakespeare, and that the corrections of the MS. Annotator are mere guesswork." We have the direct and explicit testimony of Shakespeare's friends, fellow actors and principal partners in the theatre, that the first folio was printed from the text of Shakespeare, and, errors excepted, does contain that text: we have proved that the corrector *did* indulge in "mere guesswork," and therefore, as against the authorized edition, we must consider all his labors as merely conjectural, and only to be received when they consistently correct the palpable, accidental errors of that edition. But were this not so, we should reject nine tenths of those peculiar to him upon their own merits. They seem to be modelled upon the conjectural effort of the man who, not being able to understand the strong figure, "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," amended his New Testament to read, "strain at a *gate* and swallow a *saw-mill*."

But after all, it is not improbable that Richard Perkins did make some of these corrections. We admitted, for the argument's sake, that he did make them; but now having shown that his making them gives them no semblance of authority, we acknowledge that it is even more than probable that he had a hand in them. It seems that this Richard Perkins was not only an actor but "also in some measure a poet, as he wrote a copy of verses prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*." The murder's out! He was "something of a poet!" This accounts for his turning speech after speech of blank verse into rhyme, for his making *Hamlet* bring up

with a jingle after first correcting the line to which he tacked his rhyme, for his submitting other plays to similar treatment, and for the insertion of entire lines in several cases, which, although two or three of them are not unlike what Shakespeare might have written in those particular passages, are not at all beyond the reach of any man who is "something of a poet" and has read the context.

It seems as if Master Perkins was about to bring out an edition of Shakespeare's works as he thought they should have been written and should be acted. He modernized the language, struck out whatever he thought uninteresting, added rhymes where he thought they were needed, added stage directions to conform to the custom of the day, which was to be very particular in that respect,* attended minutely to the punctuation, corrected even the turned letters, as Mr. Collier assures us, (not at all necessary for a stage copy), changed the old prefix of *Beggar* in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, to *Sly* (equally unnecessary for the stage), underscored the old rhymes and quotations (also entirely needless in a stage copy), and thought that he would have a very fine edition; and it would have been quite as good and of the same kind as Pope's and Warburton's. But the publishers of the next edition, in 1664, did not believe in 'Shakespeare according to Perkins,' and reprinted the old folios, adding even all the plays that had borne Shakespeare's name in his lifetime.

Now Perkins may have acted in Shakespeare's plays while the dramatist was living, he was doubtless "something of a poet," and he may have had some actors' parts which were "copies of copies of a part of a mutilated copy;" but in spite of all this, when there is any question between what Heminge and Condell and our own souls tell us is Master Shakespeare's, and that which probability and our own souls tell us is Master Perkins's, we shall decide in favor of Master Shakespeare. For though the one was something of a poet, we believe that the other was a good deal more of a poet. And all the people say Amen!

* It is only necessary to look at the first editions of Shirley's, Shadwell's, and Southerne's plays, the dates of which are from 1630 to 1690, to see how the custom of adding minute stage directions to the printed copies arose toward the middle of the century. Those printed about that time and thereafter have every movement indicated with the greatest particularity. The fact that the first folio has few stage directions sustains the evidence that most of it was printed from the author's manuscript and not from the stage copy or actors' parts, in which those directions would necessarily be numerous; and this is again confirmed by the fact that the quartos, evidently printed from actors' parts, have many more stage directions than the folio.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

NO. II.

THE RESTAURANT.

THAT seedy chap upon the grating,
 Who sniffs the odors from the kitchen,
 Seems in his hungry thoughts debating
 Of all he sees what's most bewitching.

His eyes devour the window's treasure,
 The game, the cutlet, and the salmon,—
 But not the flowers, which give *me* pleasure,—
 Japonicas to him are gammon.

I hope to smashing he's not given,—
 He looks so like a hungry terrier,
 For, 'twixt him and his seeming heaven,
 There's but a thin and brittle barrier.

He smacks his lips—in fancy tasting,
 And has half brought his mind to nab it—
 My game he thinks the cook is basting;
 While 'tis, in fact, a poor Welsh rabbit.

The longing wretch leans o'er the railing,
 And thinks—"Is't I that am a sinner?
 Or is it for my father's failing
 That I must go without a dinner?"

"Look at that scamp" (he means me), "sitting
 Cramming enough to feed a dozen,
 While I my useless teeth am gritting,
 And yet his wife's my second cousin.

"Now he pours down his Medoc claret,
 Now what to order next he ponders;
 Prudhon is right; we ought to share it—
 The gold he so insanely squanders!"

I think—"O! Fortune, why presentest
 To all mankind gifts so irrelevant?
 My teeth demand a constant dentist,
 While *he* is ivoryed like an elephant.

"Why probe us with these sharp reminders,
 Why still *in cornu habes foenum*?
 Send roasts and nuts to carious grinders,
 While millstone jaws get naught between 'em?"

"By all the wealth I've been the winner,
 I would without a moment's question,
 Give him my Medoc and my dinner,
 To have his molars and digestion.

"He fancies me a careless feeder,
 While the Lord knows, he's not so weary;
 I'm worried for to-morrow's leader.
 And dished by that last fall in Erie."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—Uncle Tom's Cabin will have more to answer for, than the unjust pictures of which our Southern friends complain. It has suggested a number of replies and defences, which are really a greater injury to the cause they espouse, than the original assailant. They are written in such transparent ignorance of the questions at issue, give such false views of life both at the South and North, and advance such unsound arguments, that, in spite of their amiable intentions, they must do good to few only, and injury to many. A novel is not an appropriate vehicle for the exposition of doctrine, at the best; and when it happens to be badly written, is an exceedingly inappropriate one. The object of it should be to represent life and manners as they are, and not to advance the cause of a party or sect, by caricatures of its opponents, or flattering likenesses of its friends; for it then loses its character as a work of art, and sinks to the level of a polemical pamphlet.

These remarks are suggested to us by MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ's recent novel, called "*The Planter's Northern Bride*," not because they are applicable to it, in their whole extent, but because it is a type of a large class of works which have lately overwhelmed the press. It is a story of an accomplished and wealthy Southerner, who marries the daughter of a New England abolitionist, and who, by means of his own excellence, and the agreeable light in which his relations to his slaves are placed, by actual experience, converts the entire family into good pro-slavery people. The intention is, to do away with the Northern prejudices, which are supposed to exist, and to exhibit society at the South in its true aspects. But we object to the book, apart from our general objection to all novels having a set moral purpose, that it proves too much, and, consequently proves nothing. It paints the South so entirely *couleur de rose*, that the reader, knowing that there are some and great evils in all societies, suspects it to be untrue. The relation of master and slave is made so agreeable, that the only legitimate inference from it is, that it would be better for the working classes all over the world to be reduced to the same condition. Now, we know that many gross misrepresentations have been given in respect to slavery, and we can easily pardon a little reaction

towards a favorable view of it; but a writer, who endeavors to persuade us to such an extreme inference as this, cannot be a reliable teacher. The mind rejects the conclusion, and is inclined to imagine that the whole story is an attempt to deceive. Thus, the very purpose of the book is defeated, and the cause it was meant to serve, unintentionally injured. Mrs. Hentz is a skilful narrator, of excellent sentiments and a fine poetic vein; but we would counsel her, patriotic as her purposes are, to leave the discussion of slavery to other persons, or to undertake it in some other form. As she is a Northern woman, who has lived many years at the South, her personal experiences on the subject would be more authentic and valuable, than the same views essentially presented as fiction.

—Since the publication of the Marquis de Custine's book on Russia, no more entertaining or valuable work on that subject has appeared, than "*Russia As It Is*," by COUNT ADAM DE GUROWSKI. It is, indeed, in many respects superior to the celebrated French book, because, as it seems to us, it is more reliable in its details, and more philosophical in its spirit. Custine, like other Frenchmen, loved to tell a vivacious story, without being over-particular about the truth of it; and thus, while he made a most entertaining narrative, he did not always impress the reader with the perfect reliability of his statements. The famous "*Revelations of Russia*," on the other hand, written, as they are, with marked ability, betray too evident a bias against the Czar and all his people, to be accepted with the most entire confidence. But Gurowski, a Pole by birth, an exile, with no special reasons for liking Nicholas or his policy, possessed of large experience, and accustomed to view the political questions of the day, in the light of a comprehensive theory of the destinies of races and nations, is peculiarly fitted to give us a thorough, impartial, and sound judgment of the country which is just now making so much noise in the world. His book, therefore, is not only a timely, but a most important contribution to our knowledge. It is no rehash of the French and English publications on the East, no echo of the opinions of interested parties, but an independent and original expression of the views of one who has long been familiar with his theme, and who speaks entirely from his own standpoint.

We do not mean to say, that the prejudices of the Pole and the exile are not apparent in this work, or that we are ready to accede to all its principles; but what we do mean, is, that the book is written in the most intelligent and earnest spirit, by a strong-minded thinker, profoundly acquainted with the past, observant of the present, and hopeful of the future.

The leading thought of Count Gurowski, in his development of the history and condition of Russia, is, what will be found elsewhere expressed, in this number, that Czarism, or autocracy, has been only a transitional necessity, while the nation at large is in the process of working out its own emancipation, as well as a higher destiny for Western Europe. Russia, at present, by her compactness and force, powerfully sustains the conservative or retrograde interests of the continent, but she contains within herself an abundance of fermenting elements, whose ebullition is becoming daily more intense and menacing. A social commotion is imminent for her, and for all the Slavonic races; and when it shall have once broken out, and accomplished its ends, as it surely will, the hour has sounded for the liberties of all the rest of Europe. It is a peculiarity in the structure of Russian society, that the whole controversy there is between the Despotism and the People; trained by their communal organization to some degree of self-government; and when the latter shall begin the revolutionary movement, they will not be obliged, as in the rest of Europe, to meet the opposing combinations of royalty, nobility, and burghership, but will simply apply themselves at once to the only enemy, Czarism. When that is toppled down, the People are all in all, for the aristocracy is only nominally existent, while the peasants and the middle class are not separated.

We wish we had space to extract from this book the interesting details given of the army and navy, and the general organization of the government; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the original.

—An English translation of GUIZOT'S "*History of Oliver Cromwell*," has been reprinted by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It forms the second part of the history of the English Revolution, which the distinguished author has projected. The first embraced the reign of Charles I. and his conflict with the Parliament; the second relates to the Commonwealth, summed up in Cromwell; the third will comprise the Restoration, and the fourth

the Reign of Charles II. and James II., and the final fall of the royal race of Stuart.

Guizot has so long occupied a position among the first historians of the day, that it is needless now to remark upon his general qualities as a writer. We may observe, however, that they are not of a kind to fit him, in any eminent respect, to be the biographer of the greatest of the English monarchs. He is too much of a *doctrinaire*, too much controlled by traditions and authorities, to enter completely into the character of that remarkable man, or of the unprecedented times in which he acted. Cromwell was so wholly *sui generis*, and the controversies amid which he rose to power, so unlike any that had before prevailed, both in their religious and political elements, that they cannot be judged by the usual formulas of philosophy or politics. Any interpretation of either, which confounds the one with common tyrants and usurpers, or the other with common revolutions, must soon be involved in hopeless perplexity and trouble. On the other hand, any interpretation which requires an enthusiastic admiration of all that Cromwell did, or an approval of all the movements of the Puritans, is likely to lead into similar difficulties. Guizot is aware of this, and by a cautious balancing of authorities and statements, endeavors to steer a middle course; yet we cannot add, with complete success. In his very effort to be impartial and just, he gets too cool, and, arrived at the end of his volumes, the reader finds, after all, that he has no clearer views of the Protector and his times. A satisfactory life of Cromwell has yet to be written. Carlyle's collection of documents, with the commentaries, is the best *memoir pour servir* that we have, but can hardly be called a biography.

The execution of Guizot's book is for the most part admirable: the narrative is perspicuous and vigorous, the style simple, without inflation or forced writing, and the groupings generally dramatic and impressive. His picture of the great scene of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament, is, perhaps, too much encumbered by details, to be effective; but the several views of the obstructions raised to his government by the squads of impracticables and fanatics, by whom he was surrounded, are full of animation. His sketch of the foreign policy of the Protector, is strikingly just, too, and the various minor incidents of his career are artistically introduced. Here is an anecdote, which the reader may have seen before, but which seems to us well told:

"Being informed that Harrington was about to publish his republican Utopia, the *Oceana*, Cromwell ordered the manuscript to be seized at the printer's, and brought to Whitehall. After vain endeavors to obtain its restoration, Harrington, in despair, resolved to apply to the Protector's favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, who was known to be a friend to literary men, and always ready to intercede for the unfortunate. While he was waiting for her in an ante-room, some of Lady Claypole's women passed through the room, followed by her daughter, a little girl three years of age. Harrington stopped the child, and entertained her so amusingly, that she remained listening to him until her mother entered. 'Madam,' said the philosopher, setting down the child, whom he had taken in his arms, 'tis well you are come at this nick of time, or I had certainly stolen this pretty little lady.' 'Stolen her!' replied the mother; 'pray, what to do with her?' 'Madam,' said he, 'though her charms assure her a more considerable conquest, yet I must confess it is not love, but revenge, that prompted me to commit this theft.' 'Lord!' answered the lady again, 'what injury have I done you, that you should steal my child?' 'None at all,' replied he, 'but that you might be induced to prevail with your father to do me justice, by restoring my child that he has stolen;' and he explained to Lady Claypole the cause of his complaint. She immediately promised to procure his book for him, if it contained nothing prejudicial to her father's government. He assured her it was only a kind of political romance, and so far from any treason against her father, that he hoped to be permitted to dedicate it to him; and he promised to present her ladyship with one of the earliest copies. Lady Claypole kept her word, and obtained the restitution of the manuscript, and Harrington dedicated his work to the Protector. 'The gentleman,' said Cromwell, after having read it, 'would like to trepan me out of my power; but what I got by the sword, I will not quit for a little paper shot. I approve the government of a single person as little as any, but I was forced to take upon me the office of a high-constable, to preserve the peace among the several parties in the nation, since I saw that, being left to themselves, they would never agree to any certain form of government, and would only spend their whole power in defeating the designs or destroying the persons of one another.'"

In the appendix to the volumes are several highly interesting documents, taken from the Spanish archives of Simancas, and from the archives of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and various public libraries in Paris, relating mainly to the foreign relations of the Protectorate, which now appear for the first time. Among the rest, are two letters from Louis XIV. to Cromwell and Fairfax, interceding for the life of Charles, and also many State papers relating to the intrigues of Spain and France to secure the alliance and favor of the new king, as he was called.

—A work destined to produce a sensation in the religious as well as scientific world, is the one on "*Types of Mankind*," just published by Dr. J. C. Nott and George R. Gliddon. It is altogether the most elaborate treatise of Ethnology

that has yet been printed, not excepting the voluminous essays of Prichard; and, as the conclusions at which it arrives are not at all in accordance with the orthodox standards, we may look forward to considerable controversy in regard to it. The principal contents may be described as follows: 1. A memoir of Dr. Samuel G. Morton, the distinguished naturalist, written by Dr. Henry S. Patterson, and giving an extended account of the original and important researches of Morton in the various provinces of ethnology and natural history. 2. A paper by Agassiz, on the natural provinces of the animal world, and their relation to the different types of man, in which the eminent writer develops at great length, and with masterly ability, his views as to the coincident distribution of certain *fauna*, or groups of animals, with certain permanent human species. 3. Essays by Dr. Nott, combatting the commonly received ideas of the unity of the human races, and going to show, by a vast variety of illustrations, that men were created in groups or nations, in different parts of the globe, and have not been propagated from a single pair, placed in a single centre of creation. 4. Excerpts from the unpublished manuscript of Morton, setting forth the same views. 5. A contribution from Dr. William Usher on palaeontology and geology, in connection with the origin of man. And 6. A variety of dissertations by Gliddon, on archaeology, Biblical ethnography, and chronology. Thus, it will be seen that the work covers a vast and prolific field of scientific investigation.

The general results at which the authors arrive, may be summed up, for the sake of brevity and clearness, under the following heads:

1. That the surface of our globe is naturally divided into several zoological provinces, each of which is a distinct centre of creation, possessing a peculiar fauna and flora; and that every species of animal and plant was originally assigned to its appropriate place.

2. That the human family offers no exception to this general law, but fully conforms to it; mankind being divided into several groups of races, each of which constitutes a primitive element in the fauna of its peculiar province.

3. That history affords no evidence of the transformation of one type into another, nor of the origination of a new and permanent type.

4. That certain types have been permanent through all recorded time, and

despite the most opposite moral and physical influences.

5. That *permanence* of type is accepted by science as the surest test of *specific* character.

6. That certain types have existed (the same as now) in and around the valley of the Nile, from ages anterior to 3500 B. C., and consequently long prior to any alphabetic chronicles, sacred or profane.

7. That the ancient Egyptians had already classified mankind, as known to them, into four races, previously to any date assignable to Moses.

8. That high antiquity for distinct races is amply sustained by linguistic researches, by psychological history, and by anatomical characteristics.

9. That the primeval existence of man, in widely separate portions of the globe, is proven by the discovery of his osseous and industrial remains in alluvial deposits, and in diluvial drifts; and more especially of his fossil bones, embedded in various rocky strata, along with the vestiges of extinct species of animals.

10. That prolificacy of distinct species, *inter se*, is now proved to be no test of a common origin.

11. That those races of men most separated in physical organization, such as the blacks and the whites, do not amalgamate perfectly, but obey the laws of hybridity; and hence,

12. There exists a *genus homo*, embracing many primordial types or species.

These positions, it is obvious at a glance, if they can be sustained, overturn many popular theories and theological dogmas, and give an entirely new phase to the science of the natural history of man. The Mosaic account of the derivation of all men from a single pair—Adam and Eve; of the deluge and destruction of all animals and men, save Noah, and those he took into the ark; of the building of Babel, and the dispersion of nations, are brought into dispute, as well as the chronology of the Hebrew and Septuagint Scriptures. These positions have also a vital connection with the prevailing interpretations of the Bible, and scarcely less with many accepted ancient histories. They bear with peculiar emphasis on the questions which are agitated in regard to African slavery, and the general progress of civilization. They will be canvassed, therefore, with the keenest scrutiny, and not a little polemic bitterness and prejudice. The Church is openly dared to the issue, and scientific men will find much to disturb their traditional faiths.

Whether the positions are sustained,

we shall not venture to say, in this place, because the subject is one which requires an elaborate and extended notice, and which some of our contributors, we hope, fully qualified for the task, will undertake. In the mean time, however, we will remark as critics, that the volume, as a whole, does great credit to the literary and scientific attainments of the country. It is marked by unusual learning, by profound research, and by an independent spirit. But there are two defects in it at least, which ought to have been avoided. In the first place, coming from different contributors, there is a great deal of needless repetition, which a more careful editorship would have pruned; and, in the second place, the tone of Mr. Gliddon's Biblical criticisms is repulsively flippant and inflated. They sound more like the pert paragraphs of a country newspaper, than the wise elucidations of science, and aim at a wit which is entirely out of place in discussions of such a nature. As the matter of the volume is calculated to arouse many animosities, it was extremely injudicious to add to the offence, by the manner of it. No one doubts, that theological writers have fallen into many absurd mistakes and grave errors, and that they are sometimes arrogant and bigoted; but a scientific man, in exposing their errors, or in controverting their opinions, is not called upon to imitate their example. His duty is simply to declare the truth, as he has learned it, leaving the task of ridicule and banter to the smaller wits. Both editors have also mingled with their more strictly scientific researches, a variety of opinions and conjectures, not directly connected with the main subject, which it would have been better to suppress. It is a universal remark, that men are apt to speak most dogmatically on the abstrusest subjects, while they are satisfied with the plainest terms, and the most unpretending assertions, when they declare what they really know. We are sorry to see the scientific value of the volume depreciated by impertinences.

MUSIC.

THE destruction of Metropolitan Hall seems to have paralyzed music. There has been no recent season in which there was so little to hear as during the past winter. With the exception of the Philharmonic Concerts and the Quartette Soirees of Eisfeld, and an oratorio by the Harmonic Society, and the two complimentary concerts for the prima donnas of

two fashionable churches, there is really nothing to record. Meanwhile the Opera House advances rapidly to completion, and the passages of Grisi and Mario are already reported taken. But as we remember to have heard the same delightful rumor a year since, and as these artists are now engaged at Covent Garden, we postpone faith and wait for sight. The daily papers have given full and, doubtless, accurate details of the Opera House. The great experiment of its success is yet to be tried. In ourselves we confess our scepticism as to the result. In New York the Opera cannot be profitably maintained as a luxury, and it remains to be proved that it can be made attractive enough to the popular taste to secure its success. Among civilized nations there is, probably, none so little musical as the American. In any company of a score of men the chance is that not one sings. It may be assumed that a glee is impossible among them. In Italy, Germany, France, Spain, in all the northern nations, and, perhaps, England, the chances are precisely the reverse. We do not regard the Ethiopian opera and the popularity of *Old Folks at Home* as proof of a general musical taste. At the concerts of the Philharmonic Society at least half of the audience is German, and at the Opera, if the number of those who go in obedience to fashion and from other unmusical notions, is deducted, there is not a large audience left. But we do not wish to decide too soon. The experiment of the best artists with low prices is yet to be tried. We are sure of one thing, as we have been from the beginning, that it will be a sad failure if it be attempted to base the success of the undertaking upon any sympathy or support other than musical. The structure of society in this country is really so different from that of other countries, that any such effort must fail, as it deserves to fail.

If, however, we have not heard much music during the winter, there has been a musical correspondence as bitter and fierce as the doings of musicians are so sure to be. It commenced by a notice, by Mr. Willis, Editor of the *Musical World and Times*, of Mr. Fry's music. That gentleman responded in defence of his music, and, in the course of the correspondence claimed a position as a composer, which Mr. Willis would by no means allow. Assertions were made to the effect that the Philharmonic Society gave no countenance to American productions, which drew Mr. Bristow and the Society into the correspondence. The Editor of *Dwight's*

Journal of Music, published in Boston, had a word to say, in the most good-humored manner; but Messrs. Fry and Bristow, who pursued the subject with great ardor, took every thing in sad seriousness, and the latter gentleman, as we understand, resigned his connection with the Philharmonic Society. Whether Mr. Fry succeeded in establishing the point that his music is as good as any body's music, we are unable to say. It seems to us, however, that he mistook the means of doing so. If a man can compose as well as Mozart and Beethoven, let him do it. If a man can paint as Titian painted,—let him paint and not talk about his painting. If he has composed and painted, and insists that the result is as good as Titian's and Mozart's, but that, of course, we are so prejudiced in favor of the old and foreign that we will not recognize the excellence,—then, equally, it is foolish to argue the matter, for the very objection proposed, proves the want of that critical candor which can alone justly decide the question. If we like music because it is old and foreign, it is clear that we do not like it for its essential excellence. But Mr. Fry claims to compose fine music,—why, then, should he heed the opinion of those who do not determine according to the intrinsic value, but by some accidents of place and time? Why does he not go on composing, and leave his works to appeal to the discriminating and thoughtful both of this and of all ages? Burke advised Barry to prove that he was a great painter by his pencil and not by his pen. It was good advice, we think, because it was common sense.

We are glad to state that the Philharmonic was never more flourishing than it is now. It is unfortunate that their concerts were given in the Tabernacle, that most dingy and dreary of public halls. But the music performed was of the best. It was German music, most of it, it is true,—but then, German music comprises so much of the best of all instrumental compositions, that it was almost unavoidable. Has Mr. Fry, and those who complain of over-much German in the selections of this Society, yet to learn that art is not, in any limited sense, national? "Raphael's *Transfiguration* is as much American as Italian. A devout Catholic of the western hemisphere feels its meaning and enjoys its beauty as much as the Pope. Homer celebrates events occurring before America was discovered, but he is much dearer to a thoughtful American than Joel Barlow. In the realm of art it is not possi-

ble to introduce distinctions so invidious. The best of every great performance in art is human and universal. It is not what is local and temporary which makes the fame of a great artist, but it is that which the world recognizes and loves, and there is nothing more pernicious to the cause of real culture than this effort to institute a mean nationality in art. Mr. Fry may be very sure that we shall prefer Shakespeare, and Mozart, and Michel Angelo, whether they were born in Greenland or Guinea, to any American who does not do as well as they.

This reminds us of a note we meant to have made long since upon the success achieved by Mr. Joseph Duggan (brother of Professor Duggan, of our Free Academy) at the St. James' Theatre, in London, last November. His name had become known to us by the report of his successful setting of Tennyson's *Oriana*—a dangerous attempt—but of which a London critic says: "the grandly dramatic spirit of the words is represented by music as suggestive in purport as it is felicitous in effect." Mr. Duggan has recently attempted a theme of greater scope, and his operatic sketch of *Pierre*, was produced with a success "perfectly well deserved." We have seen long and careful criticisms of this performance, and the sincerity of the commendation bestowed is unquestionable. We quote: "He, however, apparently labors to be the imitator of no one. There is a rich dramatic vein in all he writes, especially in his recitations which are full of truth and meaning. * * * * There is abundance to show that he has both fame and ability, and that he is likely to win fame in the portrayal of the melo-dramatic and the romantic—to which we fancy we perceive his yearnings chiefly tend." Another says: "Throughout the whole piece Mr. Duggan's music is full of melody: even in the highest portions it is elegant and graceful, while his orchestral writing is masterly, rich, varied, and free from the noisy exaggerations of the ultra-modern school."

The other musical news from Europe, during the last four months, is not of great importance. The chief event is the production of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, a comic opera, in Paris. It was a triumph in every respect. But we are curious to hear how his large and solemn phrasing will adapt itself to the buffa style. It may be interesting to our readers to know that Meyerbeer was born in Berlin, on the 5th September, 1794, and is consequently sixty years old. His family was rich and of good social posi-

tion. His musical taste was early developed, and he became, while yet young, the pupil of the Abbé Vogler, one of the most eminent teachers of Germany. Weber was his inseparable companion. Meyerbeer went to Venice in 1813, while Rossini's *Tancredi* was making the fame of that composer. It appears, according to M. Scudo, that the young German was enchanted by the brilliancy of the Italian composer, and after devoting himself to the closest study, produced at Padua, in 1818, an Italian opera, *Romilda e Costanza*, written confessedly in the style of Rossini. After many other attempts he brought out at *La Scala*, in Milan, in the year 1812, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, which increased his fame; and in 1826, at Venice, *Il Crociato* confirmed his position as an eminent composer. Apparently not yet satisfied with his success and the extent of his fame, Meyerbeer worked privately, for five years, and although *Robert le Diable* was ready in 1828, it was not represented until the evening of the 21st September, 1831, and instantly elevated the composer to the highest rank among contemporary composers. It was played two hundred and fifty times with undiminished enthusiasm. On the 29th February, 1836, it was followed in popularity and success by *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophète*, in May, 1849. In 1844 the *Camp de Silesce*, an opera de circonstance, was produced at Berlin,—and now we have *l'Etoile du Nord*.

Of this opera Scudo apostrophising the composer, says: "As to the *Etoile du Nord*, posterity, believe it, will not rank it with your most beautiful chef d'œuvres, because in the hierarchy of the creations of human genius, the *Last Judgment* is below the *Transfiguration*." The other noticeable item is the death of Rubini. He was sixty years old, and a very rich man. Tradition is so enthusiastic about his singing, that those who have never heard him will always hear that nothing can properly compare with the effort he produced. Certainly the description of his voice and its effect give an idea of something that is not equalled by Mario, who is usually considered to be his successor. By 1820 he had made a great impression at Rome in *La Gazza Ladra*, and in October, 1825, appeared for the first time in Paris, the most illustrious theatre of his career, in *La Cenerentola*. He was immediately triumphant. Then came Bellini, who was the friend of Rubini, and in *Il Pirata* and *La Sonnambula* he achieved his

most enthusiastic success. In 1831 he came and conquered London, and for the next ten years was engaged every year six months in Paris and six months in England. Then he went to St. Petersburg. But he sang in Bellini's last opera *I Puritani* upon the scene of his Parisian triumphs with even more success, and in 1842, when at the height of his power and fame, he withdrew from London and Paris. It was a few years afterward that he left St. Petersburg, and retired to his native place, Bergamo, where he died.

Those of our readers who wish to inform themselves of current musical news in detail, to become familiar with musical history, or to enjoy intelligent and admirable criticisms of contemporary musical composition and performance, cannot do better than to consult *Dwight's Journal of Music*, or *Willis's Musical World & Times*, the former published in Boston and the latter in New York. They are weekly Journals, full of desirable information conveyed in an agreeable way. They address themselves to somewhat different audiences. The Boston paper aims at high æsthetic criticism; and the New York at a popularization of the art to which both are devoted. It is pleasant to record their continued and merited success.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.—“Halciades sat to Praxiteles, and Pericles to Phidias,” says Mr. Gandish, grandly, as an apology for his abandonment of “high art,” and following the low business of portraiture; and, to our artists, who do the same, it should be a consolation that Washington sat to Stuart, and all the surviving heroes of the Revolution to Trumbull. Pope Julius sat to Raphael, and Francis First to Titian; all the wits and great men of Reynolds's day sat to him, and our great grandmothers sat to Copley. These thoughts should be enough to reconcile our painters to portraiture, and save their annual exhibitions of heads from the sneers of ignorant critics, who imagine that it is the subject which dignifies art, and not art the subject. But artists, themselves, will talk absurdly about high art, and forget Halciades and Phidias. A “portrait of a gentleman” may or not be a work of high art: that depends not upon the subject but the artist. An indifferent picture is an indifferent thing to look upon, whether it be the portrait of a gentleman or the representation of an episode of his-

tory. The portrait will, at least, have some likeness to nature, and the costume will possess a certain archaeological value, but the historical composition may have no merit whatever. Portraiture is, in truth, the highest order of art, and the most beneficent, as it is the only legitimate kind of historical painting. The finest of our so-called historical pictures are historical absurdities and falsehoods; for, the first requisite of history is truth, either general or particular, and we have not many of the kind that possess enough of either to entitle them to preservation. The historical paintings in the present exhibition would be worth very little, a century hence, compared with some of the portraits which it contains. Two among them all are likely to be preserved; and, hundreds of years hence, when we, and the subjects, and the artists will all be forgotten, the beaming faces of Mayor Kingsland and friend Trimble will be looking out of the canvas upon our great-grandchildren, who will be quizzing the Mayor's bright blue cravat and friend Trimble's straight brown coat. The portrait of Mayor Kingsland is to be placed in the City Hall, among the civic and gubernatorial worthies, whose semblances adorn the walls of the Governor's Room. It is one of the best of Elliott's portraits; and we hope that the Mayors of a hundred years hence will fall into the hands of so capable an artist: few of our civic magistrates have hitherto been so fortunate. The portrait of Mr. Trimble has been painted for the New York Public School Society, by Mr. Hicks, and it will, of course, be preserved. It is a full length of a very tall and severe-looking old gentleman, in a brown suit and a white cravat. He stands stark and stiff, with a book in his hand, in which he is not looking. As he is neither a pedagogue, an author, nor a lecturer, but a merchant, the book may possibly mislead future generations as to its meaning. The artist, doubtless, gave it to him to hold because he was at a loss what other use to put his hand to. Most awkward things hands are, in a full length. The feet are naturally enough used to support the body; but painters and sculptors are put to their trumps in disposing of two dangling arms, which always seem *de trop* when they are not doing something. Is it not possible for these pendulums of the human body to hang naturally in absolute repose, to correspond with the other members? In a portrait, there should be neither an arrested motion of the limbs, nor a suspended emotion in

the face. Absolute and intentional repose will alone give an absolute likeness. When a man sits for his portrait, he should not pretend to be doing any thing else. There is a notable instance of the impropriety of departing from this rule in Elliott's portrait of Bryant in this exhibition. The poet is represented with his eyes upturned and a grim smile on his face, as though he were listening to the promptings of the Muse. But that is not the way in which poets receive the divine afflatus; the eye in a fine frenzy rolling, although a bold and beautiful image of one who had the right, above all others, to describe the manner of the poet in his ecstatic moments, is not to be taken as a literal fact; the glancing from heaven to earth is an operation of the mind's visual organ, and not an ocular demonstration. There are no new comers in portraiture this year, nor any thing new from our old exhibitors. The old exhibitors are doing about as well, and the new ones not much better than they did a year ago; and all their pictures are twice-told tales. But we have no right to look for a new man every year; genius is a perennial but not an annual. We hoped to see, among the works of our artists who are abroad, something from Page, who, according to verbal reports, and letters from Rome, is doing wonders in Italy. But, our artists abroad, of whom there are more now than ever before, have sent us hardly any thing this year, and nothing worthy of notice, excepting the Cardinal Mazarin, by E. H. May, who, we learn, is in Paris. This picture shows a very great improvement over any of his productions which we have hitherto seen. It is evidently the result of his French studies, and has nothing in it of American feeling. The color is superficial and chalky, and the subject is a bad one, because the meaning of the artist cannot, or is not, explained without the help of a legend. But it is well drawn, and the figure of the Cardinal is well posed, and his face expressive, when we know what it should express. It has been objected to this picture, that the paintings on the wall, which the Cardinal should be gazing at, are too indistinct; but it was the aim of the artist to make the figure of Mazarin the sole object of attention, and it is not just criticism to object to his having done it. The eye rests, unavoidably, upon his figure, because there is nothing else to divert it. Among the heads exhibited this year, are two, not portraits, by a young artist, named Greene—Nos. 129,

153—which promise better than any thing from the younger brood of our artists; but we do not know what may be imitation in these lovely heads and what originality; but, being the work of a new hand, they are at least very promising, and indicate a pure taste in color and a firm hand for execution. Our exhibitions are always rich in landscape, but there is nothing new even in this department of art, which the Earl of Ellsmere good-naturedly says, in his Crystal Palace report, we ought to excel in, because our scenery is so fine—as though there were not fine scenery wherever there is sun and sky: even on the ocean. We say there is nothing new, although there is one landscape which will always be new, fresh, and enchanting while there are eyes capable of receiving delight from the glorious aspects of external nature. No. 64, in the catalogue, by Church, called a "Country Home"—too homely a name for such a splendid view, which contains glimpses of many homes—is the landscape we allude to. It is the great work of the year, and fully justifies the utmost that has been anticipated from this true artist. Mr. Church is not content to paint "bits of nature," he does not give us portraits of blasted trees, with indefinite perspectives of affairs in general, but broad expanses of out-door nature: woods, hills, streams, rocks, all bathed in glowing light, and with a sky which looks deeper and clearer, and more real, the longer you look into its bright depths. There are two things which afford especial satisfaction in Church's landscapes; in the first place, we see that the artist understands perfectly well what he is about—that he aims at certain effects and succeeds in producing them; we neither wish he had taken more pains, nor remain in doubt of his meaning; and then we feel that he has sufficient respect for us, who are to look at his pictures, to do the best he can to please us. He respects us, and we respect him for it. He has not carelessly dashed off his picture, with the remark that "it will do for a pot-boiler." "The Forest Spring," No. 301, by W. J. Stillman, who is neither an N. A., an A., nor an H., is a marvellous piece of greenery, in which every object is represented with a degree of accuracy and beauty which we hardly imagined to be compatible with such a breadth of effect and apparent freedom of touch. It is a little clear spring of pure water, whose unruffled surface reflects objects like a mirror; and the mosses, leaves, flowers, and

grasses are painted with wonderful delicacy and accuracy. We have heard it called a pre-Raphaelite picture; but we should like to learn what pre-Raphaelite artist ever attempted any thing in this style. There is a small sea piece, by Dr. Ruggles, representing the wreck of the San Francisco, after she had been deserted by her passengers and crew, which has much merit, particularly as the work of an amateur. The motion of the waves, and the details of the wreck, are represented with remarkable accuracy; for there are very few of our painters who give any proofs in their pictures of ever having looked upon the ocean. We have seen a picture of this same scene, with the Three Bells lying by, and the yards placed on the after-parts of the mast. R. W. Hubbard has a sober little landscape, called "New England Hill Scenery," which, without any brilliant pretensions, is a very excellent picture, evidently the production of an intelligent student of nature.

As compared with last years' exhibition there is very little change in the general look of the galleries, but there are fewer pictures, by some fifty, the number now is but 398; it has been usually above 400; there are no architectural drawings nor designs, and but few water-colors. There is one encouraging fact connected with the Academy, it is the last exhibition that will ever be held in the present building, which has been sold, leaving the Academy some fifty thousand dollars profit; and we hope that when they erect a new building they will make some changes in their constitution and adapt their institution to the existing state of art in this country. What they most need is a perpetual exhibition, for these annual shows are very absurd in an artistic view, and can only be allowed on the score of profit. They create a temporary excitement which subsides before the exhibition is half over, and

the so-called patrons of art imagine that nothing more is to be heard of art and artists until the next opening. There is such a higgledy-piggledy collection of all sorts of pictures in every conceivable style and every possible size, of all sorts of subjects; high, low, serious, grim, comic, historical, animals, fruits, landscapes, portraits, miniatures, and full lengths, high toned, and low toned, that it is a sheer impossibility for one pair of eyes to see them all and form any just idea of their merits. Such an exhibition is like a concert where all sorts of music, in all sorts of keys, are played on all sorts of instruments, without the slightest connection with each other. To look at a picture properly so as to be able to appreciate the design of the artist, provided he have any, it is necessary to look at it by itself, from the point of view which the artist intended; to imbue the mind with its sentiment, and adapt the eye to its tone. But how can this be done in a gallery of four hundred new paintings all differing from each other? How is it possible to pass from a Shegoguean group of infants in pink frocks to a Huntingtonian scripture piece full of dark purple tints, and enjoy the beauties of both? or, after filling the eye with light from one of Church's sunsets, to pass on to Cropsey's cold and rigid Bay of Genoa; or from Mrs. Spencer's laughing infant to Hicks's solemn Bishop? Such rapid and violent contrasts cause people to form rash and unjust opinions of artists whose pictures look entirely different in their studios from what they do in the Academy. If there were a gallery constantly open, artists might send their works whenever they were finished, and the public could then look on one picture at a time, and not be compelled, as they are now, to take in at one rapid glance a view of every thing that has been produced by all the artists of the city during the year.

DEATH OF KIT NORTH.

As we are closing up the last sentences of our Monthly, we learn that the great Hierarch of Magazinites, Christopher North, is dead. As the greatest of our tribe, and as the man who did most to elevate the character and render popular Magazine Literature, he is entitled, from us especially, the youngest adventurer among Monthlies, to one melodious tear, at least. John Wilson, the comparatively unknown baptismal name of the world-renowned Christopher North, the slashing reviewer, the genial essayist, the sturdy moralist, the boon companion, the hearty lover of Nature, the stubborn Tory, the gentle poet, the rollicking satirist, the learned critic, the wise teacher, the author of the Trials of Margaret Lindsay and of the Noctes Ambrosianae, the companion and friend of Scott, of Hogg, of Wordsworth, and Maginn, has followed his illustrious friends, and, like them, left us the wiser and the happier for having dwelt among us. Trusty Christopher is dead, and it will be long before the world shall see another like him. We have the heart to say more if we had the space, but we must defer to another time the expression of the feelings which the death of one of the most brilliant authors of our time has caused.

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A BIOGRAPHY—PART I.

EARLIER YEARS

PLANTS and flowers were the Earth's first-born progeny; they sprang out of her bosom and crowned her with verdure and beauty. The plains covered themselves with waving grasses, and the mountains with majestic forests; the silvery willow and the lofty poplar bent over the banks of rivers, and repeated in their trembling, murmuring leaves, the gentle ripple and the low purling of the stream. The Ocean, also, had its woods and its prairies in the depth of its abysses; purple Algae were suspended in festoons from the sides of its rocks, and gigantic fucus rose from the bottom of the sea and danced upon the dark green waves. Cedars and pines, with their sombre pyramids, formed dark borders around the white fields of eternal snow and dazzling glaciers. Humble mosses and lowly lichens covered the gray granite of the North, and offered, in the midst of unbroken winter, warmth and food to the reindeer of the Laplander, whilst the palm tree of the South, in its lofty majesty, defied the burning sun of the tropics, and gave shade and luscious fruit in abundance.

So much Revelation itself has told us. The rest is left to that innate thirst of knowledge, the gratification of which is the highest of all earthly enjoyments. Still, we are not quite left to ourselves, for aid is promised us, even now, from on high. "Go into a field of flowers," said the Lord to Ezra, "where no house is built, and there I will come and talk with thee." And who has not felt the truth of good old Cowley's quaint verse:

"If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, would espy
E'en in a bush the radiant Deity."

Thus, even now, travellers tell us occasionally, a wondrous tale of barren islands being covered with luxuriant forests, and of naked rocks being clothed with rich verdure. We have learned how Nature proceeds, even in our day, to let the grass grow, and the herb and the tree yielding fruit, on spots where before all was sterility, or the elements alone reigned supremely.

For every now and then we hear of some new land, fresh from the hands of the Creator, and destined for ages so distant that human knowledge cannot foresee them. Lava streams that have flown from restless craters, begin at last to cool, and life takes possession of them. Thus in the still hot lava of Mt. Etna the Indian fig is planted largely by the Sicilians, to render those desolate regions capable of cultivation. It strikes its strong, well-armed creepers into the fissures of the black, fiery mass, and soon extends roots into every crevice of the rock. Slowly, but with ever increasing force, the tender fragile fibre then bursts the large blocks asunder, and finally covers them with fertile soil and a luxuriant vegetation. At other times vast tracts of sea-bottom are dyked in and drained; a thousand varieties of mosses gradually fill it up, and form by their unceasing labor a rich vegetable mould for plants of larger growth. Or truly new lands are suddenly seen to claim a place upon our globe. An earthquake shakes a continent and upheaves the mighty ocean, until cities crumble into ruins and the proud ships of man are engulfed in the bottomless depths of the sea. But the earthquake rolls away, the storm rages itself to rest, the angry billows subside, and the holy calm, which is

the habitual mood of Nature, is restored as if it had never been broken. Only, where yesterday the ocean's mighty swell passed freely, there to-day an island has risen from the bosom of the deep. Vast rocky masses suddenly raise their bare heads above the boiling waters and greet the heavens above. Such was the origin of Stromboli, of St. Helena, and of Tristan d'Acunha. Or the busy host of corals, after having built for a thousand years the high ramparts of their marvelous rings, at last rise to a level with the surface; they die, having done their duty in all the great household of Nature, and bequeathe to man a low, flat, circular island which now first beholds the sweet light of day, above the dark waves of the ocean. Then come other hosts of busy servants of the Almighty, to do their duty. A soft, silky, network of gay, bright colors, hides after a few days the nakedness of the rock. It is a moss of the simplest plants we know: nothing but simple cells and wondrously short-lived. They die and disappear, leaving apparently no perceptible trace behind them; still, they have not lived and labored in vain. A delicate, faint tinge, little more, is left behind, and in that mere shadows of things gone by lies the germ of a future, mighty growth. Years pass, and the shadow grows darker; the spots begin to run together, and then follow countless hosts of lichens, a kind of humble mosses, which the great and pious Linnæus touchingly called the bondslaves of Nature, because they are chained to the rock on which they grow, and, after death, are buried in the soil which they make and improve for others only. Little ugly, blackish-brown or pale-white plants as they are, but niggardly supported by the thin air of mountain tops, they show us that there are rich garments and humble wealth and poverty among plants as well as among men. The lowliest and humblest of plants, these lichens become, however, the most useful servants of Nature, which here in an equal degree as in the other works of the Almighty, afford innumerable proofs that, throughout creation, the grandest and most complicated ends are obtained by the employment of the simplest means. These tiny, faintly colored cups live, truly aerial plants, on the most sterile rock, without a particle of mould or soil beneath them, nourished alone by invisible moisture in the atmosphere. Modestly choosing the most exposed situations, they spread line by line, inch by inch, and push up the little urns which crown their short stems, amidst

rain, frost and snow. In these urns they treasure up their minute dustlike seeds, until they ripen; a small lid which has until then been held back by elastic threads, now suddenly rises, and as from a miniature mortar they shoot forth little yellow balls, which cover the ground around them. And thus they work on, quiet, unobserved and unthanked. Dressed in the plainest garb of Nature, growing more slowly than any other plant on earth, they work unceasingly, until as their last and greatest sacrifice, they have to dig their own graves! For Providence has given them a powerful oxalic acid, which eats its way slowly into the rock; water and other moisture is caught in the minute indentations, it is heated and frozen, until it rends the crumbling stone into fragments, and thus aids in forming a soil. Centuries often pass, and generations after generations of these humble bondslaves perform their cruel duty, before the eye can see a real change.

Now, however, comes a faint but clear tinge of green. It is a mere film still, but visible to the naked eye, and showing the higher and more luxuriant forms of graceful mosses, mixed with fungi which interpose their tiny globes and miniature umbrellas. They come, we know not whence, for the slightest crevice in the bare rock suffices to arrest some of the invisible germs which are constantly floating in the air, and affords them a home. They yield nothing in industry and perseverance to their humble predecessors; hardy little laborers in the same great work, they seem to delight in the clouds and storms of a wintry season, when all other verdure fades. They find a home, and live and thrive with equal contentment in the burning cinders of volcanic islands, like Ascension Island, on which they formed the first green crust after it had risen from the ocean, and on the tempest-beaten boulders of Norwegian granite, which they cover with a scarlet coating, well known as the violet stone and full of rich, sweet perfume. As they wither and die, minute layers of soil are formed, one after another, until grasses and herbs can find a foothold: shrubs with their hardy roots now begin to interlace the loose fragments of earth and to bind the very stones to a more permanent structure. The ground grows richer and richer, until at last the tree springs from the soil, and, where once the ocean and the tempest alone beat on the bare rock, there we see now the lordly monarch of the forest raise its lofty crown, and under its rich foliage shelter bird and beast

from the spray and the storm. Soon all is fertile meadow, tangled thicket and wide-spreading forest. Nor is this always and necessarily a slow, painful progress. The bold navigator Boussingault witnessed once, in the south of this continent, one of those stupendous earthquakes which seem to rend the very foundations of our globe. Mountains rose and plains were changed into lakes. Huge masses of porphyry were scattered over fertile fields and covered all vegetation, changing the bright prairie into a scene of utter desolation. Ten short years later the great captain was again on the same spot. But what a change! The bare wild masses were covered with a young luxuriant grove of locusts, and a thousand cattle were grazing on the hills.

Thus we are taught how Nature proceeds, in our day, from the green matter gathering on our ponds to the giant tree of the forest. But if we turn to the individual plant—how little do we as yet know of its simple structure! Who can solve the mystery that pervades its silent yet ever-active life? There is something in the very stillness of that unknown power which awes and subdues us. Man may forcibly obstruct the path of a growing twig, but it turns quietly aside and moves patiently, irresistibly on, in its appointed way. Wood and iron—even powerful steam—they all obey him and become the crouching slaves of his intellect. But the life of the lowest of plants defies him. He may extinguish it, to be sure; but to make use of a living plant, he must obey it, study its wants and tendencies, and mould, in fact, his own proud will to the humblest grass that grows at his feet. Thus we have learned the biography of plants, a few events of which are not without interest even to the general observer.

When on old walls and damp palings, or in glasses in which we have left soft water standing for several days in summer, we find a delicate, bright-green and almost velvety coat—then we have before us the first beginning of all vegetation. What we see is a number of small round cells, and one of these delicate cells, a little globe as large as the thousandth part of an inch, is the beginning of every plant in creation. These cells are the living stones of which this great temple of Nature is built. Each minute cell, moreover, is an independent plant, vegetating as a living organism and having a life of its own. There are whole races of plants, like the *Algae* and the common mould forming on decaying matter, which

consist each only of a single cell, although in varied and often most elegant forms, with a brilliant display of bright color.

The first germ of a plant, then, has already a life—for it feeds, works and produces. It takes all its nutriment from without. How, we know not, for although plants have no table hanging at their gates with a surly No admittance; although they work, on the contrary, before every body's eyes, unfortunately human eyes are not strong enough to discern the mysterious process that is going on in their minute chambers. Even armed with the most powerful microscope, we cannot penetrate the mystery, and know not yet by what incomprehensible instinct these diminutive cells, all unaided, pick up and select their food and arrange the new material so as to present us at last with a perfect double of the graceful palm, the queenly *Victoria* or the gigantic *Baobab*. It heightens the wonder that all this power lies in a seed minute enough to be wafted invisibly by a breath of air. And yet it must be endowed with most subtle and varied gifts, so that out of the same food plants are enabled to form the thousand rare substances they produce: now bringing forth nutritious and agreeable food for man, now yielding materials most valuable to the arts of life, and now ministering to the vilest wants of degenerate man and arming him with deadly poison.

But these little cells are not consumers only; they live and work not for the day merely, but for the future also. An almost invisible point in the cell begins to swell and to increase, as it consumes first the colorless fluid, then the soft substance, and at last even the tissue of the outer walls of the cell, until—already at this early stage of vegetable life—death ensues, and out of death comes new life. The old cell dies, giving birth indeed, as a mother, to other cells, and thus gradually building up the full-grown plant. The young ones leave their former home, after an equally mysterious design, according to the position they are hereafter to occupy in the structure of the plant, and the function they are destined to perform.

Here is the great turning point in the history of vegetable life. All plants consist of cells of the same kind and of the same round or oblong form—but the arrangement and the subsequent shape of these cells differ in each variety of plants. The finger of the Almighty writes on the transparent walls of these microscopic cells as momentous words as those that appeared in flames on the gorgeous walls of the Syrian palace. Only

one feature of this wonderful design is permanent and common to all: no cell produces more than two others; of these only one is again productive, and dies after it has performed *its* duty. The other remains within, grows harder and thicker, until it can expand no longer; the thickening substance coats the inner walls, fills up the interior, and thus gives strength and firmness to the beautiful structure. In some plants this development of new cells goes on slowly; in others with truly marvellous rapidity, as in one of the fungi, which forms two thousand visible cells in a single minute!

But the minute, delicate form would be but short-lived, and fall an easy prey to the first rude breath of air, if Nature did not here also instil the great lesson, that Union is Strength. That wondrous chemical laboratory, contained in the mysterious secretion of each cell, produces next a current which permeates the walls, and glues cell to cell, so that, hardly developed, it cannot move from the spot, and, though provided with life and strength for long generations, it is still, like Prometheus, bound for ever on the rock of the adjoining cell. At the extremities of plants this glue hardens into a thick varnish; it is a material which gives density and mechanical strength to the so-called woody tissues. It forms the bark of trees and covers the plum with a coating of wax.

It appears like a viscid layer on the leaves of water-plants, which are thus made impervious to the touch and impermeable to water, as a blue powder on our cabbage, which can be wholly immersed without being wetted. Only here and there, however, in the hardest and fullest stems, pores of a spiral form are left open. Some are mere small pale windows, inaccessible to the naked eye, and only easily discovered, but they always meet, advancing regularly, with a similar tiny opening from the neighbor, so that Nature graciously does not seem to approve of solitary confinement. Others are larger, and serve as air-passages; for nature, a good architect, knows the necessity of ventilation, and provides for it in the thicket of lowly mosses with as much care as in the lofty dome of the Universe. In aquatic plants, moreover, these same openings render them buoyant, as in one of the huge trees that grow from the bottom of the ocean. All along the immense stem, which reaches from the vast deep up to the light of day, little vessels occur, filled with air, and it is by these tiny bellows, thus continued from story to story, that the enormous leaves of the

giant plant are buoyed up and finally enabled to float on the surface, covering the waves with an immense carpet of verdure. And thus, with unerring regularity, which, in an almost endless variety of forms, still maintains those great laws of Nature that betoken the will of the Most High, these same cells have been formed, not only in the parent plant for its next successor, but during thousands of generations; and that on all parts of the earth, in the same way, the same shape! Well may we, then, with a distinguished German botanist, look upon the vegetable world as the rich altar-cloth in the temple of God where we worship the beautiful and the sublime, because it is His handiwork.

Plants *live*, then, and *feed*. Little do we commonly think, little do we therefore know of the way in which they live and feed. We see animals take their food openly and grossly, in the most conspicuous and eminent part of their body; they tear and swallow, ruminate or masticate. We ourselves do something in that line. But delicate plants hide the coarse process of nutrition under ground, or within the close walls of each tiny cell. There, with wondrous art, and never resting day or night, summer or winter, they draw a few simple elements, mainly water, from air and soil, and by their own power and labor, live upon them not only, but draw all the material necessary for an almost unlimited growth, until the smallest seed has upheaved gigantic masses of wood and foliage, and the grain of mustard has grown into a tree, in whose branches the fowls of heaven have their habitation. Each little microscopic cell is its own busy chemist, dissolving all it needs, even small particles of silica, in water, and changing it into food and new substances. The material we know, and the fact that it is introduced—but then we stand again at the threshold of that mystery with which Nature surrounds all first beginnings. The night of the cell, where this strange process is going on, is the same as that in which the grain has to be buried, in order to rise once more to light as a tender blade. We are again taught that the knowledge of first causes belongs to Him alone, who allows the eye of man to see final causes only, and even those, as yet, merely through a glass, dimly.

The general process of feeding, in a plant, as far as known, is simply this: The universal and indispensable nutrient substances, and, at the same time, that by means of which all the rest are conveyed

into it, is water. Without water there is no vegetation. The deserts of Arabia, the west coast of Bolivia, and similar regions are barren, not because they are rocky and sandy, but because it only rains there once in twelve years, and that not always, and they have neither dew nor watery deposits.—This water, with all the materials it may contain, is sucked up by the delicate fibres at the end of roots; thence it rises by capillary attraction upwards, transuding through the cells by apertures invisible to the highest microscopic power, and filling cell after cell. Here it mingles with the fluid which they already contain, produces new combinations, and is then called sap. Hence these little cells, when searched with the microscope, are found to be filled with an almost incredible variety of good things. Some, it is true, contain apparently nothing but a watery juice, but its virtues may yet be discovered; others are little vials filled with gum or sugar; in many plants they are found to hold just one drop of oil, in others sugar, to inclose beautiful crystals of every possible shape. Through these cells the sap ascends, until it reaches the main workshop of plants—the leaves. These bring it in contact with the air, which they in their turn suck in by minute openings and exhale again, after it has combined with parts of the ascended water. It is this continued exhalation of the leaves, and absorption by the roots, which constitutes the circulation, the Life of Plants. They produce a constant interchange between soil and air, and stand in direct proportion to each other. This sap rises with a rapidity corresponding to the exhalation of the leaves. Hence, in winter, when there are no leaves, there is no sap ascending. Hence, also, in spring the earth sometimes opens sooner than the leaves appear; the sap ascends, finds no outlet, and gorges the tree with fluid. Man comes to its aid, taps the dropsical plant, and draws from the maple its sugar and from the palm its sweet wine. That part of the sap which is not absorbed in its way upward, and not given out to the air through the leaves, returns again on its mysterious errand, depositing here and there the material most needed, and hoarding up, at intervals, large quantities that are not immediately required for future wants. Such provisions, carefully stowed away, are found in the potato, which is little else than a magazine of nutritive matter, or in the sage of palm trees and the caoutchouc of South America. Lastly, that part of the material imbibed, which

is useless or might be injurious, for plants, like animals, may be poisoned, is thrown out again at night in the form of manna or resin; and thus restores the plant again to health.

All these features in the life of plants, however, are visible to the microscope only. What we see with the unarméd eye, is not less wonderful. The tiny seed once intrusted to the bosom of mother earth, as soon as the sunlight falls upon it, and its genial beams warm the light crust under which it is buried, begins to move and to change. Its starch is converted into sugar and gum, upon which the young plant is to feed during the first days of its existence. The tiny root peeps forth from the husk, and by a mysteriously-directed power, plunges downward into the fertile soil, whilst the slender plumule pushes upwards towards the light. The soil cracks and heaves, and at last the infant vegetable being emerges fresh and moist into the world of air and sunshine with the unfolding of its first pair of leaves, and with the first lighting of a sunbeam on their tender tissues, commences that series of incessant and as yet secret chemical operations, to which we have before alluded. And the marvel is still increased, when we consider how strangely alike thousands of seeds are one to another, how slight the difference even between the most unlike. And yet, two such tiny seeds, planted in the same soil and living apparently on the same food, produce the one an humble herb, the other a mighty tree. Well may we ask, what wondrous formative power resides there in these little cells, tending exactly in one direction, as though an ideal figure, gradually to be realized, floated already before their infant eyes?

The first business, then, of the young plant seems to be, to settle firmly down in the home which is to see it grow, prosper and die. It sends its roots down into the ground, in a hundred various forms. Sometimes it is divided into a number of slender threads, to penetrate into loose, sandy soil, as *e. g.* in the grasses, that bind the arid sands of the sea-coast together with their long, articulated roots, and thus protect the dykes of Holland against the fury of the ocean. Others are in the form of a single, straight and powerful taproot, to pierce firm, solid ground—or even in long flat scales, which adhere and fasten themselves to bare rocks. Tender, delicate fibres though they be, these roots possess an incredible power. Even in the tall, slender grass they are so firmly interlaced with the soil, that they cannot be torn out

without a large mass of earth, and therefore compel us to cut or saw off the straw of our grain. With large trees they serve as gigantic anchors, chaining the mighty monarch to the earth by their powerful and wide-spreading arms, and firmly supporting it thus against the immense mechanical force of wind beating above against the large surface presented by its huge branches, covered with dense foliage. In their downward progress they turn aside from no obstacle. The roots of the colossal chestnut-tree on Mt. Etna, under whose deep shade a hundred horsemen have easily found shelter, penetrate through rock and lava to the springs at the very foot of the mountain. Massive blocks are lifted up by roots as if with irresistible force. The beautiful trees that flourish amid the ruined temples of Central America, upheave huge fragments of those enormous structures, high into the air, and hold them there as if in derision. In fact, the latent energy and slowly accumulated force of these slender fibres in the process of forcing their way through walls and rocks of vast size, is only equalled by the grace of their movement and form; and this union of power and beauty, the one latent, the other obvious, explains, in part at least, the singular charm that the vegetable world exercises over so many strong but susceptible minds.

But roots serve not only as fastenings: they are, as has already been mentioned, the principal avenues for the introduction of food into the plant. They operate by means of most delicate fibres at the end, called spongioles, endowed with so minute openings, that all nutriment to be taken in must be liquid. Nor is it the least of the mysteries of plant life, that these fine, slender roots do not absorb all that is presented to them in a liquid form, but evidently have a power of discrimination. They open or close their minute apertures at will, admitting only fluids of a certain consistency, and thus select those substances which are best adapted to the growth and welfare of the plant. The finer, suitable material is taken in, the coarser rejected. Repeated, careful experiments have proved this beyond doubt. A grain of wheat and a pea, raised in the same soil and under absolutely the same circumstances, draw entirely different substances from the earth. The wheat consumes all the silica or flinty matter, that water can absorb, while the pea takes up no flint, consuming, on the other hand, whatever lime or calcareous matter the water of the soil may contain.

Thus the roots of a plant pump up nearly all the nutriment that is required, and at least ninety-nine per cent. of all the water which the plant needs, the only other part needed being brought by the vapors of the atmosphere and absorbed through the humus. They perform this duty with a vigor little suspected by the inattentive; but if we cut a vine and fasten a bladder to the wound at the time when the sap is rising, it will in a short time be filled and finally burst; and it has been stated that the root of an elm-tree which was by accident badly wounded, poured forth, in a few hours, several gallons of water.

Not all roots, however, have to perform this difficult and responsible task of extracting food from the earth around them; those of aquatic plants draw it directly from the water itself, as in our common duckweed, where each little leaf has its own tiny root, a single fibre, which hangs from the lower surface. In the mangrove, on the contrary, they form a kind of enormous network in the water, which intercepts all solid matter, that floats down rivers and estuaries, until the thus arrested and decomposing substances form fever-breeding swamps. When the flood recedes the roots are left uncovered, and often found filled with shellfish—a fact which explains the wonderful tales of early travellers in the Tropics, that there were trees found in the East and West Indies on whose branches oysters were growing.

Other roots have no home on land or water; they must ever be content to hang, all their lifetime, high and dry in the air. Some, it is true, accomplish a firmer settlement, late in life, as those of the screw-pine, which grow not only at the foot of the tree, but for a considerable height from all parts of the trunk, to protect the plant from the violent winds. From thence they hang down into the air and furnish us with a beautiful evidence of creative design in the structures of the vegetable world. They are, namely, at this stage of their growth, provided with a kind of cup at each extremity, which catches every stray drop of rain and dew, and thus enables them, both to grow themselves and to furnish nutriment to the parent plant. In the course of time, however, they reach the surface of the water, and instantly these cups fall off, as the roots now need such extraordinary assistance no longer. Others spend their lives, literally, in building castles in the air. Almost all the Orchids in the Tropics use a tree, a block of wood, or a

stone, merely as a support on which to settle down, and over which to spread their aerial roots. These, however, do not penetrate into the substance, and have no other source of nutriment, than the vapor of the damp, heated atmosphere, which constantly surrounds them, and thus serve the double purpose of clasping and feeders. Even law-defying squatters are found among the plants, like the mistletoe of sacred memory. It fastens upon some strong, healthy tree, and having no power of forming true roots for itself, it sends out branches which creep through crevices in the bark, into the wood, so that the roots of the parent stem must supply it with food, and the parasitical plant lives, in truth, upon the very life blood of the tree on which it has fastened itself. Even the stately palm is frequently seen in the murderous embrace of a plant, which is emphatically called the Parricide tree. It commences, like every thing vicious, with a small and rather pleasing growth on the trunk or among the branches, then rapidly extends its graceful tendrils in every direction, and increases in bulk and strength, until at last it winds its serpent folds in deadly embrace around the parent tree. The conflict lasts sometimes for years, but the parricide is sure to be victorious in the end, and to strangle the noble palm in its beautiful but deadly coils. The prosperity of the Parasite thus becomes an almost infallible sign of the decay of its victim, and a most affecting image of life crushed by a subtle, brute force. And yet it has its redeeming feature in the remarkable fact that these parasites never attack firs or evergreens, but only cover with their foliage those which winter deprives of their glory. The ivy, which often wraps the largest giants of the forest in its dark green mantle, thus appeared to older nations as the symbol of generous friendship, attaching itself only to the unfortunate, and making its early protector, even after death, the pride of the forests in which he lives no longer,—it gives him new life, covering his lofty trunk and broad branches with festoons of eternal verdure.

Still, wherever roots may be lodged in the dark, still earth, or under the restless waves, in the damp air of the Tropics, or the bark of a foreign tree—they labor without ceasing, night and day, summer and winter. For the life of plants, and the work of their roots, does not cease in winter as is commonly believed, and deep-rooted trees, especially, enjoy the benefit of the warmth which is laid up during summer, in the crust of the earth, and

that at the very time when their branches groan under a load of snow, or stand encased with ice and fantastic glittering pendants. Far under ground, they continue to work indefatigably, until the bright sunshine returns once more, and they feel that the fruit of their industry can again safely ascend through the dark, gloomy passages of the tree, to pass at last into the merry green leaves, and there to mingle with the balmy air of spring. For they are a hardy class of laborers, these roots, and neither cold nor ill treatment checks their activity. It is well known, that the common maple tree may be completely inverted; its branches being buried under ground and its roots spread into the air, without being destroyed. The finest orange trees in Europe, in the superb collection at Dresden, were brought as ballast, in the shape of mere blocks of timber, without roots or branches, in the hold of a German vessel, and found their way to Saxony. Some curious gardener, anxious to know what plant furnished this new wood, planted them, but unfortunately, mistook the upper end for the lower, and thus actually turned the poor, mutilated trees upside down. Yet, in spite of all this, they have grown and flourished beyond all other orange trees on the continent.

The next step in the life of a plant, after it has thus riveted itself firmly and for ever to its mother earth, is to send its stem or trunk upwards. In doing this, it is evidently influenced by a desire to approach the light of day. This has been proved by experiments as cruel as those that used to shock our sensibilities in the days of early anatomy. Seeds have been so placed, that the light reflected from a mirror should fall upon them from below, and lo! the so-called natural direction of the growth of plants was completely changed; the stem was sent down and the roots grew up! When Nature, however, is allowed to have her own way—which we humbly surmise to be the best—stems grow towards the light, to support the plant in its proper position and to raise it to the requisite height above ground, to enjoy air, light and heat. At a certain point, moreover, it spreads out into branches, as the best mode of presenting the largest surface, covered with leaves, to those necessities of life. They are thus enabled to receive the fullest action of light and air, and the branches are, besides, so arranged that they yield readily to the fitful impulses of winds, and return, by their elasticity, to their natural position.

In similar beautiful adaptation to outward circumstances, we find that the stem of the graceful palm tree is high and slender, but built up of unusually tough, woody fibres, so that it sways gently to and fro in the breeze, and yet resists the fiercest storms, while the lofty bare trunk gives free passage to every breath of air, and the broad flat top tempers the burning sun and shades the fruit hanging down in rich clusters. The solemn and imposing fir tree, on the other hand, branches low, but just high enough to let man pass beneath, and then drops its branches at the extremities, like a roof, exposing on terrace after terrace, its small fruit to all aspects of the sun, and, in winter, letting the heavy snow glide down on the smooth polished leaves. If the palm were a pyramid like the pine, it would fall before the first storm of the tropics; if the pine were tall and shaped like a broad parasol, the snow and ice of the north would break it by their heavy weight.

It is this part of the plant which gives it, in common life, its proper rank and name in the vegetable kingdom. When the stem is not woody and dies after the flowering season, we speak of it as an herb, while a shrub has already a greater size and a stem that branches at the base. The *tree* lifts its head high into the air, and divides mostly above. The stems of *climbers* and *creepers* are long, thin and winding, whilst *runners* crawl along the ground or beneath it, and produce new plants at their termination.

The stem has frequently a decided tendency to grow spirally; in creepers it is twisted from the root to the end, the better to enable them to lay hold of and to embrace the objects around which they twine. So it is in all climbing plants and their tendrils, which derive from this peculiar structure such strength, that they serve in South America to form long, slender, but perfectly safe bridges over broad rivers. Even large trees have frequently the same spiral tendency, as we see in many a blasted trunk in our forests, or when we attempt to remove the bark from a cherry tree, which will not tear straight and must be torn off in a spiral.

In the stem, also, we see the main differences of the growth of various kinds of wood in a beautiful variety of grain and wavy lines. Its outside is protected by *bark*, sometimes smooth as if polished, in others, as in the pine, carved in huge square pieces; hard and invulnerable as stone in the cypress, but cut and cracked in the *elm*. Most mountain trees have

their bark deeply furrowed with numerous channels, to lead the moisture of rain and dew down to the rocky home of their deep buried roots. Dark colored and soft in tropic climes, to resist the heat, it is white as snow in the Arctic regions, and in northern trees, as birches and willows, in order to reflect what little heat is found in such high latitudes. The bark is, moreover, the last part of a plant that decays, and in some trees may be called almost indestructible. Thus Plutarch and Pliny both tell us, that when, four hundred years after the death of the great lawgiver Numa Pompilius, his grave was opened, the body of the king was a handful of dust, but the delicate bark, on which his laws had been written, was found uninjured by his side.

Not all stems, however, are of the same firm, upright structure. Nature shows beauty not only in the forms themselves, but perhaps still more in their endless variety. In the cactus family they are represented by what we commonly, though erroneously, call their leaves, viz., fleshy expansions, tumid with watery juice, and clothed with a leathery cuticle, instead of bark. Of all cactuses, but one has real leaves: all others possess little more than miserable substitutes in the form of tufts of hair, thorns and spines. These only, as far as they go, are their true leaves. The stems, it is well known, display in this same family an unusual variety of odd, outlandish-looking shapes. Now they rise, under the name of torch-thistle, in a single branchless column to the height of forty feet; and now they spread their ghastly, fleshless arms in all directions, like gigantic funereal candelabras. The melon-cactus imitates in shape and bristling spines the hedgehog to perfection, whilst the so-called mam-millaria are smooth or ribbed globes of all sizes. Others, at last, grow longitudinally, like the long whip-like serpent cactus, which swings ominously from the trees on which it lives a parasite. Nature, however, has made them ample compensation for their uncouth appearance and gloomy, wretched aspect, by giving them a profusion of flowers of unsurpassed brilliancy.

The snake-like form of the last mentioned cactus is still more strikingly presented in the stem of the lianes of South America. They are almost entirely stem. Stretched out like the strong cordage of a vessel, on which tiger-cats run up and down with wonderful agility, or winding serpent-like in and out, now as cords and now like flat straps, they extend frequent-

ly more than a hundred feet, without leaves and without branches. In the primeval forests of the tropics they may be seen hanging from tree to tree, often ascending one, circling it until they choke his life's blood in him—then wantonly leaping over to another—next falling in graceful festoons and then climbing up again to the topmost summit of a palm, where, at last, they wave perhaps their bunch of splendid flowers in the highest, purest air. Repulsive in themselves, these *lianes* also grow beautiful by the contrast they present with the sturdy monarch of the forest, around which they twine, a contrast which yet, as every thing in nature, produces harmony. How different are these stems again from the beautiful structure of the various grasses. Here a slender column rises, sometimes to the height of a few inches only, as in our common mountain grasses, and then again, in the bamboo, to a towering height, waving their wide-spread tops in the evening breeze, or growing like the gigantic grasses on the banks of the Orinoco, to a height of more than thirty feet, where they have joints that measure over eighteen feet from knot to knot, and serve the Indians of that country as blowpipes, with which they kill even large animals. And yet the delicate graceful tissue of all these grasses resists by their wondrous structure the storm that would break columns of granite, of the same height and thickness! Nature knows full well that a slender, hollow tube, with well strengthened walls, the most solid parts being placed outside, is the best form to give firmness and solidity to such structures. Hence it is that these delicate walls are hardened by a copious deposition of silica, so that *e. g.* a kind of rattan has solid lumps of it in joints and hollows, and will readily strike fire, with steel; and the so-called Dutch rush, a horsetail moss, is largely imported from Holland for its usefulness in polishing furniture and pewter utensils. The grass which grows on less than half an acre of land is said to contain flint enough to produce, when mixed with sand and by the aid of the blowpipe, a glass-bead of considerable size; and after a number of haystacks, set up by the river side, had once been struck by lightning and burned, large lumps of glass were found in their place. Wondrous indeed are the works of the Almighty, and well can we understand the deep pathos with which Galileo, when questioned as to his belief in a Supreme Being, pointed at a straw on the floor of his dungeon and said: "From the struc-

ture of that little tube alone would I infer with certainty the existence of a wise Creator!"

Other stems grow under ground, like our bulbs, whose scales are the real leaves of the plants, where they alone, well protected from cold and tempest, live through the dreary winter season. Or they are hid by the water in which they live, and then frequently reach an almost incredible length. Some marine Algae have been found more than fifteen hundred feet long; they branch off as they approach the surface, until they form a floating mass of foliage, hundreds of yards square. These stems resemble cords in every variety of form and twist, and are used by the natives of the north-west coast, where they are most frequently found, as fishing lines—while others of the same kind are dried to serve as siphons, or are formed by the natives into trumpets, with which they collect their roving cattle at nightfall. The most remarkable stem, however, of all more common plants, is probably that of the *Valisneria*, an aquatic plant which grows at the bottom of rivers. It consists of long, elastic cords, twisted like a corkscrew, and sends some branches up to the surface, while others remain below and are completely submerged. When the flowering season approaches, the plant shows an instinct so closely approaching conscious action as to startle the careful observer. Some flowers also are produced below, where they cannot exhibit the beauty of their frail blossoms; these begin to stretch and to twist, as if they longed for the bright sunshine above, and at last they succeed in breaking loose from their dark, gloomy home. In an instant, they rise to the surface, being lighter than water, expand there under the benign influence of light and air, and mingle their dust with other flowers, which are already floating there. This "high" life continues until the seeds are beginning to ripen, when the elastic stems contract once more, and, with like wonderful instinct, carry the seed vessels down and bury them in the watery bed of the stream, where alone they can hope to find all the requisites for their future growth and welfare.

The stems or trunks, finally, indicate in all long-lived plants the age with unerring accuracy. Their growth being limited only by external causes, the years of trees are seen in their size, and this union of age with the manifestation of constantly renewed vigor, is a charm peculiar to the Life of Plants. Animals, however curious, beautiful or imposing,

have still a limited size and figure—plants alone grow without limit, and bring forth new roots and new branches as long as they live. This gives to very ancient trees, especially, a monumental character, and has ever inspired nations with a kind of instinctive reverence, which from the days of antiquity to our own has often degenerated into downright worship. Who has not heard of the oaks of Mamre and the pilgrimages made to them from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine—or of the far-famed cedars of Lebanon, which have always been distinguished as objects of regard and veneration, so that no threat of Sennacherib was more dreaded, than that he would level them to the ground? Herodotus dwells with delighted sympathy on the marks of respect with which Xerxes loaded the famous plane tree of Lydia, while he decked it with gold ornaments and intrusted it to the care of one of his ten thousand "Immortals." As forest trees increase by coatings from without, the growth of each year forming a ring round the centre of the stem, the number of years is usually ascertained—since the well-known author Michel Montaigne first started this theory—by counting the concentric rings. Care must, however, be had not to forget, that some trees begin to form these only after several years' growth, and that, whilst northern trees shed their leaves but once a year, and therefore add but one ring during that time, those of the Tropics change their foliage twice or thrice a year, and form as many rings. This renders the age of such trees, as were heretofore considered the oldest, somewhat doubtful; still there are some remarkable cases of longevity well authenticated. Humboldt measured a gigantic dragon tree near the peak of Teneriffe, and found it possessed of the same colossal size, forty-eight feet round, which had amazed the French adventurers, who discovered that beautiful island more than three centuries ago—and yet it still flourished in perpetual youth, bearing blossoms and fruit with undiminished vigor! Some yew trees of England, and one or two oaks, claim an age of from one thousand four hundred to three thousand years, and would, if their claims were substantiated, be the oldest trees in Europe—but a famous Baobab on the banks of the Senegal is believed to be more than six thousand years old, in which case its seed might have vegetated before the foot of man trod the earth! Its only rival is a cypress tree in the garden of Chapultepec, which Humboldt con-

siders still older; it had already reached a great age in the days of Montezuma. A curious old age is that of a rose-bush which grows in the crypt of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany; it was then planted by the first founder of the church, and is expressly mentioned in the MS. in which his donation and the building itself is described; it also flourishes still, and bears as fragrant roses in these years of change and revolution, as eight hundred years ago, when Germany was one and great!

Most plants are accustomed—we hope not for their sins—to cover themselves like our first parents with leaves, and it is well established now, that the plant, properly speaking, consists only of stem and leaves—all other parts, like buds, flowers and fruits, being only modified forms of leaves. These are mostly green, and the depth of their color is an indication of the healthfulness of their action. But there are a hundred shades, and the color invariably contrasts most beautifully with the background, on which the plants appear. The humble moss shines with its brilliant emerald green on the dark sides of rocks, whilst mushrooms display their gorgeous scarlet and orange between the sombre rugged roots of the trees, under whose shadow they love to dwell. The glossy color of the ivy looks all the more cheerful by the gray bark or crumbling ruins, which it hides with the folds of its warm mantle, and vies with the carpet of verdure that vines spread over old turrets or the fallen trunks of ancient trees, whilst in Fall they reflect permanently the gold and purple of the setting sun. But, here also, beauty is not given to all with the same lavish hand. Whilst the queenly Victoria floats its richly-tinted leaves in gorgeous beauty on the dark mirror of calm, shady lakes, the poor lichens of the north shiver in their scanty coat: gray and withered in the shade, they look, when lighted up for a brief noonday time, like gigantic snow-crystals, and cause a chilly shudder. In Australia, where all extremes meet, from the bird-fashioned quadruped to the millionaire convict, the leaves of trees and bushes have a leathery look and are oddly twisted, turning their edges up and down, instead of standing horizontally as with us. They afford no shade, and are covered with a white, resinous powder, which gives them a most dismal and pallid appearance. Yet—whatever form leaves may assume—their wonderful adaptation to their great duty strikes us in all plants alike. The immense extent

of surface, which they present to light and heat, the thinness and delicacy of their structure, the microscopic beauty of their minute apertures, their power of breathing in and out—all answer admirably the great purpose of exposing the crude sap, that rises from the root, to the air and the sun, to be by them digested into highly nutritious food.

All leaves change their color in autumn, when a peculiar chemical change goes on in their substance, and takes the bright, fresh green from them, to leave them in sad-colored livery, or to clothe them, as a parting gift, in the brilliant drapery of an Indian summer. It is then that, especially in American woods, a combination of hues is produced which no painter can hope to imitate, when the maple burns itself away, and "all the leaves sparkle in dazzling splendor with downy gold colors dipped in heaven."—Not a less variety may be perceived in the *shape* of leaves. Needle-shaped in northern evergreens, they are there gathered like tiny brushes to collect at every point whatever heat and moisture may surround them. Plants growing in arid places or high mountains have leaves shaped like cups, with broad channels to conduct the precious fluid to their roots. In trees bearing cones they are dry, pointed and narrow; they seldom rustle, being silent; but, as a compensation, they are ever green. Their high polish enables them to reflect what little heat they can gather in northern lands, whilst the light may still pass between them with ease. On catkin-bearing trees they are broad and tender, so that the gentlest wind gives them motion and sound, a charm wholly wanting in evergreens; but their time is short, and they perish after a season! As we approach the Equator, we find leaves without polish, so as to reflect no heat, placed horizontally to form a shading roof. They grow broader and larger, with every degree, until the cocoa-palm has them more than one foot square, and a single leaf of the tallipot-palm of Ceylon can cover a whole family. Those of the waxy palm of South America are, moreover, so impermeable to moisture, that they are used as coverings for houses, and have been known to stand all the vicissitudes of the weather for more than twenty years, without being renewed. They thus form a screen by day, a tent by night, and become eminently useful in a land which is half the year burnt by a scorching sun, and the other half completely under water. In like manner will leaves change according to the wants of the tree, whose ornament

and best servants they are at the same time. The oak of our mountains has thick, broad leaves—that of the sea-shore, which we call willow and live oak, is satisfied with thin narrow leaves. The honeysuckle changes them at will into tendrils, the pea into hands with three or five fingers, with which to grasp its support, this only when it has reached a certain height, and needs the latter; the passion flower converts them into a corkscrew, whilst the common nasturtium is content with a simple hook at the end of the leaf. Their arrangement also around stem and branches is not left to accident: a distinguished mathematician of our Cambridge once astonished a large and learned audience not a little, when he informed them that plants knew mathematics, and arranged their leaves according to fixed rules. A spiral line drawn from the base of one leaf, around the stem, to that of another, shows regular intervals between them, which vary in different plants, but are in each carefully and strictly observed.

The great purpose of life in leaves is to carry on their most active and important vital function—their respiration. They are the lungs of plants, not condensed, as in man, in one organ, but scattered independently in countless numbers over the branches. For the purpose of breathing they are endowed with innumerable and often invisible little openings, commonly on both sides—in aquatic plants, however, whose leaves float on the surface of the water, only on the upper side. In the cactus tribe they are almost wholly wanting, hence the latter are so succulent, because they retain all the fluid that their roots have sucked up, and exhale nothing. Their activity is, of course, a twofold one, as they both take in and give out, without ceasing. They inhale atmospheric air, appropriate its carbon for the formation of their juices, and return the separated and disengaged oxygen in the form of gas. This process, however, can only go on during daytime, as light is indispensable—and is performed by all the *green* parts of a plant alike. It is this incessant labor, which makes plants not only an ornament of our earth and a food for man and cattle, but renders them so eminently useful in the great household of Nature. They absorb the carbon, that man cannot breathe, and furnish, in return, the oxygen, without which he cannot exist; thus virtually, by their industry, rendering the atmosphere fit for the support of Animal Life. Besides the exhalation of oxygen,

the leaves also evaporate nearly two-thirds of the water which the roots have imbibed, and sent up to them through the interior of the plant. The moment, however, this now perfectly pure water is exhaled, it is dissolved in the air and becomes invisible to the eye.

Another duty, which the leaves of plants perform with still greater energy, is the drawing of water *from* the atmosphere. They drink it in, from the first moment of their short life, to the last day, by all possible means and contrivances. The young leaves, as yet wholly or in part rolled up, are but so many cups or spoons, turned to heaven to gather all the moisture they can hold. As the young plants grow, they unfold leaf after leaf, and all perform the same duty with the same eagerness. From the cedar of Lebanon down to the bashful violet, each plant holds forth its gigantic mass of foliage or its tiny goblet, to have *its* share of the precious moisture. All are greedy consumers of water, and know how to obtain it, by some peculiar, as yet unknown process, even in such regions of the Tropics, where for half the year no cloud darkens the ever-serene sky, and where not even dew is given to refresh the panting vegetation. Their power, in this respect, is as great as it is mysterious. The most succulent plants of the Tropics cling to the faces of barren cliffs, or rise from dry, dust-like sand. It is true, their leaves contain both caoutchouc and wax, and are covered with a thin layer of these substances, as with a water-proof cloak, to prevent evaporation under a burning sun. Some plants, however, *support* themselves not only, but actually increase in weight when suspended in the air, and unconnected with any soil, as the common houseleak and the aloe. The so-called air-plant, perhaps the most remarkable of the whole vegetable kingdom, is but a single leaf, without stem or root, and yet it is able to maintain life, to grow and to blossom, if only hung up in a warm and damp atmosphere, though it be not even in contact with any other substance. It puts out buds, these become leaves, drop tiny roots into the air, and soon exist as independent plants.

And here again we cannot help observing, how quietly the work of Nature is going on, unsuspected and unheeded by us. The innumerable leaves of our forest and arbor trees form a vast summer laboratory, in which the great work of plants is incessantly continued, and which contributes, to an incalculable extent, to the support and the health of all animal

existence. They afford us thus another of the thousand proofs of creative design, which we may, at a glance, obtain from the vegetable world. They labor and work for themselves apparently all the while, but render the earth and all life thereon invaluable service. Even when they greedily draw up all moisture by roots or leaves, they become our benefactors. The despised mosses hold up their little cups to drink in the waters of heaven, and make most ample return for its bounty. They clothe the steep sides of lofty hills and mountain ranges, and their densely-crowded delicate leaflets attract and condense the watery vapors constantly floating in the air, and thus become the living fountains of many a proud stream. The tall trees of the forest draw down the rain-filled cloud, as the lightning-rod invites the thunder cloud, and the moisture so distilled is condensed into little streamlets which trickle down from twig and bough, even when the ground is dry and dusty. This gives fertility also to adjoining fields. The heavy, damp air, gathered by the woods, sinks down as fog or mist when the still cool evening comes, and rich dew pearls in the morning on the meadows and refreshes the fields. Trees thus affect materially the climate and general character of countries. Thickly-wooded regions, like our own continent, are colder and more humid than cultivated or broad treeless savannahs; they abound in rain and fertile dew; and to cut down our trees is seriously to impair the supply furnished by them to springs and rivers. Some lands would not be habitable but for trees. In one of the Canaries neither springs nor rivers are found; but there grows a large, tall tree, called with veneration the *Saint*, in some of the deep recesses of the mountains. It keeps its lofty head all night long wrapped up in-mist and clouds, from which it dispenses its timely, never-ceasing moisture in little rivulets, running merrily down from the leaves. Small reservoirs are built for the purpose of catching the precious gift, and thus alone the island is made a fit dwelling-place for man.

Humbler plants store up water in smaller quantities, but not the less pure or welcome. The melon cactuses have been called the vegetable fountains of the desert, because they conceal under their hideous prickly envelope, covered with dry lichens, an ample supply of watery pith. The great Humboldt tells us graphically, how, in the dry season, when all life has fled from the pampas, and

even snakes lie buried in the dried-up mud, the wild mule, perishing with thirst, gallops up to the ill-shapen plants, strikes with its hoofs at the powerful prickles, until it has made an opening, and then warily approaches with long protruding lips, to drink the well-defended, cool and refreshing juice. Brazil, also, has a plant—the Rainy one, it is called—which is remarkable for a constant flow of water from the points of its leaves, which falls upon the parched ground like a gentle shower of rain-drops. Quite a number of plants, it is well known, have regular pitchers, in which they accumulate moisture—some from within, and others by holding them open in rain or damp weather and closing a curiously-fashioned lid, when they are filled. Such are the side-saddle flower of our own country, with leaves like pitchers, covered with a top, half full of water; the monkey-cup of South America, to which it was once believed the monkeys resorted to quench their thirst, and the distilling nepenthe, which holds up its capacious and elegantly-formed pitchers, full of a cool, colorless water, in the burning sands of the desert. A few trees change the nature of the fluid, and one, the cow-tree, is even good enough to satisfy hunger as well as thirst. It yields a rich, bland and oily juice, closely resembling milk, and that in sufficient abundance to refresh and to satisfy the hunger of several persons. But if the leaves of plants are so industriously and incessantly at work, it must not be forgotten, that some go regularly to rest, and sleep so profoundly that in a clover-field not a leaf opens until after sunrise, and others in South America are universally known as the “sleepers.” Most mimosas fold up their delicate, feathery leaves, as night approaches, and when the sun rises once more, the little sleeping ones unfold again, slowly, and, as it were, reluctant, like some of us, to begin their work anew. It has even been observed, that these so-called sensitive plants, when wounded or otherwise suffering, cannot sleep, but keep their leaves open and erect all night long, until they perish. Other plants close their leaves during the day, and awake from their slumbers at night, while a few even droop and clasp the stem, as if seeking support in its strength, whenever the sky is overcast and a storm is threatening.

This peculiar faculty of sleep, stands in immediate connection with the general power of certain leaves to move, either upon coming in contact with other bodies, or, apparently, in spontaneous motion.

All the above-mentioned mimosas fold up their leaves, when merely touched; first one little leaflet will be closed, then another, until the whole leaf proper, with its delicate footstalk, droops down and clasps the stem of the parent. If the plant be very irritable—and nervousness is here found to be in proportion to good health—the other leaves will follow the example, until the whole little plant plays, to use a Virginia phrase, “possum,” and looks, for all the world, as if it were asleep. The oxalis of this continent requires several successive strokes to produce the same effect, and the robinia, our locust, which sleeps at night, must be violently shaken. The common wild lettuce, also, shows a great irritability, and, curiously enough, only when the plant is in flower. Upon being touched, the leaves contract beneath, and force out, above, a milky juice, with which they soon become covered.

The so-called spontaneous movements of leaves and other parts of plants arise mostly, though not always, from their general tendency to turn towards the light. Little is as yet known with accuracy of this interesting feature in the life of plants. A great number of leaves, however, alter their position by night and by day. Some make a half, some a quarter revolution, and then turn their points downward. Others again fold up, in regular order, the youngest leaf first, as if it required most rest, whilst the oldest are apt to do entirely without it. In other plants it is the state of the atmosphere, which determines such movements—the beards of the geranium and the wild oat, curl up in dry weather, and straighten again in damp days—other plants do the contrary. The hygrometrica of South America closes the leaflets of its finely pinnated foliage long before the clouds rise, and thus foretells the impending change of the weather, and the plant, known among us as the fly-trap, is called in its home on the warm plains on the banks of the Senegal, the good-morning flower, because at that season of the day it gracefully bends over and lowers to the passer-by. On the banks of the Ganges, however, exists a vegetable form, so quick of life as to resemble some of the minor animals in its motion. The leaflets of this singular plant are in perpetual motion: one leaflet will rise by a succession of little starts and then fall in like manner; while one rises, another droops, and thus the motion continues and extends over the whole foliage. Nor does it cease at night; in fact it is said to be more vigorous even in the shade, and in the still, hot hours of

an Indian summer-night the plant is full of life and incessant motion. Not less singular is the action—for it is more than motion—of plants, like Venus's fly-trap and others. The flowers are covered with sweet honey, and thus allure many an unfortunate insect, which has no sooner touched the sweet store, than the plant moves either the long stiff hairs, which grow along the middle nerve, or closes its crown of gorgeously colored leaves

above, and thus seizes upon the unlucky robber. We can speak no longer of sweet innocent flowers—for so foud are these blood-thirsty plants of their favorite delicacies, that they will not thrive in green-houses from which insects are excluded, and gardeners have been compelled to supply them, strange as it may sound, literally with animal food, to see them thrive and blossom as in their native home!

THE GARDEN WALK.

I SAUNTERED down the garden walk,
Where she beneath the trees was sitting,
The faint May shadows round her fitting,
As some leaf moved upon its stalk.

The apple blossoms, falling slow,
Had nestled mid her sunny tresses,
Till it seemed wondrous such caresses
Did never melt such seeming snow.

She read a book upon her knee,
I knew 'twas mine. One white hand listless
Drooped o'er the page with grace resistless,
As she had died to all save me!

About her fell, half gold, half gray,
Shadow and sun, through young leaves sifted,
While she, with delicate head unlifted,
Seemed some unblossomed bud of May.

The very birds themselves were dumb,
And through the foliage peeped in wonder,
At that fair student shape that under
In search of quietude had come.

I stepped upon the soundless moss
And crept behind with muffled breathing,
My fingers o'er her eyelids wreathing,
And veiling all her sight across.

"Wilt have him, who behind thee stands?"
I cried, half laughing, to the maiden;
And she, in voice with music laden,
Cried, "Take, oh! take away thy hands!"

"I do not blush to speak my soul,
Nor need a veil before my features.
I love you best of all God's creatures,
And feel no shame to tell the whole."

And then she nestled to my side
And told me all her soul had coffered;
The sun fell round us as I offered
My heart, and she with hers replied.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

(Continued from page 493.)

VII.

THE RAMBLA AND THE MURALLA DE TIERRA.

BARCELONA is the city of promenades. Let all amateurs of the walk go there, and they will find opportunities for their favorite amusement unsurpassed by those of any town in Europe. First is the imitable Rambla. Here are the principal hotels, the theatres, the cafés, the post-office, the college, the library, the clubs, the reading rooms, the fruit and flower markets; and here at different hours of the day, or in different parts of the walk, are to be met all classes and conditions of men, from *hidalgos* to gypsies, from *Dulcineas* to *ragazzas*. Even the day-laborers who take up their stand at certain points in the spacious avenue, add to its picturesque-ness. Of these none are more noticeable than the whitewashers, a group of whom may be seen at almost any hour at their particular rendezvous; and whose long brushes rise in the air almost high enough to remind one of the masts in the great square of Venice. But picturesque as they are at a distance, on coming near enough to inspect their persons, one is tempted to suggest to them that they would do a very sensible thing if they would set to and whitewash one another. Yet whatever may be the condition of their persons, their dress is always of the gayest. A whitewasher's *gambote*, in which during the winter months he stands wrapped like a Roman in his toga, is bright with more colors—the red predominating—than ever was Joseph's. A cloak by day, it is a blanket at night. It is wardrobe and bed-furniture; mat and umbrella. He makes as much show with it as a peacock with his tail. And well may he be proud of it, for this and his brush constitute well nigh his earthly all. This winter cloak is worn by all the lower classes; and though used for all sorts of purposes, it must be acknowledged, to the credit of the wearers, that it generally has a clean look. The colors seem too bright to be susceptible of tarnish. Add to this universal garment a pair of breeches, which may be plush—a pair of leggings, which may be leathern—white hempen sandals—and a brilliant kerchief twisted gayly around the brows—and you have before you that coxcomb of day-laborers, the Barcelonese.

But he has a rival in the Catalan peasant, who comes in from the country. This

fellow is all velvet. He is nothing if not tag and tassel. And yet he might better be described as a walking pair of trousers. These come fully up to his armpits, reducing the length of his suspender to a span; and they descend to his feet with such ample folds that, if inflated with gas, they would bear aloft the wearer as in a double balloon. His feet are in sandals; his breast is covered with a short, richly wrought vest; a braided and buttoned jacket is thrown jauntily over his left shoulder; and a long woollen *gorro*, red as heart's blood, or purple as the dye of Tyre, either hangs down over one ear, or is folded regally up on the forehead.

But more than by the red *gambote* of the hireling, or the dark velvets of the mountaineer, will the stranger's eye be attracted by the gay *molados* of the peasant girls, and the unadorned heads of the town *ragazzas*. He will not fall in love indeed with either of them—for they are just a hairbreadth too tall. To tell the truth, they border on the strapping. Not fitted to excite the passion of love in any but vulgar breasts, they are made to give suck to a half-gigantic race of hewers of wood and drawers of water. Still, if you look sharply enough, you will not fail of finding, here and there, a *ragazza* sufficiently *picola* to please your fancy, and to make the promenade graceful. Unlike the maid of softer Andalusia, the Catalonian does not deck her hair with flowers. It is itself its only ornament. Black, glossy, abundant, it needs no other adorning. She wears her head uncovered by a veil. No mantilla graces her shoulders. Her robe is a simple calico. Only the large heavy Moorish ear-rings of amethyst or emerald set off her natural beauty, and prove her not destitute of the vanity of a woman. You are half pleased. And, at last, when you observe, how well she walks—how easily and modestly she carries herself; when you get a chance of seeing how well her shoe fits, and how neatly her hand is gloved, you hesitate no longer. Buying the neatest bouquet at hand, you despatch the first errand boy you meet with after the fair promenader, to present with your offering of flowers the humble and respectful compliments of an *Estrangero*. Of course, the thing is utterly absurd—or would be out of Spain; but you don't think twice of it, and go on your way as if nothing had happened.

But let us pass the gate and leave the town behind. As we cross by the draw-bridge beyond moat and mound, we find ourselves on the promenade of the *Muralla de tierra*—a broad belt of green lying between the walls and the open country. This is thrown like a scarf around the city, encircling it on all sides, excepting that which looks to the sea. It makes a spacious promenade for both pedestrians and equestrians; while outside of it runs a road for carriages.

It is a winter morning; but the sun shines warmly out of a cloudless sky upon a greensward decked with daisies, and upon broad fields of waving wheat beyond. As we wind up the hill to the overhanging fortress of Monjuich, how fair the scene! Below us in the near distance the limestone-built town reflects the yellow sunlight. On one side it is washed by the blue Mediterranean, and on the other it is skirted by the green fields of the country. In the harbor rides at anchor a small fleet of vessels. In the offing are seen a goodly number of sails bearing in for the port; a government steamer is running up the coast to look for smugglers; and the fishing boats which went off at day-break are already bringing in their freights for the hour of dinner. If turning from the pleasant sight of the sea, we look along the winding shore, we see it thickly settled with bright colored towns and villages. Hamlets innumerable and cits' boxes hang suspended half-way up the sides of the mountains, which here run parallel with the shore. And over the tops of the more distant ranges behind, hangs the white fringe of that mantle of snows which now overspreads the North.

Retracing our footsteps, we meet gentlemen prancing on Andalusian horses over the green; we see companies of soldiers, both foot and horse, exercising on the broad parade grounds; we hear the roll of practising drummers; and if we stop on our way too near the ramparts, we are ordered to move on by the sentinel stationed on the inner wall. Crowds of idlers are attracted outside the walls to see the drill and listen to the music. Beggars, leaving their trade in town, come here to change the scene, and bask like vermin in the sunshine. Unemployed laborers come out to make a holiday by sitting about in squads on the grass, or lying asleep on the sunny banks. And so gay and picturesque is the costume of the lower classes, so graceful and easy are their attitudes, that wherever as many as three of them either sit or stand toge-

ther, it makes a group worthy of being transferred to canvas.

At the hour of noon many of them will be seen in places a little retired from town collected in families around their dinner. The earthen pot has been set up on three stones, a few sticks and dried grape-vines have been placed under it to make the fire. At first the stranger wonders how any thing could be cooked by the use of so little fuel; but he soon learns that it is the sun which makes the pot boil in this country. At any rate, by twelve o'clock the dinner is always forthcoming. Cloaks are spread on the turf around the steaming tripod. The father reclines on his elbow; the children lie and sit about in every conceivable posture which is not constrained or awkward. The mother serves on plates of tin the simple pot-luck. It is probably beans. If not that, it is a vegetable *olla*, in which all kinds of greens are commingled. The substance of it will be cabbage; but the soul and relish of it is garlic. An enormous *tortell* loaf furnishes a supply of bread; oil is the only additional condiment; and wine takes the place of both meat and water.

The physiologists say the pure juice of the grape produces in the animal economy the same ultimate effects as roast beef. Napoleon's soldiers, we know, made the tour of Europe on biscuit and brandy; and these powerful Spanish frames are reared from wine and onions. One thing is certain, that the Catalanian is too poor to have his joint of meat at dinner; and if he can get the same result from his bottle of *vino ordinario*, which costs him tuppence, it would be rather a hard case to bring him under any "teetotal" law. To take away his *porron*, would, in fact, be taking the chicken out of his pot. However, the millennium of "total abstinence" not having yet dawned on the Spanish coasts, and being probably destined to bless only the brandy and whiskey latitudes, there is a prospect that the happy natives of these wine-lands will continue to sit for generations to come in the pleasant and, in their case, very innocent shade of their own vines and fig-trees.

But upon entering the town, let us survey this crowd outside the *Puerta del Angel*. It is a hackney-coach stand—if such carriages as these may be described by so dignified an appellation. Strictly speaking, they are two-wheeled carts, with a leathern cover to keep off sun and rain, and an entrance from behind like an omnibus. They are drawn by one horse or mule, or by half a dozen of them, and generally with a good degree of speed.

Indeed, they go altogether too fast for comfort. For the carriage being well nigh destitute of springs, and the roads being, for the most part, as uneven as the waves of the sea, the passenger is most unmercifully jolted. The natives seem to like the fun of being so "knocked into cocked hats;" and go gayly over the road at a pace which would make a jelly of a foreigner. My advice would be always to keep out of them. For now the dust is wheel-rim deep—just about as deep as the mud on the Boulevards when I left Paris; and after the first rain—should it ever rain again in Barcelona—what is now dust will be turned to still deeper mire.

There are so many carriages on the station that the drivers of them, besides furnishing a certain quota to sleep on their coach-boxes, and another to watch at the gate for passengers, lie about in such numbers as to cover half an acre of greensward. There they play at cards and coppers. They squeeze a bottle together or peel an onion. With sunlight and a paper cigar they seem perfectly happy. Every one takes care to be ready for business when his turn comes, but until that time he is as independent as a beggar. The sunny day is never too long for him. If without work, he talks and sings. He cracks his whip. He trades horses. The sod is soft to his back; and with his bright eyes, he can even look the noonday sun in the face without winking. Curling himself up in his faithful cloak, he sleeps the hours away, if he happens to be an old stager; or wrapping it cavalierly around him, in case he is one of the b'hoys, he plays the gallant to the damsels who pass the gate. He may not earn us much money as his brother of Paris or London, but, surely, his is no harder lot. He does not wear out either himself or his beast with too much work; nor ever dies a broken-down hack—the one or the other.

VIII.

THE MURALLA DEL MAR AND LOVE-MAKING.

THE walks about the city of Barcelona, such as those through the Rambla, around the *Muralla de tierra*, to Monjuich, to the Cementirio, to Gracia, to the gardens of San Beltran, to the fountains of Trobada, to the *torres y huertas*, and to the mountains, may be enjoyed every fine day in winter—that is to say, every nine days out of ten. But to go to the *Muralla del Mar*, one must select a holiday. Then all the beauty and fashion of the

town will be there. The walk extends a distance of more than a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and is built on a mural rampart which protects the town from the sea. Broad, level, and strewn with clear sand, it is a perfect pathway to the feet. Commanding a view of the harbor, open in winter to the sun, and cooled in summer by a breeze from the sea, no more luxurious lounge could be devised for leisure—no fairer scene imagined for the display of beauty by sunlight. On some state occasions there is a morning reception at the palace of the Captain General, which is connected with the terrace; and then bands of music play in the balconies, while the crowd passes to and fro beneath. On all high festival days the throng is very great. The walk is resplendent with silks and velvets of the most brilliant colors. The dark mantilla and the white veil are mingled with the gay hats of France. Flowers vie in the hair with brilliants. The plumes of the officers blend with the feathers of the fair. The air flashes with epaulettes and jewelry; and a thousand glancing eyes add to the brilliancy of even Spanish sunlight. There, in a saloon roofed by the sky, and walled in on one side by palaces, and on the other by the sea, one pays his morning court to the stately dames and gentle daughters of Barcelona. He salutes his acquaintances, makes his visits—and loses his heart.

It is a peculiarity of Barcelonese manners, that the fashionable ladies never appear on this, their favorite promenade of the *Muralla*—rarely, in fact, are to be seen in the street at all—on any days not sacred to the memory of some eminent saint. But on all the high festivals of the church they always pass from the mass to the *Muralla*. They do not go to church to see and be seen, as it is sometimes said ladies do in Protestant countries; for they repair to the altar to pay their devotions, and afterwards to the promenade to receive them. The two modes of worship—not to say kinds of idolatry—are kept separate in Spain. Perhaps in the warmer Catholic climes there may be more frailties to compound for than in the cold Protestant North; and the more exclusive appropriation of the hour of public prayer to the duties of confession and penitence may be accounted for on a principle which will not compel us to acknowledge the inferiority of our own piety.

Yet I must confess that I have nowhere been more impressed by the solemnity of Christian worship than in the churches

of Spain. The very edifices are devotional—I mean the interiors of the finest cathedrals. I will not undertake to say whether the light of divine truth be not shut out; but in no churches is the day so religiously excluded. A solemn twilight pervades the lofty, long-drawn aisles. Burning tapers are necessary at noonday to dissipate in part the gloom which shrouds the dying Christ above the altar. The deeply stained glass of the windows admits just light enough to reveal its own gorgeousness; and only through the painted dove in the ceiling streams a single ray of sunshine into the general obscurity, now falling upon the white-clad priests, and now lighting up a Murillo or a Velasquez on the wall. The beau cannot therefore ogle the belle half-way across the church; and should he even be permitted to kneel on the same square of pavement, he will scarcely recognize the beloved form, wrapped in the dark mantilla; nor hope to exchange more than quite a limited number of glances with eyes veiled in such very long black lashes.

But let us proceed with the throng from the Church to the *Muralla*. We shall there be able to see clearly the eyes of beauty beaming full upon us. The glorious sun will kiss away the penitential tear from off all cheeks. And the hand which could not be admired, nor even pressed with any sort of propriety in the consecrated shades, will now be revealed in all its fair proportions. *Vamos*—let us hasten.

You are in white kids and patent leathers. *Corriente*—all is right. Now adjust your glass. Screw it firmly into your left eyebrow; and make it doubly secure by a well set scowl which you have been so zealously affecting since your arrival in Europe. *Muy bien*—that will do. Your cloak is thrown over your shoulder very gracefully. But it is too warm this January day for that. Come out in blue and brass; it is Spanish so to do. I see that you are fresh from Figaro. He has given you the last touch and pinch of his curling irons; and every hair of your head is, as it should be, more or less started. Come on then. Give your moustache just one more twirl, and you may even pass for one of the *nosotros*—that is to say, *we ourselves*, the Spaniards.

And now that I have set you fairly on the *Muralla*, Mr. Bachelor, I leave you to your fate. The first persons you meet may be a couple of stately dames in velvets and laces, respecting whom you sim-

ply observe that they are fat enough to be sold to the Grand Turk. In Barcelona, a lady is fat as sure as she is forty. Do what she will—paint her face, dye her hair, roll her eyes, play her fan—her age cannot be disguised; it is measured by the length of the ribbon around her waist. Dawdling her time away in the house, where the customs of society, or the jealousy of her husband, condemn her to spend her days, and rarely taking the air except when she goes to church, or passes with mincing steps over the easy promenade, she almost invariably becomes with advancing age a couple of stone or so too stout. Smoking paper cigarettes, drinking sour lemonade, dressing with pulleys, blood-letting—all are unavailing preventives. Good, easy nature will distend, and gradually get plumpy, and come to waddling. *Fat and forty*—’tis the lot to which the slender maiden, whom you clasp in your arm as easily as a nosegay in your hand, looks forward as the certain end of earthly bliss and coquetry. *Press my hand quick*, is, therefore, the motto of her youth; for she knows full well that after a few revolving Carnivals, the dear, dimpled little thing, with its rosy, tapering fingers, and nails of pink, will be laid up for ever in *Number Eights*.

Spanish nature admits of but one exception to this law of increment. The single spinster—Heaven help her!—who is now passing you with that look, half bashful, half imploring, is as scraggy as any of her cousins of the north. Whether it be by innumerable errands of charity, or of gossip, that she is so worn down to skin and bones; whether it be in prayers for poor sinful souls, or from nursing her own melancholy, that she has sighed her nose down to the sharpness of a knife-blade, is no business of mine to inquire. I simply state the fact as it came under my observation. But do what she will, it seems certain that neither beef nor Benicarlo will make her fat. Three thousand ducats—every thing she has in the world, excepting her hand—would she give for a “pound of man’s flesh.” But capricious nature, which bestows on the married dame more muscle than she can carry, gives to the single one scarcely enough to stand up with. There is no help for it. But, fortunately, there are only a few of this class in Spain. The Spanish ladies, for reasons best known to themselves, always accept the first offer of marriage; and by following this excellent rule, they rarely fail of getting husbands. It would, no doubt, be so in all

countries—excepting, perhaps, England, where “old maids” are a social necessity, and part of the civil constitution.

But look out! *Ave Maria purísima!* There’s a veritable señorita coming! An Andalusian maid, and child of the sun. *Valgame Dios!* How airily she comes gliding on; and with what a dainty movement of the feet. No graceless hat covers her head. Only the rose is in her hair. A black mantilla falls over her shoulders. Her waist is a *chef d’œuvre* of art—her bosom of nature. And in her little hand she is playing you her fan with a coquetry irresistible, fatal. All this you see at the very first glance, but as you get nearly abreast of her, the silken lashes are raised; and the large dark eyes are levelled full upon you. The shaft goes to your heart.

Now what do you propose to do? There is but one thing to be done, considering the country you are in. You ogle her. For the next fortnight you ogle her on the promenade, in the theatre, at the ball, any where you can find her. Perhaps even eight days will suffice; for love is no laggard in these latitudes. At the end of that time, you slip your billet-doux into her hand as she is leaving the theatre. Or you may go on your knees to her duenna, if you prefer it. But, one way or the other, the thing is agreed upon between you. Night and hour are fixed.

It is all plain sailing now. You have only to apply to the watchman, whose duty it is to go bawling out the hour of the night and the state of the weather up and down the street, in which resides your Dulcinea:

“Want your ladder at twelve, sharp.”

“Happy to serve your Worship.”

And, at the same time, you slip into his hand a persuader and cause of action. At the appointed hour, your man is at his post of duty. If the piece you gave him was a gold one, he will be there punctually. And, by the by, it may as well be observed here for the benefit of all travellers going to Spain, or even to Portugal, that most persons, in making an estimate of their probable expenses in the Peninsula, go very wrong in their calculations from taking into the account the cheapness of provisions there, but leaving out the very exorbitant prices usually paid for ladders. *Verbum sat.*

You mount to the first balcony. Unfortunately, young Misses in Spain are never allowed to sleep lower down than the third story. Still, where there is a will, there is a way—even to the top of

the house. Your lady-love lets down to you her rope-ladder! One desperate effort more—don’t look down, or you may have an attack of vertigo—and you are kneeling at the prettiest pair of feet that ever walked Spanish. For the first five minutes, you may be too much overcome by the climbing for speech. But the moment you do get your breath, you pour out such a conflagration of hot vows as would inevitably set the chimney on fire, but luckily there are no such things in the country.

You are now an accepted lover—and get down the ladder the same way you got up. You will next day be introduced to the family—entering the house by the front-door—when you will take care to observe most punctiliously all the formalities in such cases made and provided. From that point, the operations of courtship are carried on very nearly as in other Christian countries. It is only the admission over the window-sill which is a *cosa de España*. By the end of a twelvemonth, or before, you are married; and, being thoroughly tired of the tosses and crosses of single travel, you settle down to the performance of all domestic, social and civil duties with a most exemplary fidelity. You become the head of a fine family of children. Your youngest, dear little rogue, fills up the measure of your delights, as, tugging away at the hair of your head with one hand, and ramming the fingers of the other up your nostrils, he charms you with his lisping of *pa-pa, poor pa pa*. ’Tis a consummation of travel devoutly to be wished.

IX.

THE BEACH AND THE DRAWING OF NETS.

At Barcelona the winter generally lasts a fortnight. The perpetual sunshine of the year being interrupted for about that length of time in the month of January, this brief interval of cloud and damp, whitened once in a quarter of a century by a few snow-flakes, is termed in the language of courtesy *el invierno*.

It was, I remember, a day or two after the close of this brief season, that I strolled out of town, one morning, to the beach, for the purpose of seeing the fishermen draw their nets. The first part of my path lay along the *Muralla del Mar*, where the gorgeous scene was worthy of the pencil of a Turner. Out at sea, the horizon was a blaze of sunlight; in the harbor, the ships had unfurled their sails to dry in the golden day; and, in all directions, the white, brown and purple of the canvas was vividly painted on the blue of the re-

posing waves. Directly before me was moored a large ship from the Levant, the sailors of which were climbing the shrouds in their picturesque but unsailor-like costume; near the landing-place a goodly number of red-capped boatmen were lying upon their oars, idling away in unconscious delight the sunny hours; porters in cool linen were piling high upon the wharf the yellow wheat from the Ebro; and boys, with nothing but their shirts on, were wading for muscles about the rocks on the shore. I leaned over the railing of the *Muralla*, and gazed long at this beautiful sea scene, where the sailor, no longer tempest-tost, or drifting upon the rock-bound shore, was lying safely at anchor in a peaceful haven, and pouring out in laugh and song the natural gayety of a heart at ease.

I lingered another half hour, too, in the garden *del general*. There were gathered together birds from many climes, which were making the morning resound with their sweet voices. So loudly were they vaunting the delights of their imprisoned life, that even the free wanderers of the air, attracted by the resounding joy, were fluttering in considerable numbers around—apparently itching to be caged. The cypress and myrtle here cast a mingled shade of melancholy and of love. Still, the climbing rose peeping into every bower was smiling too brightly on the scene to leave any spot for sadness. The orange thickets were, at the same time, golden with fruit and white with flowers; the pepper-tree hung out over the humbler foliage its delicate fringes; and the palm, towering above all, spread against the sky its fan of leaves. Swans were arching their necks over the surface of sunny pools, in which gold and silver fish were gambolling; and one could have the satisfaction of looking upon the play of fountains in mid-winter without exposing himself to an attack of the ague.

The gates are open to all classes, from beggars to hidalgos. And how luxurious is the life of the former in this bower of flowers! In winter, seeking out some warm bench, he basks with his fellows in the rays of the cheerful sun. In summer, lying upon some fountain's sheltered bank, or beneath the protecting roof of overhanging branches, he woos the shade, and saves himself the cost of perspiration he can so ill afford to lose. He entertains his hours with the cheap music of birds and falling fountains. He sees the gay world go by. And with an onion and a crust under his jacket, he looks upon well-fed lords and ladies less with envy

than with sympathetic delight. He knows that, "for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin," some pious souls will have pity on him in his extremities. His daily crumbs, therefore, are as sure as bond and mortgage. For, indeed, he will give all good christians who come near his bower no peace until they pay toll to his beaver. You may plead poverty for the moment; may put him off till Sunday, when you give to every body; may entreat; may threaten; may get into a passion, or may hold your peace, and affect not to notice him. It will not all do. He will stick closer to you, being a stranger, than a brother. Yet there is one formula which will stop his importunities, and is therefore in very general use among the natives. If you say to him with good Castilian accent, *Vaya con Dios—Be off, and may the blessing of God go with you*, he gives it up at once. I have often tried the experiment, and never known it to fail. And what is still more strange, I have found this Spanish form of words to succeed even with your Irish mendicant. Whether it mystifies poor Paddy, or whether it frightens him, and makes him think he has fallen in with the devil's first cousin, I know not. But in three cases out of four, I have found this *Vaya con Dios* to act as a perfect charm. I doubt, however, whether a Scotch gaberlunzie could be put off with any such nonsense; and I have also observed that all old country beggars, once landed on the shores of Yankeedom, seem to regard the cabalistic words as no more than so much "palaver."

Sauntering on through the garden I passed the town-gates, and soon gained the open shore. A gentle swell was riding into land, and breaking in musical ripples on the winding beach. Bright-looking towns and villages were seen in the level distance; and out at sea, for many a league, the vaporless expanse of water smiled in the sunlight. Just above the sea-mark on the shore stand the homes of the fishermen, built on the sands. They are mere huts of earth, and such timber as is to be gotten out of reeds, cactus leaves, corn-stalks, matting and rags. The materials of this composite order of architecture are cemented together by a few rope-ends. A curtain made of a piece of sackcloth, or an old petticoat, does the office of a door, and closes at night the only entrance into this six-by-eight kennel. Nevertheless in each one whole families of men, women and children are stowed away. Like brutes they live—though they may die very good Catholics. The kitchen of one of these domes-

tic establishments is, of course, outside. It consists of three stones and a pot on the top of them. Under this vessel burn a few vines, a few leaves, a little dirt. In it is the refuse of markets—wilted vegetables—garlic. The grandmother sits over the kettle, keeping the three stones and the beach sand burning. In her intervals of leisure, she searches the heads of her grandchildren to expel from the family those superfluous members which therein do burrow. To facilitate this important labor, the urchins are kept closely cropped, like the beggar-boys of Murillo. The dark, glossy, silken locks are mercilessly shorn off; and the little barbarian has nothing left him but his ears and his eyelashes.

While the aged hag is thus occupied, the other members of the family are at work upon the net. In the morning this is set about a mile out at sea; and in the afternoon it is drawn into land. The two extremities of the net, when it is stretched out in the water, are about a quarter of a mile distant from each other. At these two outer ropes commences the work of drawing in the whole to the shore. In the early part of the operation, the labor is facilitated by the use of boats; but, later, it is done by the whole posse of men, women and children standing upon the beach. The two extremities gradually approach each other as they are hauled in, until at last they come together; and the fish are brought to land in the centre of the net as in a bag. The operation being done slowly occupies a space of several hours.

The drawing of nets is like the drawing of lotteries. The result may be a fish, or it may be a stone. Hence, as in all occupations where the issues depend largely upon chance, the curiosity of the persons concerned is a good deal excited. Their imaginations are stimulated; and the body derives new vigor from the cheerful action of the mind. The young fisherman, as he slowly draws to shore the innumerable meshes, ponders in his heart upon the possible value of his draught. If as imaginative as some fishers have been, he may see the treasures of half a sea coming in to shore. He may really catch only a few sardines, as long as his finger; but his fancy excludes from the net nothing short of behemoth and leviathan. There may even be dolphins and mermaids in it. He may have caught a nymph of the sea napping, and bring another Venus out of the foam. His dreamy thoughts wander down into the deep sea's caverns, and fish up pearls, corals and shipwrecked

doubloons. In every fish's mouth he will find a piece of money. His interest rises with every additional pull at the ropes; and only the sight of simple "cod and haddies," of crabs and herrings, of a flounder or two, of a bushel of sardines, will at last convince him that his prizes are blanks, and that his treasures still lie in the bosom of the ocean buried.

The drawing of nets, therefore, is gala-work. Boys like to have a hand in it. It is done with gayety and song, like the labors of the vintage. At any rate, it is so at Barcelona. The whole tribe of fishers, when I saw them at work on the beach, may have consisted of some forty or fifty men, women and children. Though clad like gypsies, they were all as merry as the best of Christians. They sang; they called and answered each other; they laughed and jested; they ate, and drank and smoked at the ropes, as though the easy toil were no interruption of their life of idleness and content. Their dress was as gay as their hearts were merry. All the men were in jackets which once, at least, had been velvet. Caps of all colors—white only excepted—graced their heads. Scarfs were bound around their loins; and all were naked to the knees.

I singled out one fellow for my special favorite. His cap was red; his jacket yellow; his breeches green; his sash purple. All were sadly the worse for wear; and were nearly all gone, except the colors. These stuck fast to him. Feet, legs, hands, breast and face were bare—and were bronze. A short cord, which, passing over his shoulder and across his breast, formed a loop, was attached behind his back by means of a slip-knot to the main rope of the net. By this cord, easily fastened on to the cable, as he commenced drawing at the water's edge, and as easily detached, when he reached the limit of the upper beach, my man was harnessed to the common load, and did his small proportion of the general labor. He ate his dinner at the same time that he did his work. For his hands being free, he had only to thrust one into one pocket and pull out a roll of bread; and the other into another and fish up an onion or a pepper. His bottle also was stowed away in his breeches, and was invariably brought out at the end of every course in the feast—that is, after every slice from his loaf and peel from his onion. There was no hurry in the service. It took about as much time for his bottle to get out of his pocket and back again, as it would for a decanter to go the rounds of a dinner table. He did not seem to be-

grudge the time. As he walked up the beach, harnessed to the cable, one foot followed the other with a slow and equal motion. It was evident that he was not walking for a wager. It was equally plain that he was swallowing his dinner not much faster than he could comfortably digest it. When his repast was at last brought to a close, that is, when the bread had been eaten to the last crumb, and the bottle emptied to the last drop, he drew out of his pocket a small book, as if to say his prayers. But he did no such thing. It was his smoking-book. Having carefully extracted a leaf, he placed on it a pinch of tobacco, and neatly rolled up a *cigarillo*, which he smoked apparently with as much relish as any *hidalgo* could his Havana.

By the time my barbarian had finished his *cigarillo*, the net had been nearly all dragged to the shore. In a short time, the fish were seen fluttering in the meshes. The march of the men at the rope was now slightly quickened. Another pull—another, still—and the shining, scaly booty was brought to land. Idlers and fishermen all crowded eagerly around to see the day's result. Their curiosity was soon satisfied, for the draught turned out to be a small one, and consisted only of a few bushels of sardines.

But these poor people seemed well satisfied. If they earn ten or twelve cents a day, 'tis all they care for. With three or four, they can buy as much black bread as will suffice for a man a day. With as many more, a big-bellied bottle of wine can be purchased. The rest will pay for the garlic and the tobacco; and any still remaining surplus may go to add another rag to their backs, or their cabins. The whole tribe were foreign-born, having come, a few years before, from the neighboring province of Valencia, in consequence of the higher wages, as they said, of the city of Barcelona.

Happy are they. Every day of the year, they draw their net. The sand of the beach makes them a soft couch at night. The murmuring of the sea soothes their slumbers. Their cabins look towards the *terra caliente*, the homes from which they have gone out, and whither they are too well off ever to wish to return. Children of the sun, they ask for no higher enjoyment than to lie on the burning beach, and to bathe in the tepid wave. And through many a peaceful year may you continue to drag your nets to the shore, ye simple fishers! The summer's sun, I know, will not be too

hot for you; may the winter never be too cold. When the rain descends and the floods come, may your huts not share the fate of the houses of greater sinners than you are. May you, at last, all die in your beds on the sand, and your final sleep be only the sounder for the murmuring waves which will break over your graves on the shore.

Even if admitted into the *cementerio*, these fishermen will not fail of being buried by their beloved Mediterranean. For this "God's acre" is situated hard by the sea, and near to the place of the drawing of nets. Only in this consecrated retreat, the dead sleep their sleep above ground. They are plastered into niches in the walls; and if they were to be baked, they could not be placed in sepulchres more resembling ovens. But, though in simple holes in the wall, they doubtless sleep well. In rough weather, the sea chants their requiem, and will continue to do so until its voice shall be drowned in the tumult of the final trumpet. At all other times, the gentle ripple which tosses its bubbles on the beach will not disturb so much as the dreams of an infant sleeper. And when, in the general resurrection of humanity, these bodies of the sons of God come forth, they will linger a moment, I am sure, ere taking their leave of this, their fair natal shore. Nor will any souls, which, from the four quarters of the earth, shall then ascend the skies, find any shorter pathway to heaven than that travelled by the simple fishers, who, from this spot, shall climb the Southern Pyrenees.

X.

HOLIDAYS AT BARCELONA.

SPANISH life is pretty well filled up with holydays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom, Italy, perhaps, excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught: they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies, the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the happier is he. These are the dull prose of an existence essentially poetic. On holy-

days, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *porron* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother church: at the sight of street processions, with crucifix and sacramental canopy, and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle also of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town-hall's front adorned with a flaming full-length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holyday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessities of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

All the Spaniard's holydays are religious festivals. There is no Fourth of July in his year. His mirth, accordingly, is not independent and profane, like the Yankee's. Being more accustomed also to playtime, he is less tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holyday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holydays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chesnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the *fandango* work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full but feverless.

The holyday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to

do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalize his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lays down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day: unconscious the while that the sand of half its hours has already run out. The village beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town and country wear their holyday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the *cafés* of the one, and the *ventorillos* of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gayety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity.

XI.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

ALL days, says the proverb, are not feasts in Barcelona—there are some which are fairs. As sure as the twenty-first of December dawns on the city, there will be a grand market held in it. The Rambala, the Paseo Nuevo, and all the broader streets and squares, will be filled with temporary booths. Every thing that can be wanted for a supply of a year's life, excepting daily bread, will there be spread out before the purchaser. From silks to rags, from new platters to rusty nails, from the books of the day to those printed in 1600, from the furniture for rich men's houses to the beggar's spoon and blanket, from every thing at first hand to every thing at third, what is there which cannot here be bought for *duros* and for *reals*? Nothing which is made for use is ever cast off in this country as worthless. What is first manufactured for the rich is afterwards sold to the poor. A crooked, rusty nail has here a marketable value. A cracked kettle which will not hold the rich man's water, will cook the stews of a beggar; and be prized as was the barber's basin by Don Quixote.

To all lovers, therefore, of patched-up chinaware, broken-backed chairs, and out-of-joint chests of drawers—to all collectors of uncurrent coins, books in black-letter, swords well hacked upon the skulls of the infidel, and old pictures warranted to be better than new—let me say Spain is your *El Dorado*. But hasten; for the exchangeable value of all this ancient dust and lumber is rapidly rising in the home market. Already, in fact, if you ask a Spaniard to sell you any old stone of his, three times out of four he takes the alarm, and puts an “asking price” upon it which would go nigh to purchasing the fabled philosopher’s. If a foreigner should propose to buy the clouted shoes off his feet, the suspicion would flash across his mind that they were a pair of seven-league boots in disguise; and he would sooner part with his honor as an *hidalgo* than allow them to go out of his possession. In fact, to drive a bargain with a native for any venerable heirloom, requires as much strategy as to conduct a campaign. You must approach the subject from as great a distance as you would if you were going to besiege a town. The first step to be taken is to make a direct allusion to the greatness of the Spanish nation—as it was in the days of the first Isabella—and promises to be in those of the second. Then, you may dilate at large on the fine climate of the country, the bravery of the army, the beauty of the women, the excellence of *vino ordinario*, and on all the manifold attractions of the heaven of the Spains. At length, concentrating your forces, you may adroitly address a few rounds of compliments to the individual Spaniard before you; and having first carried all his outworks, you will have every chance of capturing the citadel itself. To do this, perhaps no more will be necessary than simply to intimate that the possession of any relic which bore his name, or had been for the last thousand years in the keeping of his family, would be esteemed by you an honor of which you would be no less proud than of your own birthright. He will now, out of personal regard for so polite a gentleman, be most happy to part with the oldest parchment or porcelain in his family. You shall have it for courtesy’s sake—and the good round sum you have offered. So that at last you walk off relieved of the load in your pockets, and the fortunate possessor of some old, worm-eaten volume of ghostly Commentaries—some rusty Roman coin manufactured in the nineteenth century—some antiquated three-legged stool,

which formerly belonged to a duenna—some rickety set of drawers, once the property of a dilapidated old bachelor—a big carved stone, a piece of the rock of Gibraltar, or a picture of a very renowned saint in a high state of ecstasy.

But to return to the fair—one of the chief articles exposed for sale is live poultry. The Catalonian peasants, men, women and children, come down from the mountains with stock enough to supply a fowl for every pot in the city. After daybreak, there is no such thing as sleeping in all the town for the chanticleering. You cannot take your stroll through the *Rambla* for the number of cocks on the walk. However, if a fowl fancier, you push your way through; and have the satisfaction of seeing roosters carried off at a price far more reasonable than that which you had to pay for your *Shanghai*. While for one of these far-fetched crows, you have been fondly giving a sum of money large enough to buy even the Gallic cock himself off the very escutcheon of France, here you may pick up any number of Catalans, almost as big and twice as saucy, for less than it would cost in our large towns to supply them with gravel-stones. They are cheaper than dirt. You finally refuse to look at them, therefore, from sheer disgust; and turn all your attention to the peasant girls, who have them in charge.

These hold themselves less cheap. They are, in fact, prouder and more savage than any fighting cocks. You had better catch a Tartar than attempt to cage one of them for any purpose. They are perfect Amazons, and wear daggers in their garters. Beware! However, I will say this of them, that when it comes to fighting, they are no match for their mothers. The quarrels of these dames with each other are far more fierce, as well as amusing, than those of their own roosters, and reveal a peculiar feature of female manners in Catalonia. They do not end in words. They do not consist in pulling each other’s hair. These are but the accidents of the combat. The great aim and effort always is to perform upon each other in public, that operation which mothers are sometimes obliged to perform on crying babies in private. If they do not succeed in doing this, there is no victory—but merely a drawn game.

But let us go over to the *Paseo Nuevo*, and see the turkeys. There you will find a greater number of these birds congregated than you supposed to exist in all Spain. They cover this extensive promenade completely over. The heavens

are filled with gobblings. Never was such an amount of strutting seen on any walk as this. A modest man might be humiliated in the presence of so much pretension, and feel ashamed to hold his head up, lest he should be suspected of attempting to carry it over this immense roost of rivals. However, he is kept in countenance by the haughty dames who in full dress come out from church to make their selections for the spit. These

pass from drove to drove, looking where to choose, and evidently driving close bargains. The peasant, aided by wife and children, all having long reed poles, keeps his brood together, and easily catches his gobblers as fast as they are wanted. The weighing is done by hand. When bought, the bird is carried off by a servant in attendance; and the fine lady, continuing her promenade, joins the company on the *Muralla del Mar*.

(To be continued.)

JOHN VANDERLYN.

WE accustom ourselves to speak of the eccentricities of genius, and ascribe as a reason for the peculiarities of gifted men, either that they are the voluntary bestowment of an incomprehensible Providence, or else attribute them to influences so widely removed from the real cause, that when we come seriously to examine the subject we can hardly help smiling at the far-fetched and readily accredited theories.

Too often the melancholy effects of penury and want, silently endured, mark on the surface of fine and sensitive natures, hard and repulsive lines, even while the soul wells up genially and kindly as before; and smothered griefs and disappointments, borne alone and unshared, have often so completely shut out from the sympathy of their fellow-men, the most generous and beautiful of characters, that they for ever moved among them like frowning clouds along the open sky, or glittering icebergs across a summer sea.

It was my pleasure to have known Vanderlyn in the latter years of his life, and though I fully appreciated the cheerless and unhappy existence he led, and could sympathize with the unsatisfied longings he still cherished, circumstances prevented me from expressing my sympathy, or of adding, as I gladly would have done, an occasional ray of sunlight to his lonely and isolated life. I have regretted it a thousand times since, but console myself with the reflection that, perhaps, any poor effort of mine to win him back in the autumn of his days, to the serene enjoyment of his earlier life, before he took up the burden of his great disappointments, would be both futile and unavailing.

When a child, I heard with interest the

story of the humble boy, who by chance attracted the notice of Aaron Burr, and I had a great desire to see the man, who as the protégé of this child of destiny, had linked himself so intimately with his fortunes, and his checkered history. He was in France then, painting his picture of the "Landing of Columbus" for the Capitol, but returning soon after, when that last great work of his life was accomplished, my youthful desire was gratified, and my father introduced me to Vanderlyn one day when together we were waiting for the steamboat at the landing.

"He has a great reverence for you," said my father, "and is something of an artist himself."

The old man smiled, with satisfaction, I thought, that his name and character had made an impression upon even so humble an individual as I, and directly added in a solemn, regretful voice, "There is great uncertainty attending an artist's career in this country, as I can abundantly attest."

Our interview with him was but a brief one, yet, I recognized in the man the lingering sparks of a lofty but crushed ambition, whose great disappointments were silently and uncomplainingly borne, even in the view of the not very distant termination of his long and eventful career. I met him frequently afterwards, at short intervals, until his death, and can attest to his genial and companionable deportment, while in the society of those he deemed his equals. In the company of those who were really his inferiors, and with whom he necessarily had no sort of sympathy, he was frequently petulant and morose. Alas! a train of unfortunate and untoward circumstances forced upon him the companionship of such as these, in the latter years of his

To all lovers, therefore, of patched-up chinaware, broken-backed chairs, and out-of-joint chests of drawers—to all collectors of uncurrent coins, books in black-letter, swords well hacked upon the skulls of the infidel, and old pictures warranted to be better than new—let me say Spain is your *El Dorado*. But hasten; for the exchangeable value of all this ancient dust and lumber is rapidly rising in the home market. Already, in fact, if you ask a Spaniard to sell you any old stone of his, three times out of four he takes the alarm, and puts an "asking price" upon it which would go high to purchasing the fabled philosopher's. If a foreigner should propose to buy the clouted shoes off his feet, the suspicion would flash across his mind that they were a pair of seven-league boots in disguise; and he would sooner part with his honor as an *hidalgo* than allow them to go out of his possession. In fact, to drive a bargain with a native for any venerable heirloom, requires as much strategy as to conduct a campaign. You must approach the subject from as great a distance as you would if you were going to besiege a town. The first step to be taken is to make a direct allusion to the greatness of the Spanish nation—as it was in the days of the first Isabella—and promises to be in those of the second. Then, you may dilate at large on the fine climate of the country, the bravery of the army, the beauty of the women, the excellence of *vino ordinario*, and on all the manifold attractions of the heaven of the Spains. At length, concentrating your forces, you may adroitly address a few rounds of compliments to the individual Spaniard before you; and having first carried all his outworks, you will have every chance of capturing the citadel itself. To do this, perhaps no more will be necessary than simply to intimate that the possession of any relic which bore his name, or had been for the last thousand years in the keeping of his family, would be esteemed by you an honor of which you would be no less proud than of your own birthright. He will now, out of personal regard for so polite a gentleman, be most happy to part with the oldest parchment or porcelain in his family. You shall have it for courtesy's sake—and the good round sum you have offered. So that at last you walk off relieved of the load in your pockets, and the fortunate possessor of some old, worm-eaten volume of ghostly Commentaries—some rusty Roman coin manufactured in the nineteenth century—some antiquated three-legged stool,

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life, and then he acquired a reputation for churlishness and moroseness, as universal as it was unjust and undeserved.

He was accustomed to speak feelingly upon the subject of the building of the Rotunda, in the Park in New York, which was a darling scheme of his life. Here he hoped to exhibit panoramas and pictures, from the emoluments of which he might be enabled to devote himself to the higher walks of art. In this transaction, whether justly or not, is not for me here to decide, he imagined himself to have been grossly wronged by the authorities, and the disappointments consequent upon the utter and ruinous failure of that scheme, exerted an embittering influence over all his after life.

It was my privilege to have seen among his private papers, after his death, a copy of a letter addressed to — upon the receipt of the commission from Congress to paint the Landing of Columbus, in which he most feelingly alludes to his disappointments, and regretfully deplores that Congress had withheld this oft-coveted boon until the freshness and vigor of his years was past; and he seems to have set about the prosecution of the work, not in the spirit of pride and emulation with which, in his earlier career, he would have seized this opportunity of rendering himself immortal, but rather to build up for himself an unsatisfactory monument from the grudging and tardy bequest of an ungrateful country. He felt that he could have done it better years before, when, in the ardor and enthusiasm of his inspiration, he craved the opportunity; but when it did come, he turned sorrowfully to his canvas to fulfil the commission, because he felt that he had left no worthy record of his life behind him.

After his return from Europe, and while he was exhibiting his picture through the Atlantic cities, he used frequently to come to Kingston, his native village, to remain but for a few weeks at a time, allured, I have no doubt, by the tender associations that clung around the place of his birth, and which came up before him with a grateful freshness after the varied events of his life, and the long years of voluntary exile from his native land. His last great work was accomplished, and the most of his early friends, as well as the illustrious companions of his honored manhood, were sleeping their last, quiet sleep; and here, under the shadow of his loved Kaatskills, among their green graves, he found his highest as well as saddest enjoyment, communing alone, amid the scenes of his lost yet

cherished childhood, with the forms of beauty that thronged his soul.

Among the old landmarks of the history of Ulster County, is the house where he was born, standing upon the outskirts of the village, interesting, besides, as being the only house left standing when Kingston was burned by the British in the Revolution.

After he had exercised the privilege accorded him by Congress, of exhibiting his picture through the United States, and it was at last placed in the panel of the Rotunda, designed for its reception, he might fitly have laid down his pencil and his aspirations. He stood alone, with more than seventy varied years behind him. The star of Napoleon, who had encouraged and flattered him, had gone down in obscurity; and Burr, his early friend and patron, had died in ignominy; and of all the illustrious companions of his proud and prosperous days, but here and there a few remained, awaiting serenely their final summons. The Stuarts, the Wests, the Reynoldses, the Copleys, the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Burrs, all were gone; and looking back upon the days when he enjoyed their companionship and encouragement, and comparing them with the utter loneliness of his declining years, he might well have sighed for the closing scene.

But it was otherwise with him. The long years that had passed since he received the commission for the National picture, had exhausted the appropriation Congress had made for the artist, and in his old age he was forced to take upon himself the drudgery of portrait painting, as a means of sustenance, the intervals of which were filled up by a new and more gorgeous dream of painting a large picture of the discovery of the Hudson river. He used to discourse earnestly about it in his visits to Kingston, and seemed to be preparing to undertake the work upon the grandest scale. Death came, and buried his dream in oblivion.

I remember him, as a hale, intelligent-looking old gentleman of the old school, with erect form, polite bearing, and refined but shadowed countenance, as well it might be, so widely different from the sprightly, hopeful expression of his portrait, painted in his youth, an engraving from which, and executed while he was in Paris, is preserved among his papers.

One morning in September, 1852, having landed from the steamboat in a feeble condition, he set out to walk to Kingston, two and a half miles distant; but becoming fatigued in a short time, he

stopped, and was discovered by a friend, from whom he craved a shilling, to pay for the transportation of his trunk, adding, that he was sick, and entirely destitute of money. Here was the companion of kings and emperors, the friend of Madison, and protégé of Burr, with the frost of almost eighty winters white upon his head, a heartbroken suppliant in the very village where he was born, and upon which he had reflected so much honor, discouraged and disheartened by the coldness and indifference he had everywhere met, come back to die in the place of his birth, to lay down his reverend head, a beggar among his ungrateful countrymen.

He obtained an obscure room at an inn in the village, and the friend spoken of went about quietly among a few of his

acquaintances, with a subscription for the old man's maintenance; but it was never needed. He was taken ill in a day or two after his arrival, and shutting himself in his room, and requesting that he might not be disturbed, he died, friendless and alone, in an obscure back room under the low roof that looked out into a stable-yard, possessing not even the comfort of a curtain to shield the glaring sunlight from his dying eyes.

They found him in the morning, lying dead in his bed, but with a look of such composure and serenity upon his countenance, as at first induced them to believe he only slept. His left hand was as if grasping his palette; but his soul, in some mighty vision of celestial beauty, had swept grandly and silently away.

STAGE-COACH STORIES

(Continued from page 518.)

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

UPON going down the next morning, I found Cranston still walking to and fro on the front piazza.

"What!" said I, "haven't you finished that sonnet yet?"

"Don't distress yourself on my account," said he; "I've been abed and slept soundly. By the by, as I told you last night, I've found them out, know their names, and all about 'em. If you'll treat to the bitters now, I'll enlighten you."

"Thank you for nothing," said I, "I know already."

"No! do you though? Pooh! you're joking; it can't be possible. I'll bet you the madeira for the Judge, you and I, after dinner to-day, that you can't name them."

"Done," said I, "they are a Miss Mary Smith, of this town, and her cousin from the city. And there you have me; I don't know the cousin's name."

"Never mind, the bet is on me; we won't be nice about names. You have found out who they are, and that's more than I was able to do. The information is cheap at three bottles of madeira—or four—the Judge will punish two."

"Then you didn't know—"

"Not a syllable. I depended on your

acuteness, and was not disappointed. Oh! by the by, which was which? Is the dark-eyed damsel Miss Smith, or the cousin?"

"Depend on your own acuteness to find out," said I, turning on my heel.

Cranston was a good, companionable fellow enough, but he had sometimes a bantering, badgering way with him, a habit contracted at the bar, I suppose, and a sort of half real, half affected assumption of superior tact and knowledge of the world, which, though perfectly good-humored in itself, was often any thing but gratifying to the *amour propre* of others. I had, the day before, been secretly uneasy at the display of this peculiarity at my expense, and was, I am almost ashamed to confess, a good deal nettled at being told in so nonchalant a manner, that I had been put to use. It is unpleasant to discover that one has been pumped. Indeed, so great was my irritation, that I forthwith took occasion to see the Deacon, and requested him, as a particular favor, to conceal from Cranston all information with respect to the identity of Miss Mary Smith. The Deacon readily promised to preserve an inviolable secrecy upon this point, and, it being Sunday morning, said but little else. Nevertheless, I perceived that my request had served to plunge him still deeper into the state of perplexed won-

derment first produced by the Colonel's 'cluness.' "Take it by and large," said he, in a whisper, "it's the most curiousest affair that has turned up in Guilford sin' Ensign Phelan had his hull drove of turkeys pizened. Jest tell me this, Squire," he asked, "is ther law tu it?" I nodded mysteriously. "Cranston thinks he's shrewd enough to get it all out of you, but if I'm not mistaken, he'll find his match."

"Depend upon't he will," said the Deacon, with an air of mysterious importance. "And I'll tell Miss Curtiss to be keerful and keep her tongue where it belongs. Women are so apt to talk, you know, Squire. She'd look purty, wouldn't she, a cocked up in that ere witness-box!"

With a due regard to the sanctity of the day, and especially that I might avoid Cranston, and enjoy my own thoughts undisturbed by the crowd in the bar-room and upon the front piazza, I strolled out towards the poultry-yards and kitchen-garden in the rear of the house. The Deacon, besides his occupation of tavern-keeper, owned and cultivated an extensive farm, and on the broad stoop of the 'L part' of the house I found the hired men or farm-laborers gathered, enjoying the leisure of the Sabbath morning, and reposing after the toils of the week.

All along the path was alive with busy ants, repairing the damages caused by the last night's shower, and heaping anew their little, yellow sand-hills. Sometimes Duke would snuff at a venerable toad, that tempted abroad by the fragrant dampness had wandered too far, and had not yet got home from his nocturnal journey, and would turn him over with his paw. Now and then a long-legged spider would run across our track with incredible rapidity, or a devil's-darning-needle would pertinaciously hover about our heads, and cause me, impressed with an old nursery caution that I have never yet forgotten, to duck and dodge, and hold my hands over my ears until the winged spectre would fly away across the garden.

At the farther end of the alley stood an open summer-house, with a grape-vine clambering over it and almost hiding the bars of trellis work, the great thick clusters of green grapes hanging down through the gaps in the roof, and giving rich promise for the coming autumn. Near by there was a long bee-house, open at the front, containing two shelves of hives, some of them of straw, of the old-fashioned round-top pattern, such as we see

in picture books, and sheltered by a little grove of peach-trees, whose frail and brittle boughs were propped with boards and forked poles to help them sustain the burdensome weight of rosy and golden fruit.

I stood and watched, for a while, the active citizens of this insect phalanstery, that, unmindful of the sanctity of a New England Sabbath-day, and that their owner was a deacon, kept up a steady hum of industry, which, like all other continued sounds of busy life, heard from the outside and at a distance, had a most drowsy and soothing effect. I sat down on the grass in the shade of the grove of fruit-trees, and of some tall clumps of fennel, all alive with bees and redolent with aromatic fragrance, and having eaten my fill of juicy nectarines and apricots, lit a fresh Havana. Duke stretched himself beside me, laid his muzzle on his paws, and betook himself to meditation and winking lazily at the bees as they buzzed by him.

I lay there a long time, and let my fancy have its own way in all matters concerning Miss Mary Smith, and watched the window-curtains in the house, swelling and collapsing in the slight breeze, at intervals almost regular, as if the great old house had lungs in it somewhere, and was alive and breathing through its open doors and windows; but presently, as the sun climbed the sky, the heat increased and the breeze died away. The locusts in the fields hard by began to chirp. The birds ceased their lively carols, and when they sung at all uttered only sleepy notes. Even a cat-bird, which at first had been greatly disturbed by my presence near her nest somewhere among the fruit-trees, reassured by my quiet bearing, herself subsided into quiet. The hum of the aviary, as I have said, disposed me to slumber. The sounds or ringing bells in distant villages came booming faintly through the still, Sabbath-morning air. My eyelids closed. The ashes of my cigar dropped upon my vest. I roused myself and tried to brush them off. Again the busy humming of the bees fell upon my drowsy ear. *Whit—whit—whe-e-e-e* some little bird whistled dreamily, as if he were singing in his sleep. *Uz-z-z-z* chimed in a grasshopper at the same moment, and before he reached the cadence of his song I was fast asleep.

I slept until I was waked by the summons of the church-going bell, when I got up from the grass, brushed off the fallen ashes of my cigar, and, followed by Duke, retraced my steps to the house.

I met Cranston in the hall. He smiled when he saw me. "Why, Lovel," said he, "where have you been hiding yourself? I've been looking for you to go to church with me. The Deacon's given me directions to find a pew that he says he keeps expressly for lawyers from abroad. No. 47, near the middle of the church; good place to keep a look-out for pretty girls, and especially for Miss Smith and that cousin aforesaid."

He spoke so pleasantly that I was ashamed of the resentful feeling in my heart, and so dismissed it. "Let me go up to my room for a brushing," said I, "and I'm with you."

The bell was tolling for the minister when Cranston and I arrived at the meeting-house door, and we paused for a few minutes to observe the assembling congregation, and to watch for Miss Smith and her cousin, though the latter purpose neither of us avowed.

As I have before told you, the meeting-house stood in the centre of the village square. It had a double-leaved door upon its southern side, and another entrance at the end, to which the lower story of the tower formed a porch or entry. The congregation seemed to consist, not only of the inhabitants of the village, but also of a great number of the farmers and their families, residing outside of and perhaps miles away from the village itself. Wagon after wagon arrived, laden with country people, and drew up, one after another, at the different entrances, until their passengers were discharged, and would then be driven away to the hitching-posts on the margin of the green and in front of the stores; or to a range of horse-sheds opposite.

The occupants of these vehicles were mostly plain, unpretending people. With few exceptions, the men appeared to be farmers. Some, to be sure, wore fine broadcloth suits, albeit not always of the latest style of cut, and had a well-to-do manner with them, significant of numerous acres, thrifty stocks of cattle, large barns, and money to lend. Their wives' gowns were rustling silk, and their daughters were dressed in a way that evinced an intelligent appreciation of fashions not yet gone out of date. Then there were others with coats on their backs that had never paid a duty, and some again there were, clad in plain homespun cut, mayhap, at the village tailor's, but stitched into garments by the fingers of some itinerant seamstress, or, perhaps, even by the good wife herself. These men had hard hands and sunburnt faces, and were accus-

ed to toil, yet not showing its traces so plainly as their wives, who, whether middle-aged or old, thin or stout, smooth or wrinkled, invariably looked older and more worn than their husbands.

The young girls, their daughters, on the contrary, were pictures of blooming health and youth, whose ruddy cheeks made the pink ribbons and linings of their bonnets look pale by the contrast. Trim damsels were they, each with a bunch of caraway in her plump fingers, or else a posy; with round, plump forms, for the most part inclining a size too much, if any thing, towards stoutness, and ankles and thereabouts encased in snowy cotton hose, as they were revealed in alighting from the wagons, betokening a size and symmetry of limb, to possess the like of which, in his own proper person, many a dandy would barter even his cherished curls and moustaches.

Meanwhile, as the bell continued its monotonous tolling, the doors of the houses surrounding the village square were thrown open, and the green was soon thronged with villagers wending their way to their different places of worship. The aristocracy, it was plain to see, tended chiefly towards the church near which I was standing. It was easy to distinguish the magnates of the village, the retired city merchants, the wealthy country storekeeper, the postmaster, the judge of probate and the justice of the peace from the rest of the crowd. I was surprised to notice, that many of the ladies were as carefully and modestly dressed as the same class of people in the city. So it would not have been twenty years ago; but monthly magazines, with fashion-plates, have effected a revolution in these matters, even in such out-of-the-way, old places, as Guildford.

Once or twice the arrival of some people, evidently persons of more than ordinary consideration, caused a slight sensation in the throng about the church steps. I noticed, particularly, one tall old gentleman, with a chin very much stained with tobacco juice, who walked slowly up the path, accompanied by his wife and daughter. People stood back a little to give them room. The farmers, to whom the old gentleman bowed, returned the courtesy promptly, and appeared to feel a good deal gratified. The buxom country girls looked curiously at the fashionable attire of the ladies, and nudged each other with their elbows, and whispered together out of the corners of their mouths as they stared. The elder lady was a dumpy, over-dressed woman, with a face

that had once been pretty, and she and her daughter, a showy, handsome, haughty-looking girl, if a woman of twenty-five may be called by so juvenile a name, looked neither to the one side nor the other, except that they slightly returned the bows of a group of three or four young men, and—I may be vain—the young lady bestowed a quick and furtive glance of observation on Cranston and myself.

"Old Governor Headley," whispered my friend, mentioning the name of a former chief magistrate of the State and senator of the United States, but who, for ten years, as I now remembered to have heard, had remained in private life.

The three or four young men that I have mentioned stood together in a group upon one side of the steps. They resembled each other very nearly in their general appearance. All had long hair, downy moustaches or budding imperials, high, stiff shirt-collars and flashy cravats, steel-bowed spectacles, tight boots, whale-bone canes, white vests, odd brooches, ostentatious watch-guards, and perfumed cambric handkerchiefs, with the corners sticking out of the breast-pockets of their coats. I had no difficulty in guessing them to be college students, at home in vacation. They were regarded with considerable attention by the other young people of their own age, their former schoolmates and acquaintances perhaps, and enjoyed it keenly, with a transparent affectation of indifference.

Finally, the minister himself arrived. He was a tall man, of middle age, with an unhealthy-looking, fat, white face. His large, dull, light gray, near-sighted eyes protruded half way from their sockets, almost touching the glasses of his gold spectacles, as if his stiff, tight white cravat was choking him. His forehead was low and retreating, but his thick, iron-gray hair was brushed stiffly upwards, and gave at first sight the general effect of a high forehead. He was dressed in black of course, and with great neatness and precision. His wife, who walked by his side, was a thin, careworn woman, considerably younger than her husband, but evidently broken in health and spirits. She held a pretty little girl by the hand, and behind them followed demurely two boys, whose roguish countenances seemed to indicate that the well-known proverb, with respect to ministers' sons, would not be likely to fail in its application in their particular cases.

The sexton, who through the other door in the porch could see the minister

walk up the broad aisle, therefore gave the bell-rope a stronger pull than usual, by way of salute, and then hung it up on a peg, wiped his moist brow, put on his coat, and slowly mounted the gallery stairs in the midst of a numerous host of young men and boys, who speedily, and with much tramping of feet, and hard breathing, and some coughing, began to fill the pews in the men's gallery. The organ began to play a voluntary, and the remainder of the crowd that had been loitering about the steps flocked in doors. Cranston and myself followed this example. We entered the church, Cranston taking the lead, and walked half-way up the broad aisle, then turned off to the right, down another main aisle, running lengthwise the church, and finally arrived at No. 47. Cranston opened the door, I passed in and seated myself by the side of Judge Walker. I don't know of any situation in the world in which a man so entirely surrenders his independent volition, and feels so much as if he didn't belong to himself, as when entering a strange church under the guidance of another person. He follows his conductor, upon whom his eyes are rigidly fixed, with an irresolute gait, nervously clutching his hat-brim, having no purpose, no will of his own except to turn when his leader turns, stop when he stops, and to be, in all respects, governed by his motions and directions. I had been a good deal confused by the unusual intricacy of the aisles, having like to have shot by the sidecut, and had all the while an uncomfortable consciousness of wearing an old blue coat. After gaining my seat, therefore, I did not at once gather courage to look about me, but remained very quietly hearing the minister reading from the gospels the parable of the unjust judge, until an expressive *hem* from Cranston directed my attention to that gentleman, who was seated on the opposite side of the pew. I supposed, of course, that he had discovered Mary Smith and her cousin among the congregation, and began to feel my nerves tingle and the blood rush to my face. As he caught my eye, however, he hemmed again and nodded to the Judge; evidently entertaining at the same time a lively recollection of some recent decision of the Circuit Court, in which his client had been worsted.

During the long prayer, after the welfare of the church in Guilford and of the whole church militant generally had been besought, the prosperity of our own State, and of sister States, and of the United States, duly mentioned as being

exceedingly desirable; and while the minister was engaged in presenting the claims of the heathen and other antipodean matters, I ventured to look about a little. The interior of the meeting-house presents a curious blending of ancient and modern fashions. There was a row of pews next the wall on every side of the house. These were separated from those in the centre by an aisle running completely round the church, while two other aisles crossing each other at right angles, divided the central pews into four blocks. The pulpit was lofty and narrow, and stood upon a trunk or stem, so that in shape it was not unlike a wine-glass. There were one large and two smaller arched windows behind it, and a sounding-board overhead, which, like the wood-work of the pulpit, was elaborately carved. So far all was of the style of a hundred years ago. But the pulpit was painted and grained in imitation of black walnut; the cushions of the desk were of rich crimson velvet, the windows behind were handsomely curtained, the sounding-board was painted white, its carvings gilded, and from its front, just over the desk, hung a small but elegant chandelier, the desk itself being too small to give room for standing lamps without crowding the gorgeously gilt and embossed Bible and hymn book. Another chandelier, much larger, but of similar style and pattern, was suspended from the centre of the ceiling. The old-fashioned square pews were grained in black walnut like the pulpit, and the doors were numbered with gilded Roman numerals. There was a clock-dial upon the front of the choir gallery, and the tall gilt pipes and richly moulded cornice of a good-sized organ showed very handsomely above the crimson moreen curtains, behind which the modest occupants of the singers' seats chose to hide themselves. The ceiling and walls were fairly painted to resemble panel-work and carved mouldings. The aisles and floor about the deacons' seats and marble-top communion table, were covered with handsome carpeting. The slender Doric pillars that supported the lofty galleries were ornamented with gilt brackets, from which depended swinging lamps, with cut-glass shades of uniform pattern with those in the chandeliers.

Indeed, the ancient meeting-house had the appearance of some stern-faced, plain, hard-featured old lady, with her gaunt and bony frame arrayed in a showy dress of modern fabric and fashion, and bedecked with earrings, necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings brand-new from the

jeweller's shop. Nevertheless, the people of Guildford seemed, for the most part, extremely well pleased with their place of worship. As I was afterwards informed by Deacon Curtiss, there had been a stout and prolonged contest waged in the ecclesiastical society some two years before, between the conservatism of the elders and the progressive spirit and modern tastes of the juniors. The latter advocated a total demolition of the old meeting-house, and the erection of a new church edifice upon another site. The elders opposed these measures, and maintained, with invincible obstinacy, that so long as the venerable meeting-house was sound in every one of its huge timbers, roomy, and full of the sacred associations of former generations, and the tender recollections of their own youth, it should stand, where, for two hundred years, the house of God had stood. It was claimed on the one hand, that the old meeting-house was awfully cheerless and uncomfortable of a cold day in the winter, and that, by reason of its lack of window-blinds, it was just about as uncomfortable of a hot, glaring day in July or August. In reply to this argument, the elders told long-winded stories of the hardships endured by the first settlers, and of their worshipping in the log meeting-house, with a sentry at the door to watch for Indians during King Philip's war, and indulged in endless reminiscences of their own youth, when a fire or a stove in a meeting-house was a thing unknown, and very delicate ladies sometimes carried foot-stoves and hot bricks, but the greater part of the congregation sat still, during a two-hours sermon, while their breaths were congealing and frosting upon their hair. When one party inveighed against the lofty galleries, in which mischievous and ungodly youth and naughty boys were wont, so it was said, to play old-sledge and all-fours, and serve the devil generally, in sermon time, secure from the observation of the rest of the congregation by their elevated and secluded position, and the high railings of the gallery pews, it was replied, that, if the old-fashioned office of tithing-man could only be revived, and men appointed thereto who would exercise the pious vigilance and wholesome vigor that had characterized the official conduct of tithing-men in the good old-times, these scandalous and unseemly practices would right speedily be abolished.

The juniors were earnest and determined, and the elders were cross and obstinate. At last the progressives threat-

ened secession, and a division of the society and church seemed inevitable. But, finally, by the strenuous exertions of a few trimmers, belonging neither to the one party nor the other, a compromise was agreed upon, and peace was happily declared. It was decided that the meeting-house should stand, and that the desecrating and unholy hands of carpenters and joiners should not be permitted to touch any fixture thereof; but it was conceded to the progressives that all that painters and upholsterers could do to alter its appearance might be done, without further let, hindrance or opposition.

So it happened that the First Ecclesiastical Society of Guildford preserved its ancient meeting-house, built in the year of our Lord 1756, and the pulpit from which the Rev. Timothy Edwards had preached the ordination sermon of the fourth minister of the parish, where his gifted son, and Dr. Stiles, and a host of other sainted Presbyterian worthies of the past century had preached and prayed, and yet, the while, worshipped the God of their Puritan fathers sitting in pews closely resembling black walnut, beneath a frescoed ceiling and chandeliers of ormolu and cut-glass, trod the way to heaven on ingrain carpeting, and listened to the devotion-inspiring strains of one of Hook's double-banked organs with two and twenty stops.

The meeting-house, as one party called it, or the church, as it was now styled by the juniors, strikingly resembled in its appearance the congregation assembled within its walls. Old fashions and new fashions sat in close propinquity, and made strange and forcible contrasts. Simple plainness and elaborate richness elbowed each other. There was nothing but that was neat, but there was much that was splendid. There were ladies in one pew, the ribbons and trimmings of whose bonnets was of greater cost than the whole attire of other well, but simply dressed ladies in the next pew. I beheld, at one glance, a venerable old man with his thin, gray locks queued behind and fastened with a ribbon; and who still wore black silk breeches and stockings; a clerk in the county bank, as sleek and finished a dandy as ever wore kid gloves and perfumed the air of a church with jockey-club and west-end; and a plain, red-faced, hard-fisted farmer in a brown, homespun coat, with brass buttons.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I took notice of all these things while the minister was making his long prayer; but as I had already deprived myself of

the chance of saying that my observations were taken before the arrival of the minister and the commencement of the service, and as nobody would have believed me if I had pretended that my regards were bestowed any where else than on the choir, while standing up in singing-time with my back to the pulpit, as the fashion was in Guildford, there was nothing for it but to admit my inattention to the service either during the prayer or the sermon. I will take credit to myself by saying, that after being fully convinced that neither Mary Smith and her cousin, or Frank Eliot, were in the church, I did listen to the sermon, and I remember to this day what a severe handling the Socinian heresy and heretics received that morning from the Rev. Mr. Wilson, in his discourse of forty minutes.

The final amen being pronounced, the minister closed his black velvet-covered sermon book, and his dull gray eyes at the same time, and uttered a short but fervent prayer, in which he gave the Socinians a *coup de grace*, and then, spreading out his arms with his fingers extended, said the benediction; the which, being scarcely finished, there was heard an immediate stampede in the men's gallery, that startled me at first with the notion of the house being on fire, but presently perceiving that the rush was caused only by a desire on the part of the youth to escape as speedily as possible from the confinement of the meeting-house into the open air, my alarm subsided, and I waited until the jostling throng of men in the aisles, scarcely less eager to escape than their sons in the gallery, had gained the door, and left the way clear for the ladies to follow at their leisure.

During the intermission, between services, we partook of a very nice lunch, and some very nice something else which goes very well and moreover rhymes with lunch; there being no regular dinner served at the Deacon's on Sunday noon. At two o'clock, Cranston and I again went to meeting; I, at least, in the hope that Miss Smith would have recovered from the fatigue of her journey and give me the opportunity of once more beholding her. But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Neither Miss Smith nor her dark-eyed cousin were visible any where in the church, a fact to which I could have testified on oath with the highest degree of positiveness and certainty. I failed, moreover, to discover any body that resembled my old friend Eliot.

The Judge had declined going to meeting in the afternoon, and had invited

Cranston and myself to dine with him at four o'clock in his own apartments. So, having concluded my private interview with the Deacon, I called upon his honor in Chambers. Dinner was waiting for me, the Judge fidgeting a little at my delay and looking at his watch, while Cranston was out on the verandah upon which the windows of the parlor opened, superintending the operations of a pretty servant girl, who was engaged in arranging decanters, bottles, glasses, ice, and other pleasant matters of the sort upon a small side-table.

The dinner, as the Judge himself remarked, was a most capital one for a New England country tavern; and when, as became three officers of a court of law and equity, we had rendered it ample justice, we adjourned to the verandah.

If you have ever been in love, gentlemen, I think you will not deny, that at first there is something exceedingly pleasant and delightful about it. One is apt to be hopeful in the incipient stages, even, as in my case, without being able to give any really good and sufficient reason for the hope that is in him. If this were not so, the newborn sentiment in many instances would languish for want of sustenance, and so die. Perhaps this is a wise providence of the gods. A man of cynical temperament might be disposed to call it an infatuation devised by the devil himself. However this may be, true it is that a man newly in love, unless compelled by the direst necessity to feel and acknowledge to himself that there is no hope, will hope in spite of what seem to other men to be impossibilities; and if he have among his faculties any thing which stands for an imagination, will straightway begin to dream dreams of the softest hue, until he lives and moves encompassed by a rose-colored cloud of fancies, through which he beholds all substantial objects and sober realities, and thinks that every thing is in fact as pretty as it appears, seen through this tinted medium. To the lover of a few hours' standing, old things seem to have passed away and all things to have become new. There is a new heaven and a new earth. A new sun shines with a brilliancy that the old institution of that name never achieved. There is a new moon, even though the matter-of-fact almanac indicates that she is in her third quarter. The stars seem to rejoice in a new birth, like a bevy of young converts at a camp-meeting. The lover is a new man and begins a new life. He has renewed his youth like the eagles, and the only thing in all the glorious world

that appears sad-colored is his past existence. Even that he looks back upon with an exultant feeling. He gives a glance of scornful pity at the recollection of himself as he was before he fell this last time in love. He rejoices in the great change that has befallen him. He wonders how it is possible that he has lived so many years in the world with her, who is now the sun of his system, the centre of his universe, apart from her, ignorant of her very existence, and yet imagine that he was happy. He trembles when he thinks how many times, in all these years, a slight deviation from the actual train of events would have resulted in an eternal divergence of her path from his own. He hardly breathes while he reviews the providential accidents, at the time so apparently trivial and unimportant, about which he felt so little concern, but without which, he now perceives, that most fortunate event, the crisis of his existence, the epoch of his new life, his first meeting with her, would never have happened. He calls to mind some past occasion or other, in the day and time of which he had supposed that he was enjoying himself exceedingly, and the memory whereof he had ever since cherished as decidedly pleasant, and laughs at the folly that dreamed of happiness and enjoyment, with yet no idea of such a future as now he may dare to hope for.

It was in such a happy and excellent frame of mind as this, that I seated myself in one of the three rocking-chairs that stood upon the verandah, put my feet upon the balustrade, and while my companions amused themselves with a discussion respecting the relative merits of madeira and sherry, looked out upon the beautiful, wide-spread landscape before me, slowly puffed my cigar, occasionally sipped my wine, and gave myself up to my thoughts.

It was a delightful afternoon—one of the still, warm days in early August, when we feel that the summer has reached its prime; when we can almost hear the heated rays as they strike the glowing earth and rebound quivering from the contact, and the luscious corn as it rejoicingly grows and thrusts itself gladly upward into the warm and genial air; when locusts sing all day, and myriads of grasshoppers among the parched stubble chirp a monotonous chorus; when we look up, between the spreading branches of large trees, deep into the cool, dark bowers high aloft among the whispering leaves, and envy the birds and squirrels their privilege of hiding in those solemn, shady,

breezy nooks; when no thing of earth is visible beyond the tops of the tallest trees, no fleecy clouds to delay and intercept the sight as we gaze upwards, but it flies on, and on, and on, until it is lost in the blue depths of infinite space; when the kine stand dozing mid-leg deep in the glassy pools, and the colts beneath the spreading oaks in their pastures meditate upon the mysterious providence of flies, and whisk their tails and stamp; when it is a pleasure to read drowsily the voyages of Captain Parry and the lectures of Dr. Kane; when habit as well as heat lends a gist to the imbibing of iced punches, and mint juleps, though long since ceased to be a novelty, possess a flavor like nectar; and when the clinking of ice in a tumbler of sherry-cobbler has a tone more musical than the violin of Ole Bull or the voice of Alboni.

The greatest heat of the day had passed. Above was the sky without a cloud, but we were on the shady side of the house, and with a soft breeze drawing through the open windows behind us, and with plenty of cool appliances at hand, the weather seemed to us perfectly faultless. The landscape before us, though not grand in many of its features, was one of remarkable beauty and extent. In the foreground was a lawn sloping gently towards a by-street or lane, and covered with a short, velvety crop of grass, embroidered with daisies and red and white clover-heads, the bright green of the herbage contrasting prettily with the more sober hue of the foliage of the trees, and the dark-red gravel of a wide foot-path, which led to a gate opening upon the lane, between two rows of graceful young elms, and dividing the lawn into nearly equal portions. At the centre of each of these plats was a large circular bed of gorgeous flowers, looking like an immense wreath, and here and there, scattered about the lawn, grew little clumps of shade trees, alanthuses, locusts and chestnuts. A newly-set willow hedge, and a white picket paling, fenced the grounds from the lane. On the left, the white houses of a part of the village street peeped between the old trees among which they stood, and the spire of one of the churches rose above the gilded crown of a majestic elm. Beyond the lane, in front of us, and far away on either hand, stretched a wide plain, divided by numberless walls and fences into the farms of the rich husbandmen of the district. The brilliant colors of the landscape afforded many pleasant contrasts, striking but harmonious. Fields of tall maize and broom-

corn, green and growing, with ruddy tasseled plumes waving and nodding in the slight breeze, lay side by side with other fields of golden oats and barley, ripe and ready for the sickle. Here an early meadow, from which the second crop of grass had already sprung thriftily, was surrounded by yellow stubble-fields, dotted with shocks of sheaves, reflecting the sun's rays like a mirror. Yonder the broad, green leaves of a patch of tobacco-plants were neighbors to the red stalks and milky blossoms of a field of buck-wheat. The farm-houses, white and red and dingy brown, were invariably embowered within groves of trees and orchards that had already begun to blush with ripening fruit; all but one new house, on the summit of a little hill, whose newly-shingled roof, and pine, unpainted broadside, pierced with many windows, shone like a point of light with an intolerable and dazzling brightness. In the midst of the plain, but apparently near its farther verge, the magnificent river lay glittering in the sun like a stream of molten gold. The white glowing sails of the small craft upon its waters glided slowly along like the figures of a panorama. Once in the afternoon we saw a noble steamer come into view, and with a graceful sweep glide up to the wharf of the large village on the further bank of the river. There was such a hush of other sounds, that we could hear faintly the whizzing of the steam as it escaped from her pipe and formed a little silvery cloud, the only one in sight, and the distant peal of her bell as she pushed off into the stream and resumed her rapid course. The view was bounded by an eastern horizon, formed by the undulating outline of a range of blue hills twenty miles away. It was still and quiet, as became the close of a sultry summer's day in the country, but there was a delicious undertone of all manner of sweet, rural, Sabbath-evening sounds. Somewhere at a distance a choir of children were singing hymns to the accompaniment of a soft-toned melodeon, and another group, in a neighboring garden, were gathering berries and talking and laughing, with voices subdued by the consciousness that though after meeting it was yet the Sabbath day. We could hear the cooings of the numerous doves and pigeons perched upon the sheds surrounding the stable-yards near by, but out of sight; the muffled stamping of the horses in the stables, the cool splash of the fountain at the watering trough, the murmur of a distant mill-dam, the lowing of the kine as they came

flocking up the lanes from their pastures, the cries and whistling of the boys that drove the herds, the joyous barking of their dogs scampering in chase of some wayward and unruly heifer, and the first notes of the evening song of the birds.

Meanwhile the golden sunlight in which the landscape had all day been bathed was grown ruddy. The river had been transmuted from gold to crystal. The white houses and the church-spire of the distant village upon its farther shore, all tinged with a rosy blush, their windows sparkling like rubies and diamonds, were mirrored upon its glassy surface. The wan pale face of the full moon rose from behind the purple hills. Suddenly a gray shadow fell upon the nearer plain. It crept rapidly athwart the landscape. It reached, it crossed the river. The white cottages turned pale, their gleaming windows were extinguished. The gilded vane of the church-spire burned for a moment like a blazing beacon and then went out. Slowly the shadow crept up the side of the eastern hills, the rosy light lingered for a space upon the highest summits, then vanished, and their long, undulating, gray outline showed in sombre relief against the blue and silver sky. The summer's day was gone, and the faint shadows of the vine leaves trembled in the moonlight upon the floor of the verandah.

"Tea is ready, gentlemen," said a pretty girl, in a checked apron, coming to the window.

The Judge snorted, started suddenly, roused himself, winked hard once or twice, rose to his feet and volunteered the supererogatory remark that he had been asleep. Cranston put up his tablets, and we all followed the pretty girl in the checked apron to the dining-room.

After tea was over I determined to walk down the hill and have a look at the house of my old friend, Frank Eliot. I think I should have formed the same resolution, even if I had not been told by the deacon that Captain William Smith lived upon the opposite side of the street from Eliot's residence. This information, however, by no means diminished the desire that I already felt to visit the neighborhood of the old mansion, which, in times long by-gone, Eliot had so often described to me.

"You'll go straight down the hill," said the Deacon, "and jest at the foot on't, where the road takes a leetle sorter bend, you'll discover a white, two-story dwellin' on the right, with a piazzay on

the south end. That's Cap'n Bill's. Well, right over opposite you'll notice a long range of white, square-picket fence, with big posts, and balls on the top of 'em. You won't see the house at fust, there's so much trees and scrubbery about it, and it stands back from the road a piece; but there's a carriage-drive right up to the front door, with big trees on each side. From the gate you can look right up to the house. It's a big, gambler-roofed house, and you can't miss it."

It was obvious from the appearance of Captain Smith's residence that its owner was a man of wealth. It was a large, square house, built in modern style, with the grounds about it laid out fashionably, with summer-houses, pavilions, espaliers and nondescript affairs of trellis work here and there, a large green-house plain in sight and plenty of thrifty young trees growing all about, but none of them large enough yet to shade the house, the tall white walls and tinned roof of which gleamed like silver in the bright rays of the moon. I could see a very tall man, in a white jacket, walking to and fro on the south piazza, with a regular quarter-deck gait, smoking a cigar and hemming at every turn so loud that you might have heard him at the deacon's. I concluded that I had the honor to behold Captain Smith. "Hem away, Captain Bill," thought I; "but I'll be your son-in-law this night twelvemonth." I sauntered by slowly, and tried to guess which were the windows of the apartment irradiated by the presence of Mary Smith; but as there happened to be no light visible at any of them, I was much at a loss to determine. So after walking back and forth so many times that I at last attracted the attention of the gentleman on the piazza, who paused in his own promenade to observe me, I crossed over on the other side of the way, impressed with a vague fear of being mistaken for the artist and consequently worried by the dog, and directed my regards towards the house of Frank Eliot. It stood, as the Deacon had told me, some twenty rods from the street at the end of a broad, straight avenue of giant elms. All along by the fence was planted a row of thorn locusts, so that the sidewalk was deeply shaded. I stopped at the gateway, at the street end of the avenue, leaned over the gate, looked up the arch formed by the spreading branches of the elms, and watched awhile the play of the moonbeams flickering on the white front of the house, as they

struggled through the dense and breeze-stirred foliage by which it was shaded.

I stood leaning over the gate and looking up the avenue a good while; for the house and grounds immediately surrounding it were so densely shaded, and looked so cool and pleasant that warm summer evening, that I was loth to turn away. "And this is the place about which Frank Eliot and I used to talk so much," said I to myself; and thereupon I fell into a reverie for I don't know how long, and I can't tell all that I thought about, but the nature and subject of the latter part of my musings may be guessed at by an exclamation that I uttered, as I suddenly moved myself on hearing the nine o'clock bell ring in the village, straightened up, brushed the white paint-dust from my coat and turned quickly to resume my walk. "No, sir," said I, quite aloud, and very emphatically; "I'll be hanged if I would now—give me a chance for that girl in the coach yesterday, and Frank Eliot may have his cousin Helen and be ——. I beg your pardon, madam—ladies."

The last six words formed no part of my soliloquy, however. They were addressed, very hastily, to a brace of ladies that I had all but run against, as I suddenly wheeled to commence my return home, and stepped forth upon the sidewalk from behind the big gate-post near which I had been standing. Good heavens! they were none other than Miss Mary Smith and her cousin. My appearance must have been very startling, coming suddenly out of ambush and speaking with such a very determined tone, and, if I remember rightly, also flourishing my walking-stick to give emphasis to my remarks. Miss Smith screamed almost, and the dark-eyed cousin recoiled in dismay. I touched my hat in extreme confusion and stepped off the sidewalk to give them room to pass. The cousin slightly bowed at this, and both rapidly crossed the street, went in at Captain Smith's gate, and were finally going in at the front door when I heard the Captain hail them from the piazza.

After talking a while in a low tone with the Captain, that gentleman finally said "oh!" and hemmed three times in a manner most wonderful to hear, and the ladies went into the house.

I concluded that it would be better to make my way to the Deacon's with all convenient despatch. Accordingly I started up the hill, when I met about half way, my friend Cranston.

I explained to him at some length that

I had given way to a very natural curiosity, and had walked down to look at Eliot's house.

"Um, um, yes," said he; "didn't hope to see any thing of a pair of pretty girls down this way, I suppose."

"Whether I did or not," said I, "I did see them."

"No!" said Cranston, with interest; "how was it?" "Well," he continued, after I had briefly related my adventure, taking care however to suppress that part of it which related to my soliloquy; "Well, Lovel, how absurd it is for you and I to be so close towards each other about these very respectable young women; eh! I think so. Come, tell me now which of them you fancy, and I'll do the same. Come, I'll speak first. My favorite is——," here he hesitated and looked at me a moment with his usual quizzical expression—"is the dark-eyed one—you know I can't distinguish them by name."

"The cousin?" I asked, anxious that there should be no mistake.

"You forget that you wouldn't tell me which the cousin was. I mean the dark-eyed one, the brunette—the one that sat on the left-hand side."

"Very well," said I, quite satisfied at this explicit declaration, and quite carried away by my friend's frankness; "I'm willing to own that the fair one has rather—in fine," I added with a burst of enthusiastic confidence, "Cranston, I really believe that I'm clean gone with Miss Smith—in love, for earnest, and no mistake!"

I was a good deal annoyed by Cranston's laughter. It was by no means the proper way of receiving such a communication. I think he perceived my irritation, for he evidently strove to repress his merriment, and after a while added:

"I'm going to call on Captain Bill Smith!"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, surprised out of my reserve; "do you know him?"

"Not a hair of him—still—nevertheless, I intend to call upon him, and I intend to have him retain me in those cases—the Fitz Howard cases—you've heard of 'em, I suppose. you sly dog; you find out every thing," and with this Cranston burst out laughing again.

"Yes, I have heard of the cases," said I, gravely, and secretly uneasy with a feeling that Cranston was making fun at or out of me, in some incomprehensible way. It couldn't be at my confession of

being in love, for he had himself made a similar avowal.

"Well, I mean to be retained—and further, I mean to have you retained. We'll try those cases, Lovel, and if we can't get a verdict there's no use for any body to try 'em—and meanwhile what a chance we'll have with the girls!"

"It would be capital," said I, "but really, if you attempt what you purpose, you'll be more likely to have the same cause of action against Captain Smith that Fitz Howard has, instead of being retained by the defendant."

"I've a good mind to go with you," said I.

"Thank you, my dear," said Cranston, "but I'd rather go alone."

"Why?" I demanded, my suspicions aroused at once.

"Because you'd just spoil it all—you are not impudent enough."

"That's true," said I, "but is that all the reason?"

"It's reason enough, at all events," replied Cranston. "Come, say good-night. I must go along—it's getting late, and once more let me beg you to be assured that the dark-eyed maid only has any chance for the honor of my hand, let her be Miss Smith or Miss Smith's cousin, or whoever else she may be. Good-night. I'll see you in the morning and tell you all about it. Go to bed, dear—don't sit up for me."

So saying and waving his hand, Cranston left me. I stood still and watched his progress. By Jove! he did stop at the Captain's gate, opened it, went in and walked up the footpath towards the piazza. I went farther down the hill that I might have a better view of the catastrophe of this impudent enterprise. I saw the tall form of Captain Smith standing on the edge of the platform, emitting stentorian *hems*, while he watched the approach of his visitor. Cranston stopped at the foot of the piazza steps, bowed and lifted his hat. The Captain evidently was rather gruff, for he stood his ground as if to bar an entrance upon the piazza; and although I could not distinguish words, I was near enough to hear that the part of the short colloquy which ensued, borne by the Captain, was uttered at first in a very unamiable tone of voice. Finally the Captain backed a step or two, and Cranston bowing again went up on the piazza, where the two shook hands with great apparent cordiality; after which the Captain pointed to a chair. Cranston seated himself, took off his hat, wiped his brow, and taking advantage of

the Captain's back being turned for a moment, waved his handkerchief at me.

The Judge was standing lonesomely in the hall door, with his hands in his pockets, when I arrived at the Deacon's, and appeared quite delighted to see me. In the course of a brief conversation that ensued between us, it was suggested that a glass of iced punch would not be inappropriate to the weather and the occasion, and it was thereupon agreed and arranged to have a small pitcher of that agreeable compound sent to the Judge's room. The necessary orders to that effect having been given, we adjourned thither to await its coming. It presently arrived, borne, with the proper number of glasses, upon a tray, by the pretty servant girl of whom honorable mention has several times heretofore been made.

"Well," said the Judge, as he poured out his second glass.

"This is really extremely fine punch. I must say," he added with the air of candor that should ever characterize the spoken opinions of a judicial functionary, "I must say that Curtiss keeps remarkably good wines and liquors."

I expressed a coincidence of opinion, and the Judge continued: "By-the-by, Lovel, have you found out yet who those pretty girls in the stage were?"

"Well—yes—" said I with some hesitation.

"No! who are they though?"

"A Miss Smith and her cousin," said I.

"Smith?" repeated the Judge, biting up a strip of lemon peel; "Smith—what—of Guildford?"

"Yes," said I, "a Miss Mary Smith of Guildford and her cousin from the city."

"Can't be Captain Bill Smith's daughter?"

"I believe she is," said I.

"Ho!" said the Judge, softly, as if he'd found out something, and then he began to sip his punch with an air of abstraction.

"Hem—yes—Captain Bill Smith's daughter," said I, pretty soon, to attract attention and get the Judge to speak, for I felt curious to learn what he was thinking about.

"So it's Captain Bill Smith's girl, eh?"

"Yes," said I.

"Hum—ha—ha," said the Judge, giving three little short disconnected laughs.

I began to feel uneasy. "What the devil does the old covey mean with his ho's and hum's?" thought I.

"How did you find her out?" sudden-

ly inquired the Judge, coming to from his absent fit, and taking a full swallow of punch.

"Oh—I—met her this evening," said I, somewhat loth to confess to the pains I had taken for the purpose of obtaining information.

"Where?" asked my companion briefly, in the style of a cross-examination.

"In—the street," I replied.

"Oh, met her in the street, and so found out her name," repeated the Judge, still pursuing the cross-examination; "had it painted on her somewhere, probably, like a vessel, for instance."

I thought it the best way, on the whole, to confess at once, and so, beginning with the night before, I briefly narrated to my companion how it was that I came to find out the name of Miss Smith, and that the other lady was her cousin, and, in a word, posted him up to the time.

"Small chance for you I fear," said the Judge when I had concluded. "In the first place," he continued, seeming to take it for granted that I was resolved to win Miss Smith if possible; "the young lady herself is a belle and a coquette, as I have heard, and secondly, her father is a retired whaling captain and ship-owner, rich as a Jew and cross as a grizzly bear. One peculiarly amiable trait in his character is, that on account of some old lawsuit or other that he had long ago, he contracted a dislike to the whole legal fraternity, and in a word hates lawyers as bad as he does cold fresh water. He won't even employ one to manage the cases he has in court, and will probably be saved a default at this term only by your old friend Eliot's appearing for him, without, as I suspect, his knowledge or consent. They're neighbors you know, and since Eliot has ceased to practise law have been, or rather their families have been, very intimate and friendly."

"By George!" said I, "it's a shame that Eliot and I should persist in our stupid misunderstanding. Faith, I believe I'll call on him before I leave town."

"Well, I would," said the Judge; "still, I don't think that will help you with the Captain's girl a great deal."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," said I, lying most outrageously.

"No, I suppose not," replied the Judge, committing, I fear, the same grievous sin.

"She's a very independent sort of a character, I've heard," he added, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You have heard, it seems, of the way he served that artist, eh?—what's his name?"

"Something about it."

"Well," said the Judge, first going to the window and looking around him; "if you'll be as close as if I were your client, I'll tell you something more. The Captain has a sister, an old maid, about forty, homely as a hedge-fence, but with a snug little fortune of her own—ten thousand in bank stock, and something handsome besides. Well, when this daggerreotype fellow was here last summer, the old girl went up to have her miniature taken, as I suppose every other woman in the village did; but somehow the artist couldn't get a good picture, and she had to call again and again; and the upshot of it all was, that she had five or six different miniatures taken, and had to sit three or four times for each one; and every other old maid in town got envious,—for the fellow's whisks were irresistible,—and began to talk, and shake their heads, and raise the deuce with Miss Jemima's reputation. So she had to discontinue her visits to the artist's saloon in the Deacon's dancing-hall, and he in turn called upon her occasionally. There's no doubt that the lady was smitten with the fellow, still she rather hesitated at marrying him; while he, very much in love with the old virgin's bank stock, and perfectly well aware that he might as well hope to marry the queen as her, if the Captain should find out what was going on, was constantly urging an elopement. Just at this interesting juncture, Miss Mary Smith unexpectedly arrived at home from Newport, where she had been all summer with the Eliots; and the black servant-girl, Dinah, who, by listening at key-holes, and the artist's trying to tamper with her, had found out pretty much what was going on, but had been afraid to tell the Captain, lest there might be a murder committed forthwith, revealed the whole affair to her. Indeed, the fact was, that the worthy wench had written a scrawl to Newport, which had been the cause of Miss Smith's sudden return before the fancy-dress ball. What was to be done? It wouldn't do at all to tell the Captain; for in the fit of rage consequent upon such a communication to him, something would be broken—either one of the Captain's own bloodvessels, or the artist's neck. Miss Mary, for a while was disposed to give the artist a horsewhipping with her own fair hands; but at Eliot's suggestion, milder coun-

sels prevailed. What's-his-name was to call that very evening on the old maid, by previous arrangement. Dinah was despatched to the artist's saloon, and that gentleman was given to understand, that in consequence of the niece's return, he had better defer his call from eight o'clock to precisely twelve, when, if he would be so good as to have a carriage provided, he should not be obliged to go away without the society of a lady. Imagine the delight of the artist at Dinah's guarded but intelligible hints. Eight o'clock arrived—nine—ten o'clock struck, and Miss Jemima, too uneasy to go to bed, was told by Dinah, whom she consulted and questioned, that the artist had been seen by her driving out another rich old maid of the village. Miss Jemima repaired to her chamber, but sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and repose to her pillow. As the clock struck twelve, she heard a carriage stop in the street. She got out of bed, went to the window, saw the artist walking softly up the path; saw him wave his hand, and cautiously opening her blind still further, saw, to her utter amazement and unbounded indignation, another hand waving a handkerchief from the window of her niece's apartment. What's-his-name's treason and her niece's frailty were apparent. Nay, she heard a door softly open, and the tread of careful footsteps descending the stairs. She instantly repaired, by the way of the back stairs, to her brother's room. The Captain had retired to rest that night rather more sober than was his wont, and so was awakened, and made to comprehend that his Jessica was about to elope, with comparative ease and despatch. He rose at once, and rushing in his shirt to the front of the house, saw, as he supposed, his daughter and her lover, walking swiftly down the path to the street, where, sure enough, a carriage was in waiting. Conscious that it would be in vain for him to pursue them, he called upon them to stop, and shouted lustily for his dog, which, at this summons, at last succeeded in breaking the rope by which he had been tied in the woodshed by the careful Dinah; and being thereto incited by his master, at once gave chase to the fugitives, and the luckless artist would probably have been killed outright by the savage beast, that seized him just as he was getting into the carriage, had it not been that the skirts of his coat were torn off in the struggle. As it was, however, he succeeded in making his escape, and the carriage was driven off with the most pre-

cipitate haste, leaving the lady to encounter the anger of her—master, for—you mustn't breathe it, or it will spoil the prettiest piece of fun that ever came off in a court-room—the errant damsel was none other than the black wench, Dinah, who, being an exceedingly athletic and two-fisted young lady, had been by no means dismayed at the proposition made to her by her young mistress, to personate Miss Jemima on that occasion, until the artist had ravished at least one fond kiss from her delicate lips. It is to be presumed that the scene in the Captain's parlor that night, between the hours of twelve and one, was somewhat piquant. But, however that may have been, one thing is certain, that unless the artist should get wind of the real state of the matter before the trial of his cases, there'll be a piquant scene in the court-house over yonder, when that Dinah testifies; for the artist, still believing that Miss Jemima Smith actually started to run away with him, has encouraged people to believe that he had the dog set upon him while preparing to give a sennade, and confidently trusting in the assurance of his lawyers, I suppose, that the Smiths will never permit the scandal of having the truth proclaimed, as he supposes it to be, especially by the means of so public a proceeding as a trial to a jury, has sued the captain for an assault and battery, laying damages at five thousand dollars, and Miss Jemima in another suit for breach of promise to marry, same amount of damages laid, and hopes to worry them into terms, and paying him something handsome. Now, sir, what do you think, isn't Miss Mary a young lady of spirit?"

"But who told you so much about this? How came you to know so much more than other people?"

"Well," said my companion, "I suppose, to be sure, that a judge who may perhaps try these cases, ought to know less than other people about 'em, before trial at least, though the facts, to be sure, are things for the jury to find and deal with. But I'll tell you. Eliot, as I before said, has probably intended to appear for the defendants, without being authorized so to do by either of them; and he has been afraid, I suppose, that the counsel on the other side would be sharp enough to suspect this want of authority, from the very fact of his appearing in them at all. So, for the purpose, as we suppose, of not having a default ordered immediately, if the question should be asked him, and he obliged to confess, as it natu-

rally would be in most instances, you know, especially after the first term, but to have time granted in which to obtain the Captain's consent to appear by authority, he took occasion to tell Judge Wansley at the last term, which was before the suits were commenced, and Wansley told the rest of us pretty much what I have been telling you.

The Judge finished the punch and his narrative at about the same moment, and shortly afterwards I bade him good night, and went up to my room. I knocked at Cranston's door as I passed, and there being no reply, I concluded that

he had not got home from the Captain's; so, as the window of my room overlooked the front piazza, and commanded a view of the street towards Captain Smith's as far as the brow of the hill, and, in fact, of the upper portion of the house itself, I sat down by it in my rocking-chair, lit a cigar, and began to smoke, to watch for Cranston's return, and it is perhaps needless to add, to build castles in the air, of which ethereal mansions Miss Mary Smith, under the name, style and title of Mrs. Charles Lovel, was invariably mistress.

(To be continued.)

WHO IS HE?

A REPLY TO QUEVEDO.

A SPANISH writer once decided,
In flippant song,
That woman's lip, or tongue, or eye did
All that went wrong.
Nay, that the true mode of unmasking
Her wiles would be,
On all occasions simply asking—
Pray, who is she?

Now, why must woman's petticoats
Aye be the blamables?
How is't Quevedo never quotes
Mankind's unnamables?
He rates the sex, and certés for it he
Makes a good plea;
But can't I, on as good authority,
Ask, who is he?

Quevedo swears that Eve and Helen
Wrought dire mishaps:
That Adam and the Trojans fell in
Their deep-laid traps.
Eve?—why Diabolus beguiled her;
You know'st, Quevedo!
Helen?—that rascal Paris wiled her;
That's Homer's *credo*!

Trust me, man causes woman's failing;
And, on my life,
He's always wantonly assailing
Maid, widow, wife.
Beneath the surface let the gazer
Look deep—he'll see
Some stronger vessel that betrays her:
Just ask—who's he?

Is it a milk-maid drops her pailful?—
 Lubin's love-making:
 Is her fate scandalous or baleful?—
 Lubin's been raking!
 The school-girl loathes her bread and butter,
 Pouts o'er her tea,
 Mumbles her lessons in a flutter—
 Ask, who is he?

Despite experience, what can set
 The widow hoping?
 Why are wives sometimes gadding met,
 And sometimes moping?
 Don't talk of widows' amorous bump,
 Of wives too free;
 But pop the question to them, plump—
 Pray, who is he?

We're mighty prompt to throw the blame on
 The weaker fair sex;
 When justice ought to fix the shame on
 Ours—not on their sex.
 Ours the seduction and the fooling,
 If such there be:
 Come; your exception to this ruling—
 Pray, who is he?

The old and hump-backed ply their battery
 Of gold and jewels;
 Well-knit young fellows deal in flattery,
 Dance, song, oaths, duels.
 So, to conclude, I'll take my oath, sir,
 Upon the Bible,
 That to blame one—in place of both, sir,—
 Is a gross libel!

MANNERS.

WITH A SQUINT AT CHESTERFIELD.

THE duration and severity of the American Revolutionary War, we are inclined to believe, is more attributable to, apparently, a trifling and insignificant cause, and one very generally overlooked by historians, than to any other. The cause we allude to, and on which we are inclined to place so much stress, was the *manners* of Lord North.

Many suppose, that in great historical events, causes must have existed commensurate in importance with the events themselves; whereas it has often been the case, that the most important events were traceable directly to seemingly the most trifling causes. The cackling of geese, every one knows, once saved Rome; and we suspect that the peace and war of nations has oftener depended upon the

blooming cheeks and captivating qualities of fair women, than any particular sense of the justice or injustice about which they were fighting. It was the remark of a very distinguished statesman, that "a chambermaid has sometimes caused revolutions in court, which have produced others in kingdoms." It is said, that if a British officer had not stopped to make love to his sweetheart on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, the attack upon the Americans would have been made some three hours sooner, when their works would have been in a very imperfect condition, and the result entirely different. Who is prepared to estimate the moral effect of that battle, or calculate what it might have been, if the rebels had suffered a

defeat? In the early part of the French Revolution, Robespierre determined on leaving France, and was taking his departure from Paris, when his attention was arrested by a political wrangle in a café. He stopped to take part in it, and events there occurred which prevented him from leaving Paris. How differently might have terminated the French Revolution, if Robespierre had been left out of it.

Disraeli the younger, in one of his novels, gives an account of a distinguished European diplomatist, who was detected in cheating at gambling. The threatened exposure caused his sudden departure from the watering-place where he was staying. As but few were acquainted with the cause of his sudden leaving, his departure created an intense sensation, and gave rise to the most extraordinary conjectures. A wealthy Englishman "sent immediate orders to his broker in England, to sell two millions of Consols. The sale was of course effected—the example followed; stocks fell ten per cent. The exchange turned—money became scarce. The public funds of all Europe experienced a great decline—smash went the country banks—consequent runs on the London—a dozen baronets failed in one morning—Portland place deserted—the cause of infant liberty at a terrific discount—the Greek loan disappeared like a vapor in a storm—all the new American States refused to pay their dividends—manufactories deserted—the revenue in a decline—the country in despair—orders in council—meetings of parliament—change of ministry—and a new loan! Such were the terrific consequences of a diplomatist turning blackleg! This secret history of the late distress, is a lesson to all modern statesmen. Rest assured, that in politics, however tremendous the effects, the causes are often as trifling, and sometimes still more despicable."

We are told of an instance of the duplicity of Fouché with Wellington, which came near changing the fate of Europe, for a time, at least. And we suspect that the manners of Lord North had a more serious effect upon the affairs of the world, than the swindling of any diplomatists who have lived since his time. He was not a man of great capacity, but he possessed a cheerfulness and suavity of manner that nothing could disturb. He was at the head of affairs for many years, during a period of great political excitement and fierce strife;—a fact that is only to be accounted for by his imper-

turbable good nature, and his amiable and pleasing manners. Men of much greater ability, but with less good nature and affability of manner—men with the temper of Burke, Canning or Brougham, for instance—could not have kept the place for six months. A man of marked capacity, but of a less indolent and easy temper than North possessed, could not have weathered the storm that Burke, Fox, and others, raised against the minister on account of the American war. But he received all with a bland smile, or slept quietly through the denunciations, invectives, and sarcasms that were showered upon him by the opposition. Men soon get tired of assailing another with such a disposition as this. On leaving the house, upon a certain occasion, after a loud and stormy debate, in which the minister preserved his equanimity and humor to the last, Burke said, "Well, there's no denying it, gentlemen, this man has certainly more wit and good nature in him, than all of us put together." He would reply to attacks the most bitter and virulent, in a manner calm and gracious, and with facetiousness and pleasantry that no political animosity could withstand. It was this easy temper that nothing could ruffle, joined to his bland and insinuating manners, which kept the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the savages so much employed between the years 1776 and 1783. It is doubtful if any other minister could have continued the American war half as long; and it will therefore be safe to suppose, perhaps, that every one of his gracious smiles cost America the life of a patriot. It was fortunate for the United States that there was one event which the courtesy and good nature of North could not avert. Clive committed suicide just after North had given him the command of the English army in America. If the consummate abilities of that great soldier had been brought to bear against the people of the United Colonies, then feebly struggling for liberty, the history of the Revolutionary war might have been very different from what it now is, and the pleasing manners of North still more disastrous to this country.

It is well known what three requisites the ancient orator said were necessary to make a good speaker; and the same variety is necessary to make agreeable and winning manners. Good nature, amiability, and kindness of heart, are three qualities no less important and indispensable in producing them, than action, action, action, in the estimation of the distinguished

ancient in producing the good orator. The most elaborate, assiduous, and untiring endeavors to cultivate in a young man pleasing and attractive manners, where there is but little benevolence of heart, is utterly impossible. A generous nature is "the heaven that leavens the whole lump." Wherever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has *some* good qualities, in an eminent degree. Yet it is not unusual to hear the man who is popular with the multitude, and odious with the (*soi disant*) respectable few, denied all merit. They have

"Observed his courtship to the common people;—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;"

but it was only art (they say)—cool, premeditated design, that prompted the courtesy. Now it would not seem to require a great deal of wisdom to know that counterfeit virtue will not pass current any better than a counterfeit coin or counterfeit bank bill; and the "common people" probably detect the counterfeits sooner than the exclusives, because they are under a greater necessity to keep them circulating.

A French writer, we believe, has the credit of first having said, in speaking of style in authors, "The style is the man." Every peculiarity a man has, of course, must be part and parcel of the individual; and the idea of regarding them as a sort of extraneous adjunct, which might be dropped or resumed at pleasure, is very idle. Tuckerman has written a very ingenious and interesting essay on "The Hands." The particular disposal one makes of the hands in walking, sitting, talking, is full of expression, and constitutes an important part of one's manners. And the manners are but the disposition and character, sticking out, as it were, all over the person. The feet, even, are made expressive in our manner of using them. Ulysses says of Cressida:

"There is language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks."

"Manners make the man," is a very old saying. It is a proposition that is undoubtedly true; but the converse of it is equally true, and much more plausible, as it strikes us. The man makes the manners. A man with such a character as Cato's, will be likely to have manners like Cato; and a man with a character similar to Cæsar's, will have similar manners to Cæsar. We recol-

lect no instance of the union of a character like Cato's, with the manners of Cæsar, though John Hampden comes nearer to such a union than any that now occurs to us. Aaron Burr, we think, resembled Cæsar very much in character, and he certainly did very much in manners. John Jay, Hamilton, Judge Marshall, Pickering, resembled Cato more in character as well as in manners. All the training in the world, we suspect, from infancy upward, could not have infused into Cato the manners of Cæsar, any more than the persevering efforts of Chesterfield in coaxing, flattering, sneering at and threatening his son, could drive "the graces" into that slow-witted, pedantic lout. How impossible it would have been for Voltaire to have had the manners of Dr. Johnson, and *vice versa*. What a combination it would have made for each, if Pitt and Sheridan had changed manners. Supposing such a thing possible, we are inclined to believe that neither of them would have died so much in debt, and that the debt of Great Britain would be something less than it now is.

Bad men, as well as good men, undoubtedly sometimes have very agreeable manners; but we should be unwilling to believe, that very bad men could long prove agreeable companions. Nature has bounded and circumscribed hypocrisy to very narrow limits, and keeping within them any very great length of time, is extremely difficult. We suspect, if those persons who have had the reputation of being very fascinating in manner, and very vicious in character, were fully understood and appreciated, they would be found to possess more than an ordinary share of kindness.

We are too much of an optimist to feel a very great distrust of the world's judgment; yet we cannot help looking upon a good many characters famous in history, as well as a good many more humble individuals of our acquaintance, in a more favorable light than they are regarded by the world generally.

The more familiar we become with the wickedness and tyranny of the nobility of France previous to the French Revolution, the more charity we feel towards Marat and Robespierre. Shakespeare's poaching and supposed backsliding at the country inn, the world is disposed to regard more leniently, than the error he committed in handing down to posterity that worthy monarch (as it now appears he was), Richard the Third, as such a monster of iniquity.

Lord Chesterfield was a man against whose reputation the most violent anathemas and denunciations have been hurled. He has been preached against as the cold-blooded and systematic corruptor of his own son : as a man utterly without religion, virtue, principle, or morality. But he was much too wise a man to have been near as wicked as many have represented him. A candid and careful examination of his life and works, leads us to believe that however much he may have been wanting in virtue and morality, he was not, in these respects at least, far behind many other distinguished men of his time. And in brilliant, if not solid qualities, he surpassed them all. Now if Chesterfield had been the heartless monster many believe him, and yet possessed of such an engaging address, and such fascinating manners, it would have been truly surprising.

The ideas most commonly associated with Chesterfield, are, that he was a man possessed of a highly cultivated but superficial intellect, and the perfect master of every accomplishment ; that he was an effeminate, fastidious, highly polished gentleman—a sort of combination of the dancing-master and the statesman—a cross between Beau Nash and the Duke of Grafton. A lady's boudoir, many have supposed, was the field best calculated for the exhibition of his exploits—a field on which a brilliant display of his powers was sure to be afforded, and his utmost capabilities elicited. They have supposed that he could make a bow with inimitable grace, compliment a lady with the most exquisite delicacy, and utter a witticism with charming *sang froid*. The popular fancy has painted him as an exceedingly handsome man, dressed with the utmost taste and elegance—"the glass of fashion and the mould of form," but a man of such keenly nervous susceptibilities as to be greatly shocked by contact with the least approach to rudeness and vulgarity.

Now it appears to us, that no very profound knowledge of human nature is necessary to know, that however graceful and accomplished a spooney may be, he cannot be a very fascinating man. Women contrive to elicit some amusement from shallow fops in the way of ridicule and bantering, but they seldom feel any admiration for a man, who does not command the respect of men.

Women almost always require some gumption (to use a homely but expressive term) in the men upon whom they bestow their admiration. To be sure,

the Queen of Spain was enamored with that handsome braggart, Gondoy ; and the Duchess of Castelmagne was smitten with the fine proportions, strength and agility of the rope-dancer, Hall ; but these women could appreciate nothing but animal qualities in a man. Lady Essex never would have fallen in love with the handsome person of the adventurer, Carr, but for the love letters Sir Thomas Overbury wrote her for him. It was not an idle boast of Wilkes's, that he was an overmatch for the handsomest man in England, in winning the affections of a woman, although he was one of the ugliest men in the kingdom. But he was a good-natured rascal, with very fascinating manners.

The impressions stated above in regard to Chesterfield, we suspect, are wholly erroneous. He was a free and easy careless gentleman, with all classes ; had no troublesome weight of dignity to preserve, and was an exceedingly agreeable companion to whomsoever he might be thrown among. He would exhibit no less gusto in cracking a joke with a beggar in the street, than he would grace and elegance in exchanging repartees with the lady in her parlor. He was as popular with the Irish squires at Dublin, as he was with Frederick the Great and Voltaire ; as much admired by his servants and dependants, as he was by Lord Hervey and Lady Suffolk. The man whose society is much sought after by the fashionable and the great, must have in him elements of popularity with the multitude ; for he must possess a large share of good nature which the high and low equally appreciate. Politeness has been defined as benevolence in little things—a definition which comprehends the full meaning of the word. That Chesterfield was a kind-hearted man, his life and writings clearly show.

We give a description of Chesterfield by two different parties—both very reliable authorities. The reader can reconcile the dissimilarity in the descriptions as best he may ; we cannot help him much. Perhaps, however, Lord Hervey, who wrote the first description, may have had a prejudice against Chesterfield, for some reason or other.

"His person was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed. He was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made, had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben

Ashurst, who said a few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once, that he was like a stunted giant, which was a humorous idea, and really apposite."

The other description we think is by a man who had no particular prejudice in the matter. Putting the two together they show what confidence we can place in *all* we read.

"His figure, though on a small scale, was very good—every limb turned by Nature's daintiest hand, yet full of vigor, till it paid the penalties of vice. The head is inimitable—we never saw any engraving of him, either from bust, or medal, or picture, that gives an approach to its peculiar expression. The features are all classical—the eyes full of softness, yet of fire—the brow and eyebrows grave and manly, the mouth small, but impressed with such a mixture of firmness, sense, wit, gayety and voluptuous delicacy as few artists could have imagined—and no one of that day but Rosalba could have transcribed."

A very characteristic anecdote is given, of the stratagem he resorted to to obtain a vote against Walpole, whose downfall he was very zealous in promoting.

"The late Lord R—, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning and after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. I have no objection; and as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?"

"*Apropos*, said Lord Chesterfield after the operation, do you go to the House to-day? Lord R— answered, I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of? The Earl having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country."

It is putting a man's politeness to a pretty severe test when it comes to blood-letting.

On seeing the full-length picture of

Beau Nash, between the busts of Pope and Newton at Bath, he wrote the following epigram:

"This picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length."

The following *bon mot* gives another specimen of his wit:

On hearing of the marriage of a man of low family, with the daughter of a lady whose way of life threw doubts on the paternity, he observed that nobody's son had married every body's daughter.

No one doubts Pope's appreciation of wit, and he wrote—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

The best exhibition afforded of the *manners* of Chesterfield is given in his manner of governing Ireland. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at a very critical time—that nation being in a great state of excitement from an apprehension that the Catholics would rise in favor of the Pretender. He was the man of all others best suited to the post, and Ireland neither before nor since, was ever better governed than by him. His profound knowledge of human nature, his sagacity and penetration, his great tact, suavity and firmness, admirably fitted him to govern that people at any time, but more especially during a crisis. A man of less discernment, tact, and affability—a well-meaning but dull-witted governor at that period, would have been pretty sure to have had a civil war to contend with.

We give two anecdotes illustrative of his *manners*! while he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Some would say that it evinced how very efficacious pleasantries often is in averting serious difficulties. "Why, my lord," said some one to him, "your own coachman is a Papist, and goes to mass every Sunday." "Does he, indeed," replied the Lord Lieutenant. "I will take good care that he does not drive me there." One morning early, the vice-treasurer, Mr. Gardner, a red-hot Orange man, waited on him, and assured him on the best authority that the Papists in the province of Connaught were actually rising! Upon which Lord Chesterfield took out his watch and composedly observed, "It is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true." All this time he was watching over the peace of the country with Argus eyes, and the slightest

movement towards dissimulation was observed.

This pleasantry of manner in these instances, as any one can see, was the result of the shrewdest observation and the deepest reflection. Some of the jokes of this perfumed milliner Lord (as many suppose him to have been) while in Ireland, have been preserved, but they are too coarse and indecorous for publication nowadays.

But notwithstanding his appreciation of coarse jokes, no man ever whispered in the ear of woman compliments of more exquisite delicacy than he. Good nature without wit, grace, or refinement, will not enable a person to bestow compliments well. A striking illustration of this fact is afforded in the case of the Mayor of London, who in his address to Queen Elizabeth told her that the Spanish Armada got the wrong son by the ear when they attacked her.

Chesterfield's reputation now rests chiefly on his letters to his son; when he lived it was based on what he was, without them.

Of course it was much more splendid then, than it has been since. It is not likely that Chesterfield placed any undue stress upon manners, but he had for a son a dull-witted, awkward, clumsy clown, and undoubtedly few sons ever needed more the cultivation of graceful manners than he. Hence his father's earnest endeavors to force them upon him, but all without avail. The following lines are very much to the point:

Vile Stanhope—Demons blush to tell
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to h—,
Exorted by the Graces:
But little did the ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them.

The difference between Dorset and Rochester illustrates well what kind of a foundation agreeable manners require. Rochester was one of the most brilliant wits and poets of the court of Charles II.; but he lacked that good nature and broad sympathy with his fellow-men which made Dorset so attractive. We cannot forbear quoting Macaulay's description of the latter. Although the reader is undoubtedly familiar with it, he will not object, we think, to have his attention often called to it.

"None of the English nobles enjoyed a larger measure of public favor than Charles Sackville, earl of Dorset. He was, indeed, a remarkable man. In his

youth he had been one of the most notorious libertines of the wild time which followed the Restoration. He had been the terror of the city watch, had passed many nights in the round house, and had at least once occupied a cell in Newgate. His passion for Betty Morrice and for Nell Gwynn, who always called him her Charles the First, had given no small amusement and scandal to the town. Yet in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged were common between him and the whole race of gay young cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured were all his own. His associates were astonished by the distinction which the public made between him and them. 'He may do what he chooses,' said Wilmot; 'he is never in the wrong.' The judgment of the world became still more favorable to Dorset when he had been sobered by time and marriage. His graceful manners, his brilliant conversation, his soft heart, his open hand, were universally praised. No day passed, it was said, in which some distressed family had not reason to bless his name. And yet with all his good nature, such was the keenness of his wit, that scoffers whose sarcasm all the town feared, stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset."

The manners of Charles the First on the scaffold, and of his son Charles the Second on his deathbed, both did much to atone for the errors of their lives. How much kindness of heart and philosophical magnanimity the latter exhibited when he begged pardon of his courtiers for being such an unconscionable time dying.

Chesterfield, in his old age, called his daily drive through the streets the rehearsal of his funeral, and used to say of Lord Tyrrawley and himself: "Tyrrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known."

The loss of sight was added to his other miseries; but he retained his memory and his politeness to his latest breath. Only half an hour before he died, Mr. Dayrolles came to see him and the earl had just strength enough to gasp out in a faint voice from his bed—"Give Dayrolles a chair." "His good breeding," said his physician, "only quits him with his life." He was in the 79th year of his age when he died.

A DAY IN THE GREAT CEMETERY.

IN a former notice of this subject, we gave a brief sketch of the general principles of the historical study of the natural records of our planet, couched in such simple language as might convey some idea of the scope and interest of the pursuit, without appalling the reader with names and terms associated in most minds with a strong impression of dulness and obscurity.

Whether justly or unjustly, geology has won a very dry reputation with the world at large, and is often regarded as a pursuit appropriate only to those "slow coaches" which can succeed in nothing usually deemed attractive or interesting. The sly hit at its students in *Vanity Fair*, where, after rendering full tribute to the merits of Mrs. Eagles, that "woman without a flaw in her character and with a house in Portman Square," the author stoops for an instant to characterize her conjugal appendage as "a quiet old gentleman not tall enough to reach any body's ears, and with a taste for geology;" is perhaps a fair indication of the estimation in which "polite society" holds that small class of persons indulging tastes similar to those of Mr. Eagles. Certainly the philosopher blowing soap-bubbles was not a better subject for ridicule than a formal professor, toiling with hammer and basket "up hill and down dale, knocking chucky-stones to pieces to see how the world was made," and in the minds perhaps of most, the speculations of the erudite and enthusiastic laird of Monkbarne seem authentic compared to those of the geologist.

Perhaps all this is mainly the fault of the philosophers themselves, whose so-called elementary books on the subject are often admirably calculated to quench curiosity and repel investigation. We remember well a course of geology in our junior year at college, and have still a strong recollection of the precise definitions and angular diagrams of De la Beche's epitome of the science; under the influence of which all interest formerly aroused by a residence where fossils were so abundant that every stone was marked by their mystic forms, was fairly extinguished. The only application ever made of our learning was when, on some Saturday ramble, we amused each other by "airing our vocabulary," and detecting the most remarkable "uplifts," "faults," "contortions," and "schistose cleavages" in the slaty banks of the Mohawk. The

cloud of dulness shed over the science by the college manual was afterwards dissipated by a very different book. In accompanying (in imagination) Dr. Mantell along the chalky cliffs of the channel or the inland quarries of the Oolite, to pick from among the rocky debris the moulded imprints of the tenants of the ancient oceans; and tracing back the chain of natural causes until the wonderful facts were made to explain themselves by a yet stranger history, the true character of the science was understood. We realized at once the fascinating interest which it owes to the manner in which its best established truths are connected with unexplained phenomena; and to the blending of the satisfaction resulting from truth attained, with the eager curiosity excited by mysteries yet unresolved.

A not less admirable guide is the explorer of the opposite extremity of Great Britain, as will be confessed by every reader who with his mind's eye follows Hugh Miller, along the cliffs of Cromarty and among the isles of Orkney, scanning closely the stony layers for the organic remains which their waste reveals, yet constantly awake to the grand scenery which surrounds him. He seems to rest on some high hillside ledge, forgetting his immediate pursuit while looking across the Moray Frith on mountains crowned with the snows of spring and draped with the heather, so that "all above is white, and all below is purple;" or gazes in the evening "on the three great Rosshire hills, while the sunset lights up their horizontal strata showing like courses of masonry in gigantic pyramids;" and he reflects how vast were the masses of which these are merely the detached relics. He works with the author among the seaweed on the rocky beach, eagerly breaking the nodules and finding in each some before unknown organic fragment, and desists only when the rising tide drives him away, to spread out on some huge boulder the spoils of the morning, and from the various fragments to restore vague outlines of the vanished forms to which they once belonged. He traces the layer which contains these relics deep into the country, buried under hundreds of feet of rock in the walls of the ravine of Eathie, but disdains not to stop on the search, and to recount the fairy legend which haunts the glen.

Such writers redeem their science, and prove that Bulwer was far from right

when in *Islanded* these study as "the singular testimony of forces which sweep across nature in a succession and power among the vast wastes of the world inconceivable of ordinary reality." The readers of the *Journal of Marine* or *Marine* need no argument to show how the nature of the masses may be interpreted with the nature of the study and how it brings the mysterious history of the past the present a "strange and constant intercourse with a vast and beautiful and grand in the present aspect of nature."

What the reader expects to know with us in our own history of the Great Cañon? He has already a general idea of its huge series of layers spread out above the first formation of water in extent and thickness of rock in depth—each successive stratum as it comes last increasing the remains of a particular group of living forms over the remains of that sea or its bounding shores. How these originally soft masses were hardened, how raised above the waters into continents, we wait not now to inquire. They are however actually and undeniably here, forming the stony masonry of which this high slope is built up, this northern slope of Pompey Hill, in the centre of New York, a thousand feet above that level at which the nearest waters like those which deposited them are now heaving and rolling, two hundred miles away.

Every where under the soil and mould of this green hill, and under those of all its fellows which we see swelling eastward and westward, by digging but a few feet we come upon the hardened sea-lime, which we know as rock, with its native shells and weeds and corals yet preserved in its compact embrace.

That valley between this hill and the next, hollowed out so far that yonder church-spire reaches upward not a third of its depth, has all been worn out of these successive layers of sediment, the flinty edges of which appear on its opposite slopes at corresponding heights. Once these parallel ridgy hills were but parts of one huge mass, hidden within it like the statue in the block. The elements have chiselled away the greater portion, worn and fretted it down for hundreds of feet, until it has assumed its present uneven and furrowed form, and are still working at it day by day; while the busy stream in its deepest hollow is slowly but increasingly bearing back yet more and more of its daily waste into the depths from whence it rose.

But the evidence of far greater wear and erosion is before us. Yonder at the

northward, but in five hundred feet below, spreads as far as the eye can reach a level and in great part forest-covered plain. That way is the northern stretches through the woods from east to west, a long belt of land with a third part or two near its western extremity. It is the *Coastal* Lake and these spots are islands. Thirty miles beyond, out of sight beneath the sky, one of the northern, has Ontario.

Just below us, several layers of hard limestone jut out from the hill, their edges broken off in a sudden cliff. When originally deposited at the sea-bottom, these layers must have extended much farther, "thinning out" very gradually toward the shores of their ocean. Let us then, as a mathematician would say, "produce their plane" to the northward, and see where they must have reposed when first formed. Extending them in imagination, we find that they must have overspread the plain before us at an elevation of many hundred feet above its present level. By the wearing away of these and the masses which underlain and supported them, that broad plain and its lake basin must have been formed. This region is known by its structure to have been above water, exposed to the elements, ever since the era of the coal formation. Since then, vast tracts of our earth under the newer seas have been filled to the aggregate depth of miles by the wear of old continents, building up the great formations known as the secondary and tertiary strata. While the ocean has thus been filled in one region, wide territories must have been elsewhere worn away to furnish the material,—and here is one of the vacancies left by the process. What bounds are we to set to the portions of yonder airy space once filled by the masses of which these hills and plains are but the relics? How great were the masses which have dissolved away since the "New world which is the Old" first raised itself above its parent ocean? Probably thousands of feet of rock have been worn from above where we sit. Probably their northern extension once spread far and wide, where now the clouds hover above Lake Ontario. All now gone, vanished,—partly perhaps abraded by waves and tides while first emerging above the sea, but mostly by later agencies; loosened by frost and storm and rain, washed away down the rivers into the ocean, and spread by currents and billows over thousands of leagues. The hills and valleys we see, are but the last furrows of the wearing agencies of nature, as the chisel-

marks on the granite block are the last traces of that toil which reduced it from its parent mass. The surface which we inhabit is but a temporary one, constantly changing for a lower. The powers which have reduced it thus low, will, in a far less period than that past of which we trace the record, level it so that it shall

"Sink, like a seaweed, into whence it rose,"

till the salt billows shall again sweep across it, and the continent shall be obliterated as have been the estates of the Saxon earl where are now the Goodwin sands.

Enough of these considerations of the mere earthy material of the Great Cemetery. We are in this corner of it, on this actual upland farm, in the town of Manlius and county of Onondaga, to disinter some of the relics of living things which were buried when the foundations of these monumental hills were laid.

We turn from the broad landscape, and follow up the bed of a shallow brook which comes down the slope from the south, emerging from a ravine which it has worn in the black slate of which the hill is formed. We ascend its bed for a hundred yards, our feet plashing on its gravelly bottom, and our hats swept by pendent boughs of birch and elm growing from the slaty banks. A hundred yards within the edge of the hill,—and we come to a cascade. A layer of hard, black limestone, three feet thick, lies here in the midst of the soft slates, its edge projecting like a course of stone masonry from a brick wall. Its greater hardness causes it so to outwear the shales in which it is imbedded, that they are swept clean from its upper surface, and excavated below into a shallow cave or recess behind the falling waters,—a miniature illustration of the structure of Niagara itself.

This hard layer is one of the most crowded repositories of the Great Cemetery. The slates both above and below are barren of fossils, and seem to have been deposited by waters almost destitute of animal life. But the limestone contains the proof of an epoch of a very different character.

On breaking its upper surface, we find fragments filled with tiny shells, which a casual observer would compare to those of snails. They bear, however, in their peculiar spiral form, their markings and their indented aperture, characteristics which prove their affinity with a family of small carnivorous shellfish inhabiting

the ocean. If we call them *Pleurotomaria*, the general reader will be no wiser, but naturalists will know at once what they are like. They are perfect in every particular, though bound in a rock of the hardest texture. A pound of stone will often show a dozen projecting from its ragged sides. From most of them the shell itself breaks away under the hammer, or adheres to the investing stone, when there is left only a smooth spiral coil, which is an interior cast of the shell, formed by the hardening of the slime which filled it. A few specimens however, rescued in perfection, preserve the entire shell in its place, its jetty surface marked with every original line and furrow, more distinctly under the magnifier than to the naked eye.

But these are on the surface of the rock. Let us raise a layer, and see what other relics it may yield us, of those forms of life which swam or drifted above the depths in which its particles were accumulated.

It is a hard, tough stone, and we require the use of crowbar, sledge and gunpowder, to effect any considerable impression upon it. By dint of much prying and pounding, we are able to loosen a block of perhaps three or four square feet, and nearly a foot in thickness. As it is torn up from the dark bed which it has occupied so long, and thrown over against the bank, the duller eye must be arrested by the figure in bas-relief which shows upon its lower surface. The outlines of a large coiled shell are perfectly defined, and no one who has seen a nautilus can fail to recognize a closely allied form. There is the coil, beginning at the centre in a tiny circle, and expanding at every volution until it terminates in a wide mouth with a gracefully curved margin. There is the substance of the shell, its colors indeed lost, and itself converted into a black, crystalline, stony mass, but preserving its original thickness and form, and showing as distinctly as ever its undulating striations. And at places where the outer walls of this old tenement are broken away, show the waving, sinuous edges of those remarkable partitions which divide its interior into two or three score of successive cells, forming that admirable float by which its tenant was enabled at will to swim basking on the sunny surface of the deep, or to sink to the bottom. These cells are now all filled with solid stone; the outer chambers usually with the same material with the enveloping rock, which must have been pressed in while semi-fluid through

those perforations which gave passage to the tube which connected the whole series of chambers together. The remains of this pipe are still perceptible, not, as in the recent nautilus, piercing the partitions near their centres, but at their edges, and lying close within the rounded back of the shell. The innermost cells, those penetralia to which the earthy sediment could not gain admittance, are filled with black calcareous spar, which must have percolated in solution with the water through the pores of the shell, and crystallized in its interior. The entire organism is greatly changed from its original condition, yet it is unaltered in all its more characteristic features. Its analogy is complete with the pearly nautilus which navigates the Indian Ocean, and it bears a still closer resemblance to the umbilicated nautilus, as witnesses one of the latter from the shores of New Zealand, which lies amicably in the same drawer to illustrate our best specimens from the rocks of Central New York. Still they are by no means identical, and in this as in other instances, the ancient fossil is connected with its modern representative by a series of perhaps a hundred more or less varying species.

The abundance of these relics is remarkable. In a block of three or four square feet may often be seen the remains of as many of these graceful shells. A mass from this very ledge, containing four nautili from four to ten inches in diameter, lies on the floor in that chilly apartment of the old State Hall at Albany, which, appropriated to the State collection of fossils, is consigned to dust and neglect; while the attention of visitors to the State Museum is mainly directed to the inspection of bullets from old battlefields, "horned frogs," rattlesnakes, and bead embroidered Indian leggins, and to the inscription of their valuable autographs in a register kept for that purpose, after the manner of hotels.

The disinterment of relics of such evident and unquestionable character from a ledge of the hardest rock, two hundred miles inland and nearly a thousand feet above the sea level, is a fact to fix the attention of the most careless observer. To the informed and thoughtful mind it connects with wonderful freshness and reality the two almost infinitely remote eras, that of the nautilus sailing gayly

"——— In sun and breeze,
On the new created seas,"

in this very latitude, 43° North, 76° West, and that when the same shell is

broken out in the same place, from a ledge loosened by the severest frosts of winter.

In a museum of Egyptian relics but three thousand years old, we are surprised at the apparently close relation of the past with the present, as shown by furniture and garments bearing so great a resemblance to those now in use, and human remains not yet quite resolved into their elements. But what comparison bear the famous forty centuries invoked at the battle of the Pyramids to the cycles which have crept away since these courses of masonry were laid over this relic, and it was 1 ft

"——— for ever to endure,
Itself its monument!"

Two other varieties of nautili occur in the same layer, one a little species not larger than a half dollar, in which (as in the pearly nautilus) every whorl enfolds and entirely conceals those within it; another much larger, in which the successive volutions lie unobscured, merely in contact with each other, and ornamented along their outer edges with a series of knobs or bosses.

Equally abundant with the nautili, are some shells of a very peculiar form, quite unknown among living families, though every where common in the lower and older layers of the Great Cemetery. They are perhaps two inches in diameter, two feet long, tapering to a point, and divided by internal partitions into a succession of chambers or cells. At first sight they appear entirely unlike any thing else, but on close examination prove to have precisely the structure of a nautilus, differing only in being extended in a straight line instead of being coiled up.

We have remarked that these shells occur in so great abundance, that a square yard of the rock may be estimated to contain on an average not less than three, lying within a thin layer of but a few inches. At this estimate an acre of this cemetery must contain more than fourteen thousand of these stony skeletons, and more than nine millions are buried under each square mile.

The fact that the ocean bottom was so thickly strewn with these remains of animals which, being carnivorous and of wandering habits, could not have existed in very dense numbers at any moment, proves that their accumulation must have been the work of a very long period of time. It has occurred to us that a vague estimate of this period may be made.

If, in a district supporting a human population of a thousand persons, the or-

dinary annual mortality among whom would be perhaps twenty, we should find the burying ground to contain a thousand graves, it would be reasonable to conclude that half a century had elapsed while this average population had existed.

Now, before applying this reasoning to the old cemetery of the nautili, we need two facts by way of data; first the average density of their population, secondly, their average duration of life. We have little means of obtaining practical evidence of either. But, being large floating shellfish of a high grade of organization, and of carnivorous habits, they are not likely to have been very abundant; and if we assume that an average of ten may at once have been living on each acre, or six thousand four hundred on each square mile, it will perhaps be a reasonable estimate. If we then suppose the usual longevity of a nautilus to have been ten years, it follows that to each acre of the cemetery at the sea-bottom there would be added one dead shell annually, so that more than fourteen thousand years would elapse before such an accumulation of them as we find in this rock could be formed.

This is a mere speculation, perhaps an extravagant one, founded on data assumed without much authority. But whatever allowance may be made for error, there remains evidence of a very long period during which this rock was being deposited, and even our largest estimate seems to be supported by arguments of a different character. For within this thin layer is comprehended all that remains of four or five very marked and conspicuous forms of life. Their whole period of existence seems to have left no other record than is contained in this foot of hardened sea-slime. They are not found above or below, they did not exist before its deposit commenced; they became extinct before it was completed. Now what duration may we allot to such a group of species?

Human observation has detected no appreciable change among the living forms of earth during the period of history. The mummied animals of Egypt are precisely identical with modern species. Except when exterminated by man, no species is known to have disappeared. We have no knowledge of the appearance, or extinction from natural causes, of a single form.

And though this is merely negative evidence of little value, inasmuch as accurate observations in natural history are but of modern date, there are natural records which prove a very protracted

duration for species of shellfish yet existing. When the Niagara poured over the bluff at Lewistown, its waters left layers of sand and clay filled with the shells which then inhabited its waters. Since that time, it has worn its slow way backwards, forming a ravine six or seven miles long, which at a reasonable estimate of the rapidity of its recession, must have occupied from one hundred to three hundred centuries. Yet the same shellfish, undistinguishable in any particular, inhabit the shores of Goat Island and Chippewa to-day! If they have been in the full vigor of existence for from ten to thirty thousand years, how long a period may we reasonably suppose to have comprehended the entire duration of these races of nautili and the deposition of that rocky sepulchre which entombs them all?

If such deductions in Geology lack the accuracy and numerical certainty which are found in the conclusions of its sister science of the stars, they are, at least, suggestive thoughts. The actual evidence of vast duration is ample, and the very indefiniteness and vagueness which hang around it, heighten the impression which it produces, of the majestic slowness with which the progress of earth's changes has gone on, and still goes on,

"While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

Yet other and stranger relics of life lie hidden in this layer. Rude black carbonaceous patches occur, which to the unpractised observer present no signs of interest. On these, however, the keen eye of such an explorer as Agassiz or Hall fastens instantly. The black spot shows an organic texture, in which the microscope reveals the perfect structure of bone. Further search brings to light better specimens, showing bony plates united at their edges like a mosaic pavement, and marked on their surface with starlike tubercles. It is clearly a fragment of one of those strange fossil fishes described by Hugh Miller, which had their bones mainly external, and, like the tortoise, were clad in their own skeletons as in plate armor. The starlike markings identify it as a species of *Asterolepis*, a near relative to that which the author of "The Old Red Sandstone" found in the hills of Orkney, and which is the foundation of his volume, "The Footprints of the Creator." We have a bony plate found in this rock, once belonging to the lower jaw of one of these mailed creatures, which must have rejoiced in an en-

tire length of four or five feet; while a fragment of a spine which grew on the back of another, nearly an inch broad, and showing little diminution in size in its length of four or five, indicates one of much greater size, at the sight of whose dark, shadowy form, as he swam about in the clear brine, the sailing nautili may have shrunk back into their shells, and sought the bottom, with as much dread as their modern successors before the shark of the Indian sea. These fragmentary relics are the only evidence we yet have of the forms to which they belonged. On a sea-bottom filling so slowly and imperceptibly, every articulation must have yielded to decay, and each bone fallen from its fellow, long before they were buried up in the sediment. It is therefore hardly to be expected, that future specimens should be met with, still retaining the natural connection of their parts, or the general outline of their form; though in other strata of different character, and more rapidly deposited, such fortunate instances are not uncommon.

We must, therefore, be content to restore these vanished forms from such scattered fragments as may remain, aided by such hints as we may glean from the structure of their nearest living analogues, and the more entire remains of similar species found in rocks which have kept their organic treasures in more perfect condition. Every day spent in searching this ledge, however, brings to light some additional scrap or fragment; now a spine, now a bony plate, now a few scales, or a tooth, all which, when united, like the fragments of a shivered statue, or the chips of a broken mosaic, may yet reproduce with considerable completeness the general form from which they were detached. In the hourly hope of such gradual discoveries, days of laborious exploration pass rapidly away.

No rock in New York with which we are acquainted, contains within a narrow space a more striking collection of relics, than is found in this thin ledge of limestone imbedded between its barren slates, and few pleasanter days are within our memory, than those spent in its examination. Much labor is necessary to force open the grasp in which its contents are held, and no little patience and care are afterwards required to chisel away the enveloping stone from each fossil, or to reunite its fragments into a perfect whole. Not one in five is extricated in a condition approaching completeness. But the difficulty enhances the interest, and the relic is not the worse for showing some

effects of its long burial and rough disinterment. As one would not choose his penny of Alfred, or medal of Vespasian, quite free from the rust and corrosion of ages, untarnished and perfect as a new dollar, no more would we have our shell, preserved in its rocky sarcophagus from the early epochs of time, as bright and fresh as one dredged up last year off the coast of Amboyna. We love them somewhat as Desdemona did Othello, "for the perils they have passed;" and a reasonable crack or scar out of their symmetrical forms, does not diminish their value in our eyes. They lie in our cabinet drawers by the half dozen, some almost perfect, some sadly dilapidated, some in fragments,—casts of separate chambers, thin pieces of striated shell, little coils which were once the central beginnings of large nautili, black plates of bone, broken spines; in short, scraps of ancient mortality of all sizes and degrees of incompleteness. Every one has its reminiscence of the day, the spot, the associate with whom we labored. As we look them over on some stormy, snowy, drifting February day, the time and place of their discovery recur vividly to memory. It is again June: there is the high grassy brow of the hill,—the deep valley, with its winding stream far below,—the opposite slope, a mile in gradual ascent, patched with forest, grainfield, and meadow,—the broad, wooded lowland, spreading away from the mouth of the valley, like the sea from the entrance of a bay, to the far, sharp horizon, where show dimly, through fifty miles of atmosphere, a few serrated peaks, which lie in the wilderness of Hamilton county. In the middle distance spreads the long gleaming Oneida, recalling to mind the forest-tales of Cooper, legends of woodland exploration a hundred years ago, and the history of the campaigns of Brant and St. Leger. We again seem to sit hammering at the ledge, to hear the clink of the crowbar, and the dull report of the blast shaking up the rock, and summoning us to look eagerly for new revelations among the shattered masses.

The momentary reverie fades,—we are standing at our window, specimen in hand, clouds of drift obscuring the dreary snow-fields before us; but we mentally resolve, as soon as the earth is green and the skies are mild, again to draw from their dusty winter corner, hammer and basket, sledge and drill, and to ransack with new zeal this wonderful repository of the primal ages.

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte; Freely Translated and Condensed by HARRIET MARTINEAU. 2 vols.

IT is some ten or twelve years since entering the bookstore of Wiley & Putnam, in Broadway, we took from the shelves four large and dingy volumes, printed in French, and bound with coarse, rose-colored paper, purporting to be a treatise on the entire circle of the sciences. The first page we opened upon contained a statement of the imperfections of analytical geometry, and we said, "Here is a conceited fellow, who believes himself capable of reforming the mathematics." But on reading further, we discovered that he was an earnest partisan of mathematics, carrying his respect for them, indeed, so far as to assert, when he came to speak of the progress of their astronomical applications, that "the heavens declare the glory"—not of God, as the good old Bible says, but "of Hipparchus, Kepler, and Newton." An audacious thinker, at any rate, we thought to ourselves, and strove to penetrate a little deeper into his book. Repulsed at first by the novelty and boldness of his remarks, we were at the same time held fast by a certain assurance of movement, as he passed along the dizzy heights of the most adventurous speculation; we were convinced that no ordinary thinker held us in his hands; and when, towards the close of the work, we came full-face upon the announcement of a wholly new science, for which all other sciences were but preparatives—the Science of society—the fact jumped in too nicely with the tenor of our own previous researches and hopes, to allow any dictates of economy to hinder us from becoming the owner of those shabby-looking volumes.

We read them, not with avidity, because they were written quite too much in "the dry-light," as Bacon calls it, for that, and yet with a deep though forced attention. It seemed, from the very outset, that the author was no ordinary thinker, his great instrument of a mind moving with the regularity, though by no means the velocity of a machine, and impressing one, as it drew him along, with a feeling that he might be supposed to have when caught up by the gearing of some monster corn-mill or cotton factory. No pleasant episodes of the imagination adorned the way; no scintillations of fancy sparkled like fire-flies around it;

no gentle play of the affections warmed it, and no beacons of hope illuminated the bleak distance. A stern and relentless Intellect, marching remorselessly along its path, was treading down our dearest hopes, and crushing out the noblest and sweetest sensibilities, and, in the midst of all our reluctance and horror, dragging us with it to its infernal goal.

As we became more familiar with our supposed demon, however, we found that he was not altogether so bad as he seemed; a silver lining of humanity was now and then turned from out the folds of his dark frown; he was clearly very much in earnest, and had an unquestionable love for the truth. He spoke ill of nobody, threatened nobody, and pursued his own silent and impassive way, among the stars, and through the depths of the earth, and amid the busy haunts of men, intent only on his purpose, which, the more it was pondered, appeared to be more and more dignified, noble and benevolent. We finally dismissed all fears of our guide, and honestly set to work to discover what he was at. When we add, that those volumes were the "Positive Philosophy" of Comte, a most original, profound, and comprehensive philosopher, the intelligent reader of this day will need no further explanation of our experience.

It was a momentous discovery for us,—this of a new and really great thinker,—of a man who discussed with consummate familiarity and ease, many of the highest problems of science; and we naturally turned to the Records to see what the world had made of him,—to ascertain his whereabouts, as well as to compare our secluded estimate of his rank, with that of the accredited standards of opinion and criticism. Alas! we searched in vain for any notice of him. The reviews of France and England, though noisy enough in their praises and dispraises of the little tadpoles of literature, had no word for him; the learned societies the world over, eager as they always are to rescue their insignificance from utter oblivion, by blazoning the name of whoever has won imperishable glory in deciphering the wrappings on an old mummy, or discovering a nation in Africa one degree nearer the monkey than any before known, were unconscious of his name; and, in private circles, few persons whom we met had ever heard, or, if they had

heart, knew any thing definite of the man whom had been with quite portentous legends upon our small horizon. At last, however, we did find in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1843—seven years after Comte's first book was published, and eight after the completion of the last volume of the *Positive Philosophy*—suit to be written by Sir David Brewster, which showed plainly enough that Sir David had failed to get even a glimpse of the peculiarity of the system. When Whewell, the founder of the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, it was evident that he had read Comte, but was either afraid or not bold enough to own it, and the first notice of Comte's name, of any importance, we found in the *Logic of Mills*, who however largely from him, but without the smallest of comprehension. Indeed, so strange as we are aware has yet been made towards an individual and impartial judgment of Comte, save in a series of short notices published in the *Mechanics Quarterly Review* of this city where the writer disagreeing with many of his conclusions, fairly and ably and judiciously pointed out errors. Mill's *Philosophy of the Human Mind* (1843) has a superficial account of Comte's system, and probably of the subject has written something about him in the *Review and Edinburgh Monitor* which we have not seen.

The position of Comte's works during the latter part of a century in which he had been laboring was not, for his works, such as to excite, particularly as contemporary literature and science contacted with a few direct appropriations of his labors. We tried to account for it on one or more of three several suppositions: either that his works were intrinsically unworthy of study, or that their departures from the accepted and reigning opinions were so flagrant as to excite a silent contempt for them, or that the range and comprehensiveness of their topics lifted them quite above the ordinary apprehensions and intellectual sympathies of the age.

But, on reflection, we soon saw that neither of these solutions could be entirely satisfactory. It was obvious, at a glance, that those works were worthy of study, as their masterly originality and power, their logical coherence, their dignity of manner, and the importance of the results at which they aimed, abundantly proved. A rational and consistent classification of the sciences, on the basis of nature, and the construction of a new science, destined to take its place as the queen and crowning glory of all other sci-

ences even if they had been unskillfully accomplished, were attempts that deserved the most serious attention. It was no disposition, then, we were persuaded, to push-pouch Comte out of sight, which had left him to obscurity. Nor was it, again, the offensive nature of his conclusions; for hostile as these were to existing prejudices and creeds, they were still no more so than the systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, whose speculations have graced the circuit of the globe. If he was atheistical they were pantheistical; and we had yet to learn that the one was more acceptable to orthodoxy than the other. Meanwhile, it was to be observed, that the theories of Comte, though profound and comprehensive, and marked by great logical severity, were not difficult of apprehension. They could scarcely be called abstruse; they contained no neologisms, did not abound in hard words, while in their general aims they were addressed to what is said to be a prevailing characteristic of the present era,—its physical or materializing tendency. There was, then, more reason, or at least as much reason, why Comte should have been well known, as Cousin, Hegel, or Kant.

In the end, two considerations occurred to us as better explanatory of the little attention he had received. The first was, the acknowledged indisposition of scientific men to enter into large or general views, absorbed as they are in the study of details, and distrustful as they are of all applications of the inductive method, save the most elementary and simple. The habit of petty analysis, which has been so "victorious" in physics, has finally succeeded in conquering its masters, so that your natural philosopher is quite as much afraid of deserting it, for higher and synthetic generalizations, as a slave is to rise against his keeper. He looks upon the "theorizer," consequently, as a monster, and is glad to get quit of him as soon as possible. Comte could expect no hospitality from this class. But among those capable of general views, a second reason for the neglect of him, was, that the reigning science could not, in consistency with its own principles, deny the validity of his method, while to admit his conclusions, was to fly directly into the face of the reigning theology. Thus there was a double allegiance to be maintained: one of consistency, and the other of respectability; and we can readily understand why it was thought best, in the dilemma, to say as little as need be about Comte's inferences, lest the secret sympathy of

science should be exposed by a futile attempt to condemn them, or lest, on the other hand, the frowns of the Church should be incurred by an open proclamation of revolt. In other words, Comte had been more faithful to the spirit and method of modern science, as it is generally conceived by scientific men, than they had dared to be themselves, because of their theological timidity. His conclusions were the logical outgrowth of their premises; but while they persistently held to the premises, they cautiously avoided the conclusions. A determination between Science and Faith was laid upon them, but inasmuch as they could relinquish neither, nor reconcile the two, they found discretion the better sort of valor. They retired from the field rather than join battle, and then satisfied their consciences in respect to theology, by perpetual bowings, grimacings, and scrapings, in token of a fellowship they could not justify.

We do not mean, by these assertions, that Science and Faith are at heart incompatible, or that there is any logical impossibility of their reconciliation. On the contrary, we maintain that there is a philosophy which fuses them distinctly into one; but what we do mean, is, that Science, with its present cowardly methods, will never become the animated body of Faith (indeed, any thing more than a galvanized corpse), nor Faith the living soul of Science,—as they should be, and will be, respectively, when the true Christian view of life shall obtain.

Subordinate to this conscious impotence and cowardice of Science, were other more superficial causes which contributed to the general unmindfulness of Comte's claims. Men of science, regarding his scheme as only another treatise of method, supposed that nothing could be added to the achievements, in that respect, of Bacon, Descartes, Sir John Herschell, and Whewell. If it differs from these authorities, they were apt to argue, it can hardly be more than an unfounded refinement of logic, and therefore worthless; while, if it agrees with them, it only repeats their principles, in other words. Accordingly, they went on with the study of their specialties. Philosophers proper, on the other hand, finding in Comte none of their usual symbols,—none of the customary hair-splitting and thimble-rig about the pure reason, and the categories, and the genesis of the idea of the absolute, into which philosophy has degenerated, retired from it in derision to their void inane. Thus, physicists and

metaphysicists were alike disdainful, and consistently enough expected neither profit nor entertainment from those lumbering octavos of a poor Parisian teacher of mathematics, whose style was not the most attractive in the world, and whose matter required close and continued, if not subtle study.

Comte, however, is at last famous. He has been taken under the especial patronage of Miss Martineau—"philosopher Harriet," as our laughing Howadji has it. His books are available in tolerable English; the diminutive lights of small coteries begin to jabber of the virtues of integral calculus; metaphysics and theology are growing decidedly unfashionable; and young men and women will soon be astonished that they could ever have entertained such antiquated notions as those of God and Infinity, or ever supposed any thing to have had a cause. Phenomena and their laws are now the gospel, and this poor universe of ours is in danger of becoming the veriest ghost or cadavre of a universe imaginable.

It may not be useless, then, for several reasons, to undertake a brief survey of Comte and his claims; which we shall proceed to do, with a premise, however, that we have no strong hope of administering much consolation either to his extravagant admirers or his more bigoted enemies.

The first question with a philosophy always is, what it aims to do; and here we must say, that Comte's pretensions are of no mean extent. He aims at a systemization of human knowledge, at a reconstruction of the human understanding, and at the determination, through these, of the true order and evolution of human society. His ambition ranges with that of Spinoza in his *Reforme de l'Entendement*, with Bacon's, in his *Instauratio Magna*, with Fourier's, in his *Unité Universelle*, and only falls short of the reach of Swedenborg's, which included the economy of the heavens and the hells. Nor does the execution of his plan prove him an unworthy compeer of those exalted men. With more knowledge than Fourier, and a soberer judgment than Spinoza, he is less than Bacon only in that rich wit and fruity imagination, which are now the chief charm of his works. But he differs most eminently from all previous philosophers in the rigid bounds he has set to the province of knowledge. All the rest, "leaping the walls of time and space," have scaled the heavens of the infinite; yet he will hear of nothing but the actual and the condi-

tioned. They have endeavored to penetrate into causes and essences, while he admits nothing but phenomena. They have believed, with all the rest of mankind, in substance and being, but he believes only in appearances and laws. He calls his philosophy, the "Positive Philosophy," therefore, because it avoids these impalpable realms, and is real, useful, certain, definite, and organic; or, as he in one place expresses it, "good sense systematized."

I. The first fundamental principle of it, then, is, a determination of the limits of knowledge, which, it assumes, is confined to *the perception of phenomena, and their invariable relations or laws*. Absolute knowledge is an impossibility, the perception of things in themselves, as it is sometimes termed, a phantasm; and the exclusive function of the mind consists in observing the appearances of things, and co-ordinating their relations of existence or succession. When we have determined *what* a thing is, i. e., how it stands related to other things, as an existing fact or a sequence, we have exhausted the intelligible sphere. We cannot tell *whence* it is, nor *why* it is, but simply that it is, and that it is invariably connected by certain resemblances or differences with other things, or by a certain order of priority or posteriority, in respect to other things. We cannot say that it is a substance, a being, a cause, an essence, but only a phenomenon, which exists and continues, in certain invariable modes. All researches into the supposed causes of that phenomenon, whether natural or supernatural, are consequently illegitimate, an endeavor after the unattainable, a pursuit of shadows and dreams. All faiths, opinions, aspirations, &c., not susceptible of being reduced to these observed relations, transcend the powers of the intellect, and may be dismissed as illusions, or, at best, as mere transitional and infantile expedients, helping the mind on, the while it is learning to discern its true beat.

This, we say, is Comte's starting point, and it becomes us to analyze it, before advancing further. We will admit, that all knowledge is relative, i. e., in a double sense, first, as to things themselves, which could not be things unless they were finitely or distinguished from each other by sensible differences; and second, as to perception, which is a mere relation of our sensitive organization to nature, whereby one is revealed in the other. Things are in virtue of their relativity; for if they were not relative, they would be absolute, and so indistinguishable as things, inap-

preciable to the senses, and of course unknowable. Our sensitive experience, consequently, must be the basis, the occasion, the material of all knowledge. We do not bring with us, when we are born, a solitary iota of thought, except what comes to us from our relations to the medium in which we are born. Every thing has to be learned by us, and that, too, by the "slow coach." Chickens and puppies, as soon as they break the shell, or open their eyes, have a complete science of their lives; the former will run about to pick up worms, and the latter to lap milk, as confidently on its first as on its last day; but a human baby does not know enough for years to keep itself from starving to death. It has to be taught all things. It is a mere capacity of knowing, and a mere inclination to love, and nothing more. Experience awakens its sensations, gives it memory, builds up its imagination, develops its reason, kindles its desires, and creates its sciences. In other words, our existence, being phenomenal, is constructed by our experience,—is but an extension and envelopment of nature,—a part and parcel of nature,—its finer outgrowth, its crowning product and flower. But man, as we shall see by and by, is more than this, is more than a simple animal and intellectual existence; he is a self-hood, or personality.

Comte is right, therefore, in assuming that we can *know* nothing out of the sphere of our sensitive life, or, in other words, which does not come through our phenomenal organization; and that all *à priori* notions of what things are, apart from what we feel or see them to be, are gratuitous and idle. But he is wrong in the inference, that we cannot properly *believe* what we do not know. The intelligible does not exhaust the real. Knowledge is not the equivalent or measure of being. We *know* sensible facts, and their relations, but we *believe* truths or propositions which transcend those facts. We know the relations of difference which distinguish things, but we believe in a unity which is the ground or support of their distinctions. We know the finite, the conditioned, the relative, the multiple, the changeable, but we believe in the infinite, the unconditioned, the absolute, and the permanent, not as contradictory or antagonistic to the former, but as contained in them; not as natural or phenomenal, but as rational or spiritual. Indeed, every step that our minds take, beyond the first intimations of sense, is a belief—is a credence, well or ill sup-

ported, and not a knowledge. In popular language, we are accustomed to speak of our opinions as what we know; but strictly, they are only what we *opine*, with more or less fixity of assent. They are faiths accredited to us by certain evidences. We say that we know the truths of mathematics, the principles of astronomy, the laws of chemistry, the dictates of morals, &c., but we have only a conviction of them, founded upon our reasons. They do not fall within the cognizance of the senses, but are rationally discerned. We mean, that they are rationally discerned by those who investigate and authenticate them, for the larger part of mankind are satisfied to take them upon the testimony of others. Perhaps one man in ten millions of Christendom has demonstrated the theory of gravitation for himself, all the rest believing it because they have been so taught. Thus, throughout the endless ramifications of practical life, we walk emphatically by faith, and not by knowledge.

The question of philosophy, therefore, does not, as it is commonly stated, refer to the validity of our knowledge,—which, being commensurate with our sensible experience, the first fool can determine as well as the last philosopher.—but to the validity of our beliefs. Accepting the vast variety of credences, on which the whole business of society, its trades as well as its sciences and religions, proceed, what ground is there for each? In what way are they related to our sensible experience, and how can that experience be made serviceable to them? Which are unsupported, which are illusions, which are reliable? Especially, what are we to make of our transcendent ideas? All the world, for instance, at every period of the world, has professed a belief in that which is perfect and unconditioned, which cannot be bounded by the senses, which the senses are ignorant of, which is invisible to the eye, and inaudible to the ear, but how is it to be explained? Must we wink it out of sight, or may we refer it to a life within us which is supersensuous, which is a window of the soul, if we may so express it, opening into God and the absolute, as the senses are the windows of nature, opening into man? Philosophy, we say, is called upon to answer.

Now, Comte shuts this upper window almost entirely. He is quite right in considering the relations of phenomenal nature, the facts furnished to us by the senses, and digested by reason, as the place of beginning of the sciences; but he is wrong in restricting thought or belief to

this natural sphere. He is right, in the first, because phenomenal nature is the content or base of all truth, in which it resides as in its body: but he is wrong in the second, inasmuch as it excludes the deeper truths, which are the soul of that body. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet contain the whole of Shakespeare or the Bible; but he would be a wretched commentator who should confine our attention to the names of the letters, and the spelling of a few syllables, or to the construction of a few sentences even, and not lead us into the higher combinations of the thoughts. It is indispensable to know the letters or the words, in order to understand Shakespeare, but the letters and the words are not Shakespeare. They are only instrumental to Shakespeare; they are the external collocation, of which he is the interior significance—nay, more, they are the condition of his existence, and the ladders by which we climb to him, but not the immortal spirit of the man, which is alone worth our seeking. Hence, the care with which we investigate his text; but should we not despise the man who could spend his life in the pursuit of the true text, while he neglected the meaning which imparts to the text its only glory? Thus, Science begins with the sensible sphere, because it is the letter and text of truth, but it ascends from that, by its rational processes, to the mental or spiritual sphere, which is the ground or meaning of the former, giving it existence and reality. Science is nature no longer seen by the eyes, but by the reason. Let it be observed, however, that in ascending from the senses, as we have termed it, we do not recede or separate from nature; we do not run away into a ghostland of abstractions, but we simply look through nature's superficial aspects or integuments, into its realities, or rather its rationalities, into its substances and ends, which constitute it, make it consistent and significant, and show it to be a glorious mirror of our own souls. If Science halts, therefore, at the threshold; if it dallies with the outside symbols, or penetrates only to its inferior grades of reason, it misses the most precious part of the entertainment. It sees the vast mechanism, the prodigious apparatus, the great gilt candlesticks of the heavens, and the four sapphire walls, and the multitudes that walk therein, but the Divinity of the magnificent temple, who is the light and heat and glory of it, it cannot behold!

Science, we repeat, cannot be too "positive" in the study of phenomena, too ac-

curate or comprehensive in its generalizations and researches; cannot tell us too plainly what the actual forms and sequences of the universe are, but it does this, not for the sake of the phenomena, which are, in themselves, dead and passive surfaces, obeisant, mechanical, vehicular, but for inner worlds of rational, civil, moral, and spiritual truth which they contain. It is because they are an expression, a representative, a bodying forth of a more real life, the vast depository of spiritual forces in action, a theatre of an ascending series of wisdom and goodness, the supporting bed of the eternal marriages, and the perpetual, ever-renewed miracle of divine creation, that they deserve our elaborate study and care. As the plane on which all effects are wrought, we cannot know too intimately their great leading facts; but to rest in those facts, is to abandon reason to a barren nominalism, to close the eyes of the soul, and shut out God from his own universe.

II. Comte's second fundamental principle is, that *each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: the Theological or fictitious, the Metaphysical or abstract, and the Scientific or positive.* In other words, the human mind, by its nature, employs, in its progress, three methods of philosophizing, the characters of which are essentially different, and even radically opposed, viz., the theological method, the metaphysical, and the positive. "Hence arise," he adds, "three philosophies, or general systems of conception, of the aggregate of phenomena, each of which excludes the other." The first is the necessary point of departure for the human understanding, and the third its fixed and definitive state, while the second is only transitional.

In the theological stage, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes (the origin and purpose) of all effects,—in short, absolute knowledge, supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings. In the metaphysical state, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities, inherent in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. But in the final or positive state, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the *causes* of phenomena, and applies itself to

the study of their laws,—that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance.

Comte adds, that the theological state reached its highest perfection, when it substituted the providential action of a single Being (monotheism), for the varied operation of numerous divinities (fetichism and polytheism), which had before been imagined. In the same way, in the last stage of the metaphysical system, men substitute one great entity, Nature, as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multitude of entities at first supposed. And thus the Positive system reaches its ultimate perfection (if such perfection could be hoped for) in the representation of some single general law (gravitation, for instance), as the unity of all particular phenomena.

Waiving the question, which tradition and some schemes of philosophy and religion raise as to the preliminary existence of a golden or paradisiacal age, when the human race lived in the immediate bosom of God, as the infant lives in the lap of its mother, we must confess, in respect to the strictly historical ages of humanity, that there is a degree of truth in this law of Comte, as a general fact of development. Individuals, as well as nations, in their speculative career, begin with the imagination, which they subsequently limit by reflection or criticism, and finally enlarge and correct by the reason. In other words, in the infantile stages of our progress, the emotional or affective nature is predominant; the intellectual then succeeds, and last of all the practical.

It is the instinct of childhood to personify every thing,—to drench its whole outward existence in the hues of its personal feelings, and to invest every stone, and tree, and shadow, with a vague, mysterious life; but in youth, as the reflective powers are developed, we begin to question these creatures of the imagination, to strip them of their personal individuality, and to refer them to a dead external mechanism, which we call nature; and then, finally, we investigate their actual properties, that we may turn them to use, in furthering the practical purpose of existence. The savage sees in the lightning the glances of an offended deity, whom he propitiates by offerings; when more enlightened, he regards it as a destructive and unmanageable agent, of which he is afraid; but when more enlightened still, he calls it electricity, and renders it harmless by an iron rod. The savage considers an epidemic as a direct infliction of the gods, "the sharp arrows of Apollo's

silver bow;" the semi-barbarous man calls it an inscrutable Providence; but the man of science learns that it is a simple consequence of appreciable causes, and institutes sanitary regulations to prevent its recurrence. Thus, in regard to all other phenomena, the progress of our intelligence is marked by the progress which it makes in referring them, from arbitrary wills, or independent and inscrutable causes, to intelligible and invariable laws.

This general fact, we say, we admit, but we are not prepared to name or characterize it precisely as Comte does, nor to surrender it to the same explanation. He treats the theological and metaphysical states as exclusively infantile or provisional, and the positive state as definite or final, while we regard them all as alike provisional, and included in a more general law, which we shall hereafter name. It is an unavoidable inference from Comte's view that the idea of Deity, and the idea of Cause, are infantile conceptions, which it is the function of science to supersede; while our position is, that these are permanent, controlling, ineradicable instincts, which it is the function of science to illustrate, fill out, and intensify. In other words, the phenomenal manifestations of these great ideas, their appearances in history, are the variable and successive stages by which the reason of the races ascends from a gross naturalism, from a blind confusion of God and nature, or of cause and nature, to a spiritual perception of the living, creative, and all-sustaining Soul distinct from nature, and one with man. They represent the gradual but scientific enfranchisement of the mind from its primitive subjection to, or immersion in nature, to its final mastery of nature and identification with God. Thus the theological conceptions exhibit the gropings of religion for a unitary life, which will explain all the vast variety of phenomenal lives, and the metaphysical and positive conceptions exhibit the gropings of philosophy for a causative wisdom or order, which will explain all the vast concatenations of phenomenal order. Our Humanity is in a process of education, is growing out of its infancy into its manhood, and these theological and philosophical systems are the tutors, by whose assistance it attains its majority. They are not, therefore, radically antagonistic to each other, but co-operative from distinct spheres, the one preparing the heart, and the other the intelligence, for the whole man's final assertion of his independence and freedom.

In respect to the theological credences

of our race, it is evident that their historical development has not exhausted the conception of God, but refined it more and more from all mere finite adjuncts, and filled it out to an ideal completeness. From fetichism the first rude personification of stocks and stones, through Sabebism, or the worship of the stars, and the Polytheistic deification of the great powers of nature and heroes, to the Monotheism of Mohammed and the Jews, there is an almost measureless progress; while in this Monotheism itself, beginning with the conception of God, as the special and avenging protector of a nation, of Jewry or Islam, and ending with it as the impartial judge of all the earth, there is an equal rise in the purity and dignity of the thought. The conception becomes less and less natural, *i. e.* less and less limited and conditioned, and yet more and more humane, until it rises to the highest expression which it has yet received in the orthodox theism of the Church, where God is theoretically the merciful and universal Father, and profoundly interested in the fortunes of the human soul. But he is still a God *ab extra*, according to this faith, a God above and separate from humanity, until a more scientific study of the thought and life of Christ reveals him as the Divine Humanity, or the essential unity of God and man.

Again; the natural philosophy of our race has been a gravitation of thought towards the same end. At first, cosmological, explaining the universe by a great controlling force or *physis* external to it, and then metaphysical, ascribing each particular effect to its particular entities, residing in it as a kind of physical soul, it has gradually relieved itself of the domination of nature, and discharged phenomena of every extraneous influence, save what is called Law. Arrived at this stage, it is Positivism, which, however it may disclaim all metaphysical parentage, is still a phase of metaphysics; for it only substitutes *law* for *cause* or *entity*, perpetually speaking of "the laws controlling phenomena,"—"the laws which subject properties," &c., as if *laws* were an external and authoritative imposition,—in which sense they are just as metaphysical as any of the entities of the school-men. Mr. Lewes, one of the leading teachers of Positivism, has noted this, and says "the conception implied in, or suggested by the phrase 'Laws of Nature,' is the last and most refined expression of the metaphysical stage of speculation; it replaces the ancient *principle*; it is the delicate abstract *entity* superadded to phenomena."

It is something which "coerces the facts, and makes them to be what they are," "a more subtle, a more impersonal substitute for the supernatural power, which in the theological epoch, was believed to superintend all things." "If the savage says it is a demon who directs the storm, does not the man of science say it is a law which directs it? These two conceptions, are they not identical?" Not entirely, we answer, because the last is more rational than the first, and brings us nearer to a true theory of the universe; but both spring from the same source, the irresistible desire of the mind to go behind the phenomenal and the relative to the rational and constitutive. Mr. Lewes proposes to relieve himself, but vainly, by the employment of the word "methods." Vainly, we say—for it is quite as impossible to satisfy the philosophical instinct with "methods" as with "laws," or with "entities" or "gods." What it demands is the intrinsic reason of things, the *why* as well as the *what* and the *how*. He is a poor lawyer, says Cicero, who knowing all the extant statutes of the realm, does not know the reason of the law. Thus, behind the theorems of the mathematics, there is a philosophy of mathematics yet to be reached; behind all the decompositions and recompositions of chemistry, a philosophy of chemistry; behind all the sciences, in short, a science of sciences to which they are only subservient. Why are they,—those sciences, i. e., for what end are they? Or, in popular language, what is their *use*? which is the same thing as to ask, what is their cause; for as the *end* for which any thing is, determines its existence, its form, its relations to other things, its rank in the orders and series to which it belongs,—that end must be, disguise it as we may, its formative principle, its fundamental idea, its soul. "Are you there, old truepenny?" Behold, the *use* of a thing, in the last analysis, is its rational cause, and Positivism does not say the final word of science! It has an eminent function, in determining *what* things are, what the forms and relations of phenomena are, in teaching philosophers to stick to the inquiry in hand, and when they are investigating a thing, not to run off into a wild-goose chase after something else; but having done that, it has only prepared materials. The great work has yet to be done. Comte's whole attempt to show that all the sciences are made for the last science or the science of man—i. e., the end or use of the sciences—is an ample confession of this truth, and

an abandonment of the *what* is, for the *why* it is. But, reaching this question of the *why*, we come at once and peremptorily upon the great truth which he himself educes, that all the sciences, i. e., that all the realms of creation look to the aggrandizement of man; that all their arrangements, all their efforts, are subservient to his development, are all accommodated to his growth, all culminate in his supremacy. Thus, again, we are brought by the slow evolutions of science to the same landing-place in which we were left by the theological series,—to man as the Lord and Master of Nature, and consequently one with God.

There is an obvious fallacy in the suggestion that these three states are exclusively successive; for they have all existed concurrently, from the beginning of the world, and often in the same nation and the same mind, at the same time. The veriest barbarian, who sees a fetish in a stone, still believes that if it falls on his head, it will give him a hurt, thus proving his Positivism, so far forth, or his sense of nature's invariable laws. The most flourishing period of Greek polytheism was precisely the time when the Greek schools were most devoted to independent metaphysical studies. Who were more theological and more metaphysical at the same time than the school-men? Besides, is not the very study of any subject, whether theological or metaphysical, a quiet assumption of Positivism, i. e., does it not proceed upon the supposition that the laws of the mind at least are invariable? Could there be any conclusion without such a pre-supposition? The "three states" consequently are successive, in this respect alone, that at a particular period, one of them preponderates, while the others are held in abeyance. They are in no sense radically exclusive of each other, for a man may investigate phenomena positively, and believe at the same time in causes and in God. All that sound science requires, and what we take to be the real meaning of Positivism, is this: that a man should stick to the facts of his case, that he should not generalize beyond those facts; but it does not follow from this that he has no right to construct a philosophy of those facts, to refer them to some more general theory of the universe after their phenomenal relations are ascertained. All the Positivists in the world, and to the end of time, will not succeed in eradicating this notion of cause from the human mind. They may correct the misapplications of it, as the progress of Science has done and

is doing perpetually; but they will never persuade men to relinquish it,—for the reason, that it is impossible, and, as Coleman says:

"What's impossible cannot be,
And never, never comes to pass."

If we have rightly apprehended the matter then, Comte's "law of the three stages" is a very inadequate statement of the principle of successive development. Theology and metaphysics do not look to, or terminate in the elimination of Positivism, but they bear entire reference to the elimination of Man. Positivism itself is no less a propædæutic than either, and only helps to carry on the problem to its final solution by a more comprehensive philosophy. Theology, all drenched and dripping at the outset in fetichisms, struggles to read the riddle of the universe, onward through sabeisms, polytheisms, and monotheisms, until it finally ceases to conceive of God at all under sensible conditions, or as a finite and outward being, and rises to the thought of his infinite inward personality. Philosophy, in the same way, after torturing nature for the secret of her existence, after striving to explain the world by a fate superior to the gods; by the fortuitous rencontres of infinite atoms moving freely through space; by a plastic, all-controlling mundane soul; by the mathematics, by chemistry, by electricity, by physiology, and lastly by a tremendous phantasm of "phenomena and laws," is pointed away from nature herself, by her innumerable fingers, to him for whom all her suns have risen and set, all her fields waved, and all her oceans rolled. Now the law of "the three stages" means to express this succession of theological and philosophical schemes, but does so, in an incomplete and one-sided way. Its proper formula is, that man stands in respect to all the objects of his belief or thought, in three great orders of relation: 1st to the invisible world, 2d to nature, and 3d to his fellow-man; that each of these dominates him in turn, during the process of his development; and that his education consists in the successive reduction of each to unity, or, which is the same thing, in the gradual and unlimited subjection of each to his inmost self-hood. Thus, neither theology nor metaphysics, rightly conceived, are transitory; they abide in their ultimate principles, and change only in their successive superficial forms; they have never been deserted or left behind in the course of our progress; they still flourish, and will at last meet in that Divine Philoso-

phy, which has ever been their aim. Growing *pari passu* with man, they rocked the cradle of his infancy, and will live to witness the glory of his crowning manliness, through Christ.

Nor, let us add, have we any fears, that under this new reign of God, which they have found for us, the laws of the universe will be administered in any more "arbitrary" or "variable" manner, or that it will be any more difficult to foresee the certain action of phenomena in the future, than under the most superlative state of Positivism. Indeed, deprived as we are by Positivism of all intelligent and kindly causes, on which, amid the terrifying vicissitudes of human affairs, our perturbed spirits may rely, we are sometimes haunted with a vague suspicion that this huge necessity, called law, may itself take a turn for the worse by and by; that instead of showing itself on the side of good, as Comte contends it does, it may show itself on the side of evil, and then what is to become of us? We greatly prefer, therefore, to consider law as the perpetual presence of a sovereign Life, of one, who is Wisdom itself and Goodness itself, which are universal Order itself, and whose infinite power is intent only, though all the crimes, calamities and changes of the world, on educating his creatures into the similitude of his own immutable perfection. We imagine, that in all our doings, as well as in all our reasonings, we can trust to the fixity of his statutes, in the least things as well as the greatest, though they happen to be living forces instead of a spontaneous mechanism, with as sound a confidence as the best of the positivists on the regularity of "laws." Our science is as capable of "prevision" as his, but, we suspect, with an immeasurably broader reach, and an inexpressibly sweeter solace.

III. The third fundamental view of Comte relates to the *hierarchy or classification of the sciences according to the order of the dependence of their phenomena*. It is clearly his most brilliant achievement, though vitiated in some respects by the preliminary errors to which we have already referred. Bacon, Dalmbert, Bentham, Ampère, and others have attempted a similar construction of the scale of knowledge, but with vastly inferior success. Bacon proceeded upon a tripartite division of the human faculties into memory, imagination, and reason, upon which he founded the three generic divisions of knowledge, as History, Poesy, Science. It was a superficial arrangement, and incoherent and confused to the

last degree. Dalember's scheme substituted philosophy for science in Bacon's division, and modified, without materially improving the details. Bentham, abandoning Bacon's trinity, applied a dichotomic or dual classification, but his terminology is so bizarre, with its *cænonologies*, *idionologies*, and *anoopneumatologies*, that no one has cared to master its meaning. Ampère's scale, better than the others, makes a primary order of the cosmological and the noological sciences, which he subdivides into the mathematical, the physical, the natural, the medical, the philosophic, the dialegmatic, the ethnological and the political, distributing these again into subordinate species. But it was reserved for Comte to digest these schemes into a really natural order, and superior to all preceding ones, in that it works upon a simple and definite principle.

His arrangement is this: 1, Mathematics; 2, Astronomy; 3, Physics; 4, Chemistry; 5, Biology; and 6, Sociology; to which he has subsequently added, though rather as parts of the last, Morals and Religion. The subordinate divisions in their order are: analysis, geometry, and mechanics; celestial geometry and celestial mechanics; barology, thermology, acoustics, optics, and electrolology; inorganic and organic chemistry; anatomy and physiology, including the cerebral functions, and social statics and dynamics. These divisions, both primary and secondary, rest upon the comparative generality or complexity of the phenomena to which they refer. Mathematics is put first, because it considers the most "general, simple, abstract and remote" phenomena known to us; and sociology the last, because it embraces phenomena the most particular, compound, concrete and interesting. Now, that this is the proper order, he argues, is proved by the fact that whatever is observed in the most general cases, is disengaged from the incidents of particular cases, and may be studied with the greatest facility. Besides, being more remote from human interests, the study is less liable to be warped by passions and prejudices. Moreover, this is the order of the dependences of the sciences in nature, the more special and complex depending upon the more general, so that to know the latter perfectly the former must be to some extent

previously known. This order, again, is the order in which the sciences have been chronologically developed, and marks the degree of precision which each of them has attained. Comte, finally, contends that the effect of pursuing the sciences in this order will be to improve method, education, and morals, demonstrating it with remarkable force, while its signal performance is that it necessitates the discovery of a new science to complete the rest, viz., a sound doctrine of Social Progress and Order.*

In the discussion of each branch of this division, Comte treats, in the most luminous manner, of the nature or object of each science, of its method or means of exploration, of its relations to the foregoing and the succeeding sciences, and of its prospective improvements; and, before proceeding to remark on his general scheme, we must say, that it is impossible for any one to read his thorough and masterly criticisms, without being deeply impressed by his eminent learning and ability. He exhibits throughout, such a comprehensive grasp of principles, such ready sagacity, such consistent logic, such a wonderful steadiness of aim, and such an easy proficiency in all the minutest details of his subject—in spite of a few mistakes here and there, which are the battle-horses of his incompetent critics—as to rank him clearly among the highest class of speculative intellects,—at least with Pythagoras, Aristotle, and Schelling, if we cannot quite equal him to Plato, Bacon, Hegel, and Swedenborg. Even his deficiencies are suggestive, and his errors open up a way to the most valuable and pregnant thoughts.

As to his classification of the sciences, we know of no better, and we can conceive of its being improved, as a whole, apart from a few though quite important modifications of detail, only by a larger and more rigid application of the principle upon which it proceeds. We can conceive a system of knowledge, which should treat Logic, or formal method, distinctly as the Basis of all the sciences, and Philosophy, including Theology, as their Result—(a distinction which points out at once the great and injurious defects of Comte's scheme)—but within the sphere of strict science, we cannot suppose it susceptible of improvement, except, as we have just said, upon its own vital princi-

* It is quite curious, that Hegel, who is the very antipode of Comte, in his method of philosophizing,—Hegel beginning with the most abstract conception of absolute Being, while Comte begins with the most concrete phenomena of the Senses,—should have arrived at a scientific arrangement nearly resembling Comte's. Hegel's order is, 1, Logic; 2, Mechanics or Mathematics; 3, Physics; 4, Chemistry; 5, Organic Physics, or Vegetable and Animal life; 6, The Mind; 7, Politics,—and subsequently, Art, Religion, and Philosophy.

ple. In other words, we believe that this proceeding from the general and simple to the complex and special, is the secret of all effective organization, whether in nature, in method, in the growth of the mind, or in the movement of societies. It is a principle, too, let us here observe, which will carry Comte himself clear off the legs of his materialistic Positivism, into the profoundest depths of religion.

A complete scheme of knowledge or belief, implies three things: 1st, A region to be explored; 2d, An instrument to explore it with; and 3d, A method of working that instrument. In other words, there must be a body of sciences, a doctrine of the perceiving mind, and a method of action; and these three, if there be unity in the constitution of the scheme, must prove each other, in the last result; i. e. they must correspond with each other in the procession of their movements. Now, Comte's systemization, tested by this criterion, reveals what it has and what it has not done: it has given us a body of science, imperfect to the extent in which it has excluded a large class of our most important beliefs; it has given us a doctrine of the perceiving mind, only as a subordinate division of physiology, carried forward by sociology; while his method, admirable in many respects, we are left to learn from its practical applications, which prove, as we think, that it is incomplete. There is not, consequently, that accordance between Comte's schemes of nature, of mind, and of method, which we consider the triple test of a sound systemization, and which inevitably follows, as we wish we had space to illustrate from his own law of "decreasing generality," &c.

The narrowness of Comte's survey of the field of knowledge, we have already remarked, and must now state in what respects we think his method incomplete. He has shown, in an admirable manner, that each science has a method and spirit of its own, which is not applicable to others; that mathematical method is one thing, and physical another, and physiological another, and sociological another; that the method of one should not be allowed to encroach upon the domain of another, and that, as we ascend in the scale of the sciences, our means of exploration increase with the dignity of the pursuit; but he has nowhere, as we think, viewed method in its highest aspects. In

particular, he has not given sufficient prominence and force to one branch of synthesis, which is of vast importance in eliciting truth. We refer to the method of analogy: knowing how scientific men are apt to deride it, and how easily it may be abused, in superficial hands, but believing, at the same time, that it is an instrument of inestimable efficacy in its sphere. No one can have studied nature with any thoroughness, without having perceived that her system is one of ascending repetitions, or of progressive orders and reduplications; that she is a process of phenomenal variations, implicated in a permanent unity; that each development of an organic form is a miniature reproduction of its whole; that every higher organism again carries forward with it its inferior organisms; in short, as Goethe expresses it:

"Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt,
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder steigen,
Und sich die gold'nen Eimer reichen!
Mit segenduftenden schwingen
Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmonisch all das All durchklingen."^{*}

Goethe's own scientific labors were animated by the method of analogy, seeming in their results like poetic intuitions; and a most exquisite use is made of it in Mr. Wilkinson's book, "The Human Body, in its Connection with Man," which, we presume, no one can read without entering into a new world of the most striking and beautiful truth. It is this method which has illuminated the gigantic labors of the modern German naturalists, such as Carus, Oken, Schubert, &c., with an almost heavenly light, filling the universe of natural forms with humanitary meanings, and building up a glorious natural theology, not on the empirical basis of "contrivance proves design," which makes Deity the mere minister of finite necessities, but on the more satisfactory and scientific ground, that man, the image of God, is also, to use an expression of Novalis's, the "systematic index" of the creation, which attests, by every line and movement, that he is truly the son of an infinite Father. "In man," says Professor Stallo, "all the powers of the universe are concentrated, all developments united, all forms associated. He is the bearer of all dignities in nature. There is no tone to which his being is not the

* "How the all weaves itself into the whole, and one in the other acts and lives! How celestial forces ascend and descend, and pass each other the golden pails! With wings perfumed with blessings, they pervade the earth from heaven, all ringing harmonically through all."

response, no form, of which he is not the type;" but he does not give the reason, which furnishes the ground for natural analogies, as well as for a deeper spiritual correspondence, viz., that the author of nature is essentially a Man. He is the supreme Wisdom and Love, of which the goodness and truth of our humanity is the living, active form. The world of nature, therefore, whose unceasing yearnings are to minister to the spirit of man, is instinct every where with conspiring humanities.

It would be unjust to infer from what we have said, that Comte has no perception of this, and other among the higher applications of method; for, he distinctly recognizes an elementary form of analogy in the "comparisons" instituted both in his biology and his sociology. He even speaks of the comparative method, as "one of the greatest of logical creations," and in another place, as "a transcendental method of logical investigation,"—but it is at the same time clear from the sense in which he employs it that he had not fully penetrated its more fertile uses. The inveterate hatred with which he is imbued, to every process hinting the slightest approach to theological or metaphysical conception, has blinded his eyes, not only in this respect but in many others, to the most beautiful inductions contained in his own premises. It will be the immortal honor of his system, for instance, that it has so clearly demonstrated the science of society as the culminating glory of all the sciences, without which they would have undergone their long and painful evolutions in vain, and from the reflected lustre of which they derive their brightest illustrations and surest character; but with this great truth, tingling as one might suppose in every vein, announcing, too,

that "the fundamental type of evolution is found in the increasing preponderance of our humanity over our animality,"—he has yet failed to perceive the pre-eminent mark and distinction of that humanity—he does not discover the characteristics which make man, a man. He confesses the superiority of his physical, intellectual and social attributes (though some of these he intimates are obscurely anticipated by the brutes), but he does not discern, behind these attributes, a supremely life, a life no longer held in bondage to any sensuous or finite good, no longer subject either to nature or society, but which feeds upon a perfect or infinite goodness, beauty, and truth. His loftiest conception is of the natural or scientific and social man, but of the artist, in the genuine sense, or of the truly religious man, whose fountains of aspiration are the "All-Fair and the All-Good,"—a beauty and loveliness unconditioned by any evil or defect,—he seems to entertain scarcely an inkling. It is true, that he is forced, by his own logic, as we shall see hereafter in his "Positive Politics," to construct as the final and comprehensive unity of thought, a "Supreme being" and a "religion," but that "*Grand-Etre*" is no more than the visible and organized aggregate called Humanity,—a humanity "subject to all the fatalities, mathematical, physical, chemical, biological, and social,"—and that "religion" is the reflective worship of that stupendous *Grand-Etre* phenomenon! Strange, indeed, that one can balance so, on the brink of the very ocean of light, without tumbling in!

But a final and full estimate of Comte depends upon a consideration of his "Sociology," which we must reserve, if happily we shall be permitted, for a future opportunity.

DICK PASTEL'S STORY.

"Wandering to holy places, and bowing down to images.
Enough, enough."

[Chant of Concocted Hindoo.

I WISH to set down here what Dick Pastel related to me one August night, with as little flourish as possible, for Dick is a quiet man; and, except an occasional dash of earnestness, he talked in a monotonous undertone, to which the wind in the trees near us kept up a fit mourning accompaniment—half wailing, and filling

up all pauses with its eternal rustling; as if you heard a girl singing old ballads by the sea-shore when the tide is coming in.

On the summer night mentioned, I had stepped out upon the second story piazza of the C— House, to enjoy—what was impossible in the heat of the day—the solace of a choice "Noriega." If any one

wishes to know where the C—— House is, I can only oblige so far as to say, it is one of the many summer haunts where people go to get cool in the hot months, and from which they often return, I fear, warmer and in worse humor than when they went.

A grove of old forest trees comes quite up to the house, thrusting its branches through the lattice-work of the balustrade. Toward the west it slopes into a valley where patches of mist lie a little after sundown, and beyond a heavy fringe of woods prevents the meadow from running its level plane into the sky. It is a venerable place of shade, and seemed an Arcadia to me some summers ago; and that night all the old summers came back to me while the moonlight lay in the tops of the trees, dimly lighting them up—as the mellowed sunlight of many summers might lie (in the memory) upon a landscape of the past. And the stir in the leaves, that continual talking they kept—could not one hear in it the old tones and subdued laughter of belles and beaux, voices and laughter now silent, or worse than that, *passé* these many years?

There was the same moonlight now as then, and the same lights gleaming from the windows below, and like music swelling up the air; and I could hear the same quiet movement of changing feet—the same movement, but changed feet indeed, and always changing. And, O! Gloriana of to-night, dashing in the Polka, voluptuous in the waltz, confidential in the pauses; you but tread a beaten path, in which your grandmother has gone before, who flirted the fan and fanned the flirts as hopefully; and even now a new Gloriana comes, standing on tiptoe with eagerness at the doorway, for whom you must gather up your robes, and, with what grace you may, sail away from our sight into the darkness without; a sad thing to think of, truly, if your life lies wholly in that! But, if the best of life does *not* lie in the last new dance, in *rouge* (why will the *noir* come after it?), in pointed lace and pointless bagatelle? It were worth thinking of, at all events.

I thought myself alone, but at the end of the promenade Dick Pastel sat in the shade of a pillar, silent and contracted.

"Pastel, you? I thought you in the saloon with the new arrival, Miss Haut Ton—I declare, I believe you—and I am a matched brace to-night. What might be your particular consolation?"

"Only the 'old story about a fool and a woman,' as Mr. Henry Esmond has it,"

said Dick, without moving his position. "Sit down here."

"You see that old tree yonder where the light falls?" Dick began after a little.

"Yes, that and the green sapling by it."

The wind stirred its branches a little with a low sound, and we smoked on in silence. Mr. Pastel was neither a gloomy man, nor given to the melancholy vein, as you may think, nor, what is worse, did he feign being so. He carried in all companies a brave, frank face, and a gallant (not fast) bearing. I suppose every body, once in a lifetime, may be a trifle misanthropic, and look through the wrong end of the glass for a time. And, at times, very honest gentlemen, aye, the gayest of them, will fall into musings over a mental landscape about as cheerful as that of the Dead Sea. Dick was a painter, or trying to be one, and poor, and that's the whole truth of it.

He was an enthusiast in his art, and cared for little else. Indeed he had no turn at all for business, but was rather given to building castles in the air and living in them. I am afraid you will think him a worthless fellow, and perhaps he is. Although he never seemed to be idle, yet I often noticed something dreamy in his eye, but never any "speculation" there. Dick only made beautiful pictures. He showed me some in his studio. Half-formed faces, beginning to look at you from the canvas, and landscapes growing to completeness as real ones grow into the prime of summer. Faces, that to see once, you would be set a-longing to see for ever; and landscapes, where of all landscapes in the world you would expect to see just such faces. And Dick had a studio full of these, and how many more in his head I cannot say. But, after all, they are only pictures, and their use is very questionable; for, will they make any of us richer, I should like to know?

"It was under that tree," Dick broke out in the train of his thinking, "that I first saw her. It was one evening as I drove young Spooneye's wagon home from a day's trouting. (Good fellow that Spooneye—with his wagon.) She stood there, leaning lightly against the tree and looking off to the sunset. Three or four others were grouped about, chatting and loitering in the lazy air. I could hear their voices as I turned into the yard (and can now for that matter); and as the sunlight played upon the group and glorified for a moment the trees, I thought

the whole scene would be charming on canvas.

I've seen the time since when I wished I was hanging in that old tree with a rope round my neck—yes, by Jove, swinging there like an old tavern sign. But I don't now, and I shan't run myself into that or any other noose in a hurry.

That evening I was presented in due form to KATE MONDE. If I thought her beautiful as she stood in the sunlight, I hardly knew what to think now. She had altogether an inexplicable face. There was a certain hardness in its expression as her eye first fell on me, which I have seen once since, that was any thing but beautiful. But it vanished so suddenly, I thought it must have been some stray shade or chance disposition of the light. For her tone was cordial, and her manner even kind as we moved away to take our places in the next quadrille.

"Even now I can hardly say whether she was quite beautiful. I have studied her face by the hour, but there was some strangeness about it I could never master. In form, she was a fully developed woman, and perhaps you would call her too stout. And so she was for a magazine angel. But I hate magazine angels. I want real flesh and blood women, with the pulse and plumpness of health; and I assure you I had much rather my lady should eat beefsteak, even at the risk of a full habit, than grow interesting and angelic on vinegar and poundcake and slate pencils. Plain, womanly Eve is good enough for me here, and as for the other world, why, I hope we shall all be a little glorified there."

"Yet, Dick, I fear the elegant Miss Haut Ton would think it a great scandal, if you hinted that she might be, after all, no more comely an angel than old Cloe who has a pug nose and a waist like a wash-tub in dimensions."

"Still," Dick prosed on without heeding me, "there was that grace about her every movement, if she was a trifle stout, that I never saw in any creature with wings—not even the flying angels in altar pieces." And Dick laughed quietly. "And her waltzing! She floated about the room like a dream, like part of the very music it seemed to me—if music could be addressed to the eye."

And Mr. Pastel paused for a moment, emphasizing with his head the time in some ethereal strain of Strauss, which he heard, evidently, and I did not.

"Her face, I think, had ten thousand expressions. If not always lovely, it was new, and worthy to be studied each time.

It was a face you never would tire of, and therein lay its charm for me. Most women appear (to me) like paintings—always the same. There they hang (the pictures) upon the wall, staring at you with that predetermined, set look. For my part, it matters little whether I am driven to desperation by an eternal sweetness, or a squint.

"I should say of Kate's face, that it was a Northern one, with a Southern complexion—I mean a rich complexion, ripened by sunlight. She had a heavy mass of dark hair, which would have fallen in full ringlets, had not a better taste confined it. Her lips were firm, and not too full; her forehead too high and broad for female beauty, and her nose regular. Her eyes I can tell you still less about. They were either hazel, or black, or dark gray, all, at times, I think, and sometimes neither; but I could never fathom them. There was that peculiar fullness beneath the eyebrows that produced all the effect of sadness or tearfulness in them. Ever full of the archest laughter and mischief, one saw behind it all that old look of tearfulness, ready to be sadness. Somehow, the whole face baffled me. In the gayest times, when it was lit up as by sunlight, I have seen the old shadow come over it so suddenly, as to startle me, and retreat, as shadows will. And I could never tell whether it was a mere physical habit, or a changing temper of the soul, that flung it there.

"I tell you this now connectedly, but I didn't see it all that night, nor for many nights after that. I only had then a confused idea of grace and enchantment, and a general impression that my time had come. It was, altogether, a famous evening; and I thought, as I set my boots outside the door that night, that it had done the business for me. That was in June.

"And I fell in love in June, and fell out in October. I was in the boat even longer than our grandfathers used to be in crossing from Finisterre to the Narrows. I am aware it was a most unfashionable length of time. The thing is commonly better done now-a-days. We make both voyages (Atlantic and Pacific) in nine days and odd hours. I don't know as the voyage is any safer now than then, or pleasanter, when I think of all the green sea-sickness, the quarantine, and most lamentable shipwrecks of hope and youth. Watering-places, with all the clear water and fresh air (promised in the advertisements), are hot-houses, and intimacies ripen fast in them. But I thought it a natural garden then, and a paradise at that.

I was a confounded fool; but I claim no originality for the distinction. The summer was flush of counterparts.

"I suppose I needn't tell you how I found the queen of the evening the nymph of the morning, and how quickly a confidential intimacy sprung up between us two, who had 'nothing else to do.' You know, of course, the drives and rides, the walks to streams that had little islands, or to knolls where the sunset was advantageously exhibited (gratis!); and this balcony by moonlight, and we two leaning over the balustrade, and looking down (it was dark then), trying to look down into each other's thoughts. There was a great deal of whirl and glitter in that summer, as there is now: floods of sunshine and dust; somehow, a confusion and clashing of people, and every body made a resolute show of gayety and happiness, but it all seemed a dream to me. Only one thing was real and true in it all. From out the shifting, heated crowd, and the inextricable confusion of it, one figure came to meet me, calm and smiling.

"In time, every body came to look upon it as a settled thing, and it seemed a great relief to every body to think it was settled. Was a plank over a stream to be crossed in the walk? Mr. Pastel's hand offered the support. Was it time for shawling? Mr. Pastel adjusted the cashmere. Was it a horseback ride? Mr. Pastel's hand received the delicate foot (I presume she thought it on his neck), and lifted the owner of it to the saddle. And it was Mr. Pastel who didn't come out first in the race, for Miss Monde was a bold rider, and, I believe, would have ridden Bucephalus himself, if Alexander (famous whip) hadn't.

"If you think," Dick continued, in a ruminating manner, "that I dangled upon Kate Monde's skirts without encouragement, manifested interest, without interest in return, longed to take a hand that did not beckon, to hear a voice that was not winning, or to seek an eye that turned away, you are mistaken. I sometimes think even now that she loved me. Then I think she did not, and then I think—I don't know any thing about it, and never did.

"She was more accomplished than most women, yet I could never see that she had enriched her head at the expense of her heart, as many do. There was no lack of the feminine graces, of gentleness and refinement of feeling. I mention it, because you might have thought at times she had too much spirit and independence. Indeed, at a watering-place, it was rare to

see such freshness and purity from the worldly way of intrigue and campaigning. Remember, I am speaking of her, as I thought of her then. Nor did I ever see in her any of that rage for conquest—a desire and a display so unfeminine and abhorrent, that I am sure every pure-minded woman would rather take her place among the Circassian slaves, and let another act the showman, than stand forth so brazenly in all our summer markets, crying, 'Come, buy! come, buy!'

"In time, having perfect confidence in her, I came to speak of my past life—you know what it has been, a struggle, for the most part—and of my hope and dream for the future. There was no hope or aspiration I kept from her,—no story of all the coming years too sacred for her ear; and I suppose I talked extravagantly and foolishly, as youth will talk. I was fresh from college then, and passionately fond of my art. I lived in a world of visions then—visions I was eager to transfer to canvas, that all the world should delight to look at them. I was poor and unknown then, but I thought it would be different some day. And there was no nobler thing under heaven, I said, than two who trusted in each other, mounting up the steeps of life together, sharing the trials and joys, kindling hopes and tempering them, sharing the defeats and disappointments, and by and by sharing the crown—if it came. And I had hoped all my life, I said, to find a face more beautiful to me than any picture, whose kind smile and encouragement should be both my incentive and reward; one who would understand my aspirations, and share my enthusiasm in them, while yet they were fresh, and so far noble; while yet life was young, and worth the living, to help me live it, before the best thoughts had grown old, the fairest fancies become chilled, and the most kind and honest feelings dead. Life is a magnificent fortune; and I think the selfishness that would spend it alone, overleaps itself, and the fortune is half wasted.

"Kate smiled half incredulously, as if she saw (with those fine eyes) far different fortunes; but she only said, archly holding up a myrtle wreath she had been twining:

"Can two wear *this* crown, Mr. Pastel?"

"Two can share the pleasure of its wearing," I answered. "As, could not two that of the laurel, if it came?" But I fear I was hardly understood.

"For music, Miss Monde had excellent taste, and an almost passionate fondness;

yet you would hardly call her a proficient on the piano. She was no executor of difficult airs, but she played with much elegance and feeling, and with a delicacy of touch I have seldom seen surpassed. And in the tone of her voice, there was something sterling and true, and not at all a hollow echo, and imitation of some great operatic bravura.

"But whether it was music or not (I confess I was in no critical humor), we used to sit for hours at the piano, she trifling with the keys, and with more chords than I care to mention. There were bits of talk, answered by bits of melody; and there were long 'flashes of silence,' answered, likewise, by wandering strains, that lingered in all delicious places—a coquetry of pleasant sounds, that after a little grew stronger, and went from earth to heaven. And from all this rose visions rarer than I can tell you; and sitting there, I saw (more distinctly than I see now these tree-tops, and the fringed hill yonder) pictures fit to bloom upon immortal canvas. And chiefest of all (that I can describe), a landscape—an old forest, with a broad vista opening up to a sunset beyond. The trees on either side were gnarled and moss-grown, and a wonderful luxuriance of vines overran them, twining in the branches, and swinging in the air. Many gayly dressed people walked about in the pleasant shade, in pairs strolled down the open way, disappeared in the arched aisles, their whole aim being, it seemed to me, to fill the woods with laughter. At the far end of the vista, 'on a hill, apart,' stood two figures I could not fail to know. One, half-timidly looking back, and her companion pointing (hopefully, it seemed) to the steady light beyond, whose radiance suffused the picture.

"You may laugh—and so do I. And if required to paint that picture now, historical truth would require that one of the figures in it (Mr. Pastel, to wit) should be represented climbing a tree—almost any one in that 'glorious vista;' but it was another matter then. And when suddenly she turned toward me, even these were scattered and wrecked by a fairer vision; and I seemed not different from a sailor, whom the morning sun finds struggling amid the fragments of his wrecked argosy.

"'Mr. Pastel seems given to reveries,' she would say; and turning for a moment the flooding radiance of her eyes upon me, dart away, leaving me to drown, like a poor wretch, in a butt of Malmsley wine.

"So the thrumming of keys and chords went on, pictures grew, hearts and fortunes were going, and summer had gone. Summer went, and September stepped in with golden fruit and grain. It was near the middle of that month, I well remember, and the following day was fixed for the departure of Miss Monde's party, and I myself went to the Susquehanna, to make up for an idle summer, by a diligent use of the pencil there.

"You have been upon the hill yonder? The wood has great beauty. Just upon the brink of a long ridge, a large oak stands. Its gnarled roots form, curiously enough, an armed chair. It was a favorite resort of ours, where we spread shawls, and sat with our books, secure from the sun, which could only look in beneath the branches just at its setting.

"On this afternoon, sitting there, I had been reading portions of the *Bride of Rimini*, and now the closed book lay at Kate's feet. A great stillness seemed to have fallen upon the woods, somehow. Kate took decided interest in breaking twigs and bits of bark, and I was absorbed in the sight of a woodpecker on a decayed tree near by, to whom a small brown bird was making incautious approaches. But it was altogether an embarrassing business.

"'It has been a pleasant summer,' I said at length; 'I wonder if we shall remember it as any-thing more?'

"'Ah, Mr. Pastel,' Kate broke in with a sort of uneasy abruptness, 'if I had met you when I was eighteen, I fear it would have been all up with me!'—for she had turned the twentieth year, and much poetry vanishes with the 'teens, I learn.

"Indeed! I thought. And if one had fortunately been present some hundreds of years ago, he might have contended for Helen, as well as another.

"'But —' she hesitated a moment, and I saw again that hard look I have mentioned once before, and I could have sworn now her eyes were gray—'but do you think you are quite *practical* enough?' Practical! there was a cold, strange sound in the word.

"'Heaven help me!' I cried; 'I never thought of it at all.'

"Just then the brown bird, venturing too close, got a sharp peck on the head from the other, and flew screaming away; while the thwacks of the woodpecker's bill sounded more hollow than ever on the old tree."

And Dick mused, humming to himself *De Piscatore ignobile*, in quite a forlorn way.

"It is all very well," he resumed, "for you to say what you would have done, and what spirited reply you would have made. But seated quietly in that still wood, as I was, that queenly form beside you, and the kindest of all eyes bent on you then, asking a reply, you might have answered something as I did, and been quite willing to dally with the dream.

"You might have said, as I did, in a broken, fragmentary way, that the real in appearance was often most delusive; that all we love and prize to-day, may vanish to-morrow. That wealth, and a little reputation, and a whirl of fast living, with the opera to-night, and the ball to-morrow night, and repentance on the night after, and even faces and forms we cherish the while, will leave us alone, upon our own resources, after all. 'You say, Miss Monde, I have been too visionary, given to old books, building air-castles, if you will, looking always for pictures, when I should have looked for dollars. Granted. And the things you call *practical* in life—amassing wealth for display, harassing myself with declining and rising stocks, that you may dazzle with jewelry, or be envied for your equipage, or courted for your brilliant parties and costly suppers; coining my soul into ingots, and stifling whatever is noblest and best in my nature, for a little brief reputation as a man of the world, freezing all our young hopes and aspirations into the cold mould of such worldly life as we see every where—are these quite real and true?' Cast your eyes, I pray, over all the summers of your life, stretching away like a great landscape behind you. Remember, now, all that seemed most substantial and real in them; the avocations that absorbed you then, the love you made, the hatred you nursed, the hopes and friends you thought eternal, the real, substantial things you set your heart on. Do these summers, crowded with earnest pursuit (perhaps), gay with wealth, and adoration, and travel, full of sun, flowers, flirtations, and an endless round of pleasure, seem to you other than the very ghosts of summers now? With the flowers withered, and the hopes and friends fallen out by the way, is it not a sort of mockery? But the visions I have made my companions, never leave me, and they never grow old. They are always real to me, and true. They lie along the horizon of thought, cities, and islands, and endless pleasure parks. They never deceive, and never tire me. If I am disappointed elsewhere, can I not summon all good and

beautiful thoughts and creations, not fickle and fadeless? I sometimes think them even as real as the shifting things you call practical. I have chosen, perhaps foolishly, a walk of life not practical. But if I can lead any to a truer sense of beauty, to thoughts above and apart from money and its getting, to think, indeed, as I do, that pictures are not useless, I shall not regret the choice.'

"Something like this I said, or tried to say.

"You tell me you will be abroad two years," Kate began, thoughtfully; "and if, at the end of that time—well, we will wait, and see."

"And together we walked homeward through the pleasant woods. The air was charmed then. We stood for a moment upon the brow of the hill, looking upon the harvest fields, and the far-off hills, which lay in a roseate light reflected from the crimson clouds beyond. Some shadows lay in the valley, but mostly a purple light fell upon the landscape, and upon us two. 'It is my future,' I said, as we turned away; and I never thought, being blind then, what a bargain I had assented to; which, translated into plain Saxon, would run something like this: If, at the end of two years, Mr. Dick Pastel, you are rich, I shall love you; if not, I shall feel it my duty to love somebody who is.

"A month later, I stepped aboard the cars at a way station in the country, and unexpectedly met Miss Monde, and her companions of the summer, en route for the city; for Sontag was passing old notes for new ones at Niblo's, and Alboni was lavishing her prodigal voice at the Broadway.

"We travelled in company. Fate had thrown us together; the two years were hardly commenced. Kate Monde was more attractive than ever, and I as much a fool.

"I think some evil demon must have sat upon my shoulder that day, whispering in my ear, to say what I did. But I said it, and said it in English, with the broad sun shining, and the carriage full of men, women, and children; and a pretty comedy it would have been for them, had not the rattling of the cars drowned our voices.

"We talked of the summer past, and those to come, and of the great future dim before us; and I told her—I forget how—but in substance this: that *her* face was the one I had all my life hoped to see; that I asked and made no promises; but whatever the two years might bring, or

ten, for that matter, of prosperous fortune or defeat, no other could ever be like hers to me.

"I am sorry!" she said, with a little sadness in her voice, and a good deal of archness in her eye.

"Whew! so was I. There was great indistinctness about cars, people, and landscape, and the conductor at the door looked like the Constable of the Fates, come for me.

"Famous way of travel, this, Miss Monde," I remarked at random; "cars go so like the—"

"It is pleasant—"

"Pleasant! did I understand you?"

"Ah, Mr. Pastel, I see you are angry now. I will tell you something. Do you believe in fortune-telling?"

"When it suits me."

"Well, I do. When I was a bit of a girl, an old Scotch fortune-teller came to our house, and told all the fortunes of us little folk. Mine impressed me so much I shall never forget it. She said I should marry twice, and —"

"Join the Mormons, and die happy, I suppose."

"—that my first husband would be tall, with dark complexion, black eyes, and brown moustache, wealthy, &c., as you may imagine. That I should not love him much,—"

"Very likely."

"—and not lead a very happy life (so the fortune went); and he would accommodately die in a short time. And—and the next one the hag pictured to me, was the very image of—yourself! I remembered the description perfectly. You will recollect, the first evening I saw you, I said it seemed I had known you before. I was puzzled about it, and afterward remembered the Scotch fortune-teller."

"Is that all?"

"It's my fate, I believe, Mr. Pastel; do you think you could wait—ten—years?"

"Mr. Pastel thought he could jump from the window with extreme grace,—only he would have forfeited his baggage. But he caught something wicked in the eye turned toward him, so he said, with a conscious severity.

"Twenty, madam, with the greatest pleasure."

"Just then the bell rang; I felt the train 'breaking up.' We approached a way-station. There was a platform, a rusty old tavern by it, and a hemlock swamp behind it, and on both sides the road. It struck me it would be a fine place to stop and—paint! I stepped upon the platform. The locomotive whistled, and the cars moved on. As I stood there, will you believe it? She actually looked from the raised window, kissing the tips of her fingers at me and smiling! I'll be hanged if she didn't. And there I stood, until the rattling train rolled out of sight, kicking up a great dust behind it; and with it went all the summer, and the sunshine of it.

"You may be sure that for a time the cerulean hue predominated in my view of life. But at length, I asked myself, Is it possible I am 'elected,' like the Vice-President, only to be on hand to fill a vacancy occasioned by a death? I thought not. And that's how I fell out in October.

"I have not seen Kate Monde since; but I learn she is still waiting for her fate—the black eyes and brown moustache; and she has grown, I am told (not to put too fine a point upon it)—fat!"

"Is it a true story, Dick?"

"It is truer than I wish it were," Mr. Pastel said, as he abruptly left me.

ST. JOE.

AMERICAN EPICS.

Ma-Ka-Tai-Ma-She-Kia-Kiak; or, Black Hawk and Scenes in the West. A National Poem, in Six Cantos. By ELBERT H. SMITH. New York: Published by the Author.

THERE is, and has been for some years past, a lamentable dearth of true poetry, and poets. Either society, in its progressive development, and the age, with its artificial modes, is lacking in those elements which used to give incentive to inspired bards, or else the divine faculty is wanting! As the world gets older, it becomes more matter-of-fact, less disposed to lend an attentive ear, and with less ability to soar into the realms of romantic fiction. In Great Britain, the dazzling galaxy which so lately shone, has almost disappeared. Rogers alone remains above the horizon, with a trembling and serene lustre. Tennyson has almost sole possession of the earth, the founts, the streams, the sky, the fields of air, and all the realms of poesy, with a reversionary interest to Alexander Smith. In pastoral poetry, few attempts have been successful since the Greeks; and as to lyric, the good examples of the heroic, the philosophical, or the festive ode, have become indeed rare. At the same time, while real merit is left in the rear by the galloping hurry of these practical times, or hides its modest head, the mediocrity, which "men, nor gods, nor columns can endure," was never represented more largely. If the height of Parnassus is desolate and unvisited, the base of the mountain is thronged with pilgrims in search of laurels, who starve upon berries before they have ascended above the strata of the lower clouds.

There is one species of composition, and that the most difficult, which numerous poets, little qualified, still have the hardihood to attempt. The epic has always been a great bone of contention with the critics. The very definition of what comprises a well-rounded and complete work of this kind, amenable to established rules, and fulfilling all requisitions, is still in dispute. Some, in their excessive strictness, will allow only the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* to bear the name of epic; but that learned rhetorician, Dr. Hugh Blair, whose lectures, bound in substantial calf-skin, are impressed upon our minds with a lively recollection of schoolboy days, bursts out of such narrow limits, and has no scruple to classify in the same category, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Statius's *Thebaid*, MacPherson's *Fingal*

and Temora, Camoen's *Lusiad*, Voltaire's *Henriade*, Cambray's *Telemachus*, Glover's *Leonidas*, and Wilkie's *Epigoniad*. And truly, the Doctor appears to us to take sensible ground, when he asserts, that the plain account of the nature of an epic poem, is the recital of some illustrious enterprise in a poetical form, and that this is as exact a definition as there is any occasion for on the subject. Admitting this to be true, it has also been questioned whether the material any more remains for rearing a poetical structure of this grand order, and whether, from the fall of man to the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, all the subjects have not been used up which were of sufficient magnificence for such an enterprise.

Mr. Coleridge has said, that, in his opinion, the destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now left for an epic poem of the highest order; yet, with a touch of elegant and true criticism, he qualifies the remark, by adding, that whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a personal interest, in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming. For ourselves, we conceive that all which is essential, is, that the materials and characters should be possessed of dignity and interest, and that it is by no means necessary that the world should be turned upside down, before the epic muse must be again invoked. Then sing, O heavenly goddess!

"Strike, strike the sounding lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain."

Whatever may be the opinion of distinguished literary men abroad, in this part of the world we think that some things can be done as well as others, and are so given to invention, that we by no means place the epic on the catalogue of impossibilities. That which has been, can be; and if no materials present themselves, we must go to work and find materials. But how preposterous the idea, that the land which Columbus trod, and which Washington consecrated to liberty, cannot furnish themes enough up to the capacities of the greatest abilities which we have. Genius will find themes, if themes can find genius, and "there's the rub." If there is any style which rises above the epic in true dignity, the star-spangled banner floats over the very soil where

there will be abundant materials and accessories for its exemplification.

The writer of this is acquainted with an itinerant district schoolmaster, who informed him, that for many years it had been his habit to compose an heroic poem of ten thousand lines, on every year; and pointing to a pile of merchant's ledgers (full of red lines), which had been written through in this way, he observed, while his squinting eye rolled in a fine frenzy, that although his works might not see the light until some time after his own decease, he was confident that they contained such things as his country would not willingly let die. Like Bacon, he bequeathed his name to other men, and other generations. This is not the sole instance of noble ardor in the performance of those labors of love for which there seems no prospect of requital in the present world. There are many works of the kind, of large dimensions, written by our countrymen, and printed on brownish paper, which are not at all known; and the only consolation which their authors have, is, that their merits will at some day shine out, if they have any.

Perhaps the most regular and systematic work of the kind which we have, is by Joel Barlow. The "Columbiad" was elegantly printed in folio (illustrated with fine engravings on steel), at the commencement of the present century. It is in ten books, and lies like a substantial corner-stone at the very base of American literature. It would therefore be out of place to venture many remarks on that which is so commonplace, for every scholar is supposed to be as familiar with its pages, as he is with the personages of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Suffice it to say, that as to the unities about which so much has been said, the author declares, and that truly, that they have been strictly observed. No fault can be found with it on that score. The action is one, and limited to a short space of time. As the object of the *Iliad* was to make the most out of the dreadful rage of Achilles, in the *Columbiad*, it is the design of Hesper, the guardian genius of the Western Continent, to soothe and allay the mind of Columbus, by presenting the glorious vista which was opening as the result and recompense of all his toil. The narrative, in its progress, embraces enough to pacify the ill-treated navigator, provided that he is not spreading his sails, and cruising in some new seas of celestial investigation, and provided that Hesper can get his ear. In respect of numbers, the poem is *stately and harmonious*, in style dignified, in

its episodes and component parts, constructed according to "rhetorician's rules," and altogether stamped with respectability. It is true, that Mr. Barlow blows up a ship or two in an engagement where no ship actually was blown up; but as such a thing might have happened, and it was highly probable that it would happen, this falls within the admitted limits of poetic license.

There are some insurmountable difficulties with which the author of the *Columbiad* had to contend, and which apply equally to all modern works of an heroic stamp. The nomenclature of the poem is averse to the good designs of the poet. There is a wonderful poetic suggestiveness in mere names, something in the very sound and the look which the letters have in juxtaposition, which is hard to analyze, but is incorporated as a most consequential element in the success of the author. A rose, by any other name, might smell as sweet; but if you would create a balmy poem, you must not rebaptize the rose, or the very dews of Castaly upon its bud would be devoid of sweetness. It makes a mighty difference whether you have to do with such people as Agamemnon, Achilles, Clytemnestra, Hector, Andromache, Helen, Priam, Ulysses, Penelope and Calypso, Menelaus, Paris, or with Generals Jones, Smith, Thompson, Tompkins, Gates, and others; whether you have to write about such places as Troy, Rome, Ithaca, or New York, Boston, Long Island, Cuddykunk, and Old Point Comfort. The more numerous are such names, the worse it is for the numbers. They are connected with the practical and the commonplace, and neither the "Genius of the Western Continent," the "Goddess of Liberty," nor all the machinery of the gods themselves, can get them out of this association. They are not amiss in the dignified and stately prose of the accomplished historian. By him they are redeemed from obscurity, and add an interest to his annals, while they detract from the poetic character of heroic narrative. Moreover, that which is modern, is divested, in a great measure, of the romantic element which belongs to a hoary age. The mists of antiquity have an optical effect, and make the giants loom up more largely. Of the true, sublime obscurity is an important part, but in this respect many of our modern poets are not wanting. But Mr. Barlow has got over the difficulties which lay in his way, much better than could have been expected, and has fulfilled all the conditions of a formal, rhetorical work, in an

unexceptionable manner. It is desirable, on some accounts, that publishers reprint this book in a suitable form, so that the public may get it, if they want it, and not be compelled to grope in the dust of public libraries, or be indebted to the private antiquarian, who will bring it down in his arms, like one who holds a large ingot of gold.

We have recently had the pleasure of looking over that remarkable work called "THE FREDONIAD, OR INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED," by Dr. Richard Emmons, of Kentucky. A few years ago, as we are credibly informed, there were cart-loads of it in the market, but they have been by degrees spirited away to some secret depositories, or have met with those chances of conflagration and destruction which books experience as well as other property, so that now, after thirty years, it has become scarce; and unless those who have it in possession, guard their copies with sensitive scruple, and prevent it from being thumbed too frequently by curious readers, it is in danger of becoming obsolete and extinct. We asked the question in several public libraries, "Have you the Fredoniad, by Dr. Richard Emmons?" and the reply in every instance was in the negative. At last, in despair, we applied to a friend, whose library is choicely culled, and extensive, and he drew it forth, bound in substantial calf-skin, and lettered on the back in gilt.

The poem treats of the late war with England, and is contained in forty cantos, comprising (we have not counted), say about fifty thousand heroic lines. It is of immense labor, and one would suppose must have required a lifetime to write it, though not as much as that to read it. The opening pages are profuse in prefaces, letters, and dedications, wherein, perhaps, more words are used than necessary, owing to the glowing excitement and enthusiasm of its author. He seems to have set his whole heart on this work as the great end for which he had been brought into this world by Divine Providence, and he invokes the Deity in the most solemn tone, to help him along with the undertaking. In his address to the public, he remarks, that he leaves it to them to decide "whether it be a lily, or a bramble, an oak, or an upas." Why may it not be all four?—a lily to the disingenuous, who look at all things as invested with a robe of whiteness; a bramble to those who would lay rude hands upon its beauties; an oak to those who would refresh themselves among its leaves during the intervals of labor; and an

upas of the deadliest kind to the besotted Englishman. It labors under a disadvantage, he thinks, on account of its newness. The public look with mistrust on any new thing, especially if it be of great magnitude. "A new poem is like new wine; it wants age to wear off its asperities, and give *luxury* to its *flavor*."

His most prominent desire, he goes on to say, has been to please himself; and if he has not in every instance attained to the fruition of his desire, it is from the following cause: that "while the imagination can conceive something like perfection, the soul is borne down and oppressed by a weight of mortality;" but whatever may be thought by others, on the whole, he says he has succeeded to his own satisfaction. "Whether," he concludes, "I shall ever attempt a further improvement of the work, is one of those questions, the answering of which hangs on a doubtful contingency. *I feel at this time exhausted.*" In addressing General Lafayette, in terms of high encomium, he writes: "The poem has cost me many an aching, burning thought. For more than ten years have the aspirations of my soul been exerted on the subject, and the flicker of the midnight lamp found me in communion with the invisible Genius of Poesy."

When the General from La Grange returned answer to "Great Crossings, Kentucky," that he had received the poem, that he appreciated its patriotic sentiments, and that the subject on which it treated would enable him to appreciate its beauties more keenly, Dr. Emmons again wrote to him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration, that he had once grasped the hand of the "Nation's Guest," that the touch thrilled to his heart and marrow, and that if the General would cast back his mind to a reception of citizens at Richard M. Johnson's, in Scott County, he might possibly recall the countenance of the author of the Fredoniad.

The following are a few of the opening stanzas:

"Of iron war, that late with brazen tongue,
Harsh round the borders of Columbia rung,
Waged to maintain the freedom of the sea,
And Independence—righteous liberty,
I venturous sing—which made Britannia feel
A blow that caused her stubborn joints to kneel."

Whether the antecedent of the last lines be "iron war," or "venturous I," is uncertain, but in either case the sense is good.

The poem takes a tremendous sweep, and begins in the pit of Hell, which is

pictured in vivid colors, with all its brimstone deposits, lurid flames, and population of abandoned devils. There the spirits are met together in conclave, and in various speeches, touch upon the events which produced the war, after which they adjourn to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, whence they could get a bird's-eye view of what was going on. Then the reader is transported to Heaven, where the celestials, in Milton's language, are employed in like discussions. The next canto treats of the surrender of Detroit, and the next following, of a convocation of statesmen in Washington, similar to that held by the angels and devils in Heaven and Hell. The remaining cantos narrate the sea fights, land campaigns, and various events of the war. There are, in all, four volumes, and each volume begins with an Invocation, and the last volume with *An Address to the Moon!* At the opening of Canto XXXI., when the author had still ten cantos on hand, he writes:

"Songs thirty have I sung, yet ten remain,
Crude, undigested, written in the brain.
Fancy and Memory must cull the lines,
Labor immense to finish my designs.
Then Liberty and Peace, with seraph tongue,
Will join harmonious to conclude my song.
Then, *then* unstrung, my petted harp shall rest!
What anxious weight will lighten from my breast!
Oh, but the thought gives inspiration sweet,
And makes my pulse in dancing measures beat."

Mr. Emmons' poem is four times as great as Barlow's; for it is comprised in forty cantos, whereas the latter contains only ten. He started with the design of eclipsing those who went before him, and notwithstanding the wear and tear of mind, and excitement of the nervous system, he accomplished it. He was called, at least some years ago, the Father of American Epics; and with that affection which prompts the bestowal of a nickname, has been glorified by the endearing titulet of *Pop!* What with angels, and devils, and heroic men, he has certainly got up a blazing reputation, and concluded a job from which it might well take the conclusion of a long life to rest. No man can read that book through from beginning to end, without having done that of which he may feel reason to boast. Yet we very much doubt whether Mr. Emmons has received from his countrymen that remuneration to which he is entitled by his tremendous efforts to extol his country's glory, and to hand down to succeeding ages, all festooned with laurel, the names of her bravest sons. Those who are not touched by the fascination of numbers, would at least find in the work

a pretty good narrative of the war. As a frontispiece, we notice what we should conceive from our knowledge of his character, from an examination of his book, a pretty fair likeness of the author. It is unexpressive of vanity, except of a laudable kind, with lineaments which indicate the high-wrought inspiration and frenzy of the poet. Mr. Emmons, we believe, is dead, but "his works do follow him."

The next poem of magnitude to which we would allude, is entitled "Black Hawk," and is, on many accounts, very remarkable. This is by Elbert H. Smith. That his Christian name is neither John, Thomas, Richard, Alexander, nor Henry, is a source of gratulation both to himself and others. Otherwise the whole of that large family might be coming in for a share of the credit. John Smith, it is well known, is no name; and it would be hard to have this stigma attached to the one who wrote Black Hawk, for he has distinguished himself by that production, as we can readily make clear after the most cursory examination. In numbers, he is not quite so smooth as Emmons; but when he writes prose, we think he excels the latter in brevity, though not, perhaps, in a certain Doric simplicity and candor. They are men who might well shake hands together, sharing the same inspiration, and enthusiastic in a like enterprise. The scope of Smith is not so great. He neither soars as high as heaven, nor sinks as low as hell, but he travels a great deal. The poem takes in all that variegated region which lies between Lake Michilimackinac and the Atlantic seacoast. Here is ground enough;—he did not mean to be stinted in that particular. He dedicates his volume to all the lovers of the arts of Poesy and the Belles-Lettres, and to all the friends and patrons of American enterprise and home industry, hoping that it may prove useful and amusing to them. Notwithstanding the merits of the poem, on which we shall dilate presently, the preface is written with such a charming *naïveté* and unaffected candor, that, in many respects, it is the most amusing part of the book; and wishing to call attention to Mr. Smith's somewhat neglected and truly laborious undertaking, we shall take several passages from this preface at the outstart, as a text for a few remarks.

"DEAR READER—the author, in presenting to you a new work, *hastily got up*, is aware that it may have many imperfections, and hopes the indulgence of an enlightened and generous public."

Now in an undertaking of such a nature, demanding the most thorough preparation and resolute application of all the powers, we think it was ill-advised, to say the least, in Mr. Smith to make a confession or advance a plea like this. Envious poets who would like to fall foul of a work having the dimensions of "Black Hawk," would be apt to re-echo the words put into their mouths by the author, and say, "it has no merit, it was scribbled off in a hurry. Epic must not be slipshod; let Smith try again." The carping critic, and the facetious reviewer, who are on the look-out for some object at which to fling their petty darts, would also be glad to grasp the handle of such a tomahawk wherewith to scalp Mr. Smith. Nevertheless those who will be at the pains and pleasure of reading Black Hawk from beginning to end, will find that the author is too modest, and that so far from the work being "hastily got up," it is immensely laborious, and is no doubt executed with all the ability of which he is capable. We have merely alluded to this not only with the best feeling toward Mr. Smith, but for the benefit of less practised writers, because the reading public is a dignified body, who will welcome the *debut* of no man who acknowledges that he has prepared his toilet hastily.

"The account given of the genealogy of Black Hawk, a description of the war in which he acted so conspicuous a part, together with his whole history, will be found interesting; also the various scenes in the West, herein described, more or less familiar to the first pioneers, cannot but be perused with pleasure by all who recollect them; whilst their relation will be more specially novel, interesting, and delightful to all those who never heard of them before."

This is manly, straight forward, and needs no apology. It is but saying that he has written a good work, and knows it. Executed in haste or not, it will be found worthy of perusal, and no one will have his mere labor for his pains.—In many respects it stands alone and pre-eminent, a model of dogged industry, a peculiarity in artistic effort, a curiosity of American literature. "Who reads an American book?" has been asked sneeringly. But "who writes an American book like Black Hawk?" might be inquired with a more eager desire, and posterity will turn to the title-page and answer—Elbert H. Smith.

As a third section in the preface we quote the following:

"This comprehensive treatise por-

trays things as they were in the early settlement of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, when civilization first dawned on the beautiful forests and prairies, and the cultivation of the luxurious soil commenced; and shows this country's natural and abundant resources; its fruitful mines of silver, lead, and copper, where men dig for hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth, and become rich, together with those of the Lake Superior country, where now is the rush of those who wish to make their fortunes, the cheapness of the soil which produces so bountifully both the necessities and luxuries of life; *the prospect of entering into profitable business with a small capital, and the chances for speculation afforded by early and choice locations*; the almost certain prospect of bettering one's condition and circumstances by a change of place; and of living in the enjoyment of health, peace and competence in another clime are just inducements, and are all things worthy to be inquired into."

In this passage the author reveals the scope of his work. On some accounts we have always thought that the better plan is to let the reader divine that for himself, but some are so stupid that they cannot analyze, nor will they understand the meaning of a story unless it be explained to them in all its stages. One feature may be remarked in the above which has hitherto been left out of all epic poems:—*the prospect of entering into profitable business with a small capital, and the chances for speculation afforded by early and choice locations.*"

"The author," proceeds the poet, in his most admirably written preface, "might have swelled this volume to nearly five times its present size, but this would in a considerable degree have defeated his object; which was to make a useful work, comprehending much in little, whose low price would bring it within the reach of every body; to cast all minor circumstances, which would burden the pages of future history, out of the way; consigning them at once to that oblivion of after time, in which they must of necessity be lost, and dwell only on such important things as are calculated to survive the present generation, and live through the dilapidations of time. Such are, indeed, the only legitimate subjects of history."

The *italics* are our own. It is one of the beauties of Black Hawk that it is not swelled to any greater size. It contains about ten thousand lines, and if another hundred had been added it might have

defeated the object which the author had in view. It is long enough. The most judicious critic would hardly assert that it could have been improved by being extended. In this matter a great many meritorious poets and authors have totally failed; while they have succeeded possibly well when they have not attempted much, they "imagine that they must imagine" some tremendous work, and so cover their heads with glory. Emmons and a few others form exceptions to this rule; but the theme of Emmons was not a savage chief like Black Hawk or Tecumseh, not a mere local matter, but a campaign which involved the whole country. Where so much is to be said it is impossible to say it within reasonable limits unless one has a faculty of condensation, which is on the whole desirable. The probability is that when the author of Black Hawk began, he did not know exactly where he was coming out, or how far his genius would lead him, else he would have entered sooner *in medias res*, and would have brought the chieftain forward at a much earlier period of the poem. Still, on the whole, the book is not so very long; it may be read through with a little perseverance.

"To the lovers of literature, and especially to the admirers of the art of poetry, it is presumed this work will afford great pleasure and delight; while to those who are not in the same degree capable of receiving and relishing its beauties, it cannot fail to be a source of information that will abundantly repay the cost."

The italics are our own. It can hardly be doubted, we think, that all who love poetry, when the genuine specimens are so rare, will hail the appearance of this poem with undisguised satisfaction. Its beauties are many. It would be no bad undertaking for some person (of course not the author) to publish a small volume such as one may carry in his pocket, entitled "Beauties of Black Hawk!"

"The question may naturally arise why the author did not compose the whole in rhyme, as he could easily have done. To which he answers that he is partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in this style; but the constant tendency to rhyme constantly furnished him as he went along with beautiful couplets some of which he has retained among the blank verse, considering blank verse as the base."

Variety, it has been said, is the spice of life. Monotony is the bane of any composition, especially of a poem, and al-

though the one under consideration is composed in all sorts of metres, it will be just as pleasing and perhaps more so than if it had been in blank verse. Those who are conscious of genius need not be afraid to swing loose from trammels of arbitrary rules, and venture into original paths wherever their disposition takes them. Authors are not formed by laws of rhetoric, but the reverse of the proposition holds true. Let them cast them aside as if they never had been deduced, and ten to one the critics will be pointing out beauties which they never knew to exist, and will be drawing out principles of application for the benefit of those who come after them. Thus, it is of no real consequence whatever, whether a regular play is in five acts or one, or whether an epic is composed in one metre or in many. Act with a little independence, do as you please in such matters. Your success will not depend on the observance of any such formula, but on the swing and freedom of your flight into the realms of poetic fancy. A true poet will not be cramped by the despotism of artificiality, and will make laws for himself.

"At other times the author has reduced whole portions of the work entirely to rhyme, portions which were at first intended for blank verse—so that he has now in such a variety of styles something that will suit all tastes and classes of readers. They might multiply reasons for the course he has taken in these respects, if it were deemed necessary. [It is not necessary.] He might say that Shakspeare did so. [That is what we were just saying.] That this is a day of innovations on the learning of the past; and as it was with the Israelites in early time, so has it become with us now—for in those days there was no king in the land, and every man did according to that which seemed right in his own eyes." [Exactly!]

Coleridge thought there were no materials for the epic proper after the destruction of Jerusalem. Joel Barlow found that the discovery of a new continent and the succeeding events were of sufficient dignity. Richard Emmons comes down as far as the late war with England, and Elbert H. Smith derives a theme from the very times in which we live. After this who can doubt that the opinions of artificial critics in these matters are mere moonshine, and that every day which passes over our heads is pregnant with events which only need the hand of genius. As to Black Hawk, we have seen him with our own eyes as he walked in

the streets of this city, bedaubed with paint, tricked out with beads and feathers, and with all his tinkling ornaments about him. He was one of those noble spirits found among the Indian race who are willing to make a final, desperate struggle ere they sink before the white man. Osceola, that handsome Prince, was another, and Billy Bow-Legs who lately paid us a visit now holds possession of the everglades of Florida, shifting his household gods from thicket to thicket, and from morass to morass, and skulking out of sight with his rifle in hand with an unalterable love of his native soil. William Bowlegs will no longer be enticed out of camp to hold any "long talks" with the deceitful pale faces so long as he has on hand a good stock of gunpowder and rum. It is a principle of our free government that "might makes right," just as much as it is with the autocrat of Russia. The moment that our settlements extend into the domains of an Indian sachem, and we think it well to erect a new State, the first thing to be done is to oust the tenants of the soil, and we liberally offer them a few hogsheds of rum and any quantity of glass beads in return for millions of acres of rich and virgin soil. Perhaps they are unwilling to close the bargain, and a delegation of chiefs, coming into the audience chamber of the White Palace at Washington, will address the Great Father somewhat thus, orientally:—

"Our Great Father sees before him the children of the forest. We have come a great distance, from where the sun goes down. Our home is on the prairies, where the buffalo roams, or among the trees, the high trees, where the eagles build their nests. Our father, we are *men*. We stand erect. We do not bend the neck. We gaze into the sun. Every acre of the soil is dear to us. We cannot leave the land where the bones of our sires repose."

To this the Great Father almost invariably replies as follows:

"My children, I am glad to see you, and make you very welcome in this house. I will give directions to have you all taken to the Patent Office, and to see all the curiosities in the town. Every thing shall be done to make your stay agreeable. Your Great Father loves you, and rest assured that he will do nothing which is not for the interest of his dear children. (*War-whoop, and immense satisfaction manifested on the part of the chiefs.*) But my children, it is not for your good to remain any longer in the vicinity of

the whites. Your habits are dissimilar, you cannot agree. You must go home, and next year you must travel west of the Mississippi. It is a good country,—fine hunting-grounds, plenty of deer. We will provide for your removal. You shall take with you a puncheon of rum, and all things needful. Farewell, my children."

Thus they go away sorrowful, and an Indian war begins. The fact is, there may be good individuals, but the governments of the earth are, without exception, heathen. There is not one of them enough imbued with Christianity to think it a safe policy, to do as they would be done by. The slow increase and rapid depopulation of these poor people may be expressed by the lines:—

"One, two—little Indians!—

Three, four, five, six, seven, eight!—little Indians—

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, little Indians—

Twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one little Indians!"

The opening invocation of the Black Hawkiad (as it might be called) is in these words:

"Americans! magnanimous of soul!

With hearts as warm as generous and as free

As that pure atmosphere in which ye breathe;

Come, listen, while I sing of one poor man

The self-taught hero aboriginal,

Of the Indian race his genealogy—

Illustrious, so deserving of renown,

And causes which impelled him to the war;

His mighty deeds, his perils, dangers, labors,

Endured time-long for his loved people's sake.

With phraseology and lofty thoughts sublime,

Fit for the theme may heavenly powers inspire me."

As *Aeneas* in the *Aeneid* and *Ulysses* in the *Odyssey* went on their travels, so here the pioneer sets out upon his from New York island to the far West, or as it is elegantly expressed in the poem:—

"The hidden regions of the Western World,

T' explore, there went from off this isle a man."

Having passed through cities which bear the classical names of Rome, Syracuse, Salina, Lyons, he came to Palmyra,

"Where Mormon prophet dug from neighboring hill
The golden plates of Mormon's sacred book."

As he truly remarks,

"To give a history of the prophet here,

And of the new religion he is founding,

Far West, and o'er the Atlantic is resounding;

And of his great success, and signal fall,

Would interesting be, no doubt to all."

Thence he proceeds on his journey to Rochester and Buffalo, and to Niagara Falls.

Niagara itself might form the theme of an epic; and, if we are not mistaken, John Neal has already written one upon

it, although we have not seen it. It is, however, liable to the same objection as the destruction of Jerusalem, for it is too overwhelming in its magnificence, and swallows up all things subordinate in its roaring gulf. Besides, it has been thought to baffle all description, and meet to lift the heart in only silent adoration up to the throne of the Great Supreme. But its effect was different on our author:

"He bade the Buffalonians adieu,
And thence the far-famed Falls went to espy,
And listen to the great Niagara's roar.
But ere he reached the place his ears were stunned
With loud imperious cries of—*Write, sir, write!*
As thinking his descriptions fraught could be
With rare amusement: fit to edify."

Of the St. Lawrence, he says:

"St. Lawrence is a most tremendous river."

After visiting various towns, and the upper mines in Lake Superior, he comes to

"The capitolian town of Michigan."

Thence pursuing his way through a semi-wilderness, he comes to the

"— haunts of Black Hawk, famous chief,"

and meeting with a person who was well posted up on the subject of that hero, he says to him,

"I would be informed
As any thing that doth to him relate
Would be acceptable unto my ears."

PENNSYLVANIAN.

Yes! Black Hawk was a chief, say well you may,
Of rare renown, as fame doth also say;
For we were personally known, and I
Can of his doings justly testify.

PIONEER.

Indeed! your speech is music to my ear,
The history give, I shall rejoice to hear.

The second Canto, extending to the 124th page of the volume, contains the genealogy of the renowned chief. It includes within it an episode which is really beautiful, but inasmuch as it would be impossible to transcribe in the author's own words without occupying fifty pages, we will attempt, if Mr. Smith has no objections, to give the substance of it very briefly in prose.

NIT-O-ME-MA; OR, GENTLE DOVE.

Long ago on the banks of the Upper Mississippi among the tribes of the warlike Sacs, there lived a young woman who for beauty and for tenderness of nature was called the Gentle Dove. The savages in the wilderness felt her power, though revealed only in the majesty of her motion and in the music of her voice.

Crossing over the stormy deep, and pursuing his journey through a trackless country, came the brave and good missionary Marquette, bearing in his hands the Gospel of Peace. Gentle Dove was drawn irresistibly by the attractions of the cross, she was sprinkled with baptismal waters and became a Christian. If when she was without the ark of safety, her spirit soared above the troubled waters, how lovely when its wings were glossy in the Sun of Righteousness, and when she bore the Olive Branch.

The fate of the good Marquette was this. Self-sacrificing and devoted he went upon his errand, proclaiming to the benighted children of the forest the glad tidings with a resolution which despised all danger, and which knew no fatigue. How sublime is the life of such a follower of Christ. But alas! the disciple was treated like his Master. His benevolent designs were soon mistaken, and ascribed to motives base and mercenary. The savages surrounded him with clubs and arrows, but slipping away from their midst he went into the forest and prayed. When they came upon him he was in a kneeling posture;—they fitted their arrows on their bows, but perceiving that he made no motion they approached, and found him dead.

Soon after this the Gentle Dove was espoused to Omaint-si-ar-nah, son of the Nation's Chief. Beautiful and manly in his person, tall and athletic, with features regular and handsome, skilful and adroit in the use of the bow, in battle bold and daring like his sire, he was moreover the faithful friend, the kind husband, the generous host. But he was in temper sanguine, credulous, and jealous.

Scarcely had Gentle Dove become his bride when he was called away to the wars, and having first committed her to the protection of his friend Que-la-wah, he clasped her to his heart, and in tears bade her farewell. Many and many a message did he send her from his distant encampment by the hands of a courier, for the art of writing to the Indian tribes was unknown. But at last Que-la-wah became enamored of Gentle Dove, and sought by every means to win her from her rightful lord. She indignantly spurned him from her presence. Meantime being much perplexed in spirit she had a dream. An awful form stood before her, and told her that the Virgin loved her, and promised to reveal the future to her. What she had suffered from Que-la-wah was but a beginning of greater woes to come, for He in whom her soul delighted should be de-

ceived and forsake his faithful wife, and she should narrowly escape with life. Moreover there was about to be a strife for empire; and a race of white men who had gained a footing near the rising sun, from small beginnings, should sweep over and subdue the entire continent. Still, her nation should not be without renown. A prince should arise who should bear sway over many chiefs, and many tribes. He should lead his warriors to successful battles, and when at last his person should be bound in fetters, his soul would be unsubdued. Moreover his name should not perish, being embalmed in immortal verse, and the Holy Virgin should be with the Gentle Dove.

Que-la-wah finding that his proffers were rejected vowed revenge. He bribed the messenger whom the chieftain sent with tidings to his love. She received them not and sent no answer, but he bore back word that he had delivered them and that Gentle Dove had treated them with marked contempt. She was abandoned and inconstant and had violated her pledge.

Omaint-si-ar-nah went into a paroxysm of rage. He commanded those who stood around to draw their bows and shoot him. As none obeyed, he was about to drive a dart into his own breast, but the weapon was wrested from his hand. Then, the flame of love being extinguished, he passionately vowed revenge. He sent a messenger, commanding him to entice her into some secret place, saying that he had brought tidings from her lord, then to slay her and bring back a lock of her hair. When they were come into the wood, Gentle Dove, who carried her babe with her, pleaded so touchingly that the messenger of death relented and spared her life, if she would but retreat into the woods and be seen in human company no more. Then he cut a lock from her jet-black hair and peaceably departed.

How she wandered unhurt amid the beasts, slept in a hollow tree—how a wild buffalo became tame and gave milk from its udders for her sustenance,—how the Virgin took her under her sweet protection, and the birds sang for her, and the flowers bloomed for her, and the corn and fruits ripened in her retreats, all these things form part of the history of Gentle Dove.

Meantime her lord returned unhappy. In moody melancholy he walked among the well-loved haunts and thought of Nitomena. On the bark of a tree where they had once inscribed their mutual em-

blems, new hieroglyphics met his eye beyond the date when she had been accounted false. Then the truth flashed upon him, and all night he roamed the forest, uttering the most doleful wails. He found Que-la-wah gathering sticks to make his morning fire. "Base wretch!" he cried, "prepare. By the Great Spirit, thou shalt die."

With this he fixed an arrow on his bow, and shot him to the heart. Tender and touching were the second nuptials of Omaint-si-ar-nah and Nitomena, and from this pair was descended Black Hawk.

Such is a very hasty account of the story which, as far as materials go, is better than the loves of Dido and Æneas. Virgil is however superior to Elbert H. Smith in polish of numbers, but he wants the variety of measures, his poem being altogether written in hexameters.

The third canto gives an account of the causes which impelled Black Hawk to take up arms against the United States. A Sac killed a white man, in consequence of which he was arrested and imprisoned. His friends sent a delegation to obtain his release.

"Their story was

They met their American father in St. Louis,
Told him they came to buy their friend's release.
He told them in return *he wanted land.*"

Thereupon a treaty was entered into, in which the Great Father got the best of the bargain.

"Black Hawk thereat was much dissatisfied,
To brook such things had too much native pride."

The unfair nature of the transaction is evident from the following lines:—

"That they no compensation adequate
For such a large and beauteous country gave—
Five hundred miles in length along the vale
Of that majestic river lying fair,
By single case in point is fully proved.
In purchase made of Pottawatomies
Full sixteen thousand a-year to them they gave,
Annuity for ever to be paid,
For one large tract of land Chicago near;
While to the Sacs and Renolds but *one thousand*
A-year for tract full twenty times as large,
Which proves by their own estimate the worth
Three hundred times above what they did give."
[P. 146.]

Various disputes and troubles ensued. Black Hawk complained to the Governor, and the Governor said:

"Why do you not

Unto the President make these things known?"

"Our father's too far off our voice to hear," said
Black Hawk—

"But you a letter unto him could send."

"I could, but white men will write too and say,
We his red children lie, and so 'twould end."

The upshot of the matter was that a horrible war ensued, for, being ordered out of his own territory,

"Black Hawk would not go; hence the strong arm
Of States United was against him raised,
An army far too great for him to meet
Was set in dread array of battle near—
Just coming down upon him forced him o'er
To the west side of Mississippi's shore."

Such we presume is to be the fate of all the tribes, and the time will come when they must be forced to the shores of the Pacific, which cannot be crossed over in a bark canoe. Many interesting incidents are narrated in the course of the poem. Here is one of those melancholy murders which belong to Indian warfare.

"Three families here they'd slain, lie in their gore
Excepting persons two whom they slew not,
The two Miss Halls!"

The following list of names will illustrate something which has been said in a previous part of this paper:

"Hard Scrabble, Fair Play, Nip and Tuck and Patch,
With Catholio and Whig and Democrat, to match,
Blue River, Strawberry and Hoof Noggle steep,
And Trespass and Slake Rag, Clay Hole deep;
Bee Town, Hard Times and Old Rattlesnake,
Black Leg, Shingle Ridge, Babel and Stake;
Satan's Light House, Pin Hook and Dry Bone,
And Swindler's Ridge with hazels o'ergrown;
Buzzard's Roost Injunction and the Two Brothers,
Snake Hollow Diggings, Black Jack, Horse and
others,
As Small Pox, Bancombe and Pedlar's Creek,
And Lower Coon, Stump Grove and Red Dog bleak,
Menominee, Rattail Ridge, may measure out this
sonnet
With Bull Branch, Upper Coon—pour no curses
on it."

[P. 191.

Our author vindicates his hero from the charge of intemperance, for so far from being addicted to it,

"On one occasion meet
Head of a whiskey-barrel stove he in
Before the eyes of one who would perist
In violation of the laws to vend."

We shall close our extracts with one passage which will be apt to remind the reader of Homer. It is the description of a warrior narrating his own deeds:

"With active limbs he leaped about and raised
To highest pitch his voice, while he portrayed
Some of those sanguine scenes in which he'd acted,
He'd struck the bodies dead of many men

All the red nations round him, Omawhaws,
Osages, Pawnees, Konzas, Grand Pawnees,
Padoncas, Sacs, Jetons and Iowas,
Foxes, Dacotas, Bald Heads, and La Plains,
Eight of one nation, seven of another
He'd struck. With his account he was proceeding
When one ran up to him and put his hand
Upon his mouth and led him to his seat."

[P. 184.

The proceeding recorded in the last lines, it would appear, was the significant Indian mode of telling him that he had bragged enough. There is vast amount of information in this book relating to Indian manners and customs, in the collection of which lore the author has not travelled in vain.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that two distinguished poets should have arisen at nearly the same time in two hemispheres, bearing the unpoetical and uncommonly-common name of Smith. There is however little similarity between Alexander and Elbert H. As to the former he is a young man, and has given a golden promise which is yet to be redeemed. The latter is as we may presume in the bone and gristle of his years, and has attained to his poetical prime. He will in all probability achieve no work which is superior to Black Hawk. If we wished to draw any parallel at all it would be between Elbert H. Smith and Milton. Here too there is considerable dissimilarity, which could be proved if we had time to collate and place in juxtaposition distinct passages from their works. If Milton is more sublime, musical and sonorous, Elbert H. Smith is more ragged, varied and irregular. If Milton is more governed by fixed laws, Elbert H. Smith exhibits a more discursive freedom. If Milton has the advantage of a splendid knowledge and all the rich exhaustless treasury whence the poet draws for illustration, Elbert H. is not without ambitious imagery. We are more raised and elevated by Milton, but we are more amused with Smith. We have no idea that such a man should be left to grope in obscurity, and lest posterity should not do him justice, we have taken the matter in hand to set forth his merits as one who has written what in many respects may be considered the most remarkable epic poem of the age.

A GLIMPSE OF MUNICH.

An Art-Student in Munich. By ANNA MARY HOWITT. Reprint. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.

NOT so quaint as Nuremberg, nor so accessible as Dresden, nor so famous as Florence, nor such a world in town-walls as Paris, Munich has still abundant attractions of its own. After seeing all the other old or new world capitals, you gaze upon its remarkable structures with the same interest as upon your first palace (Windsor or Versailles), or the castle which made the beginning of your continental experiences.

For the sake of our many countrymen who will take the "Grand Tour," and who may not step aside from the beaten track unless some friend lead the way, and with the "Art-Student" for a text, we would recall pleasant memories of "good King Ludwig's" achievements:—of the art with which he and his predecessors have embellished this once forlorn "Monks' Nest"—of the vast museums of painting and statuary, which royal economy, lavish only upon art, has collected—of the antique, religious and artistic recreations, which compare so favorably with those of cities renowned for sports and festivals—of the ingenious inventions ripened by the generous bounty and more generous sympathy of royalty*—of the model institutions which relieve the inquisitive stranger from the wearisomeness of endless frescoes and accumulated galleries, and the unequalled privileges which kept this warm-hearted lady's enthusiasm at fever heat.

Perhaps the American, who has not seen other European palaces of art, would not do well to begin with this. Glowing with the utilitarianism graven upon our noble commercial enterprise, our vast manufactories, our ever-spreading railways, he might feel as much lost in quiet Munich, as the poor Bastille prisoner whom the new daylight pained, so that he begged the revolutionary mob to spare him the old dungeon. And yet the Model Prison in the Au suburb would interest his philanthropy. Thou, old Bavaria, hast stolen a march upon us! From its cheerful *chateau* almost every prison-horror has been banished: murderers and murderesses there pursue the various handicrafts with open doors and ungrated windows, as if in a college of general industry,—now shoemaking, now tailoring,

now weaving, now baking,—but with a freedom of motion and an absence of restraint hardly imagined elsewhere. It is true, there is restraint; there are means of recapture; there is discipline for the refractory, and coercion for the disobedient. But these symbols of degradation, these incitements to passion, are not perpetually paraded before those who require encouragement, who need to have the Old Adam buried out of sight, that the New may experience resurrection.

No more guards are employed than in the old institutions, with their thrice-barred gates, their heavily-ironed windows, their vigilantly-guarded walls: and the marvel of the scene is that even those confined for life are permitted free conversation with their mates in seasons of recreation, and more than any where within our knowledge, range freely within the great inclosure.

But thus, one of those rare spirits who make themselves beloved by those they punish is present with his hopefulness every where; nothing is suffered to irritate these excitable passions, and nothing occurs to provoke to fresh outrage minds which may have imagined themselves preyed upon by society. Those not familiar with penitentiary discipline, can hardly imagine how often criminals commit new crimes under the impression that some other prisoner or petty officer is preying upon them, taunting them with past delinquency, depriving them of trifling comforts, or inflicting malicious punishment.

"It was a startling sight," says Miss Howitt, "to see murderers wielding hammers, sawing, and cutting with sharp-edged tools, when you remembered they were murderers, and how some tyrant passion had once aroused the fiend within, though now again he seemed laid to rest by years of quiet toil. Our guide informed us that, very rarely did any disobedience or passion show itself among the prisoners after the first few months, or the first year of their imprisonment. The constant employment from early morn to evening; the silence imposed during their hours of toil; the routine, the gradual dying-out of all external interests, seemed to sink them into a passive calm, until industry became their only characteristic. Each prisoner has his daily task, which must be completed. For extra work he

* Of this friend of Lola Montez it was said, "he could abandon his throne, but could not abandon Art."
VOL. III.—41

receives payment—half of which he may consume, the other half being reserved for him until the expiration of his sentence.* This is also the case with such as are condemned to life-long imprisonment, there being always the possibility of a reprieve for them. On Sundays they are allowed to read books out of the prison-library, play at dominoes, and enjoy various simple recreations. There is a school for younger prisoners and a hospital for the sick, and in each room was a kind of monitor, whose office was to report upon the conduct of his companions; and, this species of mutual watchfulness, kept up by the prisoners themselves, seemed to answer remarkably well."

Of the women she says, "At one particular washing-tub stood four. Our conductor spoke to one of them: two looked up and fairly beamed with smiles: one, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. The fourth, a fat, ill-looking woman also, never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces; one with good features and a very mild expression; the other a small woman with a certain anxious expression about her eyes and mouth. The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman."

"As soon as we were in the court, the conductor said, 'Now, what do you say about these women?' 'Three out of the four,' we remarked, 'are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison; and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say would not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall girl, however, is not only handsome but genteel-looking.' 'That tall young girl murdered her fellow-servant, and, cutting up the body, buried it in the garden; the little woman next to her murdered her husband; the handsome, motherly-looking woman next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat old woman is in only for a slight offence.' So much for physiognomy!"

"As I returned home," says Miss Howitt, after describing the strange prison scene, "all the faces I met seemed to me, as it were, masks. I saw faces a thousand times more rude than the countenances of those three unhappy women. I looked at the ladies who accompanied me, and said to myself,—Your faces are not nearly so good-looking in expression and features as theirs. I have been look-

ing at my own face, and it seems to me that it, too, might just as well conceal some frightful remembrance of crime. I was thankful for any thing to banish the remembrance of the three women, and of those round beautiful hands and arms of the young girl, which had once been stained in blood."

Let us pass to a more agreeable but still sad scene. We shall not soon forget the consternation of the *valet de place*, where the stranger would not suffer himself to be hurried by the Dead-House of the Munich Cemetery—where Yankee curiosity persisted in gazing through those large glass-doors into a spacious saloon, where all the newly-deceased are deposited for three days before interment. Every repulsive feature is spared. The lightsome hall exhibited, that lovely spring day, numbers of little biers, on each of which human life lay asleep in a bed of flowers; the little children could hardly be seen for the wreaths and bouquets heaped around them by unforgetting affection; here was the young mother in a marble sleep, her eyes slightly sunken, the roses around her appearing to reflect themselves in crimson tints upon her pale cheeks, and beside her lay the babe, the occasion and the companion of her last, perhaps only, suffering. Here too lay the Grecian-faced student, dressed as if to take his part at the public exhibition, arrayed in all the pride of opening manhood, his tricolor badge crossing his chest, his heavy moustache hiding his sunken lips: far more like sleep than like its still sister.

And, mate to this, was the lovely girl, whose life might possibly have been united with his, as her death was; in her crossed hands the crucifix, at her sides the tall burning tapers, around her white brow still whiter flowers, a very bed of green giving her graceful form repose. Surely, this was winding a wreath of Christian Hope around the "plumy portal" of death.

There was no babble of unfeeling tongues, no crowding of careless eyes; close by were stately monuments, solemn cloisters, graceful statues and some not so graceful, memorials of every kind to the departed,—every thing in harmony with this cheerful yet solemn sight, every thing in contrast with our graveyard gloom, especially an antique "Dance of Death" pictured upon a neighboring wall. Within that ante-chamber of the dread king were

* From official sources we find the extra-earnings to amount to nearly \$22,000 per annum: a single prisoner having been known to receive as high as \$350; hardly any of those who receive large sums at graduation have been known to return, and crime in general being on the decrease in Bavaria.

priests at prayer: and, occasionally, some friendly hand scattered the consecrated water on some sleeper's face; and, Protestant as I am, I could bless that reverential spirit: and the whole impression was a pleasing melancholy. In some moods, in failing health or severe calamity, it might be an oppressive sight; but, only the exception would be the injury, and we cannot wish all life arranged to suit the diseased mind, the invalid frame: a motherly Providence takes better care of us than to afflict the many for the benefit of the few.

Munich is world-famed for its frescoes. As every one knows who knows any thing of Bavaria, its capital is decorated with miles upon miles of large paintings upon stucco, now covering palace walls, now the exterior of a gallery, now lining the cloisters of a garden or the ceiling of a church—representing connected subjects, here a history of the country, there the great National Epic, here the principal views in Greece, there the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Anna, as our authoress herself, hardly alludes to these characteristic exhibitions of Munich Art, regarding them as too familiar to need description, or, feeling that intelligent readers would understand without minute description, that she was surrounded all the while by these trophies of royal taste.

One melancholy thought has hitherto intruded on the gorgeous spectacle: you not only know its perishableness, you see it is perishing before your eyes, and the touch of your cane, the sweep of your umbrella may hasten the inevitable doom. Exposed, in some cases, without any defence to storms and wet, to the anger of the elements and the carelessness of man, at one of the principal gates a celebrated painting is now nearly extinct. But, by something better than good fortune, the means of future preservation are now discovered, the more recent works of the kind are secured to posterity, and as James Martineau remarked, "a new era is created in art."

Stereo-chromic, like lithography, was discovered by a Munich chemist, and has been already applied to the large scenes in Greece by Professor Rottman, and to his historical sketches at Berlin by the illustrious Kaulbach. The painting is made in water colors, and the invention consists in sprinkling a very subtle solution, fluoric acid, over the surface, which converts colors, that might have been wiped away with the moistened hand, into a marble surface, indestructible by fire, moisture, smoke, or mould. In fact, the

wall as I found was changed into stone, capable of resisting every test that has yet been applied, and promising to continue unchanged through all time. Many inventions of far less value have excited more attraction, and been rewarded with greater praise; yet what an unspeakable blessing would this have been to those beautiful but fading walls of the Vatican, and to many a vanishing piece of art in northern Italy! But such is gratitude. Hardly has the name of the "Supreme Director of Mines," Von Fuchs, been whispered abroad.

Any mention of Munich that omitted *The Bavaria*, would be the leaving St. Peter's out of Rome. The truth is, besides its support of nearly three hundred artists, in marble, fresco, or oil paintings;—immense bronze castings are executed with unrivalled success at Munich—a business created by royal enterprise and sustained by royal patronage. Our Munich friends were asking every day, "Have you seen the Bavaria?" and saying, "Our great curiosity is not the Glyptothek, the Pinacothek, nor the Pompeii frescoes, but the Bavarian *Ruhmes-halle*." And one of the richest chapters of Miss Howitt's narrative is the public inauguration of this emblematic monster, probably the largest bronze statue in the world—nobly placed too—in its rear the three ranges of marble columns, within which are to stand the colossal statues of Bavarian heroes, and before it is a vast sloping plain, the race-course, agricultural fair, and arena of public games for all Bavaria.

No idea would seem more far-fetched to us, yet none impresses one more agreeably than this symbolized genius of the country, this virgin-heart of Germany, protected by her guardian lion, promising fame by her uplifted wreaths to high desert, looking graciously down upon the vast multitudes assembled annually to greet success in every department of labor. How she towers eighty-four feet above the plain! the patron of Invention, the benefactor of Art, the prompter of Enterprise, the smiling guardian of a scene where the greatest conceivable victory has been won over a cold soil, a landlocked position, a superstitious, beer-drinking race, a climate unconscious of the fostering sun of Italy, the delicious sky of Greece.

A word merely upon the Pinacothek and the Glyptothek: and yet a word, because, though the Dresden gallery is larger, the Florentine more famous, almost every other Museum, even the Neu-

politan Borbonico, is more familiar to us by engraving and description. The charm of the Munich Galleries is their selection and arrangement. The Pinacothek is limited to 1500 pictures, and these the choicest of many collections, arranged in historical schools, filling thirty-two ample halls. The Glyptothek, or Statuary Repository, had the rare fortune of obtaining a whole room of Eginia marbles, the only existing specimens of that early art, and at a less price than was offered by the British Museum. No other Art-Gallery has such beautiful walls without and within. Miss Howitt dwells with enthusiasm on the exquisite marble stucco of the interior, where school succeeds school from the Egyptian Sphynx at the entrance to Thorwaldsen at the close—the ceilings by Cornelius, the medallions by Schwanthaler, whom it is worth a visit to Munich to know—but, she hardly mentions the noble Grecian front, with its mingled beauty and majesty, surpassing all the other architectural embellishments of the city, celebrated as they are.

And one, not the least, recommendation to a stranger, is the generosity with which all these treasures are spread before his enraptured gaze. The only day in the week when the collection of Prince Leuchtenberg was thrown open to the public proved to be "Green Thursday;" and, to our consternation, the iron gates were closed, and all entrance forbidden because of the religious festival; and the *valet de place* declared that, unless we waited a week there was no chance. But a simple written request from an unintruded American opened this casket of more than gold, and a servant of the house was ordered to wait upon the pleasure of a single stranger, who found himself rewarded for this bit of opportunity, not only by the study of the celebrated full length of Josephine by Gerard, and of Belisarius bearing his dead conductor in his arms, by the same French master; but, by two of Canova's best pieces, the Graces and the Magdalen; Schadow's Shepherd with the wounded lamb; three Murillos, one of them considered his best; Rembrandt's portrait of himself; Guercino's Woman taken in Adultery, Raphael's Cardinal, and numerous family relics of Napoleon inherited by Eugene Beauharnais—a collection of about a hundred pieces, but each a gem which money could not purchase, which were gathered not merely with lavish wealth,

but by the good fortune of such near relationship to Napoleon at a time when Italy and Spain lay very much at the mercy of the conqueror. A French gentleman, whom we had met repeatedly in different galleries, came in upon our solitude to study the Magdalen of Murillo, which he affirmed to be without exception "the picture of the world," whose tears almost seemed, as we gazed, to course down over her furrowed cheeks, and whose resigned penitence left an impression time will not efface.

But the pleasantest part of this charming book to the public will be the Munich Festivals, some of which we witnessed unconsciously in company with this gifted lady. Just before Easter, the great Benedictine Basilica of St. Boniface displayed beneath its organ-loft a vast grotto, faced with a screen of living flowers and green shrubbery. Towering trees confronted the beautiful marble columns of the church, ferns and mosses shaded the stone sepulchre, far within whose artificial blocks reposed a statue of the buried "Lord of Life." There was nothing in the least gloomy in the scene. The warm sunlight flooded the immense area, gilding and frescoes dancing in the superb hues cast by the magnificent, painted windows,* the marble floor refreshing the eye wearied by such rich tints. It struck me, that this unusually light church became the Resurrection, which was enacted in it by a risen statue the next Sunday, better than any other, because of its cheerfulness, and all its accompaniments; the greenhouse plants covering the grand altar, the bright walls without, the glistening marbles within, harmonized with the idea of renewed life. If Protestant churches, intended for so different a purpose, are to imitate the Catholic, they might well study this latest school, before they lose the comfort of their service in a darkness as embarrassing to the speaker as the hearer, and acoustic absurdities, such as make the Word any thing but "the voice of one playing well on a pleasant instrument."

We missed the Washing of the Apostles' Feet, by His Majesty, but the reader need not, as Miss Howitt tells how daintily a dirty job may be done, and confirms the intimation already given, that Catholic ceremonies are most faithfully observed at Munich. It is performed on Holy Thursday, in the Hercules' Hall of the Palace.

* The finest painted glass is produced here. One window at the An Kirche cost, we were assured, fifteen thousand dollars. Of course, few but princes could make such costly presents.

After the crowd were admitted, there "tottered in ancient representatives of the twelve apostles, clothed in long violet robes, bound around the waist with white bands striped with red, with violet caps on their heads: on they came, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling over their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest a hundred and one, the youngest eighty-seven years of age. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long, snowy throne; that crimson step was a mountain for those feeble feet to climb. A man in black pulled off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. And now the king, ungirding his sword, approaches the oldest apostle, receives the golden ewer, bends himself over the old foot, drops a few drops of water upon it, receives a snowy napkin from the princess, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; again he bows over the second, and so on through the whole; a priest, with a cloth round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet." (p. 259.)

Then, dinner is served to these twelve antiquities, by twelve footmen, with twelve trays, twelve rolls, and twelve bottles of wine: the principal part of which they are expected to carry home for domestic use—besides a small purse of money hung around the patient neck of each by the hand of his gracious Majesty.

Munich is the most artificial of all the cities of the world, its customs the quaintest, its realities the most unreal, and, in all its aspects it forms the strongest contrasts to what we are accustomed to in the New World. Here art is pursued as a business, but there even business is an art—life is a sort of holiday, the buildings are toys, the government a kind of make-believe, religion is a ceremony, and men and women seem to be all engaged in making tableaux rather than attending to the serious concerns of human existence. Miss Howitt, with her girlish, trusting nature, her love of art, her eager search after the romantic, the picturesque and

the quaint, was well adapted to the task she has attempted of giving the world a satisfying glimpse of this most curious city.

One passage in her pleasant volume on Woman's Rights breathes such a healthful spirit, that we cannot forbear closing our article with it:

"The longer I live," says Anna, "the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe, that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us to stretch forth our hands and gather for ourselves the rich joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness which He has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of prejudice and fashion which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which He has bestowed on worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the whalebone supports of drawing-room conventionality withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man! Different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed!"

"And all this we may do without losing one jot of our womanly spirit, but rather attain to these blessed gifts through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Father has so specially endowed woman. Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and fixedness of purpose, their unvarying energy, their largeness of vision; but, let us never sigh after their so-called *privileges*, which, when they are sifted with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men." (p. 455.)

THE PALANKEEN.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE is not far wrong when he says, "In the land of Prestre John ben so many mervelles that it were to combrous and to long to putten it in scripture of bokes." Romance is there mingled with reality in such delightful proportion, that it seems like a dream come true. The stories which charmed us when we were boys are reproduced in life, and we ourselves become actors in them. The rosy glow of our morning associations and recollections transmutes even common things into pleasures, and for the time we are children in our delight.

But the country needs little help from the imagination to make it interesting. There is the rich variety of its tropical nature, from the palms of Coromandel to the pines of the Himalayas; there are the remains of an antiquity which no research has penetrated,—wrecks of a civilization that claims to date from a period when "the pyramids built up with newer might" lay unhewn in the quarry; there are the ruined palaces of forgotten kings; the old dark caves and temples of a darker and still existing superstition; there the later exquisite works of the Mussulman dominion, hiding in the beauty of their ruins the cruelty and tyranny that built them; there are the marks of former conquests cut deep in memorial institutions, and there is the great complex system, so interwoven with what is ancient as to seem almost a part of it, by which the present masters of India have linked themselves to its people. And in addition to all these sources of interest is that still greater one afforded by the native character, habits of life, and the contrasts between them and those of the Anglo-Indians. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the native races of India differ from each other not less than the different peoples of Europe. The bold, dashing, proud, Rajput of the Northwest is a different being from the subtle, pliant, and timid Bengalee. The wild tribes of the mountains on the East and the West,—the Coles and the Bheels,—are not even of the same blood and stock as the soft Mussulmen of the South, or the tough Tartar tribes of the Northern hills. All these differences of race lead to contrasts of customs and manners which open before a traveller an unbounded field of entertaining and curious inquiry.

There are many modes of travelling in

India; some of them sad Western innovations. Railroads have already been begun. Coaches have been established on some routes, and the best conveyance of all, the most truly Indian of all,—the palankeen,—is being gradually driven out of use by the fast spirit of the age. But one who would see native life, and would really enjoy the East, should remember the Bengalee saying, "It is better to walk than to run, it is better to stand than to walk, it is better to sit than to stand,—but to lie down is best of all." He should not hurry up the Ganges on one of the slow boats of the Ganges Steam Navigation Company, from Calcutta to Allahabad, with the steam whistle waking him out of every dream,—but he should rather travel quietly, with all the repose and dignity of travel, in the slow, delightful palankeen. Then when he approaches the Ganges, and first beholds the sacred stream that flows from Paradise, and sees the banyan trees dropping their pendent branches into the waves, or a grove of dark-leaved mangoes reflected in its smooth waters, he will recall the legend of the 3,500,000 holy places on its banks, and will remember that he who only looks on Gunga will obtain all the fruit that might be gained by visiting each of these holy places.

The palankeen is the land gondola of the East. It is a light black box, about six feet long, nearly three wide, and three in height, with sliding doors on each side, to be open or shut according to one's fancy or the weather. In front are two narrow windows. It is fitted within with a leather-covered mattress, cushion and pillows, and a rack for the feet. Beneath this rack is a box for biscuit, ale, candles, and other such articles, while above the feet is a drawer, in which lie your telescope, your map, and your portfolio, and over this is a shelf on which stand your coffee pot, your travelling case, and the few books you cannot do without. On the outside, strapped upon the top, is your gun case, and perhaps a tin box containing the things that could not be packed away within. From the middle of each end projects a stout black pole, tipped with silver plates, which rests upon the shoulders of the bearers, who jog along, two before and two behind, at a steady pace of about three miles an hour. A set of bearers generally consists of twelve men. Eight to carry the palkee, four

and four by turns; two, called *banghy-burdars*, to carry the deep tin cases with pyramidal tops which serve instead of trunks, and two *mussalcher* to carry the *mussals* or torches by which the way is lighted in the night. The men wear a cloth about their loins, and this, with a pad for their shoulders and a tight-fitting skull-cap, sometimes exchanged for a turban, is their only clothing in warm weather. When it grows cold they put on a close jacket, and short coverings for their legs, and wrap a stout cloth about their shoulders. Each set of bearers is expected to go about ten miles.

The whole system of travelling, in the English portion of India, is in the hands of the government, and is connected with the post-office department. Before setting out on a journey one must "lay a *dawk*," as it is called; that is, arrange with the government for a supply of bearers along the road, and you give yourself up, a kind of animated parcel, to be forwarded according to direction. For this service the charge is eight annas, or about a quarter of a dollar a mile, of which perhaps half a cent a mile goes to each of the bearers, and the rest is devoured by the rapacious post-office. At the end of each stage the bearers gather round the door of the palkee to beg for *bucksheesh*, and if they have gone steadily, and have not jolted you by getting out of step, you give them a four-anna piece to be divided among them, while the new bearers start off briskly with you, hoping to come in at the end of their stage for a similar reward.

But get into the palkee; put your bag of four-anna pieces under the pillow to be at hand; the bearers lift you up and jog gently along, with a low grunt at each step, the palankeen swaying slightly on their shoulders; the heat of the day is over and the sun is going down in a cloudless horizon; the long shadows fall across the way; it is too near twilight to read; it is too early to sleep; and so, leaving the doors of the palkee wide open to the evening air, you lie and watch the night come on, while fancy mingles strangely together the wonders of this new East, with the remembrances of the old West. There is no other way of travelling like this for the placid quiet of meditation, and the steady pleasant flow of thought.

As the darkness thickens, and the passing scenes fade into dimness, the *mussalchee* lights his cotton torch, which he keeps wet with oil poured from a hollow bamboo joint, and the broad smoky flame glares over the road. Closing the door

on the side by which he runs, you catch, through the other, uncertain glimpses of the roadside. Sometimes the light loses itself in the thick jungle, sometimes streams away over the open plain, sometimes falls on the encampment of a party of native travellers, or shows the solitary figure of a wandering mendicant. At each station the scene is picturesque. The fresh bearers are standing ready to transfer the palkee, without letting it rest on the ground, from the shoulders of the old relay to their own; or, if not quite prepared to start, are sitting under a spreading tree, upon the platform of hardened earth raised round its trunk, passing their gurgling *goorgooree* from mouth to mouth. Even at a late hour of the night a party of curious villagers are assembled to watch their start. A salaaming moon-shee or clerk of the post-office, with his paper and inkstand and reed pen comes, touching his forehead, to beg you to sign for him the quittance for the past stage; and a little naked boy creeps close up to the palankeen and says in his most insinuating manner, half whining half smiling, *Sahib, Sahib, bucksheesh, bucksheesh*,—and on all the torchlight falls, deepening the shadows, and flickering with various effect over the faces and figures of the crowd.

Again you set off, having got pretty well woke up from your midnight nap. The bearers start briskly, with a shout. The pariah dogs come running out to bark, and going through the dark line of village huts, in front of which the carts are standing, while the cattle lie at their side, you are again on the solitary road. In the quiet pauses of the night, when the voices of the bearers are still, you may hear, if you are awake, the yelp of the jackal, the lowing of the herds, or the beating of the *tomtom* before some distant shrine, or on occasion of some social festivity.

The first glimmer of morning has hardly shone, when the deserted road begins again to be animated by native passengers. The poor, lean husbandman, with a shred of cloth round his waist, is going to his morning's labor. As he passes you, he stoops down to take up some dust, and touch his forehead with it, in token of his humble respect. Now and then you meet parties of *sepoys*, soldiers of the East India Company's service, distinguishable by their air, or some piece of red cloth finery, going home on leave of absence. Some of them are mounted on small, scraggy ponies, with their worldly goods done up in a bundle that dangles at

their side; others toiling along on foot, their old shoes carefully saved, and carried on a stick over their shoulders, and the rest of their property tied in one end of their turban, and hanging down their backs. They salute you as you pass, mistaking you for one of their masters. There are men going along the road, carrying loads of split bamboo, or bearing burdens on their heads; and you may chance to meet a doli, or light native palankeen, whose close-drawn curtains hide the occupant within, while two attendants, with drawn swords, running at its side, only serve to prove that the burden must be precious, to be so well guarded. Frequently, a whole family, or two or three families travelling together, will come by. The women carry the little children on their hips, or both are riding on sleek, hump-backed, slender-legged cows, who are decked with collars of dried grass, ornamented with cowrie shells; while the men, wrapped during the cool morning in a long sheet of cotton cloth, and with the ends of their white turbans tied under their chins, so that, in the gray dawn, they look like ghosts who have caught cold, walk along, driving bullocks laden with all the earthly possessions of the household. The women cover their faces all but their eyes, and the men salaam as you pass. A clanking of chains heard coming towards you, warns you of a gang of convicts chained together, and kept at labor on the roads. A blind beggar sits under a tree, and hearing the measured tread of the bearers, calls to you, Ghureeb-purwan, Protector of the poor, may peace rest on your cap.—Oh, beggar! may your salutation return to you in plenty. Near a town, you may chance to meet a gaudy-looking ekka, or carriage for one, with red curtains hanging from its cone-shaped top, and little brass bells jingling from it, drawn by two fine oxen of the beautiful hump-backed breed, while within sits an oily, white-robed baboo. Under the trees is a party of travellers cooking their meal. They have made a fireplace of three stones, or bricks, and are baking their coarse cakes, while one has gone to the well, not far off, to fill his bright brass jar with water. A long train of camels, awkward, ungainly, splay-footed, evil-eyed creatures, comes along the road, bearing the produce of the Punjab or Cabool in their panniers. They are tied one to another by a cord fastened to their saddles, and the Northern drivers sit on their backs, or walk along in the shadow at their sides. Far more interesting than

these camels, is a huge elephant, his immense bulk almost hidden under a load of sugarcane, which he is bringing from the field. Every now and then his trunk is turned upward to pull out a cane for his private use; or should he be passing by a hut, in front of which is a little plat of cultivation, he neglects his sugar for the sake of pulling up a fine, tall, juicy stem of the castor oil plant, which he relishes as an ambrosial delicacy. Or perhaps you may meet, as it comes creaking slowly along, a clumsy, two-wheeled cart, laden with the poor coal from the Burdwan pits, or with kunker for mending the roads, and drawn by two gray buffaloes, with spreading, bent-back horns, like the buffaloes of the Roman Campagna.

But of all the passengers along the road in the autumn, as the cold season comes on, the most numerous are pilgrims. The harvest has been reaped, the seed is sown for the crop of the coming spring, and it is the season of leisure. The land owner or laborer, who has vowed to make an offering to his tutelary deity, or wishes to secure the favor of Vishnu or Siva, sets out on his journey, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by a part or the whole of his family. Many of the pilgrims make their way to Hurdwar, where the Ganges, fresh from the foot of Vishnu, bursts out through the rocky barrier of mountains that surround its source, and pours fresher and less polluted waters than in its course below. Hurdwar is a town of great sanctity in the eyes of all good Hindoos. Temples line the bank of the river; and happy is he, who, having bowed at the inner shrine, may bathe from off their steps, and wash away, in the sacred water, the secret stains visible to the gods alone.

Here the pilgrims obtain bottles of the water, sealed up by one of the innumerable priests, who are supported by the fees for this service; and placing these bottles in light wicker baskets, which are carried slung from each end of a pole that rests upon the shoulder, they depart for the temple, often one distant alike from Hurdwar and from their homes, at which the offering is to be made. Besides these pilgrims, who make the journey for their own sake, there are others who are hired to perform, vicariously, the duties and the vows of those whose strength or whose inclination is not equal to the effort; and still others, who go to Hurdwar to get the holy water for sale. Those making the pilgrimage to accom-

plish their own vows, are, however, the most numerous.

Having reached the temple, generally one of special repute, where the vow was to be fulfilled, the water is poured over the stone image or emblem of the god, an offering is made to his priests, and then the pilgrims return home, after an absence often of months in length, and a journey of many hundreds of miles.

There are few families of which some member has not travelled on this errand. If one of the household is sick; if a misfortune has fallen upon it; if the drought ruins the crops, or the insects eat them; if the cattle die, or are stolen, the offering is vowed, and the pilgrimage is made. Thousands upon thousands of pilgrims are travelling every year, and the water of the sacred stream is carried all over India, from the foot of the Himalayas to the Temple of Ramiseram, opposite the hot coast of Ceylon.

These pilgrimages are one of the chief means of spreading civilization among the people. The ignorance and prejudice, which are the inseparable companions of him who has passed all his days in one place, are, by degrees, shaken off and got rid of, as he goes away from the mud walls that inclose his native village; and when he comes back, he is surprised to find how small a portion of the world the familiar inclosure really contains. Not a pilgrim can go to Hurdwar, without seeing there, beside the temples, and the images, and the devotees, the head works of the great canal, by which the English are about to employ five sixths of the water of the sacred stream in irrigating four million acres of land, thus securing the population of three times that extent of territory from the danger of famine, and giving to the current of the Ganges a true, in place of an imaginary sanctity. Many of them must pass along the line of the canal by Koorki, the most flourishing station in North Western India, and must see the railroad upon which the materials of construction of the works are carried, and the fifteen great solid arches of the aqueduct over the Solani River, and must behold the peace and prosperity that extend with the extending canal. Others must go over the great roads (unfortunately still too few), by which the English have linked some of the chief cities of their possessions together, and may meet travellers like themselves from other quarters of the land, and watch with them the trains of camels and bullocks bearing the produce of the interior to the

river ports, or bringing back other goods in return.

The native who has seen such sights as these, and who has talked in the roadside caravanserais with the strangers who meet there, and has gone wondering through the bazaars at Delhi or Benares, will return to his little, distant home, with his apprehensions quickened, and his faculties enlarged, and ready to say, to the envy of less travelled villagers, "Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things."

But besides such pilgrims as these, there are others—the wandering and mendicant members of religious orders, like the friars of Europe. They chiefly belong to two great orders: one, formed of the worshippers of Siva, the most detestable of Hindu deities, and the other, followers of Vishnu, the most attractive of the gods. The first are called Gosains, and the latter Beiragees. These great religious orders are one of the most curious developments of Hinduism. A man of any caste may join them; the service of the god breaks down the barrier between Brahmin and Sudra. In these societies, and in these alone, they meet on equal terms. Each member of the order is attached to some special temple, and is the disciple of some high priest. Under the direction of this spiritual guide, they wander over India, from one holy place to another, visiting the temples of the god to whose service they are devoted. Every where they are received as holy men; they are entertained at the temples which they visit; the gifts of the pious and the timid, desirous of favor or of pardon, are bestowed upon them; and they often return, after wanderings that extend over years, with large accessions to the treasury of their peculiar shrine. They sometimes travel three or four together; they have strings of beads round their necks, rosaries in one hand, and a long staff in the other, and no clothing but a saffron cloth about their loins. The looseness of the regulations of the orders, sometimes affords an opportunity for dissolute and vagabond fellows to assume the profession of sanctity; but, on the other hand, Colonel Sleeman—and there are few men who know more about the people of India than he—says, that many of these mendicants are "intelligent men of the world," with stores of information acquired on their long journeys.

There is still another class of religious travellers that one sometimes meets, the devotees to the most degrading and pain-

ful form of superstition, the martyrs of a miserable faith. They are men who have devoted themselves to self-inflicted torture, tormenting themselves now in the hope of compensation hereafter. One hot day, as I was travelling along a dusty, heated road, not far from Gazipur, one of these poor wretches passed my palankeen. He was covered with dirt and dust, his hair was hanging, long and grimy, about his shoulders; his eyes were bloodshot, and his whole air wild and intense. He was dragging behind him, by a string tied round his waist, a very small wooden cart, not larger than a child's toy. He walked for a few steps, then threw himself flat on the ground, stretched out his hands, marked with them the extent of his reach, and then rising, walked forward to the line his fingers had made in the dust, and threw himself down again. And so he was going on, from some place of pilgrimage to another, repeating the same action, mile after mile, hour after hour, day after day, sleeping in the dust, eating only the food which charity and pity might put for him into his little cart. What waste of energy! What desperate exertion of resolution! What degradation of reason! What bitterness of life! Imagination stands baffled at the entrance to this strange nature. Were there splendid visions of future bliss, which visited this man's bewildered mind, and lured him along his exhausting way? Or was it some unseen and fearful fury, the awful figure of some past sin, that lashed him on his journey? Was it partly to be the wonder of men and little children that he cared? or was it alone to be the approved of the gods that he desired? Was it the terrible freak of a mad fancy, or the slow, hard, often-rejected conclusion of overburdened reason, that led him to the accomplishment of such a task? Who can tell? As long as he was in sight, I watched him from my palankeen; and even after I could no longer distinguish his figure, a little cloud of dust marked his passage along the road.

Palankeen travelling is not without its own peculiar incidents and varieties. One of the bearers may slip, and in stumbling trip his companion, so that both will fall, letting down the palkee in front or behind with a great pitch and jolt, which is startling if it happens to come in the middle of the night. Sometimes the bearers get quarrelling together; those who are in advance upbraiding those in the rear with being slow, and clumsy, and not bearing their fair share of the

load, till the loud voices wake you up, and then putting your head out of the door you bid them "Choop" or "be quiet," if they want to get backsheesh, and they are still till their stage is over. Sometimes, if for instance you are delayed on the way, and the fresh relay of bearers who ought to be waiting for you get tired of sitting out through the night, they go off, and when you arrive at the station are not to be found. Then you send the village watchman to call up the responsible official head-man of the little place, who soon comes shuffling along in his slippers, arranging the folds of his turban and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, to attend to the wants of the Sahib. He gives his orders, and in a few minutes, after a vigorous resistance of words, the men are dragged out of the huts where they had taken shelter, and with their nap unfinished, have to put their reluctant shoulders under the pole. The little mud town, with its quiet thus disturbed; the watchman, his cotton chudder wrapped round his head and about his body, moving spectrally in and out of the shadows cast by the moonlight; the village police banging with stout staves at the doors of the huts, and shouting for the bearers to get up and come out, the group of amused lookers-on gathered round the fire that has been lighted at the side of the palkee; the head man of the place standing by with obsequious politeness; and at length the jolting start and farewell while the town is left to sink back into the stillness of the autumn night;—all these make up a little night-piece like a thousand that hang ready for framing in Nature's great Eastern picture-gallery.

One Sunday morning as I was travelling in Oude, where the country being still under a native government, all arrangements for travelling are far less regular and certain than in the English possessions; I was roused by the palkee's being suddenly set down on the road, and upon opening the door, saw the bearers running away across the fields. I called to them to come back, but they ran only the faster, leaving the palankeen, the torch-bearer, and myself together. We were in the midst of a fine grove of old mango trees, through which the road ran. At a little distance was a cluster of huts, out of which some men loitered up to us to see what was the matter. They were of little help, for spite of promises of rupees they would not lift the palkee, and professed to be afraid of losing caste if they carried it. It was a practical ill-

tration of the miserable inefficiency enforced by the system. Some of them, however, were willing to hunt up bearers, if any could be found, in the nearest villages, and, lighting a cigar, I sat down on the palkee with Mohammedan willingness to wait for whoever might turn up. Before long we heard the creaking of solid wooden wheels, and a cart came up the road, escorted by a party of sepoy. The soldiers were eager to be of service, and some of them went off on the tracks of the runaway bearers. The morning was delightfully clear and fresh. The sun, just risen, sparkled on the leaves of the trees which were covered with dew. The mussalchee had lighted a fire of dry sticks over which he crouched, and at his side was a chilly native from the cluster of huts steadily smoking his hubble-bubble, while the sepoys who remained, stood by in red coats, drying the night-damp off their muskets in the blaze. By-and-bye the others returned unsuccessful, but, before setting out on their way again, they carried the palkee into the inclosure round which the neighboring huts were built, that it might be safer there than in the road, and then went off, taking a note from me to the nearest dawkmaster, some thirty miles away. An hour or two more went by, while I sat watching the course of life in the little village, and in my turn giving occupation to the curiosity of its inhabitants. One of the most hospitable brought out a charpoy, a sort of bed made of ropes stretched upon a frame and supported by four short legs, which he placed under a large tree that stood in the inclosure, and invited me to share it with him, while he asked questions, few of which I could answer, a misfortune which he apparently attributed to deafness rather than to my ignorance. It was a pretty place, with a fine air of indolence about all its people; even the cattle seemed to feel idle; and the crows were more impudent than usual, as if they knew no one ever took the trouble to punish them; wild pigeons were cooing lazily in the trees; and there seemed to be no work for any one to do, except for two men who cooked their breakfast in one corner of the yard, and for some women who went out to get water with their jars upon their heads. In the course of the forenoon one of the villagers who had gone off to hunt for men returned, bringing with him one bearer and five coolies; but the coolies were of no use, as they only carry burdens on their heads, and do not know how and could not be persuaded to learn to carry a palankeen

on their shoulders. The afternoon had begun, when at length another of the messengers came with five bearers, who, with the one arrived before, made up a party large enough to get on with, and we bade good-bye to the huts of Kotera.

Such are some of the unexpected incidents of palankeen journeys. Not much in themselves; but, on that very account all the more characteristic of the mode of travelling. To be delayed for a day at Kotera was a pleasant experience, and the palankeen is rarely accountable for any worse accident.

On some of the main roads a system of "horse dawks," as it is called, has been established, and it is a proof of the extent of travel in India, that a year or two since a company was formed for the purpose of competing with the government in the supply of horses and carriages, such as they are, for the convenience of the public. If you have a long and dull piece of road to get over, it is well enough to save time in this way. You have your palkee fastened upon a four-wheeled truck without springs, and with one horse get along much faster than with eight men. It is a sort of compromise between the East and the West. The horses are for the most part vicious and half-broken, and make a great fuss about starting. They back and plunge, while the turbaned driver shrieks and snaps his whip, and half a dozen naked, shouting natives push at the wheels and pull at the horse's mouth, and try to keep him from upsetting the truck, or from turning it down the bank at the side of the road. When at length a start is made, if it be not a false one, the horse is kept at a good pace, and every thing on the road,—men, women, children, carts, elephants, processions,—all have to give way to the truck. The driver has a small brass horn, like a postillion's, hung round his neck, and when he sees any thing in front blows it with a sharp, shrill sound, that means, "A Sahib is coming. Stand out of his way." One day as I was coming along the road that leads to Delhi from the north, travelling after this fashion, the driver blew his horn to warn a native whose heavily laden cart was dragging along through the sand, that he must get out from the middle of the track. The man tried to make his bullocks pull to one side, but they preferred to keep the best of the road, and our truck was brought to a stand. The driver sprang from his box, covered the offender with a heap of abuse—and Hindu abuse is more rapid, voluble, and vituperative even than

Italian—and laid on the back of the astonished carter the blows that should have fallen on his beasts. The beating was over before I could interfere. We drove on, and the indignant native stood looking after us, shouting out safe curses, with his affection for the Burra Bibi, or Great Lady as the East India Company is called, somewhat diminished by his experience of the manner in which this petty official of hers had exercised the authority she had entrusted to him. I do not remember ever seeing blows given by one Hindu to another, though nothing was commoner than to see them quarrelling and very angry, except in cases like this where they were exercising transmitted authority, or where they fancied that they were doing a service to a Sahib. Hindu officials of a petty grade are ready enough to air their honors, and to esteem it a privilege to imitate the faults of their superiors. The worst oppression in India is that of bad native subordinate officers, whose petty tyrannies are all the more cruel from being committed on their own race, and all the worse in their consequences, from being supposed by the sufferers to derive their bitterness from the rule of

the foreign rulers of the land. The miseries springing from a proconsular government exist even when the proconsul is virtuous.

After one of these rapid horse journeys, however agreeable it might be as a variety, I always used to come back with pleasure to the old, quiet, "bearer" dawk. If there were nothing to see during the day time, and one were tired of "holding the sessions of sweet silent thought," one could always read. In the cool of the morning or the evening it was charming to take a walk along the road, and when travelling with a companion, to join company with him during these best parts of the day. And at night, if sleep would not come, though wooed by the drowsy sound of the bearers' low and regularly cadenced sing-song, one could run forward and lose themselves in the solitude of the road, and then turning, watch the pretty effect of the torch-lighted palkee coming up from the distance.

After travelling more than a thousand miles in my palankeen, I felt, in parting from it, as if giving up one of the most characteristic and pleasant experiences of life in India.

NOTES FROM MY KNAPSACK.

NUMBER IV.

MARCH RENEWED—NANA—SEÑORITA—NORTHER—SAN FERNANDO—ARBOLEDO DE LOS ANGELOS—FRIENTE DEL TAJA—A CHASE—DIALOGUE—PASSAGE OF THE ALAMOS AND SABINOS—CAPITULATION OF SANTA ROSA—TROPHIES—MINING—DRAMATIC AND DIPLOMATIC.

ON the morning of the 6th of October, the bugles sounded the reveille at two o'clock. The head of the column under General Shields commenced the movement, when the tail of the great bear (not the "*ursa major*" of our command) was swung round perpendicular to the horizon, and the constellation of Bruin seemed to be taking a leap towards the zenith, and when every star in the firmament was glittering with the lustrous brilliancy that precedes the dawn. The pale crescent of the moon was just visible; its luminous convexity modestly inclined downwards, as if conscious that its light was borrowed, and it was but honest to confess the corn.

For a mile or two our route was traced through a thick growth of mezquit; the road then emerged upon an open prairie, and for a distance of twenty miles, the

dead level of the plain was almost unbroken. Nothing but the long and coarse grass, scorched to a crisp, met the eye for many an hour. Here and there a tree rose mysteriously from the earth, but the phenomenon was of rare occurrence. Ten or twelve miles from Presidio encampment, solitary and alone in the vast desert, a fragmentary relic of another mission still stood as a monument of the ubiquitous zeal and industry, but crumbling and decaying power of the "Order of Jesus." The irrigating canals had not yet wholly disappeared, and traversed the plain in all directions; but their fructifying effects were no longer visible in the waving fields of grain, and the vast storehouses in which were garnered up the abundant products of the earth. The hum of human life is there no longer heard; the shepherd no longer "pipes in

the liberal air ;" flocks and herds no longer bound over the plain, nor the cattle upon a thousand hills ; and this region so lately the scene of active life, and which once knew so many of the busy and the gay, will perhaps know them no more for ever.

As we slowly pursued our weary way, many miles ahead in the vast expanse of barrenness, there appeared a grove of lofty trees, whose rich dark foliage beautifully contrasted with the lifeless color of the prairie grass. The road winds now to the right, and now to the left, and you trace its sinuosities with an anxious eye, lest it may perchance wander away from the oasis in the distance. As you advance, an extensive cornfield suddenly presents itself, and an irrigating dyke with running water is such a temptation to your weary and famished beast, that perhaps before you are aware of it, his nostrils are plunged into the refreshing stream. A mile or two farther, and you perceive a collection of white objects in the midst of the grove upon which your eyes have been so long fastened, which in a few minutes assumes the forms of houses, and the village of San Juan de Nava, or as it is commonly called Nava, is before you.

This little town consists entirely of one story houses, built of *adobe*, with thatched roofs, and presents a neat and picturesque appearance. It contains probably about six hundred inhabitants ; many of the buildings are unoccupied ; many are untenable, and more fast becoming so. The streets are almost frightfully quiet, no bustle—no activity—no people visible abroad, though many eyes were peering at us from the window gratings. In the whole town there were but four persons to be seen in the streets ; two of these were fabricating a Mexican cart—the simplest machine, perhaps, ever invented except a Mexican plough—and two were engaged in twisting what they call a *cabrista*, or hair rope. Within doors, the women who were not idle were generally employed in weaving their *serapis*, or blankets, or spinning the raw material with a hand spindle. The process is of course slow and tedious ; and hence the enormously high prices of the fabrics, compared with those to which we are accustomed. What would one of the Lowell girls think of such an exhibition of home manufactures ? And yet the people of the United States, with all their enterprise and skill, would probably now be but little in advance of the Mexicans in all the useful and industrial arts, if the

felo de se doctrines of free trade had directed the policy of the government for the last thirty years. But for Mr. Clay, and the system which he originated and developed, our independence would practically produce little more than an annual frolic, and like the colonies we should still be in bondage to Great Britain, or, like our Republican neighbor, the vassal of ignorance and imbecility.

The plaza of Nava is quite spacious ; the only building fronting it worthy of mention is the church, which is a rude structure not yet completed, but already bearing marks of decay. We took the liberty of entering one of the houses, and were received with civility. The furniture was very simple ; and besides a few stools and an apology for a table, we saw a full-length figure of the Saviour upon the cross, and a few Roman picture-books, manuscripts, &c. We here found a young señorita—perhaps scarcely fifteen—under the process of her toilet, and a more interesting or bewitchingly fascinating being, seldom greets the eye of the wanderer in any country. Above the waist she wore nothing but her *chemise*. Her arms were bare, admirably rounded, and not unworthy of the attractive developments which they encircled. Her throat was beautifully chiselled, and her neck rose with grace and stateliness, while dazzling loveliness was enthroned upon her brow. Her eyes were dark and piercing. They looked indeed as if they might have been stolen from the sun, or forged in Erebus with the fire of Prometheus. As we entered with careless indifference, she seemed to resent our intrusion with a glance of haughty scorn, and before the braiding of her long, lustrous, sable locks, was completed, she darted from the room, with offended pride and unconcealed passion flashing from her eyes. We saw her no more, but it was pleasant to observe how naturally the old lady, as soon as the young one had departed, took up the head of a child, and began levying the usual poll tax with gratifying success.

With possibly a few exceptions, the people are miserably poor, and extremely ignorant. Their education consists chiefly in a knowledge of the ritual, and of the simplest doctrines of the Roman Church. One of the inhabitants informed us that the people of San Fernando and the Presidio, are fond of amusements, dissipation, fandangoes, and so on, but that those of Nava are quiet and domestic, satisfied if permitted to mind their own business in peace. The latter branch of the proposition may be true, as the crops in the

vicinity are fine, indicating good soil and faithful labor. Hundreds of acres, however, of the prairie around, through which irrigating ditches may be traced, are now lying uncultivated.

There was something peculiarly striking, in the extreme quiet which prevailed during this day's march—the first in the enemy's country. There appeared to be hardly a single man along the whole line, who had life or vivacity enough to get up even a whistle. Two or three were observed to attempt some very grave airs, but their hearts or their lungs failed them, and they soon relapsed into the sober sullenness of sorrow. They trod along through the heat and dust, more like martyrs to some inexorable fate, or captives led to execution, than like volunteer champions in a war of invasion for "indemnity for the past and security for the future." The wrongs they seemed to realize were personal rather than national, and for these there appeared to be no desire for redress. Not a joke, not a laugh, not a song, hardly a curse, echoed along the column. The procession moved with the decorum of a funeral, and could hardly have been taken for the march of a triumphant army, bent on victory and conquest. Each man toiled and sweated on, too conscious of its folly from the long visages around, to look for sympathy to his comrades, and too much disgusted with the cud of bitter fancies to seek for consolation in himself. It occurred to me that if a few of the reflections of this day were written out, they would be quite as amusing and instructive, in illustrating the "uncomfortableness of patriotism," as Charles Lamb's meditations on the "inconveniences of being hanged." The thermometer was at 90° Fahrenheit, during most of the day.

About midnight one of the celebrated "Northerners" of these regions, born of a zephyr and an iceberg, swept over our encampment with the most disastrous consequences to tents and sleepers. Tent-cords snapped; tent-poles trembled and tottered, and tents tumbled bodily to the earth. Many fell directly over their inmates, who grateful for the additional supply of covering, philosophically continued their slumbers, while others less fortunate were exposed to the piercing and pitiless winds, in a state of almost primitive nudity, shivering, shouting, raging, swearing, grumbling, and doing every thing, except repairing their mishaps. Even those whose tents resisted the blast, were almost frozen by the sudden change of temperature, and when re-

veille was beaten, the camp was in a state of general disgust and consternation. The Arkansas people were in the greatest distress. Some were without shoes, some without coats or those of cotton merely, and thus hatless, bootless, coatless—almost shirtless, many were exposed to the frigidity of 42° Fahrenheit.

As we passed out of camp, we observed a group of men employed in digging a grave for one of their comrades. The corpse wrapped in a blanket, was in their midst, and around were a few idle Mexicans, ready doubtless to plunder the body of its scanty covering as soon as the army disappeared.

The entire population of Nava apparently came forth to witness our departure through town, though it was hardly sunrise. Men, women, maidens and children, were ranged on each side of the streets, and were evidently quite willing to practise that precept of hospitality which enjoins speeding the parting guest. By a blunder of some of our leaders, the column became divided in leaving the town, so that the march of to-day was effected by two routes. In an enemy's country such an operation might lead to fatal results, but luckily this instance was attended with no disaster. The country for nearly the whole distance between Nava and San Fernando, seems to have been heretofore under cultivation, though fields of growing grain are now found only in the vicinity of the towns. Irrigating canals were intersecting the road at various points, all leading from the Rio Escandido, a small stream winding around the town of San Fernando. The day's march was excessively disagreeable, from the extreme cold, the violent wind, and the immense volumes of dust. The troops passed through the town and encamped about three miles beyond.

The commanding general, with his train of attachés, was conducted on his arrival to a building recently occupied as quarters by Capt. Juan Galan of the Mexican army, who had very magnanimously abdicated a few days since. The room was furnished with the taste and in the style of a barber's shop, the walls being profusely adorned with coarsely lithographed prints of "Emma," "Rosalie," "Alice," &c. &c. A hanger on the camp, in the capacity of beef contractor, trader, and any thing else by which cash may be acquired, had caused coffee and other refreshments to be prepared here for General W. and the Quartermaster, the good-will of those functionaries being of importance.

The town of San Fernando de Rosas contains about three thousand inhabitants; the houses are generally low and unpretending, and of the usual material—adobe. The church, which fronts the principal plaza, is a neatly whitewashed edifice, of an unusually fair exterior, and at a distance, as seen through the surrounding foliage, might be mistaken for one in New England. It has an arched belfry, surmounted by a dome, bearing the universal Roman symbol of priestcraft and salvation. On the opposite side of the plaza from the church, there is an extensive pile of buildings, designed and once occupied as barracks for troops. The sentry-boxes, gun-racks, and other military appendages, are still preserved. Only about one hundred men have been stationed here since 1829, when, in one of their periodical revolutions, the inhabitants of the town were disarmed, and a few pieces of artillery removed. No evidences of prosperity or enterprise are to be seen, and the general appearance of the place indicates the usual decline. This is moreover apparent from the manifest reduction in the vicinity, of the extent of cultivated lands. Amid hundreds of idle fields however, we passed one of not less than a thousand acres, which appeared to be the common property of the town. The new fangle of "association" seems to be acted on here to some extent, though the inhabitants are doubtless innocent of its wonder-working virtues.

The *alcaldes* of the town, with their *secretario*, came into camp in the evening on a formal call of etiquette, and had an interview of considerable length with the commanding general. It struck us as somewhat singular that these grave and reverend señors should have all worn round jackets, though two of them, as a substitute for skirts perhaps, flourished ivory-headed canes. Contracts must have been scarce, as they were not as fat as New York aldermen are; but on the contrary, with the exception of the scribe, looked lean and hungry. Their apparel, though plain, was neat and becoming, and their bearing in all respects manly and dignified.

Two or three miles out of camp the next day, we passed on our left a small stream, which supplies irrigation for a few villages in that direction, Moreles, San Juan de Matas, and others. This stream, it is said, has its source in a famous spring that bubbles forth in a magnificent grove, called by the Mexicans "*el Arboleda de los Angeles*"—the grove of the angels, and is regarded by them as

a spot of great sanctity. The name is illustrative of a fact frequently observed among ignorant and superstitious people, as well those professing to be civilized as savage, that almost every natural object of striking beauty, or sublimity, is recognized by some name that will excite the imagination with a quasi religious awe and veneration. The northern route to Monclova was followed by us, though the Mexican generals usually travelled the lower road in their excursions to and from Texas, by which they passed through a more populous country, and were thereby enabled to procure supplies with more facility.

The march of the day was a short one, owing to the locality of the water. The country traversed is sterile in the extreme; there is not a single rancho on the route, nor within many miles on either side. The number of traders outside the camp was much reduced, and the supply of articles had dwindled down to pecan nuts, and corn in small quantities.

As we passed from camp, the next morning, we left those behind us shivering, chattering, and squirming round the fires, and while securing a little of the fervor of caloric on one side, becoming frigid and rigid from its absence on the other. The little vegetation visible, generally fringed the road, along which we occasionally observed the plant, which we are told furnishes one Mexican substitute for whiskey. It resembles somewhat the Spanish bayonet in appearance; the blades however are not so wide, and the edges are furnished with sharp projections, similar to that of the saw palmetto. It is gathered in May for distillation, and though the liquor which it supplies, is not the real muscle of the country, its intoxicating qualities are such as to commend it as "an enemy to be put into the mouth to steal away the brains."

The ignorance of the people in relation to the topography and geography of the country, unless feigned, is almost incredible. We had been told, after leaving Nava, by all the guides who were consulted, that there was no good water this side of Santa Rosa, and that none of any kind was to be found within thirty miles of the Santa Rita, where we had last encamped. Luckily the Topographical Engineers were in advance, and after arrangements had been made for an unusually early start in order to accomplish the distance, intelligence was received from them, that there was an abundance of water at a distance of sixteen miles. It was proposed, before reaching the point, that as

this water was unknown to the Mexicans, it was an honor justly earned to name the stream or fountain, or whatever it might be, after the discoverer (Captain Hughes). This was objected to, as "Hughes' Spring" it was thought would not sound well in Mexico. As the manner in which this objection was obviated, suggests a new application of the science of phonetics, it is recorded for the benefit of those who may hereafter find themselves in a similar dilemma. According to phonography, there can be no essential difference between *H-u-g-h-e-s* and *H-e-u-s*, and "*Fuente del Tija*" therefore was adopted as an appropriate designation.

We reached camp about one o'clock. The water we found in pools, which had been gradually formed in the soft limestone, that here becomes an elevated ridge. A dispatch was received here from General Taylor, giving the details of the siege and surrender of Monterey.

Several Mexicans who appeared on the line of march, exhibiting to ordinary eyes no signs to excite suspicion, taking no means to conceal themselves, but riding along exposed to the observation of the entire army, were arrested by ———, and put in charge of the guard. Two days before, a man believed to have in possession papers contraband of war, passing from one Mexican official to another, was permitted to continue his course unmolested; and now several harmless people, whose offences, so far as is known, consist only of selling tortillas and pecan-nuts to the troops, are stopped on their journey and confined as prisoners. The matter is hardly mended, because when the facts are communicated to the Commanding-General, and the case investigated, the men are released, on the identical testimony on which they were arrested, to wit: their own. Such trifling with men's feelings would be ridiculous if it might not become calamitous, as the people are irritated by such measures, their feelings excited, and their latent hate and jealousy aroused.

Two plants appeared on this march not heretofore observed, which are said to constitute very important items in the Mexican materia medica. One is called the *ojase*, a bush three or four feet high, green at all seasons, the leaves elliptically formed, and somewhat of the color of thyme. The roots and leaves are both used in making "*tea*," which is prescribed as a valuable and speedy remedy for colic, and other similar affections. The other plant resembles sage in some of its char-

acters, and is known as the *yerba del gato*, or cat herb, through out all identical with our catnip. This is particularly in demand among the old women, who frequently send great distances for it, on account of its many virtues.

Our route next lay through an unbroken waste of high, white sand—a lake of waving grass as far as the eye could reach, unmarred with tree or shrub. Upon this plain as if designed for the purpose, we witnessed an amazing and exciting scene. A rabbit was started up by a dog, near the rear of the column, when the latter at once gave chase. Others soon joined in the pursuit. The rabbit was perhaps twenty yards in advance, its ears pointed and nostrils expanded and leaping far and fast under the combined power of strength and terror. But the course was straight and the dogs perceived they were gaining and pushed on with quickened energy. The rabbit also appeared to be conscious that its enemies were drawing nearer. It pauses an instant, lays back its ears still lower, takes a lightning glance at the chasers, and dashes off in a new direction with the space of thought. The leading dog is foiled, and before he recovers from his surprise, the scent is lost and the distance is doubled between him and the object of his affections. In the next time—"Kinch, Tray, and Sweetheart"—in rear have taken up the new course. Again the rabbit is hotly pressed, and again it doubles upon its pursuers. But over the whole plain there is no cover to conceal in and the sharp eyes and keen scent of these "dogs of war" are again upon it. Once more it skims along, dashing the dew drops from the grass in its unfaltering flight; but its enemies are still upon the track. The gallant little creature turns again as if it would hold its cowardly opponents at bay, and again plunges through the grass towards the road. The dogs follow, but while the rabbit takes the course of the beaten path, its pursuers in their headlong haste have crossed, and are running with all their might in the contrary direction. And thus by a series of manœuvres—a flight here and a double there—the perseverance of the "native or the manor born" was crowned with success, and its foreign foes baffled and defeated. The dogs rejoined the column, looking perhaps—as a fox is said to have once looked on some very remote grapes.

About 9 o'clock, the clouds which had been threatening a deluge began to discharge a very finely divided drizzle, which continued with but little intermission

he day. One of the very
e passed on the march, was
veloped with butterflies.
o the branches like leaves,
as torpid as if they had

Their colors were not bril-
effect in such numbers, was
al. Our philosophers at-
count for so singular a phe-
the most reasonable hypo-
ed was that they had swarm-
ush, to find a shelter from
ugh no one had ever seen
ablage before.

l the Rio Alamos about noon.
se it proved to be quite a
m—only about forty yards
tremely rapid, and nearly
t. Owing to the velocity of
t might be a formidable ob-
more difficult to ford than
de, and apprehensions were
at we might be delayed in
passing. A Mexican with a
appearance on the opposite
er our arrival, but not being
er with his vehicle, the con-
transported on horseback.
ing proprietor was on a tra-
on, his stock consisting of
of curd cheese, and a species
somewhat resembling mar-
the Mexicans call *cojeta de*

There is but a slight taste
preserved, and the article
establish a reputation for
It seems, however, to be a
en of native manufacture,
ancially) accordingly.

er the — of — mounted
rode to the river. On the
ntered a wagon in pursuit
he following colloquy is re-
ing ensued between him and
the great amusement of a
tors:

Wagon is this?" demanded
jabbers," replied the driver,
cent importation from Cork.

mean to say it is your own
erty?"

o own a bit of a wagon,
o you?" Another roar from
rs.

you here for?"
od, your honor," with a di-
ge of manner worthy of ad-
dy having discovered by this
is to the character of his in-

our camp, you shall get
22

no wood here;" and the dialogue
ended.

The night was cold and damp; fuel
was for once abundant, and the soldiers
generally had but one blanket, while many
had none. Whether the prohibition there-
fore, was with or without authority,
there was "wood" elsewhere, and it was
burned.

A foraging party left camp in pursuit
of corn, chickens, eggs, and any other
creature comfort, that might be purchase-
able. They took a course leading to the
hacienda San Juan de Sabinos, where
Colonel Castañeda had his head-quarters,
when he politely favored us with his
views on the Monterey capitulation. This
establishment is near the confluence of
the Alamos and Sabinos rivers, and was
at one time the most extensive plantation
in Coahuila. The returns of the expedi-
tion, however, did not realize our ideas of
its former greatness and magnificence. A
faint cackling of fowls just before tattoo,
announced the return of the party, with
a cargo of fourteen eggs and seventeen
chickens—a beggarly account of empty
hen-roosts. In the purchase of corn they
were more successful, and reported that
perhaps a thousand bushels could be pro-
cured at two dollars a fanega (nearly two
bushels).

We were allowed to finish our sleep in
peace the next morning, and to swallow
our breakfast without the aid of torches,
as the passage of the river could not be
attempted in the dark. The experiment
was first made by the dragoons; then
followed a portion of the baggage wagons,
after which the whole body was ordered
to be in preparatory motion.

The scene which was presented when
we arrived at the water's edge, defies all
description. The air was resonant with
screams, shoutings, hallooings, and ex-
clamations of every conceivable character,
forming a perfect *olla podrida* of sounds.
Commands and counter-commands were
flying in all directions; one thing was or-
dered on the right bank of the river and
another on the left bank; a team would
be told to keep well to the right on its
passage, and perhaps before the move-
ment commenced, it would be directed to
incline to the left. Men at the ropes
would be ordered to "let go" by one
party, and at the same instant to "hold
on" by another. Artillerists and dra-
goons, suckers and rackensacks, were all
mixed up in confusion thoroughly con-
founded, all apparently striving to facili-
tate operations, and each man in his eager-
ness to instruct others, forgetting to do

any thing or learn any thing himself. To direct movements and materials, so various and complicated, required the presence of ———, but in the din of human voices his was not heard. The process of getting over a wagon was simple enough, and if properly managed, could have been effected with little trouble and no confusion. The mules were detached from the wagon, and one end of a strong rope reaching across the river, fastened to the extremity of the pole. To the other end, the men on the opposite shore applied their power, and the vehicle was thus hauled over without much difficulty. As fast as the wagon approached the right bank, the slack of the rope would be carried back by a mounted dragoon, to be affixed to another, so that the operation ought to have gone on unremittingly on both sides. The infantry troops were passed over by the wagons, some on the tops; some holding on at the axle-trees; some over the pole, and generally three or four in rear. the latter were usually stripped of their unmentionables; the tails of their nether garments gracefully protruding from beneath their coats, and their appearance sufficiently picturesque—if any thing is—for a fancy ball.

On the right bank of the river, from the top of a conical eminence, was to be seen a magnificent panorama of rare and unrivalled beauty. At the distance of several hundred yards, the Alamos wound around the base of the declivity, its shores thickly planted with the forms of the soldiers, its waters rushing by with cataract rapidity, and mingling their roar with the tumult of human voices. The wagon tops formed a long line of white, intersecting the stream in curves as graceful as its own meanderings. Higher up, a few tents yet dotted the grass with their pyramidal forms, and were faintly visible through the pale green foliage of the mezquit. Then far and wide around, the eye took in a succession of valleys, plains, and hills of matchless grandeur and beauty, their forms finally mingling with the clouds, and serving, as it were, as a foreground to the firmament.

In about an hour's march we reached the Sabinos, which is nearly three miles from the Alamos. Its current is also exceedingly rapid, and the crossing even more difficult than at the other. An island at the ford divides the stream into two torrents, while the shores are of quicksand, in which the animals frequently bury themselves. We found here, with but slight variations, a re-enactment of the scenes of the morning. The con-

fusion of Babel was the quiet of a tea party, in comparison with the varied and unearthly noises that came up from and swept over the waters. In the valley of Shinar there was doubtless a rare exhibition of human folly and human weakness; but in the valley of the Sabinos, human folly and human weakness attained their maximum. Many of the foot troops crossed by swimming, taking their knapsacks in their teeth, and trusting mostly to the current, which of course deposited them low down on the opposite shore. This method was adopted as a matter of sport, though probably a touch of the chills in a day or two, proved it to have been no joking matter. The danger attending the operation, however, rendered it necessary to devise some other mode of transit, and ———, in his Napoleonic costume of gray, and mounted on a noble charger, became very active. He was accordingly crossing and re-crossing, and riding up and down the stream, to discover, if possible, a shallow place, along which a rope might be stretched from shore to shore, with the aid of which the men might be able to resist the mighty force of the torrent. While on this duty, his flourishes were suddenly converted into flounders; his horse went down into a deep hole, where the waters were eddying and boiling around him, and before the gallant ——— was aware of the fact, he found himself submerged, and his steed plunging and struggling with suddenly awakened energies, for the shore. The rider firmly maintained his seat, and less beautiful perhaps than Venus rising from the ocean, he rose from the whirlpool, his garments drenched and drooping, but his face radiant with what was indeed a "ghastly smile." As there was no indication of injury, his appearance above water was hailed with rapturous plaudits on both sides of the river, and he reached *terra firma* doubtless, glad as he was to get there, with infinitely less satisfaction than that with which he had left it. The men on foot were finally passed over by a bridge of wagons, which with great difficulty was established by means of men, ropes and mules, many of the latter being nearly drowned in the operation.

In the passage of the artillery, several men who were clinging to the carriages were swept away by the current, and were saved only by the most active exertions of those on shore. The quicksand on the margin made it difficult for the teams to reach the bed of the stream, which is of gravel, and frequently while

the wheel horses or mules were struggling at the shore, the leaders then in the middle would be turned downwards by the irresistible force of the current, when it would become necessary, in order to extract the carriage, to return for a new start. Night came on pending these efforts, and with darkness the perils became multiplied, and the labors of the day accordingly terminated. It was then discovered that companies and messes were separated, some members being on one side of the river and some on the other. Men were in one place and their tents and provisions elsewhere, and many who had been laboring for twelve hours without food, were compelled to go to bed, or rather throw themselves upon the ground for the night—supperless and blanketless.

It is worthy of record, that those who arrived at the Sabinos first, crossed with comparative ease; but as the numbers increased, orders multiplied, noise and boisterous directions were substituted for quiet effort, and the presence of ——— and ——— almost suspended for a time all operations. They soon relaxed however in their personal efforts, in admiration for those of two zealous competitors, who were here eminently conspicuous in riding to and fro across the stream, talking much and doing little, and pouring forth random directions, which no one heeded or cared to obey. Those who crossed the river the first day were employed in a general police of clothing, arms, and equipments, while those in rear were making the passage. Quicksands, rapid currents, wild mules, stupid drivers, and a confusion of tongues and ideas, were finally overcome, and the command united in the evening. The train of one hundred and sixty wagons, containing provisions and ammunition, being under charge of a single intelligent officer (Captain Cross) unencumbered with too many men, and sufficiently far to the rear to escape the retarding and paralyzing influence of "a multitude of military counsellors," crossed in one fourth the time in which one fourth the number of baggage wagons of the troops made the passage.

A rumor prevailed to-day—how originating no one knew—that the armistice had ceased, that ten thousand men were at Tampico, and that a messenger from General Taylor to San Luis Potosi was seized at Saltillo, robbed of his papers and shot; whereupon General Taylor marched at once upon the place and took possession. It was not stated—rumor always leaves a few points in doubt—where the

thousands reported at Tampico came from, nor by what magical process the information was communicated to General Taylor of the fate of his courier.

The next day was assigned to rest and inspection: the latter came off at 3 o'clock P. M., for the former no more appropriate spot could have been chosen. The camp was on a beautiful site south of the ford, the grass green and luxuriant, and dotted over with a fine growth of mezquit. The ground slopes gradually to the river in front, and in the rear rose a lofty range of mountains, sharp and rugged in their outline, and exhibiting undoubted indications of volcanic origin. Beneath the horizontal rays of the morning sun, their rough and serrated structure was distinctly marked, displaying peaks and chasms of fearful magnitude, and the dark and hoary furrows which time and the elements had graven on their brows. Their lofty pinnacles and jutting points may not be quite so precipitous as those encountered by a Rocky Mountain explorer, where he found so narrow a footing at top, that as he reached it, he came near sharing the fate of "vaulting ambition" by "falling on the other side," yet some of our travelled gentlemen thought them but little inferior to the Alps. They were wrapped in a veil of blue; an atmospheric curtain or dim transparency seemed to wave around them, and as pile rose on pile and peak on peak, they mingled with the clouds and were lost in heaven. The day was one of summer softness; a bland breeze swept gently from the south, the air was pure and delightful; the sun's rays fell upon the camp as gently as the light from a falling star, and around and above us; in the azure sky, on the crystal water, the rolling prairie and the lofty mountain, there was the repose of paradise.

A party that left camp on a visit to Santa Rosa—partly of an inquisitorial character—reported a slight departure from accuracy in the accounts which first reached us touching the recent conquest of that town by the troops sent in advance from the Presidio. It appeared, however, that a most original farce was enacted in a deliberate order of arrangements, for the capitulation of an old bed-ridden colonel, and thirteen invalid privates. The fact of the presence of so formidable a force having been ascertained, the report goes that at the suggestion of ———, they were ordered to be paraded for a formal surrender of themselves, arms and accoutrements. The affair, which would be considered heart-

less and unseemly, if it were not so thoroughly a burlesque, accordingly took place as prescribed. The dilapidated old colonel, decrepit with age and palsied by disease and terror, took his position on the right of a line of what had once been thirteen men, but who were now wanting in variable proportions, arms, legs, eyes, fingers, and other appendages of humanity: weak, imbecile, and powerless, and with hardly physical strength sufficient to hold the arms which were thrust into their hands. These were worthless and unserviceable in any hands, but in those which then grasped them, they became a humiliating satire on heroism and glory. With the prisoners thus paraded, the story continues that the hero of the achievement delivered himself of a harangue, in the style of that species of North American oratory, known as the half-alligator, half-earthquake sort of eloquence, which was concluded by informing his auditors, that henceforth they must cease to consider themselves soldiers of Mexico, but citizens of Santa Rosa, "re-annexed" to the United States, and subject only to the civil and municipal law. So much for the rumor, which is doubtless a mixture of fact and fiction.

By a dispatch received here from Colonel Bissell's command, we learned that the "Norther" whose acquaintance we made about a week since, was very disastrous in his camp, causing a *stampede*, and the loss of fifty or sixty mules and horses. This was worse than the infliction upon us, though falling tents and flying blankets were bad enough, with the wind passing round and through you, with the penetration of quicksilver.

It was ordered that the march should be resumed this morning at 7 o'clock precisely; but a portion of the column, with a commander who forgot that being before the time may be just as far from punctuality, as being too late, started as soon he was ready, and thus threw every other corps into confusion. There was in consequence much hurrying back and forth among the mounted officers; many commands given that were not understood, and more that were not executed; all showing how much easier it is to avoid an error, than to atone for it when once committed. Censures were tossed from one to another, and hardly any one left camp satisfied with himself, or with those around him. The march of a mile or two however served to allay the excitement. There is no soothing power like that of nature, whether revealed in calm or tempest, in storm or sunshine; in the valley

beautiful in its repose, or on the mountain tops awful in their sublimity. Such communion with nature in her lowliness or her grandeur, in the quiet loveliness of a gentle river, or in the sublimer displays of majesty and power, may not make the angry man amiable nor the sorrowful man happy; but it will be very apt to smooth the wrinkled brow of the one and soothe the anguished heart of the other; stealing from both the alloy of pride and selfishness, and teaching the lesson of faith and hope, charity and good will to men. And rarely has the sun risen on a lovelier scene, than that upon which we then entered. The dew-drops were yet glistening upon grass, and leaf, and flower; the air was resonant with music; birds were warbling their sweetest notes, and fragrance was wafted by every zephyr. We were traversing a vast table land, the level unbroken by a single undulation, and the prospect obscured only by an occasional narrow belt of luxuriant mezquit. The grass was of velvet softness, and from its extent and hue, looked like a sea of emerald. Our course lay towards the mountains, here called the Sierra Santa Rosa—the first range of the vast Sierra Madre—which were now shrouded in the haze of distance, and which rise from the plain as St. Helena rises from the ocean. A march of ten miles scarcely served to bring them any nearer, though we were enabled to trace more clearly the fantastic forms of their rugged sides, amid which the winds have so long held their revels.

A few miles from camp we passed the rancho del Posa—a small collection of huts, formed of upright mezquit logs, the interstices filled with clay, having thatched roofs. There were cornfields in the vicinity, and a large herd of cattle. The latter are of enormous size, some of them having horns measuring six feet from tip to tip. We also passed to-day, a plant not before observed, resembling what is called in some parts of Pennsylvania, the iron plant. It grows to a height of six feet, bears a small white flower, with a singular leaf, from which doubtless it receives its name *vaca lingua*, or cow-tongue.

Santa Rosa was distinguished in the distance by its mass of green foliage, the pecan and wild cherry-tree, being most prominent. Every town we have visited, is ornamented with trees, but they are selfishly appropriated to the court-yards and gardens; there is not one in the streets. As we entered the suburbs, two donkeys were rolling in the sand, and en-

joying themselves as philosophically as the Charcoal Sketcher's "pigs." We were next assailed by the most vociferous barking, from all sorts of the vilest curs that ever yelped at the heels of chivalry. All the kennels of the town seemed to have been opened, for the purpose of properly honoring our advent, and making it as conspicuous as possible.

The population of Santa Rosa is between three and four thousand. The houses on the outskirts are wretchedly poor, as well as their occupants; some are even constructed of corn-stalks and sugarcane. The doors and windows were as usual lined with women and children—the latter in innumerable quantities. Men and boys filled the streets, in which we observed more bustle and animation than we had hitherto seen exhibited; but from the poverty and decay around, it seems to be only the spasm which precedes dissolution, the struggle of expiring energy. Stores occupied one side of the plaza, the stocks consisting principally of calicoes of our own manufacture, cotton fabrics, such as shirtings and sheetings, and a few coarse woollens. The price of an inferior quality of red flannel was two dollars a yard. Besides the dry goods, a few tin cups, coarse earthenware, beads and brass crucifixes, completed the assortment. Here for the first time we noticed several buildings two stories high, with balconies from the upper windows, all of them indicating by their finish a degree of taste and wealth not hitherto displayed. They were probably erected and once occupied by a superior class of people to those now found here; as they are going to ruin, having already passed the stage of "shabby genteel," and no effort is making for their preservation. The church is a large building occupying a conspicuous position on the plaza, but it has the national appearance of dilapidation; the arches are cracked and crumbling, the mouldings are effaced, and the turret is hardly strong enough to sustain the four bells, which still hold their position, as a warning and a requiem. The people appear to be quiet and orderly, grave in their demeanor and dignified in their intercourse. So far as we were capable of judging, for our relations to them must modify to a certain extent their actions and manners, they are kind and hospitable, giving a hearty welcome to their houses, and furnishing their guests with whatever their means will permit. The town once derived some little importance from the silver mines in the vicinity, but the unwise policy of the government, operating upon an indolent

people, and other circumstances, have of late years caused them to be abandoned. When a man "declares" to the government, as it is termed, for a mine, he is bound to keep a specified force employed, and if he fails in this, his "declaration" is forfeited, and the government takes the earnings. The population know but little of the operations of mining, use no amalgam in the process, and save but a fraction of the entire amount of pure ore. Hence, when they reach a point that renders the aid of much machinery necessary, they are compelled to stop. The steam engine, potent and ubiquitous as it is, though it has carried terror to the dreamers of the Celestial Empire, and startled with its thunders the huge leviathans of the Arctic Ocean, has not found its way hither; nor is it probable that the richness of these mines would warrant the construction of such a machine. Mining here, it is said, is much as it is in some parts of North Carolina and Georgia; a man who tills a garden in the neighborhood may become rich, but the owner of the mine is on the highway to bankruptcy. The mines of Santa Rosa are now under water; they were last worked by a Doctor Long, from the United States, who is now a resident of the town.

Immediately on his arrival the General had an interview with the Alcalde, the substance of which, as reported in camp, is given below. It appears that the town official went out to meet the General before his arrival, but as they happened to take different streets for exit and entrance, the conjunction was not effected. After the presentation, and the usual flourishes on both sides, the colloquy commenced through the interpreter.

C. G. "I am very sorry not to have met you on my way in."

Alcalde. "Many thanks, Señor: I am very sorry not to have met you on my way out." A pause.

C. G. "I wish you to furnish me with a guide to Monclova, who is familiar with the route, and the distances between the streams."

Alcalde. "It will not be difficult, I think, as there are many such in town." Another pause.

C. G. "I wish to impress on you that we do not war on the Mexican people: our enemy is the government; what we take from the people, we pay for."

Alcalde. "The troops of the United States have behaved very well: there is no complaint." Pause the third.

C. G. "I shall expect you to send me the guide, in the course of the afternoon."

Alcalde. "I will endeavor to do so."

The trophies taken by the advance detachment, viz.: thirteen brass mounted muskets of every variety of pattern, since the abolition of the matchlock, were arranged on one side of the room, and at this moment caught the eye of the Commanding General, who was thus luckily relieved from the embarrassment of pause the fourth, and though a hard matter, succeeded in preserving his gravity, as he thus resumed:

C. G. "Were those arms the property of Mexico?"

Alcalde. "They belonged to the most illustrious Republic."

C. G. "Henceforth consider them the property of Santa Rosa: they will be useful against the Indians."

The Alcalde rose, laid his hand on his heart, made a genuflexion indicative of gratitude not to be uttered, and took his seat.

C. G. "I also transfer the pound and a half of powder, captured with the arms, for the use of the citizens."

The Alcalde murmured something not very distinct, at this new act of benevolence, which was understood to be an expression of thanks.

To this official interview succeeded, it is said, a sort of melo-dramatic representation, in which ——— was the principal actor; he having selected the hall of audience as a fit place for the surrender into the hands of his Chief, the credentials by virtue of which, our military renown had been enhanced to the amount of one Mexican town, one Colonel, thirteen privates, thirteen stands of arms, and a pound and a half of powder. As this scene, however, was principally pantomime, it cannot be transferred to paper.

After great and varied trouble on the part of certain commanders, the column was put in motion on the 25th, at 7 o'clock. We travelled about two miles through a dense growth of chapparal and mezquit, and passed a rancho on our left, where sugar is the principal article of cultivation. We observed several large holes by the wayside, which serve for its conversion to the required state for traffic or consumption, to wit: moulding it into small conical frustrums, thereby giving it the appearance of inferior maple sugar. There was a large flourishing field of cane near the house, which, under the control of a Louisiana planter, might be valuable, but managed by people who have no knowledge of even the few resources they possess, it will probably soon become "*pilonci*" for the vagabondism of Santa

Rosa. After passing this rancho we were overtaken by the Alcalde and Dr. Long, with a few attendants, who appeared to be on some mysterious mission requiring haste. The usual quiet of a day's march was also relieved by the arrival of a modern barouche from the rear—the only Mexican vehicle we have yet seen except a cart—the occupant of which very humbly begged permission to precede the column, being on a visit to a friend extremely ill, which was of course granted.

On our right the deep blue of the Sierra was visible throughout the day, the highest peaks sometimes buried in the clouds, and sometimes peering above them. To these succeed a range of less lofty elevations, whose tops appear perfectly level and parallel to the horizon, and exhibit a strange and striking contrast to the broken and capricious outline of the mountains beyond. The plains below these towering table lands have all the characteristics of the prairie, supporting little vegetation, save a luxuriant growth of grass. The roadway at intervals is paved with basaltic rocks, precipitated, doubtless, long since from the mountain ridge above.

We arrived about noon at a little stream known as the Arroyo Alamos, in contradistinction from the river of that name, which rises in the neighboring hills. The party that had been sent ahead for the purpose, selected a site for the encampment on the *right* bank of this creek, where there was an abundance of wood and grass; independently of which, crossing the stream to-day, would greatly facilitate the march of to-morrow. After a consultation, however, between ——— and ———, the men were ordered to countermarch and form on the other bank. The phenomenon was explained in the course of the day, when the report got abroad that Dr. Long and the Alcalde, desirous of doing proper honors to the army, had brought on a party of Mexican cooks, laden with two young kids, and other delicacies, and that the viands were undergoing the culinary process, at the time of our arrival, on the left bank of the creek. This explanation was entirely satisfactory, it was of course a matter of much less moment, that a half mile should be added to the day's march, than that ——— and ——— should get a cold dinner.

Many of the natives were hanging about the skirts of the camp last evening, having followed us from Santa Rosa for the purposes of traffic. The delicacies of the market, such as cakes, preserves, bon-

bons or sugar-coated pecans, &c., seem to have been exhausted in town, and they are now bringing in blankets, hats and shoes. The latter are sewed with the fibres of the Maguey (aloe), rudely but apparently substantially put together, and are sold at a dollar and fifty cents a pair.

The alcalde and his friends returned to

their homes in the afternoon, after a most delightful reunion of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The convivial hospitalities of the day, according to report, had a very exhilarating influence upon the fertile imagination of ———, who, it is said, contrived in some way to associate them with the future fortunes of Coahuila.

SONNETS,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

NOW fades one cherished hope from out my life—
The hope to meet again those heavenly eyes,
So starry high above the world's vain strife,
So beaming with the glory of the skies:
Once from their crystal deeps shone out on me
A glad revealing of the bliss above,
A glimpse of what humanity might be
If men but knew how good it is to love.
I had but given thee a perishing rose,
With a full heart, 'tis true, as Beauty's debt;
Thou gavest me a smile, a glance that glows
Deep in my soul a shrined treasure yet:
That very look in heaven I trust to meet,
More pure it could not be, nor more divinely sweet.

II.

Thy picture lies before me, beautiful!
Beyond all beauty that may pass away,
A soft, supernal radiance naught can dull,
The wondrous light of everlasting day
Through those transparent features seems to come;
So look the angels, they who see God's face,
And turn, all glorious, to welcome home
Some new immortal to his happy place.
My far-off, bright Ideal! my soul's friend!
Perchance thou knowest, now that time is o'er,
How near and dear thou art; how closely blend
All holy thoughts with thee for evermore;
How each aspiring after highest good
Seems possible through thee, fair flower of womanhood!

III.

I lay them side by side—the perfect face
And the rare poems that such worth befit,
And reading, thank the Giver of all grace
That sweetest praises lover ever writ
Should also be the truest; for no dream
Of poet's fancy art thou, peerless one!
That clear, victorious eye, with resolute beam
Has looked on pain and death, and looked them down.
When angels bore away the snowy dove,
Awhile that nestled in your Eden home,
The morning glory of your happy love,
From groves of Paradise so newly come,
Thy faith discerned, beyond the gloomy grave,
The sad, sweet face of Christ, yearning to bless and save.

THE COCK OF THE WALK.

YOU strut about by field and brook
 And think your gait and plumage show you,
 And yet, for all your lofty look,
 Old Cock, I know you.

With breast so sleek and eye so bright,
 As if you were the pink of honor,
 You're stuffed as full of wrath and spite
 As Bishop Bonner.

Yon stripling bird, your son and heir
 And trim as you in limb and feather,
 You cuff and tumble every where
 In every weather.

To-day, when he had done no harm,
 But stretch his throat and mock your bawling,
 You ruffed your neck as big's my arm
 And knocked him sprawling—

Down in a twink as straight's a rail—
 Astonished into being civil—
 Then up and off with head and tail
 Both on a level.

But though your prowess you may boast,
 And though in dreary dumps so sad he—
 I know not which to pity most,
 The son or daddy.

You'll have your day to strut the floor
 Cock-sure, with pluck and voice aspirant,
 But time will reckon up your score,
 You hen-roost tyrant!

It is not that the market-man
 May tempt me for your tricks to sell you;
 It is not of the dripping-pan,—
 But this, I tell you:

All times and climes and books record
 The Scripture truth—we can't deny it—
 They that unsheathe the oppressor's sword
 Shall perish by it.

Beware the days when old and lame
 You drowse the eye and droop the pinion,
 Your royal spirit level-tame
 With time's dominion.

Think you this bantam, now so green,
 Will then forget these deadly grudges?
 He'll give your memory, I ween,
 Some savage nudges.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—Whether it argues a want of original talent, or the rapid increase of literary taste among us, we do not pretend to say, but it is a singular fact that the Americans are reviving a greater part of the best old, as well as reprinting modern, English literature. The *Westminster Review* speaking of the republication here of De Quincey, Macaulay, and other of the late celebrated essayists, gives us the credit of superior literary discernment, and, we must say, that we are disposed to appropriate the compliment as just. But what we wish to remark on is, that in a little while the finest editions of the English Classics will be those issued in this country. PROFESSOR GREENE's complete, judicious, and elegant collection of the "*Works of Addison*," is altogether the best that we know. With all the notes of Hurd and others, it is, besides, enriched with excellent notes of its own,—notes which do not encumber the text, but illustrate it, and, which even the most instructed readers will find serviceable. In respect to typography, the Appletons' edition of the *Spectator* has never been surpassed, and we are glad to hear that the same publishers are about to issue other English "worthies" in the same splendid style. Again, the Gilfillan edition of the British poets, which their house has commenced, is a luxury of type, and must take a permanent place in the libraries. We can also commend an edition of the British Poets, of which Evans & Dickinson are the New-York publishers, and Professor Child of Cambridge, the editor. It is modelled after the Pickering edition, and is quite equal to that in paper and type, with the advantage of more recent notes. The standard poets already included in the series are Dryden, Young, Churchill, Hood, Kirke-White, and Collins, and, in the future, we are promised, besides Chaucer, Milton, Pope, and other great guns, a selected edition of all the minor poets. The last is greatly needed, as there has never been in this country, that we are aware of, any collection at all of these lesser gods of poetry.

—MR. J. R. BARTLETT, the Commissioner of the United States to run the Mexican boundary line, has published, through the Appletons, a most interesting "*Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua*." His official life in those regions, having em-

braced a period of about four years, he has been enabled to give us a much fuller and more authentic description of them than any previous sojourner. The narrative is divided into eight distinct journeys, beginning on the coast of Texas and ending in California, and covering collectively an extent of nearly five thousand miles by land. Among the regions more particularly described are the copper mines on the river Gila, the interior of Sonora, the States of Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, New Leon and Tamaulipas, and the various towns along the Pacific coast from Guaymas to San Francisco.

Mr. Bartlett, in his several journeys, has had an eye, not only to the scientific objects of his expedition, to the botany, zoology and ethnography of the districts through which he passed, but also to the practical wants of emigrants, and at the hazard of making his narrative a little tedious to the general reader, has interwoven with it a vast amount of useful information, for which the gold-seekers will give him their thanks. A great deal of the scientific matter collected by the commissioner, however, such as the vocabularies of more than twenty Indian tribes, the ethnological sketches, and the zoological collections are reserved for future works, which, it is expected the government will authorize to be prepared for publication.

Mr. Bartlett's instructive and entertaining volumes are handsomely illustrated by colored lithographic drawings of the regions through which he passed, by wood-cuts of objects, and by authentic maps. These are adjuncts worthy of the high interest of the letter-press.

—MR. JOHN B. DODS, known as a lecturer upon Electro-Psychology, as it was called, has put forth a little book in explanation of the Spirit Rappings, &c., in which he tries to account for them on natural grounds. He thinks that the automatic or involuntary action of the brain is a sufficient cause for all the phenomena ascribed to the spirits. This is substantially the same view taken by Mr. Rogers, in his book, and has a great deal of probability in its favor. Mr. Dods has paid no little attention to the class of subjects, which may be comprised under the general head of Magnetism, and is therefore able to bring a large variety of facts to the illustration of his theories. He takes a good deal for granted, however, in his book, especially in regarding the cerebral

lum as the seat of all instincts and intuitions, although the hypothesis is a most interesting one, and, if it could be verified, would go far towards explaining several curious psychological peculiarities. Dewitt and Davenport are the publishers.

—No mythology is more impressive than that of the Northmen, and we are pleased to get a full exposition of it, in a translation of Professor Keyser's "*Religion of the Northmen*," by Mr. BARCLAY PINNOCK. It is the completest view of that form of heathenism that has been prepared. In the introductory chapters we have a succinct account of the Eddas and Sagas, which are the sources of the Scandinavian myths, with an abstract of the old Icelandic literature, and in the body of the work, the dogmas of the Asa-faith, an exposition of the doctrine, and a discussion of the influence of it on the life and manners of the Northmen. Our readers will see, from this outline, that the book leaves little to be desired by the general student. The work is dedicated to Mr. Fiske of the Astor Library, and may be regarded as one of the first fruits of that valuable institution. Mr. Pinnock says that its collection of Scandinavian lore, renders a voyage to Europe no longer necessary, and is the fullest existing in any part of the globe out of Scandinavia itself. A well-arranged index increases the value of this work.

—Two large and handsome volumes contain the poetical writings of W. H. C. HOSMER, who has some reputation as a poet in the western part of this State, and is not unknown in other longitudes. The subjects of them are exceedingly various, ranging through Indian legends, historic scenes, martial lyrics, songs and ballads, sonnets and octosyllabic epics, while it is difficult to say in which the author's success, or want of success, as the reader may deem, is the most marked. He has an easy flow of language, though not a mastery of its intenser meanings, a command of graceful and mellifluous verse, and a great deal of good sense; but the genuine poetic energy he does not possess to any remarkable extent. His poems are respectable, but will scarcely win popular regard and love. They do not sink into the heart by their great humanitarian charm, nor move the intellect by their consummate art. Yet their faults, on the other hand, are not flagrant, while the general impression they produce is pleasing. For one thing, indeed, Mr. Hosmer is to be greatly commended: his topics are almost entirely home-born, they are drawn from American history, American life, and

American scenes, and they are treated in the author's own manner, not in the manner of Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, or other reigning foreign model. His first volume is exclusively taken up with legends of the Senecas, who formerly possessed the region where the poet's own days have been passed, with Indian traditions and songs, with bird-notes, or stanzas descriptive of our birds, and with poems on the months, such as they are known by us, and not such as they are known by Europe. This honorable fidelity to the inspirations around and about him would excuse Mr. Hosmer's ambition, if it needed any excuse on the score of a deficient execution. Our young authors are, many of them, so prone to re-echo the voices of other lands, that we are always glad to welcome an exception. Mr. Hosmer's leading defects, however, arise from his having written too much. He must husband and mature his powers if he would attain the loftiest rank in the sphere to which he aspires.

—In the "*Trials and Confessions of an American Housekeeper*," we have an amusing record of the many droll experiences of domestic life, told in a lively way, and with not a little good sense at the bottom of the fun. The writer's aim is to assist young housekeepers in their more trying difficulties, and by the narration of her own troubles, help them to an understanding of the best mode of making the *désagrémens* as few as possible. Her advice is nearly always judicious, and her temper dignified and Christian.

—The "*Winter Lodge, or Vow Fulfilled*," is the name of a historical novel, a sequel to Simon Kenton, by Mr. JAMES WIER. It is a story of pioneer settlement in the Green River "section" of Kentucky, in which skirmishes and bloody battles with the Indians, of course, furnish a large part of the matter. The scenes which christened Kentucky with the name of "the dark and bloody ground" are harrowing enough for any romancer, and Mr. Wier has not neglected his opportunities. By the way, is it out of place to observe, in reference to the result of a recent trial, which has shocked the moral feelings of the whole country, that if such things are suffered, Kentucky will regain the name of "the dark and bloody ground," but not in a sense at all honorable to the virtues of her people.

—A more genial story is Mr. ROBERT F. GREELEY's "*Violet, the Child of the City*," written in commendation of the efforts recently made to provide for the vagrant children of the metropolis, by the "Children's Aid Society," of which New

Brace is the efficient and deserving agent. Among other objects, also, the writer endeavors to show that poverty is not always accompanied by crime, but that the most noble characters and intellects may be reduced by misfortune to low depths of degradation. He likewise attempts to expose a class whom he calls "American snobs," and whom he thinks quite as worthy of systematic commiseration as their poorer though not more debased neighbors. The narrative is for the most part skilfully managed, and the interest of the plot well-sustained. The scene is not, however, confined to this hemisphere, for some of the principal personages wander off to Paris, where they make a characteristic display of their folly. But we cannot say that this digression is an advantage to the book.

—MR. HERMAN J. MEYER has at last completed his serial, named "*The United States Illustrated*," and it forms two quite splendid volumes, one of which is devoted to the scenery of the East, or the Atlantic States, and the other to the West, or the States of the Valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific. All of the plates are line engravings, and many of them display considerable artistic merit, though a few are neither faithful as views nor well executed. The letterpress, which has been under the accomplished editorial control of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, has been mainly furnished by Horace Greeley, George W. Curtis, W. H. Fry, Dr. Furness, C. F. Briggs, A. Oakey Hall, W. H. Huntington, J. M. Peck, Edmund Flagg, Parke Godwin, and others. It gives full and interesting descriptions of nearly all the prominent cities or towns, and famous places, in our country, from San Francisco to the White Mountains.

—In referring, in our last number, to the proceedings of the "California Academy of Science," we stated that it had signalized its advent to the world of science, by proclaiming, through a paper read by Dr. Gibbons, the discovery of a new genus of viviparous fishes. But we are told by an intelligent correspondent, that the honor of this discovery belongs to Passed Midshipman ALONZO C. JACKSON, lately deceased, who discovered them on the 7th June, 1852, more than a year before the memoir by Dr. Gibbons was read. A notice of this discovery was sent to Professor Agassiz, by Mr. Jackson, on his return to the United States, in the early part of September (1852), with an outline drawing of the fish. He sent an account of them to Professor A. on the

16th of the same month—ten months before Dr. Gibbons read his paper to the Academy; and the Professor distinctly states, in *Silliman's Journal*, that Mr. Jackson is entitled to whatever scientific honors pertain to the discovery.

—Among the most recent works included in the Classical and Standard Libraries of Bohn, of which Bangs, Brothers & Co. are the agents in this city, are a fine edition of Wright's translation of the *Divina Comedia*, of DANTE, with a life of the great poet, and copious notes, and a translation of that amusing work, the *Deipnosophists* of Athenæus. Both volumes are well printed and edited, and sustain the high character which the selections of Bohn's series have heretofore maintained.

—Commander ANDREW H. FOOTE, of the United States Navy, has written, under the title of "*Africa and the American Flag*," a most instructive and valuable book, on the natives and colonies of the western coast of Africa. Mr. Foote was attached, in 1849, to the American squadron stationed on that coast, under our treaty with Great Britain, of 1842, for the suppression of the slave trade, and has, therefore, had ample experience of the subject on which he writes. His design is to illustrate the importance of this squadron, the relations which its operations bear to American interests, and to the rights of the American flag, and its effects upon the condition of Africa, in checking crime, and in preparing the way for the introduction of peace and prosperity. He divides his work into three periods, pertaining respectively to the time of discovery, piracy and slaving, to the time of colonizing, and to the time of naval cruising. After a narrative of the several discoveries of the coast, and of the adventures of the most famous pirates and slavers, he describes its physical geography, its different races, and its leading productions. He then passes in review the attempts made by the Portuguese, the English, and the Americans, to colonize the country, giving a full history of Liberia, and finally relates the doings of the various squadrons under the treaty of Washington. It is needless to add, that his details abound in interest; for the reader will guess, from the outline we have given, that it would scarcely be possible to make a dull book out of such materials as Mr. Foote has at hand. He is a decided enemy of slave-trading, in all its forms, and urges the nation to renewed efforts for its extinction.

—In a brief notice of Mr. Shelton's

volume of Hudson River Georgics, which he calls *Letters from up the River*, a few months ago, we recommended him to eschew all but humorous subjects in his future books, for humor is so unmistakably his forte that we had a doubt of his exploiting himself to so good advantage in any other direction. But he has shown his good sense by following his own instincts rather than our advice, and his next volume is romantic and pathetic. *Crystalline; or, the Heiress of Fall Down Castle*, by F. W. SHELTON, author of *the Rector of St. Bardolph's*, is the title of his last volume just published by Scribner. Crystalline is a pure romance and purely written; the chief incident of the story is a borrowed one, from the legend of the Gazza Ladra, known also as the Maid and Maggie; and there being no novelty in the denouement, the interest of the narrative is weakened by the absence of a surprise. But Shakespeare borrowed his plots, and so have many story tellers and dramatists since his time. Mr. Shelton says that it was not wholly from the legend of La Gazza Ladra that he drew his inspiration, but his romance was suggested from actual observation of the pranks of a mischievous bird. But, if the incident is old, Mr. Shelton's manner of using it is certainly new, and so is the whole machinery of his romance.

—*A History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune*, by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, with a Prefatory Note by Bishop WAINWRIGHT, recently published by Mason & Brothers, of this city, is a very remarkable monograph. The history of this universal tune, its origin, and all the various changes it has undergone, form altogether an exceedingly curious and entertaining essay.

—We have been making a collection, or rather accumulating a large pile of American novels, with the intention of making them the text of a review of our progress in this most prolific department of literature. But the collection, though large, has not yet exhibited the salient and characteristic points we have been most anxiously anticipating. Our great American novelist has not yet cast his shadow before him; he is still to come, and we are not very sure that he is coming. It is very remarkable, and rather mortifying, to see the succession of novelists in England, in France, in Germany, and even in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, while we have so little to boast of ourselves. Thackeray, Dickens and Bulwer Lytton are all three contemporary

authors, with scores of lesser lights surrounding them, of the same order, while we cannot name even one popular novelist. This dearth of story-telling talent, in a country which numbers more novel readers than any other in the world, is a defiance of the politico-economic aphorism that demand creates a supply. The supply comes, to be sure, but not in a legitimate manner; the stories are furnished to the readers, but only as merchandise used to be furnished to Algerine shopkeepers, not by the producers, but the cruisers. It is not the demand of American readers which caused Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Dumas, and Balzac, to write their novels and romances. We might have demanded until doomsday before we should have got a supply of Dombey and Newcome, but for the demand of those who were willing to pay for their literary luxuries. In the meanwhile we have no lack of stories, such as they are, and Uncle Tom, to appease our longings until we can do better. From C. SHEPARD & Co. we have *Uncle Sam's Farm Fence*, by W. A. MILNE, an author who is new to us, and a title that does not promise much. We expect a prose satire, and open it and find it a story of "that dreadful evil—Intemperance." Jewett & Co., of Boston, send us another tale on the same subject, called *Durham Village*, by CORA LINN. We would like to see the statistics of converted inebriates from reading temperance stories. If there be any reformatory power in moral stories they ought to be very numerous. *The Life and Adventures of a Country Merchant*, by J. B. JONES, from Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia, is a very promising title, and the book itself is much better than the greater part of its class. There is a good deal of real Western humor, and some distinctly drawn, though rather coarse characters in the Country Merchant. The local descriptions are racy and characteristic. But this is not strictly a novel; the sketches are held together by a fine thread of story, yet they run into the burlesque and grotesque. The Country Merchant is a much better novel of American manners, though, than the once much vaunted stories of the mythical Sealfield. *Tempest and Sunshine; or, Life in Kentucky*, by MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, from Appleton & Co., is an attempt at a novel of Southwestern life, as the title promises. It is entitled to a more extended notice than we can now afford to bestow upon it, and we defer it for another occasion. We are happy to see an

announcement by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, of the charming story of *Wengley*, with which the readers of our Monthly are already familiar. It contained some of the most delicious and truthful pictures of the better kind of New England life that we have seen in print, and we are quite sure that even those who read it in our columns will be glad to renew their acquaintance with the incomparable parson, and his no less incomparable dusky valet.

—Serial stories are exotics that have never taken root or flourished among us; notwithstanding that all the great popular writers of England find it to their interest to publish their productions in parts, doling out small doses of plot and character through twenty mouths until the reading public becomes thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the author and familiarized with all his characters. It was by this ingenious method of diffusing himself that Dickens achieved his first great success in *Pickwick*, and all the popular novelists had the sagacity to see the advantages of the system, and follow the example set them. In no other manner could the reading world have become so thoroughly conversant with the characters of Thackeray and Dickens. But this palpably advantageous method of keeping before the public, has never been tried with success by any of our authors, except by availing themselves of the aid of a Magazine. None of them have yet had sufficient strength to stand on their own pins and go ahead at the same time. A new attempt has just been made in Boston by Paul Creyton, with the advantage of a popular publisher. We have read two numbers of *Martin Merivale, his Mark*, published fortnightly by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. The commencement of the story is very promising, but we do not discern any original traits in the treatment or in the style. The characters are the commonplaces of fiction, and the illustrations are not by any means encouraging specimens of art.

REPRINTS.—Few modern writers upon scientific subjects have made a wider circle of friends than HUGH MILLER, whose "Footprints of Creation" is a favorite book. In his "Scenes and Legends of Scotland," he scarcely sustained his reputation, and yet had that been his first book, it would have produced a decided impression. As a third attempt, we have now "*My Schools and my Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education*," which, as giving personal details, will

likely achieve a popularity superior to either of the former. Miller, it appears from this, is emphatically a man of the people,—and of a low sort of people. His grandfather was a buccaneer, his father a common sailor, and the rest of his kith and kin related to those reiving Highlanders, who figure in romances as heroes, but in reality are the terrors of a neighborhood. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, he early acquired a taste for reading, and became master of Gulliver's Travels, the Arabian Nights, Captain Cook's Voyages, and the New Testament. Being sent to school in one of the remote districts of Scotland, he showed the blood from which he was descended, by taking the teacher in hand, and giving him a flogging. It was thus made obvious, that he was not the best subject in the world for school discipline, and he was consequently put to trade to a stone-mason. Instead of laboring, however, with diligence, as other lads would have done, he availed himself of the opportunities of the quarry to study mineralogy and geology. A slight taste for drink, at the same time, interrupted his devotion both to labor and study. But this taste did not last long. His strong nature struggled against it, his better feelings got the mastery, and he began to advance at a rapid rate, in the acquisition of knowledge. The results of his self-education, the world knows in those admirable volumes we have already mentioned. Republished by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

—Redfield has reprinted WARRINGTON W. SMYTH's "*Year with the Turk*," one of the most interesting sketches of travel in the dominion of the Sultan, which the war has called forth. It attempts to relieve the character of the Turks from the odium which has been heaped upon it by previous writers, by describing faithfully the author's experience during a protracted journey through both European and Asiatic Turkey. He states, that the Turks are a commercial people; that they are exceedingly kind-hearted; that they are gradually improving, and that the sympathy of France and England is merited, in every respect. This may all be so; but Mr. Smyth prefixes a colored map to his book, showing the distribution of populations over the Ottoman Empire, which is one of the most striking evidences of the impossibility that the Turk should maintain his foothold in Europe, that can be imagined. It represents the whole vast region, from the Sea of Marmora on the north, and the Adriatic on the west, as in the possession already of the Slaves.

Servians, and Bulgarians, among whom the Turks hold here and there a few scarcely visible spots. They are emphatically *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, and how they can expect to hold possession of such an immense territory, in which they are scattered only as specks, is astonishing. Apart from all questions of justice, it seems to us inevitable that they must yield their claims, and retire into Asia, where they are at home.

—The "*Church before the Flood*," by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., has been reprinted by Jewett & Co., of Boston. It consists of an able series of dissertations, on topics suggested by the Bible history of the period before Noah,—such as the Creation, the state of Adam, the Curse, Abel, the first Martyr, the Primitive Wickedness, the Flood, &c. &c. Dr. Cummings writes with unusual vigor, and being of the sect of Christians known as evangelical, has no compromises with Romanism, High-Churchism, or Infidelity.

—Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, of Boston, have issued, with an introduction by Dr. HITCHCOCK, an interesting speculation on the "*Plurality of Worlds*." The position assumed by the writer, is that the common opinion as to the planets and fixed stars being inhabited, is a mistake, resting his argument on the fact, that the material conditions of those bodies are not adapted to the existence of organized life. All the planets beyond Mars, he says, excluding the asteroids, are in a liquid state, though not from heat. Their distance from the sun, besides, is so great, that the light and heat there could not sustain organic beings, such as exist upon this globe. On the other hand, of the inferior planets, Mercury is so near the sun, that human beings, like ourselves, would scorch in it; while Mars and Venus are the only planets apparently capable of comfortable residence. As to the "fixed stars," which are supposed to be suns, their periods of revolution in their orbits are so enormous, that it is altogether out of the question for any sane man to think of living in them; some taking fifty, and others a hundred years, to turn round, which nobody but a Methuselah could stand. Meanwhile, in respect to the satellites assigned to those stars by conjecture, let their existence first be proved, before we undertake to lend them inhabitants. Thus, the author goes on depopulating the universe, and making this little earth of ours, which some have affected to despise, the most considerable theatre of the creative operations

Dr. Hitchcock only partly adopts the

conclusions of his author; he sympathizes with the main purpose of "painless extinction," as it regards our sister planets, but yet retains some bowels of commiseration for the fixed stars. He thinks it rather incredible, that amid the countless bodies of the universe, only a single globe, and that a little one, should be fit to be the home of rational and immortal creatures. Moreover, he wisely suggests, that the organism of beings in other spheres, may be adapted to their external condition, and that if they live in a world of gas or water, they may have gaseous or ethereal bodies, and that those bodies may be better instruments of intellectual use than our heavier clods. Does not Revelation, too, speak of angels, "who kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation," probably referring to some of the stars. At the same time, Dr. Hitchcock strongly recommends the book to men of science and clergymen.

Our own opinion is, that as we mortals have a great deal to do on this earth, and a very short time to do it in, it is becoming that we should leave the stars to settle their own business, at least until they shall have given us some more authentic intelligence than we now have as to what they are at.

ENGLISH.—If a volume of poems by John Shakespeare were discovered by some sagacious Collier and it were announced that John was a brother of the famous William, there would be an interest felt in the work quite apart from the value of the verse. Can two prophets come from Nazareth? Let Mr. Frederick Tennyson answer. He has just published in London a volume of poems called *Days and Hours*; and however much a reader may wish to avoid remembering Alfred, it is impossible for him not to see that Frederic has not forgotten his great brother. The new singer is the oldest brother of the Laureate. There is nothing that can be called direct imitation in his volume, but such lines as the following are strictly in the modern style of which Keats was the first, and Alfred Tennyson the best, illustration:

"Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling
cold,
Down from the rifted rack the sunbeam pours,
Over the cold grey slopes, and stony moors;
The glimmering watercourse, the eastern wold,
And over it the whirling sail o' the mill,
The lonely hatlet with its mossy spire,
The piled city smoking like a pyre,
Fetched out of shadow, gleam with light as chill."

This is not a distinct, although a care-

ful picture. It has not the irresistible melody, which, in poetry, seems to give the color and meaning to the words. Our meaning will be illustrated by comparing with this landscape of Frederick's, that one of Alfred's in *In Memoriam*, beginning

"Calm is the moon without a sound."

In this poem the dull, sad, autumnal landscape stretching slowly away with "lessening towers" to the sea, is as perfect as poetry can make it. And it is so perfect because the sentiment of the spectator is so intimately blended in the description with the thing seen. This raises it from being a mere description, which would correspond to an imitation of a natural scene in painting, and leaves it a work of art. Mr. Frederick Tennyson's poetry is impalpable and impersonal. He indulges in personification to a degree quite beyond general sympathy, but the warm human feelings do not play along his pages. He is a cultivated, pleasant singer—an agreeable versifier. But the want of some reality, something more substantial than graceful reverie is felt on every page. The difference between a poet and a man of poetic feeling, ready talent, and fine cultivation, who writes verses, could nowhere be better illustrated than by the *Days and Hours* of Frederick Tennyson, and the *In Memoriam*, or the earlier volumes of his immortal brother. We quote a poem from this volume, and a favorable specimen for our readers:

I.

Three hours were wanting to the noon of day,
When long-haired Zephyrus flying from the sun,
O'er the green-wooded uplands winged his way,
And left the plains where freshness there was none;
Amid the western clouds, and shadows grey
He thought to slumber till the day was done,
And up he clomb into a realm of wonder,
With towers and domes, and pyramids of thunder.

II.

The wild birds mourned for him, the wild flowers sent
Their sweets to call him back, they fain would keep;
The trembling leaves sighed farewell as he went,
The thunders spread their banners o'er his sleep;
Silence stood sentinel before his tent,
And hushed the earth and breathed upon the deep:
On a gold cloud his curly head he laid,
And dreamed of virgin buds and morning shade.

III.

Three hours were sped since noon—when Zephyrus,
free
Of slumber, leapt up and began to sing,
And ran and dipt his foot into the sea,
And then an arm, and then a shining wing,
And moved upon the waters gloriously;
The waters at the touch of their own King
Quivered unto their springs with joyful fear,
And made low answers silver-sweet to hear.

IV.

The glassy ripples first began to throng
Each to the smooth shore like an eager hound;
Then a faint murmur like a whispered song
Crept o'er the tawny sands; and then a sound
Of a far tumult waxing near and strong;
And then the flash and thundering rebound,
Of powers cast back in conflict, and the moan
Of the long-banded waters overthrown.

—The amiable wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has printed another novel, called "*Behind the Scenes*," which, of course, is meant to let us into some more of the secrets of her husband's character and conduct. There is not much story in it, but a good deal of malice, which in the estimation of many, will compensate for the want of interest in other respects. The hero Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, is the great novelist; his friend the Right Hon. Issachar Benaraby, can be no one else but Disraeli,—Lord Redby is the anagram of Lord Derby,—and Mr. Carlo Dials is our old acquaintance Charles Dickens. They are described with all of Lady Bulwer's peculiar penetration and malignity, which sometimes, however, rather overshoots the mark, from excessive vehemence. Here, for instance, is a portrait of her liege-lord:

"In the adamant chain of Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars' selfishness, to the links of which, the complex miseries of OTHERS are ever appending, you develop the apparently contradictory, but perfectly compatible, vices of intense meanness and parsimony, with extreme ostentation and extravagance, which are the usual concomitants of the self-worshipping sensualist, and which is a true type of what our present social, or rather anti-social system, with its intellectual *florettori*, can, and but too often does, produce, namely, a solid block of vice, garbled with villainy, but veneered with virtue! (3) and highly varnished with HYPOCRISY, which in these days of pretension and of SHAM, is a far more marketable and popular commodity than the *rococo* genuine article of unvarnished excellence."

She intimates in another place that the distinguished writer is indebted for his translations of Schiller to a certain Fraulein Göthekant, a German governess,—ugly as sin, as all governesses are in the eyes of suspicious wives,—because he cannot himself utter "a single guttural of that most bronchial language,"—meaning German. Here also is a fling at Disraeli:

"Mr. Issachar Benaraby was a gentleman of Mosaic extraction, quite as clever in many things as Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars, and much cleverer in others: such as oratory, cool, off-hand impudence, and invincible good-temper; and, being equally unshackled by any shadow of principle, he got on briskly, with a sort of trade wind in society; while his more saturnine friend had often to tack and labor at the pumps to weather the storm his own execrable temper and overbearing spirit had raised. Mr. Benaraby's pol-

ical opinions (at least for the time being) were conservative; but his principles (?) were decidedly free-trade, as they were open to, and available for, any and every market where they could fetch their price. He began his career by a diametrically opposite road to his friend; for, whereas Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars winced under and could not brook the slightest meriment at his own expense, but tried to awe every one into an overwhelming deference for his august person, Mr. Benaraby more wisely preferred the 'short cut to popularity,' and rather sought to be laughed at than otherwise, being of Cardinal de Retz's opinion, that—

'Qui fait rire l'esprit, est Maître du Cœur.'

And, besides, he was well aware that if he devoted his exterior to the laughing hyænas of society, and allowed them their mirth at all his ruffles and his ringlets, and the other tomfooleries of his costume, it only made his wit and wisdom, by the force of contrast, tell with double effect, like the withering political sarcasms of the Neapolitan 'Pollicinello,' which come trebly barbed from so unexpected and grotesque a source."

Of Dickens, we have this account, with which we close our selections of scandal:

"Opposite to him sat, as if not quite at his ease on so fine a chair, and in so aristocratic a room, a Mr. Carlo Dials, another star of the literary hemisphere, who, having graduated about the streets, his *pared* pictures were unsurpassed; he had obtained the *sobriquet* of the Aldgate Aristophanes—the pot-house Plutarch would have been more appropriate. Like the rest of Mr. Ponsonby Ferrars's clique, he thought to redeem by printed morality and philanthropic fine sentiments the practical immorality of his own life, and the arid absence of all good feeling. He was not agreeable in society, as he always, like the beggars, appeared to be keeping any stray good thing that he might chance to pick up till he got home, when it was duly 'booked:' or it might be that his hair, of which he had an immense profusion, overlaid his brains, and that that made him appear stupid."

—Miss MITFORD appears, in the evening of life, in a new volume of tales, entitled "*Atherton, and other Tales*," which appear to have been written under great physical disabilities. About two years ago, she was thrown from a pony-chaise, by which accident she was so crippled, as to have been obliged to keep her room since, almost unable to rise, or lift one foot before the other. Even in writing, she was obliged to have the ink-glass held for her, in order to enable her to drop the pen in the ink. Yet, in this enfeebled state, she composed *Atherton*, by far the longest of any of her stories. It is a wonderful instance of the power of the mind over the body. We do not see that it is inferior, in any respect, to any of her previous writings, while it is marked by many of the same characteristics,—the genial descriptions of English scenery and country life, the natural and hearty sentiment, the quiet touches of feeling, and the cordial sympathy, with

genuine character. As a story, it has few incidents, which are rather affecting than animated, but the conversations are always lively, and the moral tone excellent. The heroine, Katy, a farmer's daughter, who suddenly becomes a princely heiress, the gossiping mother, Mrs. Bell, the noble old matron, the grandmother, the kindly old bachelor lawyer, the embarrassed noblemen, are all drawn with remarkable fidelity and discrimination of portraiture. The other tales have already appeared in one of the English annuals.

—Few writers on musical subjects are better known than HENRY F. CHORLEY, long the musical critic of the *London Athenæum*, whose most recent work is called "*Modern German Music: Recollections and Criticisms*." It is a record of experiences obtained during several visits to the north and south of Germany, in the study of the art in which he is a distinguished connoisseur. His opinions are freely expressed, and will not give satisfaction to all classes of critics; but they are always intelligent, and seemingly unbiased. He thinks Gluck the greatest of opera composers, compares Handel to Shakespeare, discovers defects in Beethoven, and does not quite share in the orthodox admiration of Mozart. But the reminiscences of Mr. Chorley are more agreeable than his criticisms, especially those relating to his beloved friend, Mendelssohn. Here is a description of the great composer, as he first saw him:

"I thought then, as I do now, his face one of the most beautiful which has ever been seen. No portrait extant does it justice. A Titian would have generalized, and, out of its many expressions, made up one which, in some sort, should reflect the many characteristics and humors of the poet—his earnest seriousness—his childlike truthfulness—his clear, cultivated intellect—his impulsive vivacity. The German painters could only invest a theatrical, thoughtful-looking man, with that serious cloak which plays so important a part on the stage, and in the portraits of their country; and conceive the task accomplished, when it was not so much as begun. None of them has perpetuated the face with which Mendelssohn listened to the music in which he delighted, or the face with which he would crave to be told again some merry story, though he knew it already by heart. I felt, in that first half hour, that in him there was no stilted sentiment—no affected heartiness; that he was no sayer of deep things, no searcher for witty ones; but one of a pure, sincere intelligence—bright, eager, and happy, even when most imaginative. Perhaps there was no contemporary at once strong, simple, and subtle enough, to paint such a man, with such a countenance."

—We had begun to think that Dean Milman's "*History of Christianity*" was to have no sequel, when we were surprised to see one announced, under the

title of "*History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.*" It is a continuation of the old work, inasmuch as it begins with the period of time in which the former closed, but it is still a complete work in itself. A brief introduction, going over the history of the religion in Rome, during the first four centuries, in which much use is made of the recently discovered "Hippolytus," is a fitting connection of the two books. By Latin Christianity, the author means the Christianity which was adopted in the city of Rome, and then spread over the greater part of the Roman world, distinguishing it from Greek Christianity, which was the first form which the religion of Jesus took during the years of its promulgation. Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine, he regards as the chief founders of its doctrine and discipline. He describes at large the character and influence of these men, and the modifications which were gradually introduced into the ancient faith by the institutions of the Roman world. His narrative is always clear, though diffuse, and sometimes eloquent, while his opinions are unusually liberal for one who occupies a post of high dignity in an established church. The principal events have been already treated in English by the masterly hand of Gibbon, and in German by Mosheim and Neander; but Dr. Milman is so fine a scholar, and such an agreeable writer, that his history may be welcomed as a valuable addition to the literature of the period.

—It is impossible not to suppose that the English are direct descendants from Nimrod, for they are the "mightiest hunters" on the face of the earth. Not only at home, but in the remotest regions in which man can live, they manifest this controlling propensity. They shoot on the Moors, they shoot in Scotland, they go to Norway to shoot, they penetrate Africa to shoot, they cross the ocean, and visit our western prairies to shoot, and they ascend the mountains of Asia to shoot. But, what is better than the shooting, they describe the countries through which they shoot, and furnish the world with admirable volumes. One of the latest of these is COL. MARKHAM'S "*Shooting in the Himalayas*," which is a journal of sporting adventures, in Chinese Tartary, Thibet, and Cashmere. It is written with much animation, and, though it does not pretend to be any thing more than a book for men who may have a fondness for hunting tigers, conveys a

vast amount of entertaining knowledge to the general reader.

FRENCH.—M. ALFRED NETTEMENT has prepared two volumes, called a "*History of Literature during the Restoration*" (*L'Histoire de la Littérature sous la Restauration*), which traces the movement of ideas in France, from the beginning of the present century to 1830, and forms an admirable complement to the numerous political histories of the same period which have lately been published. Few epochs are more interesting, and none more important to a full understanding of our modern intellectual tendencies.

M. Nettement begins his work with the great literary reaction which marked the advent of the present era, when Chateaubriand, M. de Bonald, and Joseph de Maistre, laid the foundations of the new monarchical and religious school in France. He then describes the literary condition under the empire, which issued in two rival philosophic schools,—that of spiritual rationalism, under Roger Collard, from whom came Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, and Jouffroy; and that of catholicism, under M. Frayssinous, from whom came the later catholicism of Lamennais and others. The author then describes the poets of the period—Hugo, Delavigne, Alfred De Vigny—each of whom he characterizes at length. Passing to the historians, he analyzes the merits of Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, &c., and then the political writers, such as Canel, Paul Louis Courria, when he concludes with a view of the theatre, and a general estimate of the intellectual value of the age of which he speaks. M. Nettement is a clear and vigorous writer, but quite too conservative in his sympathies for our taste.

—"The Desert and Soudan" (*Le Desert et le Soudan*) is the name of a new book of African travel, by Count D'ESCAVAC DE LAUTURE, recording the adventures of some eight years' wanderings in the immense plains which stretch from Algiers to the 10th degree of latitude, and are called Sahara, or Soudan. The volumes contain, besides the usual incidents of travel, some new and original observations upon Islamism, and a curious study of the different races which people North Africa. In respect to the latter, indeed, nothing seems to have escaped the author. Their manners, their religions, their politics, and their past histories, have been analyzed and grouped with patient observation and skill. The influences of climate upon the instincts, habits, and laws of nations,

give the writer occasion for remarks which will be found, we think, useful illustrations of the steps by which mankind advances from barbarism to civilization. The style of this work is clear—a Frenchman can hardly write obscurely—lively, and precise, but better in its scientific than in its narrative parts, which are less reserved and succinct.

—A young gentleman—M. DE FERRIERE LE VAILLÉ—who was secretary to the French embassy in China, has given the results of his visit to the Celestials, in a work called "*A French Embassy in China—Une Ambassade Française en Chine*". We should rather say, the results of his observations, than of his official life, for there is little diplomacy, and a great deal of actual life in his book. It cannot be said that there is much which is new in his book, and what there is seems to come with more authenticity from one in his position, than from ordinary travellers.

—M. EMMANUEL DE LEASE entertains us with a study of men who are not only great men, but lovers ("*Amoureux et Grands Hommes*"), and thus parades the attachments to women of Molière, Goethe, Klopstock, and others, in a kind of sketch half romance and half biography. Like all specimens of "amphibology," as Col. Benton has it, it is somewhat disagreeable, an un instructed reader not knowing two thirds of the time what is romance and what truth. For our part, we detest this mingling of truth and fiction, and greatly prefer an entire and downright, to a concealed or painted falsehood.

—Luther is for the most part remembered only as the great religious reformer; but M. A. SCHEFFER, of Stuttgart, presents him in a scarcely less important light, in an account of his labors in aid of popular education ("*De l'Influence de Luther sur l'Education du Peuple*"). He shows, that the same strong arm which shook the walls of Rome, was equally efficient in pushing forward the enlightenment of the masses. He organized schools even more rapidly than he disorganized churches, seeing in the former the surest and best means of supplying the place of the latter, and of securing in perpetuity the advantages of the immense movement he had in hand.

—One of the best books on Russia that we have read, is by M. CHARLES DE SAINT-JULIEN ("*Voyage Pittoresque en Russie*"), who appears to have spent many years in exploring the domestic life of the Muscovites. As his title indicates,

he has little to do with the politics of the empire, though he does not neglect to glance at it now and then. His descriptions consist mainly of pictures of popular manners and external aspects. What goes on from day to day among the people is what we learn from him, and not the supposed secrets of cabinets and policies of the Czar. His travels begin with the splendours of St. Petersburg and end (where the travels of a good many Europeans themselves end) in the city gardens of Siberia; but on the way we are taken over Finland as far as Turku, the most northern city, thence to Archangel, where a grand snow-storm is richly and correctly described; then down to Moscow, the ancient fortress of the Czar, then along the course of the Volga into Georgia, Russia, to Astrakhan and its forts in Kazan and its fortress, and finally to the Caucasus, and its mysterious mountains. As a study of the various races embraced in the Russian empire, this book has great value, and we are sure must have been written before the recent war was declared, it is so free from the prejudices which every Englishman and Frenchman holds it to be his duty to express in regard to the Russians.

—A second volume of M. SAINT-MARC GIRAUDIN'S *Recollections of Voyages and Studies* ("*Souvenirs de Voyages et d'Etudes*"), is not as strictly uniform as the first, to which we have formerly alluded. It opens with Celtic Traditions, then passes to Friendship among the Scythians, next to a picture of Barbarous and Feudal society, next are a series of chapters on Christianity among the Germans, and finally a miscellany about Gregory of Tours, the Romance of Heynard, the Fox, the Danish tradition of Hamlet, the Pucelle of Châpele and Voltaire, and a dissertation on the right to labor. These several subjects are from pieces contributed to the daily papers, and are treated somewhat popularly, yet with unquestionable learning.

GERMAN.—Any one who looks into the Moriscos in Spain (*Die Moriscos in Spanien*), of A. L. VON ROHM for an interesting history of the Moish domination in Spain will not be disappointed, but he will do better to refer at once to Count de Cironet's *Histoire des Moros Mudejares et des Morisques*, from which the greater part of it is translated directly without acknowledgment. Indeed the translation in many parts is so faithful that typographical errors and all appear in the German version just as they stand

in the French. The whole work, however, does not belong to M. de Circonet, for there are forty pages out of the four hundred which belong probably to the reputed author; but in these forty pages are a half-dozen grave historical mistakes.

—If the German public does not know as much about the United States as many of our own citizens, it cannot be for the want of books on the subject. The latest of these that we have seen is the "Travels between the Hudson and the Mississippi," (*Wanderungen zwischen Hudson und Mississippi*) by MORITZ BUSCHE, who appears to have spent some years in America, especially about Cincinnati and its neighborhood. He writes intelligibly of our affairs, without prejudice, and for the most part in approval. We have not found much that is new in the work, although the author proves himself a diligent observer and an acute critic. The chapter which has interested us most is an elaborate one on Negro Melodies, in which some twenty or thirty of the most popular negro songs, such as "Oh, Sannah," "Uncle Ned," "Rosa Lee," &c., are translated into the German.

—N. J. ANDERSON, one of the most distinguished Swedish naturalists, who was appointed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm to accompany the Swedish Circumnavigation, has published a highly interesting description of this expedition under the title "*Eine Welt-Umsegelung*," published by C. B. Lorck in Leipzig. This work is to be considered as a precursor to one which will embody the purely scientific results of this expedition.

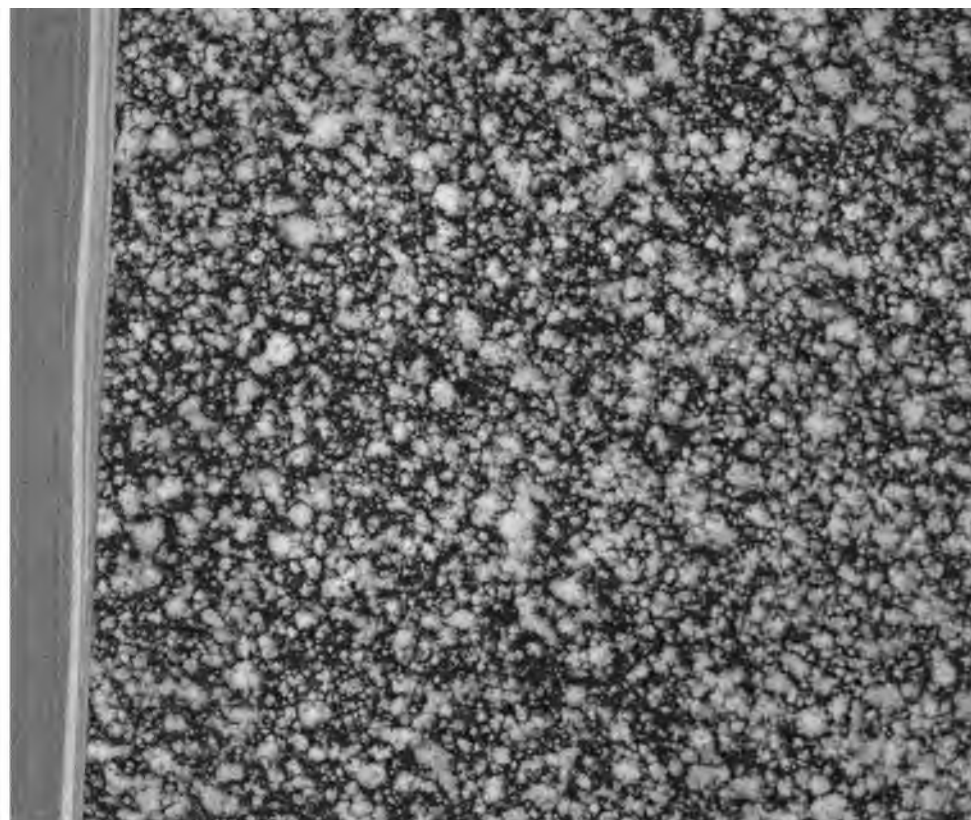
—Americans need go abroad no longer for all their German literature, seeing that a new literary Magazine has been set on foot by some Germans of Milwaukee. It is called the *Atantis*, and is highly respectable both in its appearance and its contents. American, German and miscellaneous topics are discussed in its pages with dignity and talent. Among the articles we remark an introductory on the literary prospects of the United States, with some fine discriminating observations on our national character, an essay on the Pacific railroad, a treatise on the school system of Michigan, a translation of Dr. Franklin's letter on slavery, a new novel, and a pleasant dissertation on the devil, considered esthetically, or as that personage appears in books. One can scarcely believe it, as he reads this periodical in German, that a few years since, the place where it is now published, was a favorite camping-ground of the wild Indians.

FINE ARTS.

The immigrants from the old world who enrich us most by their contributions to our prosperity, are the artists, whose elemental speciality we most need. It is an easy thing, for those who are willing, to dig a canal, or lay a rail, but to add a grace or an ornament to social life is not so easy, let the will be never so strong. It is one of those cases where the will does not always find the way. The artistic instinct, though it comes by nature, is of little value without proper cultivation; and that is the point where we most feel our need of reinforcement from the old world. We have plenty of genius for art in the rough, but the requisite polishing to give it value is what we have not an abundance of. Every artist, therefore, who comes here to better his fortune and give us the benefits of his talent, is of greater value than whole ship loads of hod-carriers.

The engraved portrait of Thackeray which hung in the shop-windows last spring—the original of which belongs to Lord Ashburton—and that of Tennyson, the Italian head which all his lovers have studied with delight in the Boston edition of his poems, and an earlier head of Willis prefixed to the illustrated edition of his poetry, have made us familiar with the work of Samuel Lawrence, an English artist whose name has long been familiar to us as one of the most eminent of his profession. He has recently arrived among us, personally introduced by the pleasantest letters, which say nothing good of him that his performances since his arrival have not fully justified. His portfolio is enriched by a three-quarter length sketch of Thomas Carlyle, presenting a likeness of the man which no sympathetic student of his works would fail instantly to acknowledge, even had he never seen the original; and a head of Rogers, the last of a generation of great poets. These works of Lawrence's are in crayon. That of Rogers is a sketch for a picture which he painted last year in London. Since he has been here he has been engaged upon several heads, and among them that of the historian Bancroft. Lawrence has not lost his eye nor his hand, as some singers lose their voices, in crossing the sea. The same qualities of surprising likeness, arising from subtle perception of the essential character of the subject, distinguish them all. There is a vitality, a reality, an individual spirit about them, which assure the spectator that he is seeing the very meaning of the person represented. Like all gen-







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